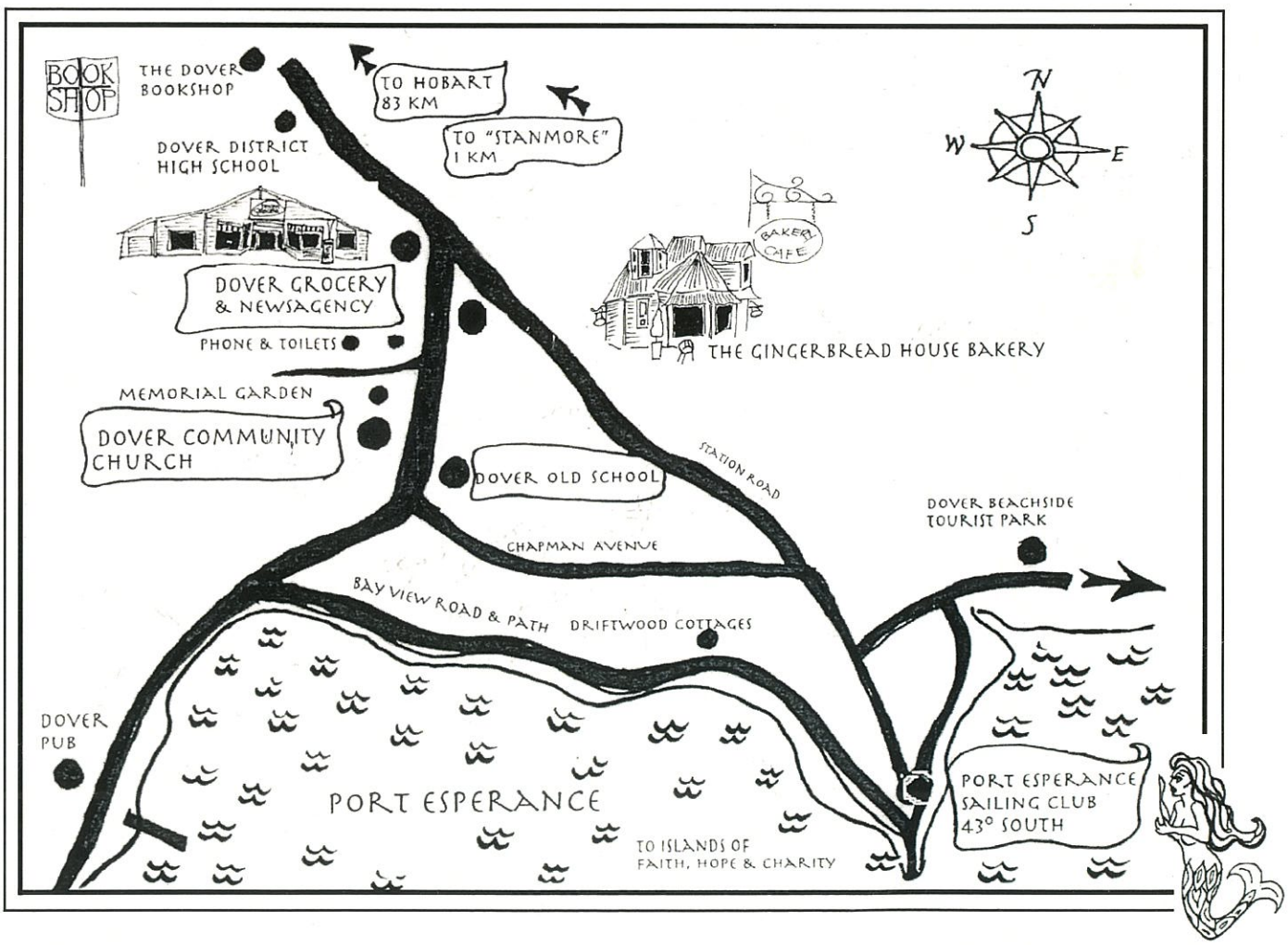
FIFTEENTH SYMPOSIUM OF AUSTRALIAN GASTRONOMY

Dover, Tasmania
29 April - 2 May 2007

BEYOND THE SUPERMARKET: LEARNING TO OVERCOME GASTRONOMIC POVERTY



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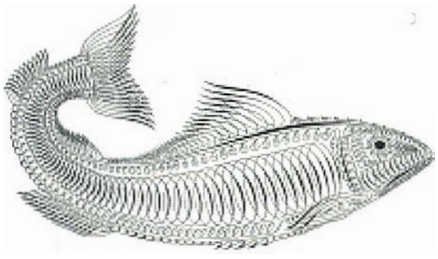

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VALE

Lawrence Symons Maddox

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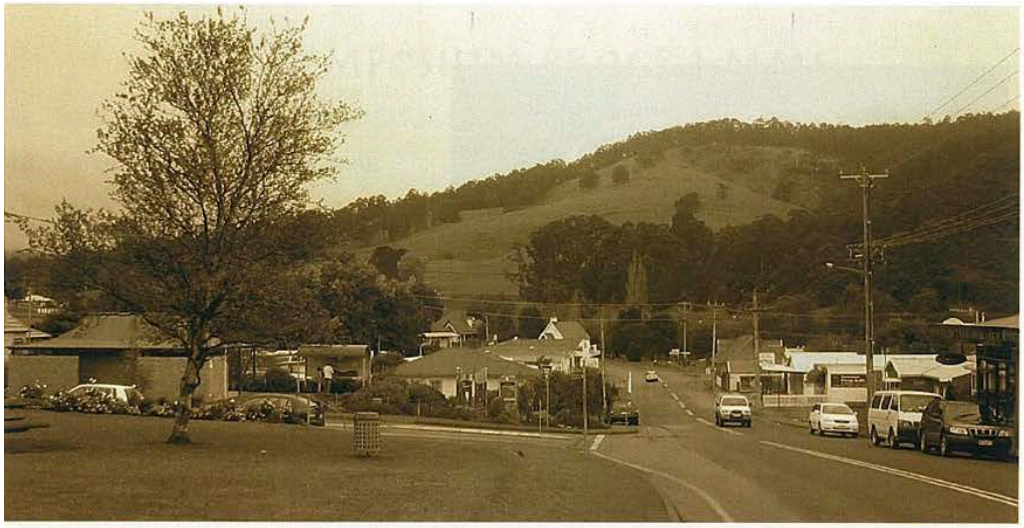

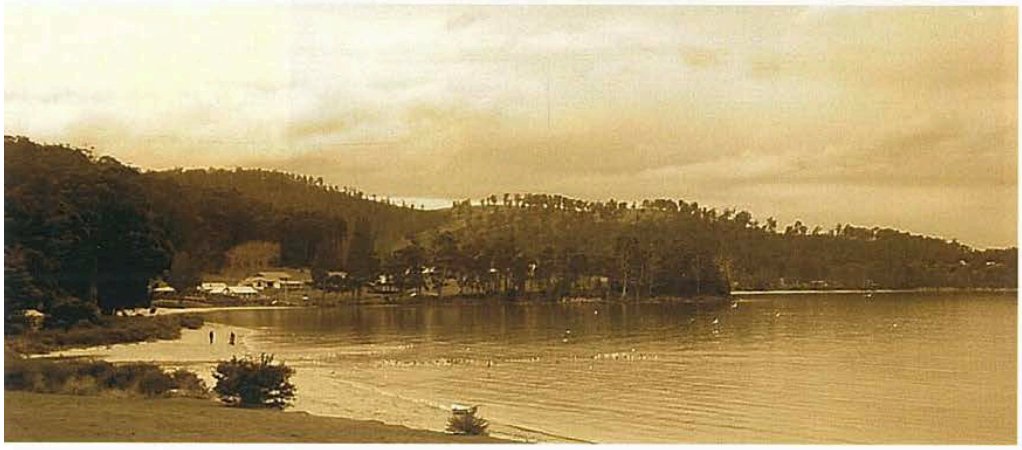

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The Talking

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SYMPOSIUM PROGRAMME

SUNDAY 29 APRIL

4.00 pm	**Dover Old School** Registration
6.00 pm	**Dover Grocery & Newsagency** Welcome/drinks Geoffrey Trueman
7.00 pm	**Dover Grocery & Newsagency** Dinner Recherche Baybes

MONDAY 30 APRIL

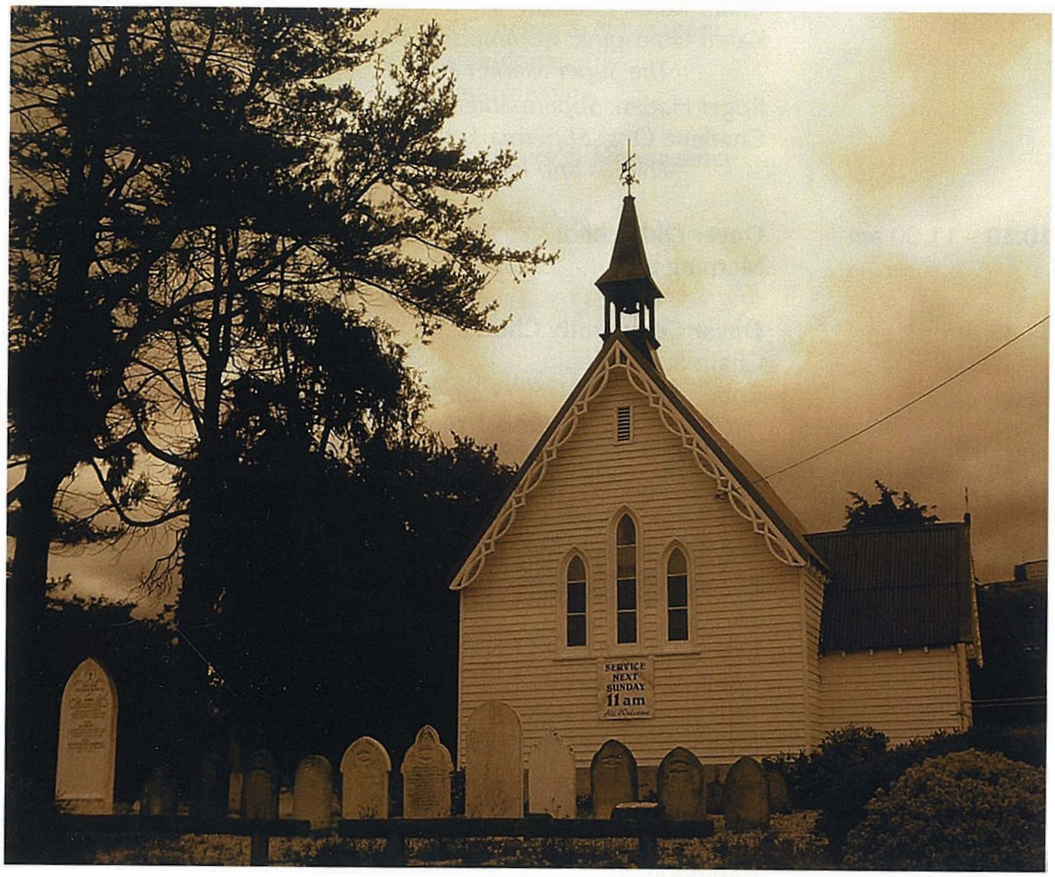
8.00 am	Breakfast – own arrangements
9.00 am	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Scott Minervini Lindsay Neill: *'The White Lady' or Pie Cart* Stephanie Alexander: *School Gardens* Richard White & Lila Oldmeadow, *Australian Tourists and English Food*
10.30 – 11.30 am	**Dover Old School** Morning tea
11.15 am	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Margaret Blow Panel: ***Le jardin français*** Robin Black, Tony Marshall, Sue Dyson, Paddy Prosser
1.00 – 2.30 pm	**Dover Old School/Churchyard** Lunch
2.30 pm	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Roger McShane Anne Creber: *What is this permaculture?*
3.30 – 4.00 pm	**Dover Old School** Afternoon tea
4.00 pm	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Anne Ripper Panel: ***The corner store*** Alison Alexander, David Griggs, Jenny Williams, John Price
5.30 pm	***The Power of Community:*** *documentary (Jenny Bain)*
7.00 pm 7.30 pm	**Port Esperance Sailing Club** Drinks Dinner

TUESDAY 1 MAY

8.00 am	Breakfast – own arrangements
9.00 am	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Karen Pridham Karen Goldspink: *Commoditisation of Wine: The Super Market Putsch* Roger Haden: *Supermarkets as Mass Delusion* Charlene Ong: *Supermarkets: How to make Friends and Influence Them*
10.30–11.00 am	**Dover Old School** Morning tea
11.15 am	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Sue Dyson Robert Ford: *Cooking competitions: Breaking through the Boundaries of Gastronomic Poverty* Melissa Harper: *Bushwalking and Bad Food*
12.30–2.00 pm	**Martin's Boathouse** Lunch
2.30 pm	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Philip Mead Paul van Reyk: *Reciprocity: Food Security & Volunteerism* Nancy Pollock, *Food Banks as Food Security: a New Zealand Case Study*
3.00 – 3.30 pm	**Dover Old School** Afternoon tea
3.30 pm	**Dover Community Church** Chair: Steve Bryan Panel: **Restaurant Gardens & Local Suppliers** Elaine Reeves, Steve Cumper, Simon West, Stewart Young, John Zito, Colin Beer
5.00 pm	**Break** Re-assemble at time TBA at Dover Grocer & Newsagency Transport to pre-dinner drinks and dinner
7.30 pm	**Dinner**

WEDNESDAY 2 MAY

9.30 am	**Port Esperance Sailing Club** Breakfast and discussion of next symposium
11.30 am	**Close**


SERVICE
NEXT
SUNDAY
11am

RECHERCHING THE SYMPOSIUM

Scott Minervini

Concocting the theme of a Symposium is one thing, fulfilling it another. How well did we explore *'Beyond the supermarket: Learning to overcome gastronomic poverty'* ? Logistically the Dover Symposium was recondite and complicated. Michael Symons advised to keep things simple; we couldn't help ourselves and to a certain extent process may have overwhelmed ideas…but some of the meals came close to being *'Beyond the supermarket.'*

A crayfish sandwich certainly did. A boxed lunch, commemorating the French garden at Recherche Bay compressed many thematic ideas both as tribute and foretaste. It demanded a certain cognitive state to appreciate the meal, with the élan of Robert Courtine evident; but who reads Courtine anymore…and just how *'beyond the supermarket'* can a writer be?

Is he being snobbish or sensible when he writes

> because they do not know what is expected of them, many of the people who go to restaurants today behave in exactly the same fashion as the baboons at the Paris zoo?

I think he just loved civilization and social well-being.

As we finish these proceedings I have been sharing a penchant for the music of Pierre Boulez with a friend and symposiast. Boulez rhetorically remarked that we need to "blow up the opera house" and with each new work it was necessary for him to "kill the mother." What symposiast could not be even a little moved by these sentiments? The 15th Symposium of Australian Gastronomy, however, was not of that kind. It had the DNA of past symposiums from nascence to recent, in the form of respectful tributes, references and sentimental glances backwards. Future symposiums may do as they wish, but conceivably, now, it is time to "blow up the opera house."

DOVER VENUES

Karen Pridham

The choice to take the symposium to Dover, away from the comfort of familiar venues, suppliers, and facilities in the city, brought additional problems for the committee. Securing good produce from the verdant Huon Valley was never going to be a problem in early autumn, but cooking it in ill-equipped country venues was. The hiring of a well equipped food van solved most of that problem, we thought, until we discovered that the power supply to the venues was not sufficient to run the van. We apologised for the noisy generator. Venues in and around the town were small, and we made the decision to restrict the number of symposiasts to tight rather than bulging, although at times I think we miscalculated. The local community was very supportive and excited that their quiet town would be turned into a busy hub for a few days. Locals were encouraged by the effort of three committee members who live locally, Nova Piesse, two past symposiasts Margaret Blow and Jenny Williams (owner of the Dover grocery) and we thank them for nurturing the good will of the community.

DOVER OLD SCHOOL

This building, now the online centre and community gallery, was given over to us for the duration and became the venue for registration, morning and afternoon teas, storage and washing the dishes. Cost and time constraints prevented us from visiting the site of the original French Garden and so the garden of the Old School was used for the French Garden lunch.

DOVER COMMUNITY CHURCH

St Paul's Anglican Church is one of three churches in the town and was chosen, not for its religious persuasion, but for its relative comfort and position. As churches were built for speakers and listeners, it was the obvious place for the delivery of papers without the need of a microphone. The guardian of the church, Rita Casey, organized cushions from the other churches and when there weren't sufficient, organized a sewing bee to make more for our comfort. Unlike a church service, we had to sit there for a longer time and we wanted the symposiasts to enjoy it.

DOVER GROCER AND NEWSAGENCY

Dinner – *The Land & The Sea*

Sunday night dinner was held in the local grocer's shop, as unlike a supermarket as possible. Shelves were moved back to make space and locals, unaccustomed to an early closing time, dropped in to buy last-minute essentials. The first paper of the symposium was to be about the disappearance of the pie-cart in New Zealand and the effect it had on society in rural communities in that country. In keeping with this and the casual nature of the evening, the food van was turned into a pie-cart, thus accentuating two disappearing phenomena in one evening.

Port Esperance Sailing Club

Dinner – *The Sea & The Land*
Dover has played an important part in the history of the region, as a port for transporting farm produce to town, and for the processing of fish caught in the ocean to the south. When you are in a place that is so obviously pastoral, it's easy to forget how close the sea can be. The large deck of the sailing club overlooks the estuary, the beach, the port and a very wide sky. The largely seafood meal was eaten in sight of the source. Logistically, it was probably the largest venue in the area where we could comfortably seat symposiasts at tables, so it was also used for breakfast on the final day.

Martin's Boathouse

Lunch – *The Port & The First Symposium*
This venue bulged, but was the perfect place to eat a simple crayfish sandwich, sitting in the sun overlooking the water. It acknowledged the first meal of the first symposium and allowed us an insight into the leisure activities of the locals.

Stanmore Barn

Dinner – *The Pasture*
Although we had been toying with the idea of cooking a whole beast at some stage, the discovery of the barn, owned by James and Judy Gould, was the deciding factor that left us no choice but to cook a whole cow that had been bred on the property for dinner on the final night. Far and beyond the call of duty, James and Judy spent a year sympathetically upgrading the barn. They built roads, verandahs, staircases and stopped up draughty holes in the walls, while thankfully maintaining its rustic quality. The immediacy of the food source took the thinking further. and it was decided to bring the pasture into the barn by laying grass on the long central table as a tablecloth. The idea morphed further when a local orchardist turned up with what he called 'apple prunings' although they were the size of a small tree, laden with wrinkling apples and yellowing leaves. Another arrived with a box of mushrooms that had sprung up overnight in his garden. Rocks laid under the grass made it more like a paddock than a bowling green and in reality it looked more like an orchard than a pasture but then who's splitting hairs? We felt that the beast we had chosen to give up its life for our pleasure on the night was honoured both by the setting and the delicious meal.

YOU WANT WHAT?!

One Symposiast's Journey to the 15th Symposium in Dover

Nova Piesse

It started with a phone call from a friend, "Can you do me a favour, and show this really nice woman from the Symposium Committee a few venues around Dover to hold about 100 people? You'll love her. Show her anything that you think would fit."

In case you are not acquainted with the Far South of Tasmania, Dover is a beautiful, picturesque seaside town located 87 km south of Hobart on the edge of a World Heritage area; is part of a food bowl known as the Huon Valley, and it isn't very big! Having never been involved with this type of function before, my immediate thoughts were: interesting challenge, what is this symposium all about and who are these people?

On meeting Karen and with some explanation as to what was required I started to get the picture that these people were very different in their approach to "food functions." The stock standard golf clubrooms would not be required but something out of the ordinary certainly was. A day's tripping around the Dover area and a chance meeting with farming friends produced a composite of venues. Karen's search for the "essence of the local" seemed to be satisfied by the possibility of the sailing club (which overlooks Port Esperance and the islands of Faith, Hope and Charity), a boathouse on the bay, the Community Church, the old Dover School – now the Online Centre, and an historic farm shed on a local cattle property.

Suddenly I found myself at one of the committee meetings. Not knowing quite what to expect I was amazed at the purpose and focus of this project. Armed with a bit more background information about the Symposium and this group of "food people," I began what turned out to be one of the most interesting journeys of my life, but one that I would not fully understand until the completion of the 15th Symposium.

Having always had an interest in food and food production, specifically cheese, I was soon "gobsmacked" (no other word for it), by the knowledge and the enthusiasm generated by this group. As my involvement grew I began to appreciate just how much of a big deal this "thing" called the 15th Symposium was. Sorting out requirements for the event from the Dover end became my contribution to the committee. This ranged from sourcing decoration for tables, to kneeling cushions for pews, to some of the local produce and participating in the "on the day" running-around jobs.

The Huon Valley being famous for its apple production naturally meant me sourcing apples as part of our local produce. Our Southern Star apple, an unclassified naturally occurring cross between a Lady in the Snow and a Democrat, originating from and only grown in Dover, became one of the stars of the symposium. Featured fresh for nibbling, cooked in the apple charlotte pudding for the final dinner and juiced for breakfast on the last day, it was only part of the local produce consumed. Other local produce included fresh crayfish, abalone, bread, unpasteurised jersey and goat milk provided each morning for tea and coffee, together with jersey cream, goat cheese and organic beef for the final dinner. The beef was selected from the farm that provided the venue for the final dinner.

As for my own involvement in the local produce contribution, I began making goat cheeses, traditional, unpasteurised, and unstandardised. I was a little nervous about the request for me to make cheese for the event and really unsure as to the style of cheese that would be suitable, so I took some samples along to one of the committee meetings and was assured the traditional chèvre was very acceptable. The recipe I use was given to me from a friend of French-Italian heritage and used by his mother and grandmother and probably many grandmothers before that. I was relieved when it met with professional approval.

Early autumn rains were greening up our paddock feed, which assisted in butterfat content of the milk, "Tilley" and "Peg" were in full production while young Lucy (not mated and only 12 months old) was producing a small amount of milk in sympathy, but this still only gave me a total daily production of around 8 litres. This was a bit of a challenge given the number of cheeses I would need to make for the final dinner. The only way was to batch make cheeses and rather a lot of them, then ask the chefs to taste each batch. Luckily the chefs were only too happy to do this and came to taste and select the chèvre for the accompanying bread before the final dinner. I confess I was somewhat nervous at the final dinner, but when the cheese and bread arrived it appeared to be well accepted and wholeheartedly devoured. So I guess it had their approval.

One of the most incredible transformations of a venue I have ever seen take place happened when the farm shed was set up for the final dinner. Tables, rocks, grass, hay bales and all manner of things were being carried into the shed. By that night, following the fireworks, the shed door was pulled back to reveal a table of brilliant green turf, a line of bare apple trees with red apples still hanging, mushrooms and hazelnuts scattered beneath the trees, with white enamel plates and sparkling glass ware – I knew these people were pretty special. They had made their magic happen and a picnic in the orchard had been created. There could not have been a more fitting and reflective table for the concept of "from paddock to plate."

This one night, coupled with the weeks of preparation, papers presented during the symposium, people met and friends made, is now part of my life journey. I have been inspired and given new ways to think about the food we eat and its presentation. It has always been said that good food and good friends go together to make special occasions but to find on my doorstep in Dover some of best food that you could want to eat in any season, and some of the best people to eat it with, was a real treasure.

I must say thank you to the committee for asking me to help, make cheese, exposing me to your passion, facilitating the opportunity to meet heaps of food minded people and extending my circle of friends. And a very special thank you to Jenny, who when first asked for the favour, received the response, " You want what?! Errrrr OK."

MARTIN'S BOATHOUSE

Graeme Phillips

Chandeliers. Damask and crystal. Simpering waiters. A hushed reverence, and a menu to genuflect to.

Or a rustic boatshed by the bay.

Sitting on the jetty, a few rocks and the boatshed's cracked and rust-stained concrete apron, eating a crayfish and mayonnaise roll.

The crayfish were local but echoed the 1984 Symposium, the first, when Gay Bilson defined Australian Cuisine as "The Upstart Cuisine," and Cath Kerry served the first crayfish sandwich lunch. She called it The Brown Bread Lunch, the programme noting that:

> bread has a strong symbolism. Such was the shortage of grain in the early NSW colony that Governor Philip added a 'bring your own bread' request at the bottom of invitations. We ask participants to bring their own brown bread to the first lunch, which will stress simplicity.

In 2008, we retained Cath's simplicity but, since Tasmania's Coal River Valley became the granary for the Sydney Colony – remembered today in the village of Campania just north east of Hobart – we supplied the bread, pocketed white sourdough this time, baked in Dover.

And the eggs were arm-achingly whisked by Kathryn Wakefield and Thomas Lambert, cut with lemon and green-speckled with fresh parsley. The Mumm NV Cordon Rouge slipped down easily and was consolation for the fact that, sadly, it's the last time that we in southern Tasmania will be able to whisk mayonnaise by the water's edge, tangled as its preparation now is in the red tape of new health regulations.

Is that a pelican I see out there – or just the hangover of last night's paella?

THINKING ABOUT DOVER

Gay Bilson

'Eating is an agricultural act.'
Wendell Berry: *The Pleasures of Eating* (1989)

In 1815, Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of the United States, set a precedent for the current US administration and defied a writ of habeas corpus. He also ordered that a 1,400 pound cheese be placed in the foyer of the White House for those who were hungry and voiceless. This weight is hard to believe but I'm a believer, a fan of The West Wing.

The Cheddar cut at the traditional welcome given by the conveners to the well-fed and empowered participants in the 15th Symposium of Australian Gastronomy was, give or take a few, a handsome 50 kilos. Although not strictly local in Symposium terms, it had been maturing in Pyengana for a couple of years and Tasmania is not large. It turned up at most of the meals during the three-day Symposium and participants still got to take a mighty slab home.

But it wasn't the cheese that stole the show at the Symposium; instead, an apple. The Southern Star, an old Dover variety, is not available commercially but was here by the box full in the old school, now a community centre with internet facilities and friendly helpers, in the tiny South-Eastern Tasmanian township of Dover on Port Esperance. Port Esperance opens into the d'Entrecasteaux Channel and to the East is South Bruny Island. Most of the eighty people who chose to attend the Symposium had never been here before, never thought to journey this far south.

In 1982, Michael Symons, whose *One Continuous Picnic* has recently been published in a second edition by Melbourne University Press, proposed a semiformal gathering where good talk and good food would make the companionable table fellows they are meant to be, a conference where the formal presentation of papers would be neither more nor less important than the attention paid to the meals. The Oxford Food Symposium in Great Britain has been an annual gathering for longer than ours, but in Oxford, according to reports by attendees, and from the one experience I had there, meals have never played a pivotal role, indeed have at times been woeful, although I've heard things are looking up at their table.

We met *in convivium*, for the first time, in Adelaide in 1984. Each symposium, if there were to be more, would address a theme and this first I dubbed "The Upstart Cuisine", a description I reckon still holds today when describing the new Australian cooking where we learn from the top down and mix and match. The final meal, the banquet if you like, had been handed over with inspiration by Symons to Phillip Searle, then a relatively unknown chef, who, with Cheong Liew, produced a remarkable menu and interactive performance for which all future symposium banquets would be indebted. An aspiring actor and friend of Searle's, Geoffrey Rush, was one of the waiters, silent Commedia dell'Arte clowns subversively serving us to our faces rather than creeping up from behind.

The Symposium did continue and would later take place in Sydney, Melbourne, Geelong, The Grampians, Port Adelaide, Orange, Beechworth, and went to Hobart in 1999. Once it even went on holiday to Wellington (Symons had moved to New Zealand), and this year returned to Tasmania where the papers and meals were focused on a topic as embarrassingly long-winded as the official title of the Symposium: "Beyond the Supermarket: Learning to Overcome Gastronomic Poverty."

Twenty-five years ago in Australia the word gastronomy was usually mistaken for astronomy. Defined by the Frenchman Brillat-Savarin in the early eighteen-hundreds as "the reasoned comprehension of everything connected with the nourishment of man", and not quite defined by a living Australian, Barbara Santich, as "lying at the confluence of the intellect and the senses," the word was used to raise the stakes, to differentiate ourselves from the pejorative label of "foodies." Now that Food Studies has as much cachet as Calamity Physics in universities we could easily give the Symposium a friendlier title but tradition plays equal role with novelty at these gatherings, just as it does at the table. Cookery, like all the crafts, is deeply and necessarily conservative even when sauces turn to foam.

*

The Southern Star apples, picked the day before the three-day Symposium began, were a revelation of juice, fruit sugar, crunch and full flavour. The emphasis on local producers and their crops was intentional and made sense, a lesson in gastronomic riches, and the lovely Southern Star stood for everything offered, prepared and tasted in Dover. There was local abalone and crayfish, the shells of the latter used in a rich stock absorbed by rice in a dish called paella but in truth a risotto, but who's counting in the lucky country when a dish is good. It was made in a cast iron, one-metre diameter pan knocked up by a local smithy especially for the Symposium and I don't think he cared whether it was pilaf, biryani, risotto, paella or rice and shellfish stew. The crayfish legs were thrown into the aromatic mess of rice near the close of cooking. The precious tail meat filled sandwiches for a simple lunch on the jetty of a boathouse on Port Esperance, these sandwiches making reference to a meal prepared at a very early symposium in Adelaide. We ate pies filled with local beef, venison and scallops. In fact the only food that had travelled nearly as far as many of the symposiasts was the celebratory Cheddar.

Although the papers were given in the tiny, timber Dover Community Church, we met for the first time in Dover's General Store. Geoffrey Trueman, now in his nineties, had worked in the store in the early 1940s. He stood frail on a sturdy fruit crate and told us all about his job. One customer, he remembered, used to come in and ask for "One pound of bacon, please. That's sixteen slices." Jenny Williams, who now runs the store, told us about a young man who wanted a tin of carrots cooked with honey. "I have carrots," she told him, "and I have honey," and the young man has never looked back.

The 15th Symposium brought intelligence and curiosity to the table, asking, in the session before one of the lunches, what the exploratory French fleet would have eaten in 1792. D'Entrecasteaux had ordered a garden to be planted at Recherche Bay and we know from records what Delahaye planted: potatoes, sorrel, cabbages, radishes, celery and cress. Little is left of the garden except for a few broken stone borders and a strong local push for heritage listing of the site. The sailors' daily rations included a handful of raisins and half a pound of bread, garlic, salt beef and dried peas. Wine, we were told by the Senior Librarian of the Heritage Collection at the Tasmanian State Library, had been picked up in Teneriffe, also at the Cape of Good Hope, but it had deteriorated to an undrinkable state by the time the ship reached the channel.

A good potato and sorrel soup was served in a utilitarian enamel mug. A brown box tied with a Revolutionary red ribbon contained edible references to the sparse diet, the place and the 1790s. A sprig of samphire was included because the culinarily enterprising French would have found it on the coast. They presented in their culinary ignorance brandy and bread to the first encountered indigenous people.

The only session to directly address the Symposium-appointed ogre included an academic view of the supermarket as a version of utopian standardisation and the notion of capitalism as cannibalism, the eating of the other. This brought to mind Emile Zola's 1870 novel, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, a portrait of the voracious appetite of the first Parisian department stores and their seduction of the public away from the small, specialist purveyors. Surely this kind of cannibalism began in the 19th century.

Culinary culture and food studies have climbed out of the doldrums and its associated misunderstandings. The University of Adelaide offers a Masters in Gastronomy. The University of Technology in Sydney runs a course in food writing. Reservation about both these "disciplines" is tempered by any shift which allows food, cookery and meals their legitimate place in cultural histories.

A young woman from Sydney impressed her tutor and was awarded a place at the Symposium. Advertising is her day job. She mounted a clever, amusing, seductive campaign for the befriending and influencing of supermarkets. Her approach was a mirror of what one of the geeks in an early episode of *The West Wing* suggested to anti-gun lobbyists: why not join the NRA and by greater numbers vote guns out?

*

The final meal was held in a shed on a private property just north of Dover. The shed's doors were closed. We drank a Tassie sparkling and nibbled on steak tartare thinking little of the choice until the doors became proscenium arch. The table was a paddock. Grass, growing from real soil and smelling richly of soil covered the entire surface. Tufts and mounds had been artfully created. Mushrooms sprang from the paddock and apples were strewn about, "windfalls" from the trees constructed at intervals along the table.

In 1993 the final dinner for the 7th Symposium in Canberra had taken place at the Australian National Gallery. We – all kitchen staff at my then restaurant, Berowra Waters Inn – made a tablecloth of raw tripes, the pieces sewn together with sausage casing. The dinner was my homage to the body, to meat, and its only hiccup was the necessary substitution of pig's blood for my own. Rumours flew. The menu read: Stomach, Egg, Flesh, Bone, Skin, Blood, Heart, Milk, Fruit, Virgins' Breasts, Dead Men's Bones. The tablecloth was removed before the meal began.

This southern Tasmanian paddock à table was in part a response to the 1993 tablecloth, one of many courteous and subtle references to the memories of past symposia. Less wet and smelling better than the tripes, it was left on the table. Wine glasses settled into the grass. We grazed on the meat from one well-tended animal that had grazed on the paddock to the East of the shed. It had been slaughtered, hung, and butchered locally. Later we would eat a goat's cheese that had been made from the milk from goats that grazed on the paddock to the West of the shed. By happenstance I sat next to the woman who had milked the goats and made the cheese. She had once been an Intensive Care Unit nurse, a nice qualification. The cheese was perfect, not too salty, not too goaty.

From the fillet that had been used for the beef tartare, we moved to the boned tail, stuffed with the tongue and braised to gelatinous tenderness. This dish, culinarily speaking, was the highlight of the meal, indeed of the entire Symposium. Boning an oxtail is like unpicking complex embroidery. The central course was a pot-au-feu, brought from the paddock to the paddock on huge platters made by a local potter. It was as unrefined as the oxtail and tongue had been refined, a hit and miss affair, with all the required vegetables and condiments. The broth arrived too late but we enjoyed the lot and licked our plates clean. There had been no bread. After the goat's cheese, a tiny apple pudding settled into a puddle of Jersey cream. One wine was remarkable. Time flew, the bus came to take us back to Dover. The meal had been served from the same caravan kitchen that had been hired for the entire Symposium, catering to all meals, simple and complex.

This banquet, antidote to the supermarket, locally alive or locally milked and picked, was another example of the debt chosen cooks owe to the Symposia, and the debt the symposiasts owe to the cooks. Competition over skills and imaginative acts is not the point. A stretch had been made because it had been expected, had precedents, excited the cooks, and the audience was as close to perfect as it might be.

For three days the chosen region is the omphalos. The food media, which turns cooking and eating into something to be watched, is so uninterested it doesn't have to be actively

discouraged. Although eighty might seem a large number, it is not, and the audience is about right for interactive performance and conviviality. As with chamber music, there are infinite riches to be had in small rooms.

What struck me above all about this Symposium was that where once the papers and the discussions were entirely separate and distinct from the meals, at Dover there was deliberate cohesion and cross-commentary. As well, the growers and producers were given a voice and invited to the table. Thinking and producing and cooking became one, and this just might be a sign that we are growing up culinarily speaking, less upstarts than thoughtful consumers, just as drought and disappearing water push us to remember that our food, even from the supermarket, comes from the land.

No one is trying to change the world at these convivial yet formal and, in the proper sense of the word, amateur symposia. It isn't a club; there's no sense of exclusivity. There are no rules, there is no charter, yet they continue with a commitment which doesn't surprise. Everyone pays and everything is paid for. This one over, in eighteen months the next will go to a different place, with different voluntary conveners, address a different theme and, although a core of troopers will be there as usual, some new and younger faces will refresh the pot-au-feu. The papers, again as usual, will vary in quality, so too the meals. To stay almost the same, things shift and trust is given. Sometimes I want to be shocked, see traditions upturned, rituals subverted, a little fermentation in the pot, but for the moment the Symposium of Australian Gastronomy seems content to be courteous to its past. There is so much insistence on the novel in our lives, novelties pursued with so little intellectual comprehension of what went before, this courtesy should, I think, be celebrated and we old hands be grateful for the acknowledgement. And come to think of it, that first banquet, in 1984, was a supremely subversive culinary act.

[A shorter version of this overview of the 15th Symposium was originally published in *The Monthly,* July 2007]

DAY ONE
SUNDAY 29TH APRIL

The Menu

THE LAND AND THE SEA

at

The Dover Grocer

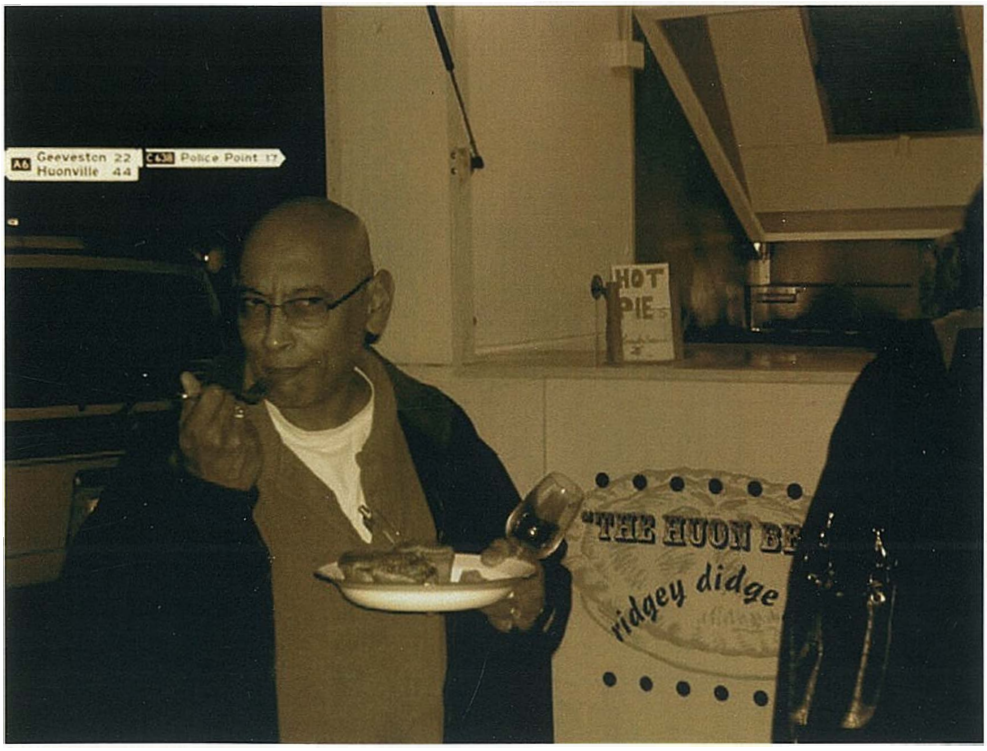
Steve Cumper
from
The Huon Belle Pie Cart

Beef Pie

Venison Pie

Scallop Pie

Kreglinger Sparkling
Stefano Lubiana Primavera Chardonnay 2005
Spring Vale Pinot Noir 2005



DAY TWO
MONDAY 30TH APRIL

The Menus

LUNCH

THE FRENCH GARDEN

at

The Dover Old School

Robin Black & Kathryn Wakefield

a mug of sorrel and potato soup seasoned with salt, pepper & nutmeg

and from the lunch box

a small life-saving salad of cress, radish & samphire
bread from the Dover Bakery
Pyengana Cheddar
a Southern Star Apple

Gillespie's Ginger Beer
Lucaston Apple Juice

DINNER

THE SEA AND THE LAND

at

The Port Esperance Sailing Club

Justin Harris & Karen Goodwin-Roberts

a shellfish, rabbit and rice stew with crayfish legs

Romate Fino Sherry
Cava
Stoney Vineyard Rose 2006

DAY TWO
MONDAY 30TH APRIL

The Talking

Stephanie Alexander

Richard White

Robin Black

Tony Marshall

Sue Dyson

Alison Alexander

KITCHEN GARDENS IN VICTORIAN SCHOOLS

Stephanie Alexander

This paper was illustrated with a DVD of our best-practice model at Collingwood College.

It is worth stressing that this program is embedded in the curriculum of Collingwood College and each child in Grades 3-6 has garden and kitchen classes every week for 3 years. It has to be stressed that this project is not about developing a school garden, despite the heading of the abstract. It is about Growing ... Harvesting ... Preparing ... Sharing. The power of the Kitchen Garden project is this indivisible circle and its aim of whole school involvement. The biggest challenge for the school is to provide a kitchen suitable for a whole class and an attractive dining space where all the students and volunteers and specialists can eat together.

PHILOSOPHY

My belief is that most young children enjoy learning when they are engaged in pleasurable hands-on activities that excite their minds, involve all their senses, offer new skills and satisfactions, and are infinitely variable. There is not a lot of evidence that this is the opinion of those presently working to improve the health of young Australians.

We all know the problem. Twenty-five percent at least of Australian children are obese. There is a growing incidence of dental decay, joint problems, kidney and liver ailments, likelihood of heart disease, and diabetes while shorter lifespans face our children.

And yet the methods tried so far – guidelines for school canteens, devising formulae for how many servings of fruit and vegetables should be ingested each day, and how many minutes of physical exercise each child should have, including walking to school, warnings about high intakes of sugary, salty and fatty snacks, even bowls of fruit in classrooms – have all done very little except increase awareness of the problem.

In Victoria the 'Go for your Life' project, funded by the State government and managed by the Diabetes Council and the Cancer Council of Victoria, has admitted that it is still not possible to claim that the above initiatives have made significant improvements.

I have taken a different approach, and as I have said in the DVD, it is an approach heavily influenced by my own childhood. I believe that if every child had a similar introduction to delicious fresh food on a daily basis in the home we would not have our present problem. What has been developed at Collingwood College seems to me to be of major importance for anyone interested in the health and happiness of Australian children. Were this model to be adopted throughout the primary schools of Australia I believe we would see significant changes and improvements in the eating habits of young children.

The one group that overwhelmingly 'gets it' is the parents. Politicians may support it when they see a political advantage, bureaucrats are usually confused, teachers can be initially unsure, but the parents love the idea and so do the kids.

After six years' hard work I realise how difficult it is to change the dominant culture. Many of the bureaucrats and politicians I have spoken to have probably had very impoverished culinary lives themselves and it is not until they visit the school and watch the children gardening and then cooking and then sit and have lunch with these kids – perhaps a fennel risotto, or a silver-beet and potato pie, or a dip made from beetroot with their own flatbread,

or corn cakes made from just-harvested corn with a sauce using the last of the season's tomatoes, and a leafy salad – that the penny drops, and then it can be a revelation. It was this revelation that convinced the then Minister of Education Lynne Kosky to go in to bat for us with Treasury and came away with $2.4 million. Of which more anon. We have a lunch date with the present Minister of Education John Lenders and have our fingers crossed that he is similarly astonished.

Most states in Australia have some agreed educational standards. In Victoria this is VELS. Briefly it means that whatever is taught in a Victorian school must encompass three strands of learning: Disciplinary Learning, Interdisciplinary Learning, and Personal and Social Development. Kitchen Garden learning fits well into these areas.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

In 2001 we commenced our project at Collingwood College, still our best-practice model. We have tours once a month. In 2004 I established the Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden Foundation (SAKGF) which took eighteen months and the *pro bono* services of legal firm Arnold, Bloch, Leibler. The resultant tax deductibility is of major importance to our fund-raising. By mid-2005 we had three schools funded through the efforts of the SAKGF – Collingwood College, Nunawading Primary (with its parent-built kitchen), and Yarrunga Primary School at Wangarattta. Our benefactors include the Sidney Myer Foundation, the Ian Potter Foundation, the Telstra Community Fund and private benefactors.

In October 2005 I lobbied the Minister of Education and in the budget of June 2006 $2.4 million was allocated to expand this idea to 40 additional schools over 4 years. The money goes directly to schools under the umbrella of 'Go For Your Life,' not the Foundation: $12,500 for infrastructure, $25,000 for each of two years towards specialist staff costs. This amounts to approximately 40-50% of anticipated money needed. Anyone who has recently built or renovated a kitchen will quickly understand how far $12,500 goes – and it has to construct the garden as well!

In late 2006 we selected 20 additional schools from an application pool of 165.
In 2009 we will have to select an additional 20 schools. I am very apprehensive of how this will unfold as the awareness has increased exponentially and I would predict applications of several hundred schools.

The SAKGF (www.kitchengardenfoundation.org.au)
The project started in 2001 with just me and my friend and associate Anna Dollard. All activities were carried out from my home office, with sorties to Collingwood College several times a week.

We now employ an Executive Officer, a Senior Project Officer, two Project Officers (who each spend three days a week on the road) and an Administrative Assistant. I work full-time *pro bono*. My time is spent spreading awareness, helping develop training programs for our kitchen and garden specialists and generally being a 'driver,' ensuring the philosophy is understood at all levels. We have a Board of eight. We have simple offices within the Abbotsford Convent.

We now support 24 or 27 schools. Until recently the salaries, office expenses, travel and accommodation costs were met by our own fund-raising, including a very generous fellowship from the Harold Mitchell Foundation. The Victorian Department of Education has now contributed to our administration costs, a welcome recognition that without our efforts the experiment would run out of steam. An important aim is to help the schools achieve sustainability once the two-year funding ends.

Currently we have 80,000 hits a month on our website. There is also daily contact with schools, parents, and from interstate from people wanting to know how they can offer this same project to their school or community.

We convinced Burnley Horticulture College, part of the University of Melbourne, to offer a six-week course to train gardeners specifically for work in school kitchen gardens. This first course is halfway through. They expected 25 students. They accepted 47 enrolments and have a waiting list. Kitchen garden gardeners need to know something about cooking, about optimum harvest conditions, and about how their crops may be used, just as kitchen garden cooks need to understand something about gardening, such as seasonal availability, the time it takes to grow a carrot from the moment of planting the seed, and how to best plan with the gardener for maximum yield and maximum enjoyment for the students.

We have sought and found funding for a two-year evaluation of the project in concert with VicHealth and Deakin University. We are about to start a long-overdue capture of information from the first years of the program at Collingwood College from students who are still at the school in Years 7 and 8. We want to know what they remember and in what ways the project was significant (or not) and if it has influenced their current food habits. So much feedback is anecdotal and verbal; we must find ways to capture more of it.

I have written a book with my associate and friend Anna Dollard – *Kitchen Garden Cooking with Kids* – that has helped give some of the schools practical ideas and a blueprint to follow. We have also written a very comprehensive Implementation Manual, now the central resource for all of our schools.

We have presented to government architects, school developers, VicHealth, the Department of Education, the Department of Human Services, the Department of Industry and Regional development, the Ian Potter Foundation, the Sidney Myer Foundation, the Harold Mitchell Foundation, the Burnley College of Horticulture, Box Hill TAFE, to name a small number... They have all helped one way or another. But it is hard to see how the Foundation, with its meagre resources, human as well as financial, can manage a nationwide revolution. I feel a bit like King Canute, trying to hold back the wave, not because we want any sort of ownership or exclusivity but because we feel that this push for growth has to be managed properly.

The support we are offering to each school
In October 2006 we held a meeting of all interested schools to acquaint them with the selection criteria, one of which was the necessity of each school to raise additional funds. In December we held a meeting of all successful schools to outline the funding and how the money will be given. I attended a community meeting at every school – one is four and a half hours from Melbourne, several are two to three hours' travelling – to expand on the philosophy to local government, local press, local businesses and most importantly, the parents.

We have had our first Professional Development day at which principals and school project coordinators came together to look at plans, discuss water management, learn how to make compost, discuss the job descriptions of the garden and kitchen specialist, hear about do-it-yourself design for work benches, discuss possible sponsors and how to approach the community. Schools are hungry for help and are at very different stages; some are flying ahead, others are hanging back a bit.

Each new school is being visited every fortnight by a Project Officer who draws up plans if necessary, or discusses proposed plans, assists in actual construction of laying out beds or shovelling soil, advises on planting schedules, advises on the size of tanks needed, encourages, meets specialists as they are appointed, and helps with the all-important planning of the kitchen. Each garden is 100% organic. Enthusiasm is very high at every campus.

There are problems to be resolved however.

There are differences in community resources between, say, a drought-stricken school in the Mallee and a middle-class suburban school. Yet there is no differentiation in funding permitted by Department of Education.

There are differences in school finances between a school with an enrolment of 60 students in Years 3-6 and a school with 180 students in Years 3-6. Again there is no differentiation in government funding.

At least 6 of the 21 new schools are on Stage 4 water restrictions – no watering permitted other than with tank water – and there is a ten-week delay in obtaining tanks. Some of these schools have had to plan and construct their gardens and delay planting until the tanks arrive. We will all most likely be on Stage 4 after August 1 (2007).

Some schools are more able to find volunteers than others. I have been disappointed by the almost total lack of interest from Slow Food members despite a general plea through the newsletter. They could be great volunteers, could 'adopt' a school, could hold a fund-raiser for a school, or at least join in the working bees. It makes the call from Italy for convivia to involve themselves in practical projects that can help the next generation a bit meaningless.

The reality is that many school teachers and many school principals know very little about fresh, seasonal food themselves, so we have to gently fill in the gaps for them. Yes, the garden must be organic. Probably not a good idea that the local Baker's Delight is a major sponsor, and so on ...

We know that each school has to 'own' their project but as a condition of receiving funding to be a 'Go for Your Life' Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden school there are certain key philosophic messages that they are agreeing to endorse. 'Health' is not the primary descriptor; show and ask the children rather than tell them; engage their curiosity and make it fun; don't talk about a food or a dish as being 'good for you'; seek to convince them because of flavour; strive for a broader approach; think of the ultimate learning at one's mother's knee!

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

We would like to convince government (at the very least the Victorian Government) that a teaching kitchen should become part of the infrastructure of every new or upgraded primary school. This kitchen must permit an entire class to be actively engaged at any one time. This means a minimum of four work stations. This is a huge task in itself, changing the basic modules of any new school or major revamp of a school.

The SAKGF needs to be actively involved in training our garden and kitchen specialists, so that a love of flavour and texture and an awareness of the importance of environmental health is part and parcel of what is being communicated.

We need more resources and some security for the foreseeable future. If we put too much of our time into writing submissions for funding to keep the SAKGF afloat we cannot put the thinking and resources into helping our schools develop successful projects

We need to work out how to deal with approaches from independent schools. Should we be consultants and try to fund the SAKGF in this way?

Currently we are exploring the idea of establishing a model Kitchen Garden that any school class can visit to see if it feels right for their school. The model would become a centre for training of kitchen and garden specialists.

We need to find significant sponsors who can work with all of the schools. We have help already from Diggers Seeds, from irrigation specialists, from a knife manufacturer, from white goods suppliers, olive oil and fruit tree producers. But we need others – trades, earthmoving, timber suppliers, etc.

With the next rollout late 2008/early 2009 our selection criteria will need to be tightened. In 2006 we accepted vague descriptions of gardens and planned kitchen spaces. We have learnt the hard way. Some of these descriptions turned out to be wishful thinking or rather exaggerated. A productive vegetable garden cannot be in 4 tractor tyres.
Next time plans and photographs will be necessary. An already existing vegetable garden will be an advantage, as will a worked through budget indicating how the school will tackle the inevitable shortfall between what the government is offering and what it will cost. And we will be impressed if a school can show how they intend to make their Kitchen Garden a sustainable part of the school once the two-year funding runs out. Several schools are already siting their kitchens in such a way that they can be hired out for community events or cooking classes.

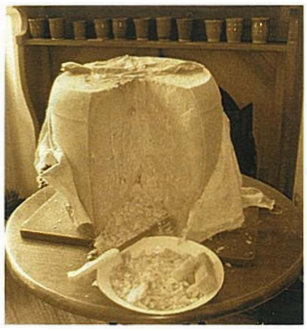
This is an account of a significant experiment. It is also a reality check. I have given myself three years and then I will assess whether there is any point continuing on. It has been, and is, absolutely fascinating.

Since I presented this paper in 2007 there has been much progress at the Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden Foundation. The original 27 schools are all delivering kitchen and garden classes to over 2500 Victorian children each week. The second phase of the Victorian State government grants has commenced, with an additional 22 Victorian schools having been selected. These schools are already starting to build their gardens and kitchens and expect to have all infrastructure in place and regular classes starting for another 2000 students by August 2009.

Our lobbying was successful with the Federal government Ministry of Health and over $12 million dollars has been committed to expanding the project to a further 190 schools across the nation over four years. The first 37 projects plus 7 demonstration schools have been selected. We are now occupied with recruiting Project Officers who will be our eyes and ears in all States and Territories. (The Northern Territory will be supported out of Queensland, the ACT out of NSW, and Tasmania will be supported out of South Australia).

We have received a progress report from the evaluation team from the University of Melbourne that reports very positive findings. The full report is anticipated by the middle of 2009.

I anticipate spending as much time as possible over the next four years visiting schools to offer support, to assist with specialist training, as well as assisting with the management of the Foundation and the inevitable fund-raising.



Australian tourists and English food

Richard White and Lila Oldmeadow

A fundamental in the colonial relationship is the contrast between the raw and the cooked. The initial attraction of empire lay in the access it gave to raw materials, particularly in settler colonies where the additional lure of a cheap indigenous labour force was not a major consideration. Back at the imperial centre those raw materials were processed and refined and then returned to the colonies: now doubly attractive as markets for the surplus manufactures of the coloniser.

This underlying economic relationship produced a familiar metaphor for the cultural relationship between coloniser and colonised. Colonial *culture* was deemed raw and unfinished. Metropolitan culture was sophisticated, refined, 'finished', civilised: in short, cooked.

So what happened to the colonial encounter when it took place at the heart of Empire itself – when, as Antoinette Burton has shown, the encounter was staged, performed and contested as the Empire came 'home'? For Australian tourists as much as Burton's Indian intellectuals, 'imperial power relations were challenged and remade by colonial subjects not just in far-flung territories of the empire but more centrally, in the social spaces of "domestic" Victorian imperial culture itself.'

And there was no more intimate encounter – apart from sex – than actually eating the heart of Empire. Not surprisingly, the result was often indigestion.

For most of the last two centuries, most Australians took with them to Britain some sense of cultural inferiority, the 'cultural cringe' as it has been called. Their very presence in Britain was often testament to that: even as sightseers, they sought out sights representative of culture and tradition, aware of Australia's deficiencies in both. They could – and did – boast of Australia's superior weather, superior material welfare, superior social arrangements. But when it came to crude notions of culture and civilisation, to literature and history, they generally took it for granted that Britain – or at least England – was demonstrably superior. They were humble pilgrims approaching the sacred. To quote one enthusiastic arrival in 1910:

> England at last! 'England Home and beauty'! In very truth God's own country! The Mecca of every Britisher all over the world.

The one significant exception in the cultural domain was food, and when it came to English food Australian tourists tended to be smugly, complacently superior. Australians have long flaunted their gastronomic superiority to the English. Even the convicts in Australia were noticeably better fed – with their regular rations of meat, flour, tea and sugar – than most free workers in early nineteenth-century England, and they were better fed than other classes of forced labour; indeed Stephen Nicholas suggests their diet compares well with recommended calorie intakes at the end of the twentieth century.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, Caroline Chisholm was attracting migrants with the rallying cry of 'Meat three times a day!', unheard of in the typical English diet (so much meat was not, it should be noted, a particularly appealing nutritional regime if it meant

simply mutton and damper for breakfast, lunch and tea, as it did for many bush workers). A long series of late nineteenth-century visitors agreed with Richard Twopeny's exaggerated claims that for working people food was 'immeasurably better and cheaper' in Australia: the working class had 'Mutton [...] almost for the asking, and up-country almost without it' he claimed; 'a working-man whose whole family [significantly he included women and children] did not eat meat three times a day would indeed be a phenomenon.'

That sense of superiority was maintained through the twentieth century. Australians' capacity to patronise the imperial centre was never so great as during the Second World War when they sent off food parcels to alleviate wartime rationing. In newspaper debates about the value of food parcels and what should go in them, there was a flattering condescension in the concern for 'our unfortunate friends in England' and 'others less fortunate than ourselves'. But even after the war Mary James, writing home with a woman's eye to modern domestic efficiency in 1953, could be a little smug:

> Much as we both like England, Australia is far ahead of her in many ways – I have not seen a decent kitchen in England yet – our housewives just would not put up with them, but then on the whole I don't think much of the English housewives & they are very ordinary cooks. Of course to be fair to them they have had a very lean time ever since the war with rationing & I think a lot of them have lost interest & don't care. Now that things are fairly plentiful again they can't be bothered.
>
> Having lived among them for some months now & kept house here I feel I do know what I am talking about. Of course there are exceptions, they are not all alike, but they do have mucky untidy kitchens, even the best of them.

Perhaps food was being constructed here as more nature than culture, but when Australian tourists encountered English food – or at least paused to write about it – it set off a series of reassessments of the relationship between centre and periphery as well as between culture and nature. These reassessments would be complicated by colonial deference, by nostalgic folk memories of the 'roast beef of old England', by a shared British suspicion of continental sauces disguising dubious ingredients.

But generally Australians fell in with the new critique of civilisation demanded by modernity (Mary James was proud of her cottage's 'mod-cons'), the sorts of reassessments, found in other domains, of the relationships between centre and periphery, the city and the country, the civilised and the primitive. If they arrived in Britain attached to civilised values and the cultural superiority of the centre over the periphery (in itself such a peculiarly modernist formulation), then their experience of food caught them up in a web of other peculiarly modernist reassessments: of the fresh over the refined, of purity over the processed, of simplicity over complexity, of vitality and wholesomeness over decadence.

It meant the cooked was not necessarily superior to the raw. As Marianna Torgovnick has shown, modernity itself demanded a re-evaluation of the attraction of the primitive. By the end of the nineteenth century, the modernist re-evaluation of the benefits of industrialisation saw a re-thinking (sometimes with nationalist overtones) of the relative values of the raw and the cooked, reassessments that placed vegetarianism and pure food acts at the forefront of modernist sensibilities.

So what did modern Australian tourists think of English food? There could be positive reactions, but most of those Australians who commented believed that when it came to food, the British were culturally impoverished. It is possible to identify two broad kinds of response, one centred around the issues of abundance and cost, the material availability of food, and the other around more culturally nuanced issues of health, quality, wholesomeness, variety and so on. However there was a lot of overlap here, and some odd contradictions. There were interesting differences of emphasis over time, though there was also remarkable consistency.

A constant feature of travel accounts, from published travelogues to letters home, were detailed lists of the prices of fruit in particular, with the expectation they would produce

gasps of horror in the reader. In 1938 Hudson Fysh, the managing director of Qantas (for whom, presumably, price hardly mattered) was writing: 'In a shop window I saw the following fruit prices: pineapples, 5/- each; grapes, 3/6 per lb; peaches 3/- each; and English apples 6d. each.' The delightfully titled *Madge's Trip to Europe and Back* perhaps described the same shop window a quarter of a century earlier: 'grapes at 8/- a lb, a basket of six pears for 3/6, and six peaches for 7/6. The latter would cost up about sixpence a pound [at home].' By 1960 it had become a joke when 'Debbie Thwaite', the subject of one of Barry Humphries' monologues, explained how she got by in London:

> Mind you, shopping isn't easy here. Meat is just ridiculous. Seven and six for steak, and chops work out at about one-and-three to one-and-six each. Mind you, bread and starchy things are very cheap but you do miss meat. You see, you can't really make it up on eggs because when we arrived they were six and six a dozen. Now let's see, what's that in Australian money? Take steak. Seven and six a pound, in sterling: that's ten shillings a pound. A packet of Rothmans costs four and a penny; that's five shillings for a packet of cigarettes! Isn't it wicked! Mind you, I must admit there are compensations living in London. For instance, cheese is cheaper.

For many it was a battle to stretch their tourist budget to food, and many genuinely complained that they went hungry in England. 'No wonder the Londoner is thin, anaemic and dyspeptic. One shudders to think what the very poor live on.' Others were simply resentful. A 'brisk, well-groomed' traveler assailed the offices of the *British-Australasian* in 1907:

> "In Melbourne or Sydney," he said, rather plaintively, "there is the shilling or eighteen-penny lunch, which corresponds to the London 'ordinary'. But it is a shilling or eighteen pence, as stated, all in. Over here it is a hollow fraud, and consist of one plate of scraggy beef or alleged mutton. Each vegetable is an extra – twopence more – and even the bread is an additional penny. And there are even places where the use of the cruet is charged for!"
>
> Our caller made several indignant observations on this subject before leaving, and he is not the first newcomer who has expressed surprise at finding that vegetables, bread, &c., which are all free in Australian restaurants are "extras" here. Our patient Guide on the Premises owned to an inability to direct this stray lamb to the fold it sought, and he even maliciously volunteered the additional information that at London bars the whisky bottle is not handed to the customer for him to help himself. This remark our visitor described as gratuitous, whereby we judge that he had already been investigating the London methods of purveying refreshing fluids.

This sense of going without when it came to food sits in stark contrast to the abundance they found when it came to culture. What is striking is how readily they adopted food metaphors to describe the 'feast' of culture that London offered. These were the cost-benefit analyses of the tourist: they starved the body to feed the mind. In 1906 Jonathan Bear wrote of how the traveller '*feasts* his eyes and artistic appetite on many of the famous masterpieces' in the National Gallery. Half a century later Charmian Clift wrote of 'gorging' on 'intellectual food', of 'rationing' herself to stretch the budget, yet still managing a cultural 'feast'. Still later Clive James was awed at the cultural plenitude of London: his ability to trek down to a Barbara Hepworth retrospective at the Whitechapel Gallery 'and spend hours caressing her brass volumes and bronze volutes with a *famished* eye. The famished stomach I placated with fish and chips bought from a glorified roadside whelk-stall just near the gallery.' These were the rough and ready exchange rates based on a tourist's sense of value for money. It was of course a self-fulfilling transaction – the less they spent on food in order to feast on culture, the more the food they ate conformed to their prejudices.

More complex and perhaps more revealing were comments concerning the quality, wholesomeness, freshness and variety of English food, which easily acquired deeper connections to national character. Consider the cultural tensions and resentments underlying this description of the Chapel-street market by Henry Lawson during his ill-fated time in London in 1901:

> A coster, near by, has scraps of pork on the tray of his barrow, and little heaps of alleged chops – some of them manufactured from odds and ends of meat, and marked 3d., 4d., 6d. and 7d. A seedy, shabby-genteel little elderly weed, with a lost and apologetic air, who might be a messenger or under-clerk out of employment, whose wife keeps a lodging-house, and who has been swept out that morning in the spring cleaning, drifts up in an eddy in front of the pork barrow, and blinks abstractedly and helplessly at the meat, as if it reminds him of something he forgot long ago. The coster suddenly opens fire on him.
>
> "Well, sir! If yer not satisfied, go somewhere else – go somewhere else. If yer can get better quality for less money, go by all means. Buy or leave it! – buy or leave it. No! We don't sell no Horsetralian meat here. Only good English meat here. If yer wants frozen meat, yer must go up the street – yer must go up the street, or to Botany Bay," &c., &c.

The radical nationalist sensitivities of Ada Holman, wife of the NSW Labor premier, were similarly ruffled in 1909:

> meat in London is not only dear but detestable. But meat is such an English Tradition that something called mutton or beef must figure at every dinner table. I often wonder if it is 'bus-horse or coster donkey, and feel very indignant when told that it is 'probably Australian'. The most impossible thing they serve is "boiled beef"[...] I have given up trying to guess its actual origin.

Paradoxically, while meat and lots of it was the conventional measure of the Australian diet's superiority to the English in 1900 – and still was a century later – the modernist fad of vegetarianism and a self-conscious scientifically-sustained advocacy of healthy eating, fresh vegetables and brown bread, became another measure of Australian superiority – and still was a century later.

Ada Holman (again) bemoaned the fact that what she called 'the Yankee food notions' of breakfast cereals were not displacing bacon and eggs. But she noted the 'vegetarian boarding-houses where the anti-carnivorous may possess their souls in peace. The average person almost needs to stay at one to taste vegetables at all.' And 'In spite of the crusade against its use started by English medical men, white bread is still the staple.' Later in the 1960s Clive James was forced to presume on vague acquaintances to get invitations to 'proper' meals 'involving such luxuries, long missing from my diet, as beans, lettuce and other foodstuffs coloured green.'

Health, wholesomeness and vitality became not just nutritional but cultural values with which Australian tourists could berate the English. One particularly gendered response among young women was that England made them fat. A prototype of Bridget Jones in 1951:

> Food is so foody here we eat up big on cakes and sweet stuff to make up deficiencies in meat. I get fat. I must not get fat.

The phenomenon gave rise to what became known among contemporary Australian tourists (and others later) as the 'Heathrow injection': now well enough established as a concept to be the name of a New Zealand punk rock band based in London. According to the Australian YHA Backpacker Essentials website:

> The Heathrow injection – this is a very real and very stressful condition experienced by Australians once in London. Effects are literally noticed overnight and no warning is given. Put simply, it is the injection of fat on arrival at Heathrow airport. It tends to affect females the worst with an overall expansion of the body, while males experience a concentrated expansion in the [...] beer belly.

It did not take long for London gyms and fitness clubs to begin inserting the term into their promotional material, selling their services to backpackers as an antidote.
These were largely the personal concerns of the modern body but food was also the focus of a wider public politics of colonial relations. We can note in passing the Australian Café at the 1924 British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and the 1920s campaigns of the Empire

Marketing Board that saw the King's chef (M. Cedard) producing an Empire Christmas pudding recipe and two sauces made entirely of Empire goodness, though we should note how such public campaigns related to the fundamental economic relationship between Britain and Australia in the first half of the twentieth century, and the extent to which it revolved around food production. But this politics was also evident – and was summoned up – in the daily lives of Australian tourists in Britain.

In the negotiation of the colonial encounter food became a crucial strategy for the Australian at the heart of empire. Clive James described how, soon after arriving in England – that formative moment of heightened awareness for colonial sensibilities – he was patronised by a pompous publican who made 'priceless' jokes about 'the outback, kangaroos, and the hilarious fantasy of people walking around upside down.' Here James's fragile colonial sensibilities were face to face with the condescension of English culture and there was not a lot he can do about it because his very presence in England – the very process of as he put it 'falling towards England' – was testament to his conviction that England represented Culture and Australia didn't. So what could he do?

In the very next paragraph he took it out on English food. He was able to restore some equilibrium and assuage some of that resentment by mocking the pub's 'ploughman's lunch', so redolent of English tradition, albeit an invented one.

> A piece of white stiff cheese smeared with yellow pickle had been clamped in a vice of partly refreshened bread [...] A glass mug of brown water was provided which we were assured was beer [...] I had been hungry and thirsty until I saw these things.

Not much of a come-back, especially if the publican in question did not get around to reading James' autobiography, but food at least offered the possibility of retaliation.

The strategic role of food in the colonial encounter was even more explicit in a 1973 guidebook for Australians in London. It noted that the Englishman 'will call you a colonial with a patronising smile [...] it stems from the Englishman's firm knowledge that colonials have no class or background.' Immediately afterwards it suggested ways of impressing the locals with 'an edge of sophistication', and it turned to food: invite them to dinner! 'They will be expecting a typical [!] uncouth beer swilling bash. Do disappoint them, if possible... try impressing them with a meal with a touch of home in it. It might be pretty ordinary fare for you, but it will be extraordinary for them.' Pavlova, canned pineapple juice and pumpkin were particularly recommended as likely to impress the deprived Briton.

In the development of an Australian nationalist response to English food, two writers are worth closer attention. George Meudell, the son of a bank manager, was a stockbroker, accountant, entrepreneur and *bon vivant* of late nineteenth-century Melbourne, an ardent Protectionist, nationalist and landboomer who invented the slogan 'Australia for the Australians' in 1882. In his marvellously uninhibited autobiography, *The Pleasant Career of a Spendthrift*, (the unexpurgated version appeared in 1929), he was able to condense his whole political credo into a critique of English food. A 'solid English dinner', he said, was 'a meal that always gives me varicose veins on my liver.' But that was just an appetiser. Into a long diatribe condemning English agricultural policies, dependence on refrigeration and failure to prevent adulteration of food, he wove a nationalist pride:

> The most pitiable feature of London life is the habit of eating stale food forced on the Londoner because, thanks to her idiotic policy of free trade, Britain has squelched her agricultural industry and cannot raise enough food to feed her people. Every other great nation except Britain raises its own food. This inability to grow its own breakfast will some day lead to the subjugation of Britain and the dissolution of the Empire. Just think of it! Except in the houses of the rich, the big hotels, clubs and restaurants, one cannot get fresh food. The food of the middle classes, probably originally of good quality, comes to the table thawed, and from several to many days old. Meat, fish, flour, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables are all imported from other countries, chiefly in ice. Eighty per cent of the meat comes frozen from North America, and 60 per cent of the wheat. All the fish is frozen, and

> so is most of the game. Siberia sends eggs fourteen days old; Denmark and Holland supply butter, cheese and milk of older growth; and the fruit and vegetables make voyages of six days to six weeks duration. Much of this stuff starts stale and arrives tasteless, insipid and innutritious. No wonder the Londoner is thin, anaemic and dyspeptic. One shudders to think what the very poor live on. In the lower middle class homes, the cheapest and poorest fish always smoked or salted, forms the staple diet. Such common stuff as smelts, bloaters, herrings, haddocks, sprats, all poor in proteins and inferior in quality, has to nourish the Londoner's protoplasm and supply him with fat, brains and muscle. This salty diet is responsible for the Britisher's tremendous drinking habits.
>
> In my opinion the breakfast bloater and the dinner herring compel the Londoner to be thirsty and need beer. To achieve temperance reform I would put on a heavy land tax; force land into cultivation, take the Chow slaves out of the Johannesburg mines, and set them to planting cabbages and lettuce in Devon and Sussex, and forbid by law any able-bodied man of soldier's age between twenty and forty to eat salt fish or salt meat. Never more will I scoff at the Kyneton sandwich, or a Junee chop. At any rate they are not frozen and then thawed.
>
> I missed the sun and the blue sky in London dreadfully, and nearly as intensely as I crave for fresh food. My pity is for the Londoner and my pride is terrific, because I'm an Australian, and can get a good egg and sweet milk, both only six hours of age and less. And its food has affected the British type. The race in the parent country is undergoing a metamorphosis through its food. Frozen food is only a factor of, say, twenty years existence, and already it has wrought modifications of function and structure in the Londoner. his acquired characteristics due to the change in the nature of his food and drink in one generation will be transmitted, and his offspring will show the variation markedly, because changed habits produce an inherited effect, and alteration in the Londoner's food is nearly a total one since 1884 when I first visited Noiseville. The effect of this stale food on the Londoner, and that he is decadent is proved by the loss of supremacy in home-grown arts and sports. In tennis, boxing, billiards, cricket, rowing, running, shooting, football, most of the championships are held by Australians, and in Melba and Mackennal, Australia has produced the leading British-born artists at the very top of their respective professions. These are a few of the results of pure food.

Protection had been the defining political issue in Australia at the beginning of the twentieth century, when Meudell was travelling, but was a settled policy in Australia by the time he was writing. Food was of course relevant to the question of Free Trade, and imperial preference, but what is also evident here is food providing a whole set of imagery around race, health, decadence, vitality and national efficiency that went into the creation of core understandings of nation in Australia – what John Hirst has called the 'sentimental nation'.

Travelling half a century later, Frank Clune was a very different nationalist, though like Meudell happened to be an accountant. He was Australia's best known travel writer, having made his name in the 1930s. After his autobiographical account of a poor Irish-Australian childhood and a man who lived by his wits – poor food loomed large throughout – he published a series of books that turned Australia into a tourist site for Australians. He broke the mould in that he insistently and explicitly wrote as a tourist rather than a traveller. ["Being only an Australian...," he once suggested, perhaps inadvertently, "I see and depict what average tourists see."] He drew a connection between being a tourist and being Australian, and was a great advocate for the developing tourism industry, whom he pestered for sponsorship and perks. From the second world war on he began writing books on travels beyond Australia, but he always constructed a particular point of view, insisting he saw the world through the eyes of an Australian – and a tourist. In 1947 he made his first trip to Britain: rationing was still in force. He was, despite his Irish heritage, generally in awe of English culture and tradition – often adding that particular colonial twist that Australians were more appreciative of such things than the English themselves. Tempering that enthusiasm, a running joke through the book was plaice.

As with Clive James, food was an immediate counterpoint to the moment of arrival:

> The breakfast next morning was of porridge, plus plaice. Coffee included with a dash of sugar. If I sugared my porridge, the coffee remained unsweetened. Plaice is a soggy tasting fish, that looks like a sardine with elephantiasis [...] The Britons were on an austerity diet, in their post-war period of tribulation, and plaice was better than nothing.

Then after some sightseeing – and note how it gets bound up, as with James, with a sense of alienation:

> Back I went to Nottingham Place, to my cold, expensive back bedroom and my breakfasts of porridge and plaice. A week previously I hadn't known what the word "plaice" meant. Now I knew only too well. Those stodgy breakfasts, in the chill basements, were an eerie English experience. A gong would bong and down to the catacombs would trudge the boarders or "guests," about twelve in number, to eat their porridge and plaice, with never a cheery word or smile to relieve the mournful atmosphere. In silence they munched, perhaps whispering to one another, but never to me. I was a stranger, an outsider, a foreigner, a Colonial, a Dominionite. We hadn't been introduced. So intense was the silence, so morbid the scene, that the crack of my Adam's apple as a piece of dry bread grated past it (oh, for some butter!) sounded like the roar of a jet-bomb in my ears.

And 300 pages later, and after another appearance in Ireland, he could make authoritative judgements as the by-now experienced tourist in England:

> People enjoy looking at cathedrals, but they enjoy a good feed afterwards, and York hotels, judging by the one I sampled, don't want to give service [...] I can extend this grouch to practically all the English hotels I visited or stayed at. They are the world's worst, and tourists should be warned what to expect. The only items on the menu were fish and potato soup. Yes, you know what kind of fish – plaice! Boiled plaice! That is the Englishman's reward for winning World War II: boiled plaice, and plenty of it!

The war gave the complaint some specificity, but as we have suggested there was a good deal of consistency in all this running from the nineteenth to the twenty-first centuries. We have not had room to point to more nuanced shifts of emphasis over time, but it is reasonable to generalise (admitting exceptions and overlaps) that the dominant complaints were cost and availability in the nineteenth century, health at the turn of the century, variety by the middle of the twentieth century and a kind of anti-stodge foodie sophistication by the end of the twentieth.

However there is a sense of belatedness about these Australian claims to sophistication or superiority when it came to food. They often operated on a kind of Australian immigrant folk memory of what English food *used* to be like, the food of generations past when the spurious sophistications of the present – whether built around health and nutritional modernity in 1900, or ethnic variety in 1970, or gastronomic consciousness in 2007 – had not been on the agenda. Dismissive attitudes to English food were deeply ingrained; they were, after all, part of the justification for migration. What they often ignored was the fact that English food itself could change along parallel lines. And so, flattering comparisons between the English and Australian diets in the 1890s, using evidence of the greater availability of meat in Australia, were based on out-dated English data. Similarly later complaints about the lack of variety in English food, from a position of complacent Australian multiculturalism in the 1970s, were almost totally blind to changes wrought in earlier decades to British eating habits: the popularisation of French and Italian cooking by Elizabeth David and others, and the impact of Indian or West Indian migrants (thirty years later the claim would be that the English national dish was chicken tikka marsala).

By then, as guidebooks oriented towards Australian tourists became more numerous and more competitive, they began to recognise more subtle changes: in a more competitive environment they needed to demonstrate they were up-to-date. It became common for guidebooks to dispense somewhat patronising praise to the English that they were finally catching up to Australian standards when it came to food. But it was also a bit grudging: they seemed to find it hard to let go of those rare sources of colonial superiority that had sustained, for a century and a half, the Australian tourist's encounter with the heart of Empire. Consider a variety of *Lonely Planet* guides to Britain: written by a variety of Australian, American, English and Zimbabwean authors but arguably with an Australian

backpacker as the archetypal reader. Listen to the praise, but also to how that praise is both patronising and sparing, and qualified by criticisms that date back to earlier generations of Australian tourists.

In 1995:

> Traditionally British food has had a dismal reputation, the result being a high incidence of obesity and heart disease [...] Fortunately, things are improving fast, especially in the south. The supply of fresh fruit and vegetables has improved immeasurably. Vegetarianism has taken off in a big way, and in the main towns and cities a cosmopolitan range of cuisines is available [...] Indeed, [then the qualification] the one thing it may be hard to find...is traditional British cuisine.

In 2000:

> Yes things have improved remarkably since the 1970s. But then again, the only way was *up* from caffs serving greasy breakfasts and fish and chips deep-fried in rancid-smelling oil. Now food in all its guises has become the new sex in London and everyone wants a piece of the action. [Then the qualification] Just don't count on value for money.

In 2005:

> Britain once boasted a cuisine so undesirable that there was no equivalent term in the language for *bon appétit,* but these days it's easy to find decent food. For every greasy spoon and fast-food joint, there's a pub or restaurant serving up enticing local specialties ... [then the qualification]. Having said that, Britain's culinary heritage of ready-sliced white bread, fatty meats and veg boiled to death, all washed down by tea with four sugars, remains firmly in place in many parts of the country. And that's before we get on to treats like pork scratchings and deep-fried Mars bars.

The capacity to make this kind of positive if patronising judgement – that English food might be edible even if cost and unhealthiness lingered on as problems – was a sign the relationship between Australia and the 'mother country' had been transformed. The corollary was that Britain was no longer *the* cultural centre for a majority of Australians: necessarily more sophisticated, culturally superior, more cooked than raw. It had become just another foreign country.

LE JARDIN FRANÇAIS AT RECHERCHE BAY 1792-3

reflected in lunch for the 15th Symposium of Australian Gastronomy at Dover, Tasmania,

Robin Black

Imagine you are a French sailor on board the *Recherche*. You come up the channel named for your general, Bruni d'Entrecasteaux. You were in this place a year ago and you are eagerly awaiting a feast from the garden your shipmate planted at that time.

> As we were very near the garden, which had been formed the preceding year by Citizen Delahaye, gardener to the expedition, we resolved to visit it, and took the opportunity, when the savages had seated themselves. We wished to leave them with our two sailors, lest they should go and do any injury to such vegetables as might have succeeded; but one of them was resolved to accompany us. He examined attentively the plants in the garden, and pointed them out with his finger; appearing to distinguish them perfectly from their indigenous vegetables. We saw with regret, that there remained only a small number of cabbages, a few potatoes, some radishes, cresses, and sorrel, all in a bad condition.

Even though the garden was spectacularly unsuccessful this was largely forgotten because of the French sailors' excitement at their positive interactions with the native population.

Why are you having this lunch? My aim has been to recreate the sort of meal that the French sailors might have enjoyed here in 1793. I have tried to include only those things they grew in the garden that they planted and those foods they brought with them. I have spared you salt beef and ship's biscuits.

The main characters on the expedition were: d'Entrecasteaux (the model modern captain), Labillardière (the difficult botanist) and Delahaye (the sweet tempered honest, active and hardworking gardener who was treated not as a scientist but was forced to mess with the crew).

These ships were floating universities whose main purpose was scientific research. d'Entrecasteaux conducted lessons on board ship, as did other scientists and officers: eventually even the cabin boys could make astronomical observations. This is important to remember when talking about the food eaten on the voyage. The large amount of scientific equipment taken on board was accommodated at the expense of rations.

THE GARDEN

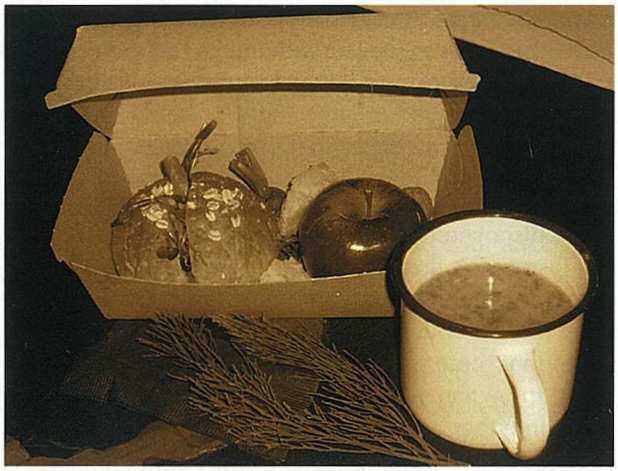
The expedition had explicit instructions for the planting of gardens which ran to 29 foolscap pages. The gardeners' duties were to sow European seeds and to indicate as best he can to the natives of the country the ways to cultivate and reproduce them [...] paying particular attention to those products that can contribute to the subsistence of man. La Motte de Portail commented that "maybe one day, the natives will give thanks to the French for having provided them with a substantial source of food." The new revolutionary government wished to promote the goals of science and to aid truth and enlightenment on all manner of topics. Gardens were planted for two reasons. Firstly, they were intended to aid the natives and prosperity by planting grain and leaving livestock and, secondly, it was common for voyaging sailors to plant gardens that could supply future expeditions. Felix Delahaye

planted cress, celery, chervil, chicory, cabbage, lettuce, turnips, onions, radishes, sorrel, black salsify and potatoes. Gardening both botanical and culinary was extremely important and very fashionable in France during this time. In the decades preceding the expedition Voltaire wrote of his kitchen garden and how he asked his friends to bring him seeds, which were more valuable to him than diamonds, so that he could be self-sufficient. A tradition of living off the land already established was reinforced.

Why did Delahaye the gardener plant these particular seeds in the garden?
Delahaye had spent an extra 1,263 livres during the supply of the ship at Brest and had hundreds of seeds with him. Many of the plants had been commonplace in French gardens for hundreds of years: onions, fava beans and cabbages along with turnips, peas, beets, spinach and lettuces are all recorded as having been grown by the Norman gentleman and diarist, Gouberville, during the middle of the sixteenth century.

Some plantings reflected the recent changes in diet in France. Many things were planted because of their perceived anti-scorbutic properties: this certainly applied to the cabbages and sorrel.

Let's look at your lunch!



THE BOX

that contains your lunch makes us think about food miles, about portability and packaging to get food across the world. The sailors sailed from Brest with 18 months' provisions including rice, butter, sugar, haricot, peas, lentils, beans, Dutch cheese, mustard, garlic, raisins and treacle amongst a wealth of other things. At Teneriffe they resupplied with fruit (including lemons and oranges), beef and more raisins. There was enough coffee to serve it on Thursdays and Sundays. The bread ration while at sea was half a pound a day. Live animals also sailed but the butchers, who demanded to be treated to the same conditions as the officers, did not.

Travelling across the world the sailors lived on a fairly monotonous diet. All foods were rationed but were varied depending on the particular circumstances. Each day three meals were served (I use the word meal loosely!) On Mondays (today) you would have received garlic on bread in the morning, salt beef at midday and peas at night. We don't know exactly how these were prepared and served but it is safe to assume it wasn't very exciting. As you retired tonight you would have been looking forward to tomorrow's ration of lemonade (of sugar, brandy and lemon juice), cheese and lentil soup for lunch and beans at night. We know that some officers on the *Espérance* made their own arrangements early in the voyage. They prepared what they called an "English breakfast" of tea, bread and butter, cold meat, sausages and anchovies.

Much of the food was of poor quality and there was not enough of it. But just as young (and not so young Australians) take Vegemite and Tim Tams to foreign climes because they want familiar food we cannot blame the French for continuing to eat salt pork when they could have had a fresh Tasmanian salad.

THE RIBBON

tied around your lunch box is the stuff of the revolution. "Red stuff" was listed in the provisions of the ships in order that they could spread the word of revolution. The voyage took place at a very significant time in French history. There was quite a lot going on. The chronology goes a bit like this: 1788 La Perouse arrives in Botany Bay (someone else is already there!), sails on and is never heard of again. Meanwhile back home in France things are not the best. The king has spent too much money on wars and Marie Antoinette, the Bastille falls in July and the rights of man and the citizen are declared. In this climate of change we still have a king, but with the promise of improvements for all.

D'Entrecasteaux is commissioned to search for La Perouse and sets sail in 1791.
On the same day of their second landing in Tasmania, the monarchy ends (somewhat abruptly) with the guillotining of Louis XVI and 206 sailors at the other end of the earth no longer have a king.

Reception on their mobiles is as bad as it is on yours so they don't know about this until they reach Mauritius months later. This is where things get really complicated: the officers were largely royalists and the crew revolutionaries (meanwhile back home they proclaim a republic and have a reign of terror), people are taken prisoner by the Dutch and the British. Sailors, scientists and crew eventually make their way home. In a nice touch of circularity, by 1798 Felix Delahaye is working at Malmaison for an empress creating an Antipodean garden.

THE SPRIG OF NATIVE CHERRY

represents the endemic flora of the area and raises the question of its use as food.
Labillardière discovered and named several new species of plants while here, including the blue gum (Tasmania's floral emblem) and the native cherry. Many believed that foreign lands were barren. D'Entrecasteaux commented of this area, "there are few plants in the area surrounding this harbour that can be used as food, there is very little cress and chervil." Rossel noted that there was little here, but "samphire is quite abundant." Some of the plants they referred to by names such as chervil or parsley only resembled their European counterparts in either appearance or flavour. In 1792 the plant they called parsley (persil) was *Apium prostratum* or slender sea celery.
The only food they obtained during their visit was fish. Although not impressed with edible plants here they were moved by the Tasmanian wilderness.

> It will be difficult to describe my feelings at the sight of this solitary harbour situated at the extremities of the world, so perfectly enclosed that one feels separated from the rest of the universe. Everything is influenced by the wildness of the rugged landscape. With each step, one encounters the beauties of unspoilt nature.

[Rear Admiral Antoine-Raymond-Joseph Bruny d'Entrecasteaux's observations on the wilderness of Recherche Bay and d'Entrecasteaux Channel, April 1792, from Vol. I *Voyage de d'Entrecasteaux envoye a la recherché de La Perouse*, edited by Lieutenant Elisabeth-Paul-Edouard de Rossel, published in Paris in 1808.]

SIMPLE FOOD

Lunch today is simple. At the time the French sailed into this channel much was being discussed about food and fine dining back home. Rousseau was claiming that fine French cooking was unwholesome and that he preferred fresh ingredients of local origin and that nothing is more insipid than out-of-season vegetables. His favourite meal was spontaneous and vegetarian: "if I am given milk, eggs, salad, cheese, brown bread and ordinary wine, I am sufficiently entertained." So in the sprit of the enlightenment we will follow his lead.

THE SOUP

The staple dish of France: the simplest of soups. A wooden bowl, bread placed in the bottom, a knob of butter, boiling water and Voila! That's soup. Perhaps a clove of garlic and a grating of raw onion. The French upper classes were eating meat and fish; the peasants grains and vegetables. In the fifteenth century the imposition of taxes made the lot of the

peasant much worse and a diet of rye bread, apples and soup was not uncommon. The sailors received a ration of about 4000 calories each day, which was more than the land dwellers in France. The soup is sorrel and potato, sorrel for your scurvy, and potato to give you energy to caulk the hull!

SORREL

It is hard to conceive in 2007 of men dying because of a nutritional disorder (except Type 2 diabetes and obesity), but this was the case for hundreds of years. Scurvy was characterised by swollen and bleeding gums, loose teeth, slow wound healing, bleeding under the skin and anaemia. By trial and error it was discovered that fresh fruit and vegetables prevented scurvy, and eventually it was recognised as a nutritional disorder and various anti-scorbutics were identified, including cresses and berries. It would not be for another 150 years that vitamins and vitamin C in particular were discovered.

The first recorded outbreak of scurvy at sea was in 1497 during Vasco de Gama's Portuguese voyage to India. By 1519 Magellan had modified some things on board ship in order to combat disease. Three watches were reduced to two, and it was acknowledged that sailors needed dry clothes and rest. He also searched for wild celery, vegetables and fruit at every landfall. As voyages of discovery grew longer it became evident that any trip over 70 days without landfall would compromise the health of the crew. D'Entrecasteaux's landfalls all exceeded 100 days. The English were at the forefront of fighting scurvy. Captain James Cook did not lose one man to the disease. La Perouse had sent a spy to England to discover Cook's secret. At the time the trendy thing was a beer-like drink of barley and molasses. The French did attempt to make a similar drink in Tasmania, from Celery-Top Pine tips, but desperate as they were the sailors found it disgusting. Within a few years lemon juice was general issue on British ships but the French did not adopt this practice for another 60 years. Over half of the crew, as well as D'Entrecasteaux himself, died of scurvy.

POTATOES

were included in the garden planting even though there had been much resistance to their introduction onto French tables. Potatoes were seen as valuable as flour to make wheat go further. They had been introduced as a food plant in the late sixteenth century, but peasants in Burgundy refused to eat them, believing they caused leprosy; others believed them insipid and indigestible. It was also believed that they had some anti-scorbutic properties, and indeed the expedition was equipped with 77 kgs of cooked potato, sliced and dried and 100 kgs of potato flour. Potatoes have been embraced in Tasmania: Tasmanians know the uses for different varieties: I well remember my mother searching for new Up-to-Dates for roasting (and she was originally a mainlander). Today the potatoes in the soup are a new, locally grown variety, called Ranger.

THERE IS SOME WATER IN YOUR SOUP

On D'Entrecasteaux's return to Van Diemen's Land in January 1793 the water supplies on the ship were dangerously low. Instead of continuing along the Australian mainland coast at the head of the Great Australian Bight he continued on to Tasmania. If only he had had good supplies of water on board he may well have continued and made all the discoveries that Bass and Flinders later made. Australia may well have become La Petite France.

SALT, PEPPER AND NUTMEG

have been used in the soup as all were available on board the French ships.

A SMALL (LIFE-SAVING) SALAD

The fresh salad in your lunch is a reminder of the one made here in 1793. The sailors could not have known that many of them were already in the early stages of scurvy. If all the men had eaten this salad, not just three, they may well have survived. Louis Ventenant, the Chaplain on the *Recherche*, and a naturalist and amateur botanist, reported that on their return in January 1793 a field trip revealed many plants in flower that had been fruiting the previous year. He also says that they made a salad of cress, persil (parsley) and samphire, but that these vegetables are tough and difficult to find. Today's salad has some tiny leaves in

recognition of the Rossel's observation that many plants in Delahaye's garden had sprouted only the two seminal leaves.

THE CRESS

in the salad highlights the disputed site of the garden, the status of the gardener and the failure of the cress. Labillardière apparently had something of a sharp tongue, "clay was too prominent – too far from the rivulet – I had at least expected to find the cresses planted on its bank – surely this could have proceeded only from the forgetfulness of the gardener."

THE RADISH

The Dutch already had gardens on board their ships which grew vegetables like radishes, lettuces and cress. If the French had done this they too may have prevented scurvy and provided some variety in the diet of sailors.

THE APPLE

Your box contains a Southern Star apple. This apple is particular to Dover. The French were really heading for what we now call Bruny Island. They had intended to land at Adventure Bay just as Cook had done. If they had done so they would have found the remains of another garden and the apple tree planted in 1788.

THE BREAD

Each sailor had a daily bread ration. The gun deck had a windmill to relieve the crew of the task of grinding wheat. Unfortunately it fell off the stern. Bread was seen as an essential. On October 5, 1789, the people of Paris, mainly working women, marched on Versailles in response to the harsh economic conditions they had to face, such as bread shortages. By the time of their second visit in 1793 the poor flour they had taken on at Brest had deteriorated even further, and rationing had to be introduced. Initially it was suggested by the Captain that he allow 8 ozs for the officers and scientists and none for the crew during their stay here. After a deputation from the crew, and in keeping with his principles, D'Entrecasteaux decided that all men would receive 5 ozs. The bread today is your ration and has been made by Horst from the bakery here in Dover.

BUTTER

was carried on the voyage. The butter trade was well established in France, with butter from Normandy and Brittany being highly prized. Butter was obviously still available on the ships because on Sunday May 6, 1792 "the dinghy returned from fishing and bought back enough fish to make an adequate distribution to the crew and that day we gave them as a special treat, a double ration of butter."

CHEESE

The French brought their own supply referred to as "Dutch cheese." They offered this to the Aborigines along with bread and brandy. This was the first sharing of food with the original inhabitants. It is worth noting that the Aborigines rejected these offers. Our cheese today is cut from our wheel of Pyengana.

PICKLED WALNUT

Part of the ships' provisions included walnuts pickled in vinegar. There was a general belief that acid substances in the form of vinegar may prevent scurvy (in fact it was the preservation method that retained some vitamin C). The ships also carried a preserve of sorrel and sauerkraut that was served each day. The connection with the walnut continues. Tasmania has large new plantings of them on the East coast. Old trees can be found all over the state and every good country housewife knows to pick walnuts for pickling on Boxing Day.

DRINKS

Lunch will be without alcohol. The French had great difficulty sourcing good wine, or water, and your daily ration of that has gone into your soup! Today's refreshment will be locally produced beverages: Gillespie's ginger beer and Lucaston apple juice.

An examination of the produce (and the lack of it) from the French garden provided inspiration for today's lunch. Each facet of the meal you are about to eat refers to some of the factors at work in revolutionary France: culinary, social and political, and the impact they had at the other end of the earth.

What possessed these scientists and sailors to plant a garden? Why did they plant cress, sorrel, chervil, celery and cabbage among other things and what did the French learn about food and dining from the local inhabitants? What were Bruni D'Entrecasteaux, Labillardière and Felix Delahaye doing in 1792 that resonates in our lunch boxes today?

The expedition was, in large measure, a failure. If the French, and D'Entrecasteaux in particular, had survived the ravages of scurvy the expedition would not have broken up and valuable records and collections lost.

Questions are raised. If the French had found the mainland Australian coast (thereby beating Bass and Flinders on their circumnavigation of the continent) and not sailed to Tasmania, would we be a French colony? Would we have local markets and not supermarkets? Would we be drinking wine and cognac not beer? And would we already be part of a republic? Would we have no need for the term "reconciliation" and would our pristine wilderness have been preserved? Or are we just being romantic Francophiles?

Perhaps the last words should lie with the original inhabitants. What did they think about these men and their food and their puny garden? As they waved farewell on February 13, 1793 they may well have turned away, shrugged their shoulders, walked down the beach to prepare another meal of crayfish, oysters and roasted bull kelp and discussed the weevil-ridden ships' biscuits they had been offered!

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DRINKING WITH D'ENTRECASTEAUX

Tony Marshall

This paper is an exploration of the potable liquids that were important to d'Entrecasteaux's expedition. Water was needed for many purposes – for drinking, for making other drinks (lemonade, spruce beer, coffee, tea), for baking and for washing. The search for water was a constant preoccupation at every point at which the expedition made landfall. But my focus is on wine and brandy – which were needed for consumption either neat or diluted by water – and the ways in which they were used.

Wine and brandy were taken from France with the expedition and were also acquired en route – probably only at Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, though there was at least one later opportunity that was very probably missed and another attempt which was unavailing.

Wine was among the many goods taken on board the *Recherche* and the *Espérance* at Brest, in preparation for the expedition. It was intended to be superior and aged Bordeaux – that is, presumably, unfortified dry red table wine. But in his account of the expedition, the naturalist Labillardière recorded that

> the contractors had deceived us in the quality of the wine which we had bought of them. We had paid them double the ordinary price, that we might have it of the best quality, and such as would keep for a long time. Part of it, however, was already spoiled before we reached the Cape [of Good Hope]. (De Labillardière 80)

I will return later to this highly significant statement.

It is possible, though, that there were other wines on board. The historian Frank Horner notes that "the officers, as elsewhere in the navy, were to receive a table allowance with which to find their own food and drink, in this case an allowance for six months paid in piastres" (32).

The first opportunity *en route* to replenish supplies of food and drink was at Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, which the expedition reached on 12 October, 1791, only two weeks after leaving Brest. Wine was an important product of the Canary Islands and one in which Labillardière and other expeditioners took an interest, visiting M. de Colognant's wine-vaults at Orotava. Labillardière recorded that de Colognant stocked, among other things,

> two sorts that have qualities very different from each other; namely, the sack, or dry wine, and that which is commonly known by the name of malmsey. In the preparation of the latter, care is taken to concentrate its saccharine principle as much as possible.

Furthermore,

> when the fermentation of these wines has proceeded to a certain length, it is the custom to mix them with a considerable quantity of brandy, which renders them so heady, that many persons are unable to drink them, even in very moderate quantity, without feeling disagreeable effects upon the nervous system from this admixture. (25-26)

Other contemporary and later writers confirm, more or less, the nature of Canary wine. Four years earlier, in June 1787, the First Fleet had called at Teneriffe on its way to New South Wales. Watkin Tench, Captain-Lieutenant of the Marine Corps, wrote of the island's produce:

> Dry wines, as the merchants term them, are sold from ten to fifteen pounds a pipe; for the latter price, the very best, called the London Particular, may be bought: sweet wines are considerably dearer. Brandy is also a cheap article. (12)

Cyrus Redding, writing in 1833, tells us that

> What is called Vidonia is properly the dry Canary wine, best known as Teneriffe. Perhaps it was so called because it is derived from the vidogna grape, or it is a corruption of Verdona, a green wine of good body, but harsher than Teneriffe [...] Teneriffe produces the best wines of all the islands, having the greatest body. The Vidonia is a wine which greatly improves by age, especially in warm climates, resembling Madeira. The Malmsey of Teneriffe is small in quantity but excellent in quality. (194)

William Younger, a mid-twentieth-century historian of wine, records that Canary wine

> was known under a medley of names, Canary, "Palme", "Palm Sack", Vidonia, and Teneriffe. Most of these wines were white and many of them were of a Malmsey style, rich and full bodied; but towards the end of the 18th century Vidonia, whose name comes from the Vidogne grape – the Chasselas de Teneriffe or Chasselas doré – which was considered the best brand of Canary, was "a dry white wine of good body". (363, in part quoting McBride)

Oscar Mendelsohn, the Australian wine-writer, notes that

> The Canary Islands, Spanish Atlantic outposts, were once important as wine producers. Canary sack was a celebrated and highly esteemed wine from Elizabethan times until well into the nineteenth century [...] from all accounts canary was a superb dessert wine. (70)

So to return to the expedition, d'Entrecasteaux asked the French Consul in Teneriffe to "supply us with local Teneriffe wine, to replace the wine that we had consumed during our voyage," and what they received was presumably a fortified wine, probably sweet, and not at all like the superior Bordeaux which the expeditioners had hoped to take with them from France. They also took on a variety of foodstuffs at Teneriffe.

The next port of call was the Cape of Good Hope, which the expedition reached on 17 January, 1792, nearly three months after leaving Teneriffe. Again, Labillardière took an interest in the local wine, visiting the home of Mr Bosman at Bottelary and noting that there was

> some very agreeable strong-bodied wine, made from the grapes that grow around Bottelary. Some merchants of the town sell this wine at a very high price, as Constantia wine, to which however it is inferior in quality. (74)

Alas, a great opportunity was apparently lost at the Cape. To complete the quote from Labillardière's account which is begun earlier, he records that part of the original supply of French wine

> was already spoiled before we reached the Cape. When we arrived there, it was a matter of the utmost importance to have it changed, and the more so, as we knew we could not do it in the subsequent part of our voyage. We might there have had our choice of the wine of the country, and Bordeaux wine, as a vessel at anchor in the road had a cargo of the latter on board. Why it was neglected, I am at a loss to comprehend. The consequence was, that our bad wine grew worse and worse, till we were at length obliged to substitute brandy in its place. This piece of negligence deprived us of one of the best means for preserving the health of the crew during a voyage, in the course of which they ran the hazard of being in want of every necessity. (80)

Horner, however, states that "In his month-long stay at the Cape d'Entrecasteaux had been able to replace the biscuit, flour, dried vegetables and wine already consumed, though at high prices" (58). So, in case wine was taken on here, I should briefly note the possibilities. Constantia wines (with which Labillardière unfavourably compared the wines from Bottelary) were both red and white, aromatic, concentrated, sweet but unfortified and highly-priced.

Redding noted in 1833 that "The wine grown at the Cape is both red and white, some is sweet and luscious, but the larger part is dry." He also recorded the "wretched description" of much of the Cape wine imported into England, but allowed that "tolerable wine is to be drunk at the Cape itself, from its own vineyards" (286).

That brings us, then, to the only real conclusions that can be made about the wines which were on board the *Recherche* and *Espérance* when they reached Van Diemen's Land for the first time, on 21 April, 1792. There may have been some badly deteriorated French table wine remaining; there were still some supplies of brandy; there was almost certainly some fortified Canary wine; and there might possibly have been some Cape wine, probably sweet.

The expedition stayed at Recherche Bay until 28 May, 1792, when it headed northwards, arriving at Amboina, in Indonesia, on 6 September 1792. Horner records that

> One thing d'Entrecasteaux could not obtain at Amboina was wine, which was badly needed. In the ships' holds, only a few casks of drinkable quality remained, and they were of the inferior wine provided at Brest under the false name of Bordeaux. This deception, he wrote to the Minister, had so angered the crew that he could not answer for what they might do to the person responsible. All that Amboina could offer was the crude spirit known as arack. He therefore wrote for wine to Isle de France [Mauritius], to be delivered if possible to Java. (100)

He makes no reference to the real possibility that there was also remaining some wine from Teneriffe or, more remotely possible, some from the Cape.

On 13 October, 1792, re-supplied (though not with wine), the expedition left Amboina and headed South-West. By 21 January, 1793 they were back in Van Diemen's Land for a stay of seven weeks. I don't need to describe in detail the remainder of the voyage, which ended in deaths and, to some extent, disappointment, although I should record the comment of Rossel (Lieutenant and astronomer, and author of the official account of the expedition) that

> When we had reached the northern extremity of New Britain [in July 1793] I decided to take route for Java, where it was daily more and more urgent for us to arrive. The wine remaining on board was sour; our flour was fermenting, And we had begun to run out of all kinds of provisions. (186, quoting Rossel)

I do, however, want to mention the ways in which the supplies of wine and brandy they had were used (and also abused) during the voyage.

In general, wine was routinely served with meals for as long as supplies lasted, though in the early stages of the voyage, meals were also served alternately with wine and with brandy-and-water. When the wine ran out, brandy-and-water was served. The crews also drank lemonade that included brandy. One recipe called for sugar, brandy, water and lemon, while another for hot climates used twenty-four pints of water, one of brandy, one of vinegar and a pound of sugar.

On special occasions, such as 1 January, 1792, extra supplies were issued:

> the general believed he should grant the crew a double ration of wine at dinner to celebrate the first day of the year and to spread a little gaiety in their spirits [...] As it happens everything went well, the crew was jovial without being too noisy. (Richard 309)

But there were incidents of drunkenness, both on board and on shore. Labillardière recorded that

> The wine of Teneriffe, which, as I have already observed, is very heady, was likely to have been the cause of very fatal consequences to one of our sailors, who, in a fit of intoxication, committed a very heinous offence upon a sentinel. (35)

And Horner tells us that "Two days out from Table Bay, the master carpenter of the *Recherche*, Louis Gargan, died of a fever contracted ashore, probably aggravated by an excess of alcohol" (58).

On 10 February, 1793, at Recherche Bay, "in the afternoon, the General's cook having struck the provost, who was drunk, and wounded him quite severely, he was put in irons and to stay in them for three days" (Plomley 162).

Hélène Richard quotes an account by d'Auribeau (a First Lieutenant on the *Recherche*) of an incident in July 1793 – quite late in the voyage – when seven crew members were, as was customary, sharing the food from a single platter:

> the drunkenness of several sailors began again today...many had quarrels, it was necessary to separate them, put them in irons, and so on. It's a strange disturbance and a violent passion that some of these individuals have for the drink; a single one in a dish [a group of seven] drank the group's ration and there was no way under these circumstances to prevent this problem — as a result everything suffers, work, discipline, etc. (309)

On several occasions at Recherche Bay the Aborigines were offered wine and brandy, with varied results. As might be expected of a people unused to alcohol (and especially spirits), brandy was apparently particularly unpalatable – "One tasted a little brandy but at once spat it out, making many grimaces" (Plomley 362).

To conclude, it is worth noting that wine bottles had several applications, not only for storing and transporting wine. They were used, on occasion, for collecting and storing water. And they had other functions, too, as Frank Horner recounts:

> The water ration was a risky subject for discussion, as an incident in the great cabin of the Recherche on 5 January illustrates. When the steward announced that water for coffee had been restricted, Labillardière remarked that there should have been no further cuts, at least until Recherche's water had fallen as low as the Espérance's. Bonvouloir (now a Sub-Lieutenant), the only officer present at the time, suggested that Labillardière should address his opinion to people more senior than himself. Labillardière replied that he would never have chosen Bonvouloir to relay his opinions, but he could report them if he wished – 'lie his head off' if he wanted to. Bonvouloir's answer was to hurl a bottle of wine at the head of Labillardière, who ducked, and then another bottle, which missed. The parties were separated, and Bonvouloir was placed under arrest by Saint-Aignan who entered the cabin at that moment. (123)

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FRENCH GASTRONOMY

at the Time of d'Entrecasteaux's Expedition

A homage to Rebecca Spang

Sue Dyson

I think I'm on this panel because I fell in love with a book. I kept reading sentences I wanted to share with other people and finding themes that resonated with the themes of this symposium.

I thought I'd ensure it got a hearing by buying another copy for Robin Black but that strategy failed. She already more than had her hands full and this material was peripheral to her subject. So here I am.

So while my topic is to talk about gastronomic culture in France in the period leading up to and at the time of the Bruni d'Entrecasteaux expedition, as far as I'm concerned it's really just an excuse to share my book with you.

It's *The Invention of the Restaurant: Paris and the Modern Gastronomic Culture* (Harvard University Press) by Rebecca L. Spang, who lectures in Modern European History at University College, London.

Before I share Spang's insights, though, I do want to mention one statistic that I think provides an illuminating context.

Apparently, in France in 1779 there were about 35 periodicals and papers. By 1789 there were 169. That's in a country where in the 1780s Paris had a population of about 650,000 (George Rudé, *Revolutionary Europe 1783-1815*).

We're talking about:

> the immediate years following the Age of Enlightenment, from which came one of Western civilization's greatest artefacts, the *Encyclopédie*, and the writings of the likes of Voltaire and Rousseau
>
> Thomas Paine had written *The Rights of Man*
>
> Thomas Jefferson and his friends had just finished inventing the USA (something that, in retrospect, they probably should have worked just a little harder on).

It's safe to say that provided you had a good income and an enquiring mind, it was probably one of the most exciting times in human history to have been born.

Bearing all that in mind, here are the somewhat random comments from Rebecca Spang's portrayal of the gastronomic culture of the time that fascinated me.

Her purpose is to trace and contextualise the history of the restaurant, a concept invented in the years just prior to these French voyages and which, as a phenomenon, was to remain limited largely to Paris until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Initially a "restaurant" was something you ate – a highly reduced bouillon – made from various meats cooked for many hours in a tightly sealed kettle or bain marie. Its role was medical, to restore – and so you went to a restauranter's room not to eat but to sit and weakly sip your restaurant.

A restaurant, as the place where restaurants were offered came to be called, differentiated itself from the inns, taverns and cookshops that were common throughout Europe because it

offered private tables. There was also a menu of choices, the cooking utensils were hidden in the kitchen, the meal time was not fixed and, most importantly Spang argues, its purpose was not to feed you but to restore you.

Ironically, the inn-keeper's table d'hôte, a single menu served at a set time and at a shared table, something many of us would deliberately seek out today, was decried by the advocates of the new restaurants as common, forbidding for strangers, and highly risky.

Restaurants appealed to sensibility, presenting a nouvelle cuisine designed for the privileged classes (private rooms lined with mirrors were common), particularly those who were interested in modernity and culinary curiosity. And Spang didn't need to borrow the term "nouvelle cuisine" from the twentieth century. In the middle of the eighteeenth century, for example, a manifesto entitled *La Nouvelle Cuisine* included two recipes for "restaurants, or the reductions used in the new cookery."

Restaurants reflected the Enlightenment preoccupation with the pursuit of health and spiritual well being. One restaurateur's shop front was emblazoned with a witticism (in Latin) that translated as "Run to me all you whose stomachs labour and I shall restore you." Another promised the "weak-chested" that they would find strength in his restorative consommés. In the late eighteenth century, to the elite, weak and delicate chests were a sign of "intellectual sophistication and emotional acuity." "Moral, artistic, and personal sensitivity were all to be expected from the physically debilitated individual." By merely sipping consommé "restaurant customers demonstrated [...] the delicacy of appetite that indicated a sensitive soul." Restaurants offered other foods too but they were generally soft, semi-liquid "limpid" foods – orange-flower flavoured rice creams, semolina, fresh eggs, butter and soft cheeses.

The restaurateur had aligned himself firmly with the medical profession rather than the cooks in public eating houses, between which elements a war existed in the literature. In a supplement to the French version of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* the followers of the god Gastrimythes live most of the year on the island of cooks, but they take regularly timed holidays to the island of doctors, where they feast on purgatives, laxatives, and enemas." Equally as telling, the article on "Seasoning" in the *Encyclopédie* said that "there were in the world two sorts of men: "cooks who work ceaselessly to kill us [...] and doctors who try desperately to cure us."

As an aside, Spang quotes from another *Encyclopédie* article on "hospitality" that laments "the expansion of the market and the increased movement of goods that, by converting the world to a monetary system, had [at some ill-defined moment in history] destroyed the links of simple person-to-person human generosity" – it seems the sense of loss many of us feel is not new.

I think there are many parallels with today in the way the restaurateurs' consommés were adopted by Paris society. There's just a hint of familiarity with the foam-driven excesses of the early years of this century and the extremes of Heston Blumenthal who now, in all seriousness and probably quite legitimately, believes he can heighten your eating experience by letting you listen to music through headphones, with specific music matched to specific dishes on the menu. "May I bring you an MP3 player with that order?" is the latest line to describe eating at The Fat Duck.

When respected writer Patricia Wells can write of el Bulli "And just when you think you have now, at last, tasted it all, along comes [...] a froth of smoked air. Don't ask me how he does it, but that little shot glass filled with fragrance and salt and oil is not much more than air infused with smoke. And we smack our lips with delight." I have to confess to having eaten and equally enjoyed the el Bulli phenomenon but smoked air is getting perilously close to emperor's new clothes territory – the only consolation is that it's not a new problem.

But, back to Spang. The rise of the restaurant was helped along by an enterprising gentleman called Roze de Chantoiseau, a classic enlightenment individual, who amongst other things opened a restaurant in 1766 but also, anonymously, published a very successful

almanac of thousands of Paris's merchants and businessmen, designed particularly as a guide for visitors to Paris.

Needless to say, he lauded the innovation of the restaurant, "where the restaurateur's menu of healthful consommés would restore the proper balanced flow of chyle, blood and other fluids" and would free the "fastidious traveller of the need to depend on an unknown, and potentially unreliable, innkeeper or cook-caterer." He particularly promoted his own restaurant as a place where forward-thinking and prosperous entrepreneurs could find the "salutary bouillons, soothing stewed chickens and pure burgundies necessary for clear thought and regular digestion?" Where "they were guaranteed prompt, courteous, and reliable service." (Michelin eat your heart out.) De Chantoiseau also dabbled with plans for solving the somewhat crippling national debt, including a proposal to fast for one day a month and donate the money saved to the state.

Restaurateurs insisted that their soups were characterised by "extreme simplicity." "Modern cookery," wrote one of their advocates "refines away the coarse qualities in foods and rids them of their earthly essences [...] thereby perfecting, filtering, and, in a way, spiritualising them."

Simplicity is a constant refrain many of us use to describe the food we like best. But just how simple is much of what we use that adjective to describe? Like the eighteenth-century observer we're often being a trifle cute. A small bowl of consommé may have appeared simple, in a Marie Antoinette sort of way, but it was made using complicated pieces of technology and took hours to prepare. It was no more simple than the delicious lunch you'll have today, which its provider would probably also describe using the same terms. In the eighteenth century "simple" was as much a romantic understating of what's actually a complicated art/skill, often involving intricate preparation. If we are given "truly simple and natural" I wonder would we be satisfied?

You won't be surprised to know there was plenty of opposition to this nouvelle cuisine. To a certain extent it mirrored the wider debates of the period. As an example: "The Marquise de Crequy declared the nouvelle cuisine 'bitterly stupid' and the result of 'idiotic refinement'," a comment that reflected her general concerns with modern, seemingly luxurious, or indulgent living. Spang argues that the debate about nouvelle cuisine was a debate about whether humanity was in progress or decline. Were the so-called advances in science that allowed us to turn meat into essence actually likely to improve humanity or not?

Some maintained that "culinary refinement [...] posed a danger to moral and physical well-being alike; as the body accustomed to delicate morsels, grew unable to digest plain food, so the mind would avoid weighty matters intellectual matters and content itself with frivolous witticisms [...] the vaunted variety and subtlety of modern cookery was but another example of "art" gone to unnecessary extremes – does that sound familiar?

And I'm sure you can all think of a twenty-first-century dish you can substitute for the "liquefied meat" in the following comment that "Liquefied meats [...] were particularly likely to confuse, delight, and eventually corrupt." I think I had one the other day – in a restaurant in a tiny village in the hills not far from Gernika – a generous quantity of unpasteurised Iranian caviar, smoked until just warm over house-made apple wood charcoal, and served, of course, on a mother of pearl spoon.

Of equal concern was the fact that "while a few privileged members of society busied themselves condensing ever more meat into ever smaller bouillon cups, the remaining members of society faced shortage and death.

It can't have helped that some dinner parties were so "wonderful," that non-eating observers were invited to watch the eaters. In one example in 1783, some hundreds of spectators observed the event by trundling through a gallery that ringed the dining room.

To quote Spang "As advocates of the nouvelle cuisine had removed discussion of cookery from the kitchen in order to describe the new cookery as evidence of society's delicacy and perfection, so its critics brought it into the salon to hold it up as proof of the same society's decline and corruption."

By the 1780s the fare at many restaurants had extended well beyond the bouillon and other "gentle foods" to incorporate dishes that might just as easily be found in a cook shop. But the separation of tables, menus with choices of dishes, the concept that you pay for the dishes you eat rather than a set menu and that you could eat when you want, kept the restaurant apart as a quite separate phenomenon. The interesting thing for the perspective of this panel is that by the time our adventurers set sail, in Paris you could eat at establishments quite similar in format and food to today's restaurants.

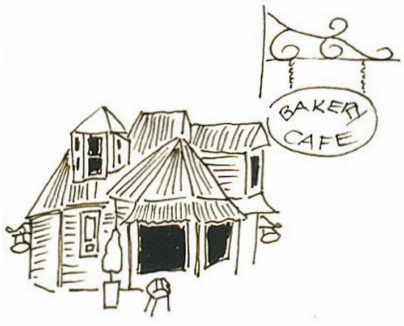
There was a tricky period to go through during the extremes following the French Revolution of 1789 when suddenly decadence, separateness, and sensibility were no longer socially acceptable. At the height of revolutionary zeal in the early 1790s, at the same time as the French sailors were fraternising with the indigenous population here, so fraternity and equality demanded shared tables in Paris – where aristocracy and tradesmen should sit together. Hospitality and the shared meal or "fraternal banquet", often to be partaken at tables laid out in the streets, became a symbol of the Revolution. The only real difficulty in this brave new world seemed to be dealing with the inevitable reality that someone had to cook, someone had to serve, someone had to clean up and someone had to pay.

It could also get tricky working out what to bring to such a shared meal. A young Englishman described the dilemma: "if you presented a luxurious article, you were called an aristocrat, who fed on dainties, while the people were starving; and if, in the contrary, your contribution was humble, you were accused of being a monopolist, insulting the indigence of your neighbours."

By the time the Terror reached its height and there were serious food shortages restaurants definitely were off colour – variety was discouraged and many restaurateurs were identified as counter-revolutionary. One of the most renowned, Véry, ended up in jail for retaining a sign in Spanish that "we welcome people of the best sort."

Needless to say, once this period of enforced fraternity and hospitality and terror ended, restaurant culture and gastronomy flowered.

And … a final thought … a key subsidiary theme in Spang's book is the importance of culinary metaphor in discussions on economics, political economy and just about any other aspect of life during the latter part of the eighteenth century. As in twenty-first-century Australia, any issue can be reduced to a sporting metaphor, it seems that in eighteenth-century France any issue could be reduced to a culinary metaphor. This even extended to cartoons of a fleeing Louis XVI trying to escape Paris after having worked out the guillotine was real possibility, where he was represented as leaving the table without paying the bill, the ultimate abuse of hospitality. If food was to the French as sport is to Australians, it's no surprise that the planting of a vegetable garden was one of the first things on our sailors' list when they stepped ashore at Recherche Bay.



THE CORNER STORE

Alison Alexander

What is a corner store? It isn't necessarily on a corner. I'm defining corner stores as small shops that sell a wide range of goods to the community round about – almost everything the community needs for day-to-day living.

At first, in Tasmania's small society, all shops were corner stores. The British settled the island from 1803, and for the first twenty or so years the population was small and contact with outside, where almost all goods came from, was erratic. The British Empire was much more concerned with defeating Napoleon than the welfare of its tiny, remote colony. People in Tasmania did what they could to survive, and shops were no exception. They sold to the small population everything they could get hold of, at a time when no trading systems were in place and cargoes were largely due to luck, perhaps speculation by ships' captains. Tasmanian shopkeepers could order consignments of goods, but it took a year or more for the order to reach England and the goods to be sent out, and when they arrived demand might have lessened.

In 1805 Maria Riseley set up the first shop in Hobart – many corner stores have been run by women. A convict in Sydney, Maria had been transported for theft for seven years. Her shipload of seasick women convicts arrived in Sydney in 1804. As usual, most of the women were assigned to settlers as servants. Their duties were many and varied, and as a result, early in 1805 Maria Riseley was pregnant, so was sent back to the Female Factory in Parramatta (see Alexander 1999: chapt 3).

Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Edward Lord arrived from Hobart, looking for a woman – they were scarce in Tasmania. The story goes that he ordered all the women in the Factory paraded before him so he could choose one. Rather surprisingly, he selected Maria Riseley, seven months' pregnant. Her daughter was born in June, and in November the three travelled to Hobart. Maria, a shrewd businesswoman, took goods from Sydney with her, and set up the first shop in the eighteen-month-old town. Her accounts with the parson, Robert Knopwood, show that she sold him sugar, salt, mutton, candles, and she also sold flour and tea, but her main sales were in spirits. For its first fifty years there was much heavy drinking in Tasmania, and spirits were greatly in demand.

Many stories were told of Maria Lord's acumen, not to say meanness. When floods ruined maize crops in New South Wales, she raised the price of her maize from a penny a pint to half a guinea, 126 pennies – even though some of it was mouldy. There were still plenty of eager customers. A man whose wife was having a baby and was dying for a cup of tea bought Maria's last pound for the outrageous price of six guineas – $12.60, still expensive today. When in 1807 a ship arrived with rum on board, Maria and three male shopkeepers bought its entire cargo for 2/6 a gallon and sold it for 10/-, four times the price. Maria Riseley's shop was very successful, despite her successive pregnancies, and her rather useless partner, who fooled away the money she made on gambling and "other base propensities."

A later shopkeeper, Henry Hopkins, arrived in 1822. He and his wife rented two rooms, living in one and using the other as a shop. Here they sold goods ranging from shoes and clothes to butter, cheese, snuff and raisins, anything they could get hold of (Alexander 1981: 115). At the same time Robert Mather had a similar shop in Hobart. His daughter described their shop in her memoirs:

> My father's shop, at the corner of Liverpool and Elizabeth Street, stood back from the street, as all houses did in those days. It was quite large for that time … and was the only place that

> looked like a shop. [...] We sold ironmongery, sugar, tea, twine, books, paper, and everything that we could sell. We sold a set of mahogany chairs to David Lord, and a large cabinet to George Frederick Read, at New Town. This was part of our own furniture. That was what people did in those days. You could get better prices for everything, and my father liked the look of money better than the furniture. My mother preferred the furniture. My father did very well at the shop. (Walker 140)

So did Henry Hopkins, who was shrewd and careful. This is clear in a satire of him, one of a series written by convict writer Henry Savery in 1829. His article about Hopkins ran:

> Having occasion one day last week to make a trifling purchase, I entered a shop in Elizabeth-street, and, having obtained what I required, was about to leave it, when my notice was attracted by the manner in which another customer was being served [...] He had asked for a pound of sugar, which was weighed, and then deliberately turned out upon the counter, the purchaser instantly proceeding to fill his pockets with it, just as it had left the scales. "Do not you provide a wrapper for what you sell?" I enquired. The shopkeeper, a spare thin man, of a very vinegar aspect [...] stroked his chin, and with a demure expression, under which much was conveyed, replied, "Our profits won't allow it." "Why, the article I have bought is at least three times what its price would be in the dearest shop in London. What can constitute this immense difference?" "Our profits won't allow paper," was the only reply I could again receive.
>
> Presently a fat middle-aged female in great dishabille, approached the shop from a neighbouring public house, and [...] throwing some money on the counter, said, [...] "Give me some tea and sugar." "What have you to put them in, my good woman?" "None of your good woman for me, d– your eyes," at the same moment stooping to draw off a dirty stocking from a dirtier foot, "here's a leg'll bear looking at – and here's something'll hold the tea and sugar," handing over the stocking, into which the sugar was first placed, and then tying it in the middle with the woman's garter, so as to form as division for the sugar, she received her change and left the shop. (Savery 77-78)

Robert Mather fared no better, Savery accusing him of cringing civility, sly humility and prying inquisitiveness (Savery 142).

In the 1830s Hobart grew and settled down, while trade developed. Shopkeepers could order and receive goods more regularly, especially as steam ships replaced slower sailing vessels. Specialised shops like groceries, drapers and shoe shops appeared in the centre of town, so there was no place for the small mixed shop which could not carry the wide range of goods of specialist shops (department stores had not yet been invented). Corner shops retreated to suburbs and country towns. But there were not many of them, in Tasmania's sparse, heavily masculine, heavy drinking population. In Brighton in the 1850s, with a population of 3,000 scattered around a large area, there were seven shops – outnumbered by the eight pubs. The shops did not sell just groceries: they had to sell alcohol to survive. In December 1842 W. H. Harper, proprietor of the Bridgewater Store, advertised Christmas and harvest supplies. No tinsel, cards or roast turkey, however: Harper's Christmas supplies consisted of wines, port, sherry, rum, brandy, gin, porter and ale. He also sold salt pork, sugar, tea, coffee, plums and currants, scythes and sickles, iron pots and saucepans, for cash or produce (*Hobart Town Courier*, 9 December, 1842).

In the 1850s convict transportation stopped, and many of those single heavy-drinking men went to the gold rush in Victoria. In one year, a third of Tasmania's population migrated there, mostly single men. The number of women per 100 men jumped from 40 to 60 almost overnight, and in the next decades society became much more settled, the higher proportion of women and families meaning that crime and drinking lessened, and more churches and schools were built. This had a great effect on shops. There was more demand for household articles as opposed to alcohol, and it was safer to open a shop – no need now to sleep on the counter. People could safely open shops all over the island, in country areas as well as suburbs and towns. From the 1850s the number of corner shops increased. From seven in Brighton in the 1850s, in 1870 there were 13, and in 1910 there were 23, for about the same number of people (Valuation rolls for Brighton).

As well as the more settled population and the growth in women's influence, three other factors influenced the growth in corner stores. There were more goods available, especially

foodstuffs. While corner shops sold and sell a wide range of goods, their staples have to be foodstuffs, which people need every day. Sickles, razor strops, saucepans and so on would be bought only occasionally, and food formed the bulk of sales. In the early years, the range of foodstuffs was limited to flour, sugar, tea, coffee, dried fruit, butter and cheese, but not a great deal more. For ordinary people, cooking was basic. Mary Morton Allport's diary describing pioneer life in the country in 1832 shows that the only foodstuffs she had to cook with were salted meat, potatoes, rice, flour, sugar, tea, eggs and whatever the men could hunt in the bush, resulting in dinners of roast wallaby and stuffed echidna. She cooked hardly anything sweet, only occasionally mentioning making tea-cakes or gingerbread (Allport).

From the 1840s and 1850s enterprising manufacturers started to provide more lines of food. John Franklin's party trying to find the North-West passage all died, probably from the lead solder in the new tinned food they took with them. Manufacturers quickly overcame teething problems and soon tinned food was widely available – meat (camp pie and corned beef), fish, fruit and vegetables, condensed milk. It was quite cheap, and made a welcome change from the Allport-type diet. Other manufactured items like desiccated coconut, jelly crystals, icing sugar, powdered cocoa, curry powder, gelatine and so on began to appear. Factories in Tasmania began making cakes and biscuits, jam, vinegar, cordials and tomato sauce (*Cyclopedia of Tasmania*). So there was a much wider range of foodstuffs for shops to stock, far more interesting for housewives.

A third factor was that opening a small shop often fitted in well with a family's activities. Although new factories provided some jobs, for many working-class people life was difficult, and permanent jobs scarce. Many continued the English tradition of the entire family over the age of about twelve earning what they could to provide a family income. Father might farm a small area and take on any short-term work outside; a son might trap possums for their skins; a daughter might give piano lessons or keep chooks and sell the eggs; a mother might take in washing, do charring, or keep a shop, which fitted in well with a woman's domestic work, which kept her about the house anyway. A shop need not be large, just part of the house, with enough room for a counter and shelves, which would not be expensive to install. Customers would arrive sporadically, and a bell over the door would alert the shopkeeper, who could leave the ironing or washing to attend her customer. Probably if she was bathing the baby, the customer would happily wait, perhaps coming through to the living area to admire the baby and have a chat. Or some other family member could mind the shop. It was a flexible arrangement that could fit in well with other ways of earning. A small shop might not bring in much money, but it would be a welcome part of the family income, and was a practical arrangement especially in a scattered country area that would not support a larger store. While some corner shops were larger, many others were smaller like this.

The fourth factor was transport. This was limited, and rarely used for anything as ordinary as shopping. People wanted to be able to walk to a shop, so the custom rose that someone would set up a corner shop in any community, so that people would not have to walk far to a shop. Even tiny places had a small shop, while larger towns had many shops, often larger – but a number were still small enough to be called a corner shop.

What did such shops sell? Everything their customers needed for everyday living. A range of foodstuffs, in tins, bins and boxes. Ironmongery: saucepans and razor blades. Boot polish, brushes and bootlaces. Soap. Sink plugs. Kerosene. Lighting: candles, lamp oil, carbide for carbide lights, then light globes. As they became available, toilet paper, detergent and Reckitt's Blue. Chook food, duck food, pollard and bran. Newspapers. Bread and milk, from local bakers and dairies. And also as they became available, sweets in jars, at so many for a penny. This would not have brought in much income, but it attracted children and accompanying parents to the shop. Corner stores were conducted along the lines of "every little helps" rather than strict commercial reality of only selling what brought in a good profit. They had to have a bit of everything.

Many goods were delivered in bulk, and shopkeepers had scales to weigh out, say, half a pound of tea, and paper bags to put them into – no more pockets and stockings used as receptacles. This applied to flour, sugar, rice, oatmeal and biscuits, and there was that speciality, broken biscuits, the bits at the bottom of the tin, which sold cheaply. Buying six penn'orth of broken biscuits is a fond memory of many a child of the 1930s.

Some shops bought local produce to sell – fruit and vegetables, eggs and butter. This was a good market for local people, and a good line for the shop. Many country shops in particular gave credit for local produce. In 1914 Percy Oakley ran the Pioneer Stores in Bagdad. He sold a variety of goods, and bought agricultural products in exchange: fruit, chaff, oats, potatoes "etc". In 1892 he was responsible for the *Bagdad News*, really an advertising venture by a Sydney pharmacy firm. As well as advertising Dr Sheldon's Magnetic Liniment and so on, it contained jokes, household hints, recipes and stories, and an advertisement for the Pioneer Stores (*Bagdad News*, 1892). Percy was very modern in this; most corner stores did not advertise. They had no need to – their communities knew where they were and what they offered.

Corner stores had to be convenient, and they offered a number of services. For the busy housewife, they made up orders and delivered the goods. They ran accounts that people paid by the month – a real convenience. Mothers could send children to the shop, knowing that the shopkeeper knew them and would put the money on the account, and trusting him or her not to cheat them. A shopkeeper who cheated would not last long in a community. Nor would the grasping, mean shopkeeper described in the early years. With the more settled days of the later nineteenth century, shopkeepers could afford to be more kindly, and most are remembered as cheerful and friendly, often adding a bag of lollies to the order, letting an account run on unpaid if, say, the family was struck by illness. Some were genuinely benevolent, assisting poorer neighbours through depressions, keeping an eye on the elderly or frail. Some shopkeepers became the neighbourhood adviser or wise woman, and many were the main source of general knowledge, able to tell who was getting married, who had a new job, the name of a new baby, how much a house was selling for. It all helped attract customers. Some shopkeepers diversified by also running the local post office. This brought in handy extra income, and also extra customers, who would stock up on groceries when they went for their mail.

There are many examples of corner stores. The Blackwell family moved to Elderslie in 1921, buying the farm of Kellie. Like their neighbours, "they tried everything," Jack Blackwell remembered. Cropping, cows for milk, small fruit, hops, pigs, sheep. Neighbours lived off rabbits and possums, selling the skins. Farmers' wives sold eggs and butter, and some sold cakes to restaurants in Hobart. Among the Blackwells' enterprises, an unmarried daughter ran the local shop and Post Office from a room in the farm. Her father would buy goods when he was in Hobart, and she sold flour, sugar, groceries and so on. Though the Post Office attracted customers, the shop never made much profit, with the small, scattered local population, and competition from Nicholls' shop in Broadmarsh which drove up two days a week with groceries in a lorry – easier for many housewives who would have had to walk to the Blackwells' shop. When the daughter married, Jack's mother took over the post office and shop, but she became sick, so the family gave them up after about five years. (Blackwell).

Nicholls' shop in Broadmarsh, however, kept going for many years. Mr Nicholls was blind, but he would take his young daughter Betty to school – or possibly the other way round – and on the way people would tell him their orders. When he got back to the shop he rattled off the orders, which were made up and delivered later that day – an excellent service (Nichols).

At Mangalore, Alan Besier has the Besier family's accounts from the 1930s. They dealt with three local shops, in the small community of Mangalore. E. R. G. Pardoe was an "old bloke" who had a shop on the Black Brush Road, where schoolchildren used to go at lunch time to buy lollies. The Besiers bought a wide range of groceries from Mr Pardoe, from sugar

and flour, sardines and fruit saline, to soap and vinegar. They dealt with the two other shops in Mangalore, T. R. Skeggs where they bought, for example, dates, suet, cigarettes and a book; and E. W. Childs: dripping, coconut, rice and "axel grease." Childs gave credit for local produce like butter, eggs and chaff. The only items the family bought in rare visits to Hobart were clothes and boots, specialised farming equipment and even more specialised items like sheet music. (Besier).

Nearby in Brighton, Ted Armstrong ran a corner shop, and in 1937, aged 19, Len Hollingsworth began to work for him, earning double the wages he had as a farm labourer. The shop sold a variety of groceries, and Len remembered some costs: sugar was fourpence a pound (about sixpence a kilo), a loaf of bread was fourpence (three cents), a dozen eggs was eightpence, the *Mercury* was twopence. Petrol was 1/8 a gallon. The shop also sold some clothes, like working trousers and boots, and lollies. People ran up bills that they paid fortnightly. The shop sold meat too, but as there was no refrigerator, "it was kill then sell the next week." They killed four sheep every Friday evening, and Ted Armstrong taught Len how to kill an animal. "I'd go up the road to the paddock in William Street, get the sheep in with the dog, take them to the slaughterhouse, kill them, dress them, hang them up – it took a couple of hours. One man was an expert, and he could kill a sheep, dress it and hang it up in ten minutes" (Hollingsworth).

In a larger country town, the corner store might be somewhat bigger. Bill Evans grew up in a shopkeeping family in Queenstown, and started work aged twelve, delivering bread with a horse and cart. He learnt the trade thoroughly, and stayed in it for sixty years. This was a larger store with a bakehouse attached. The shop sold groceries, napery, paints, garden tools, fodder for horses and cows, vegetables when the family could get them – not easy in Queenstown. There was no local produce, and vegetables had to come by train from Hobart and the North-West coast, an eight-hour journey. There was no meat – that was just too hard. At first the Evans family found Queenstown rough, but they settled down, and found many loyal customers (Evans).

Corner shops in towns were different – no killing sheep in North Hobart. Pre-war inhabitants remember when there was a shop on almost every corner, serving the immediate neighbours. The two Misses Cawthorn ran a shop in North Hobart for years. When you walked in there was a beautiful Huon pine counter, and all the goods on the shelves up behind. The Misses Cawthorn looked ancient, recalled a customer who was a boy at the time, "but thirty years earlier they hadn't looked any different." They sold lollies in big jars – "nigger boy" blocks of licorice, aniseed balls, licorice straps or twists, musk sticks. They sold newspapers, bread from the local Nut Brown Bakery, cordials from Cascade, biscuits from the Swallow Heyward biscuit factory on the wharf – sixpence bought a big bag of broken biscuits, weighed out from a tin. Storage was under the counter, out the back. The Misses Cawthorn lived at the shop, and you could always go and knock on the door after hours if you had run out of anything, and they would open the shop for you. They co-operated with other local shopkeepers, lending items if one shop ran out (Hosan).

Prices in corner shops were always the same, a fraction above larger groceries, but not much. There were never specials. People would buy bulk groceries from large groceries like Moran and Cato's, and go to the corner shop when they ran out of anything, or for daily needs like milk in the days when few houses had refrigerators. People liked corner shops because you could chalk up your purchases and pay at the end of the month. "They'd have a row of account books. You could send your kids to buy things and you wouldn't have to send money. Of course the shopkeepers knew the kids. You made a living, but it was long hours" (Hosan).

One of the shops with which the Misses Cawthorn co-operated was run by Ian Hosan's grandmother. In the 1920s her husband went to the osmiridium mines at Adamsfield and was away for months at a time, leaving her with five daughters at home, so she enclosed part of the verandah and started a shop there, serving the people who lived further up the street. The daughters helped in the shop. "Grandma sold groceries, odds and ends, to save

people having to go down the hill," recalled Ian. The shop was near the Misses Cawthorn, on a side street, and if Mrs Trowbridge ran out of anything, she would borrow from the Misses Cawthorn, and vice versa. The shop did not bring in much income, but it was something (Hosan).

As suburbs developed, there were many corner shops, almost literally on each corner. If you drive through Moonah or Sandy Bay today, there are many remains of corner shops – large windows, awnings, doors right onto the street. The advantages of running a corner store are plain. There was a captive audience – not large, but at least there. The work was relatively straightforward, not needing much in the way of business knowledge, especially in the days before GST. It was something that could be done at home, in part of the house, though many shops were in larger premises. The need for such shops was clear. And as Ian Hosan pointed out, in those days there were no use-by dates.

What were the disadvantages? The small market, perhaps, meaning only a small income. Competition, not so much from the new department stores as from larger groceries and other corner shops. Perhaps a shopkeeper might buy a consignment that did not sell, though most appeared to know their market well – probably if they did not, they did not last long. Bad debts and moonlight flits, hard for a local shopkeeper to follow up. Even harder for some, having to dun some unfortunate person who really did not have the money to pay the bill. On the whole, most corner shops before the Second World War seemed successful, perhaps not enormously profitable, but adequately fulfilling their role as far as the customers and the shopkeeper were concerned.

At first in the years after the Second World War, the shopping situation was much as it had been in earlier years, with the advantage that growing prosperity meant people could buy more. Corner shops flourished. In Ouse, M. V. Rodda ran the General Store, selling everything, from saddles and soap to foodstuffs. Hanging from the ceiling were hooks with bicycle tyres, boots and shoes. There my informant bought his mother's Christmas present, a pink tea cup with a rose inside. There was an inner room with drawers from floor to ceiling, where Mr Rodda sold nails, nuts and bolts and so on. If you asked for a bolt, he would invite you into this room and pull out drawers, showing his stock until you found what you wanted. "This is a good quality hexagonal nut," Mr Rodda would explain. It was the centre of civilisation for miles around, with a large colonial verandah in front. Everyone in the town had a debt with Mr Rodda, recalled one resident. Employees would cash their pay cheques, though Mr Rodda, a teetotaller, was sad when they spent all their money on drink. The resident remembered one day when his mother bought a packet of rolled oats. Embarrassed, she said, "I'm terribly sorry, but there are weevils in this packet." Mr Rodda peered in. "So there are," he said cheerfully. "I can see the little fellows down there!" and calmly gave her another packet (Chapman).

In the suburbs corner shops also flourished. At Rosetta, our corner shop was run by Mrs Hallam, large, cheerful and generous. We were often sent to buy a loaf of bread with threepence to spend – perhaps to give parents a rest, since it was a fifteen-minute walk there, and what with dawdling and eating lollies and picking at the bread on the way home, the whole venture took up to an hour. Mrs Hallam had shelves to the ceiling, with packets and bags and boxes of goods. When you asked for a pound of biscuits, they'd be taken from the box, weighed and put in a paper bag. The end of the counter was glass, with a wonderful array of lollies beneath it, and Mrs Hallam would wait patiently while young customers spent ages choosing between a whole clinker for a penny, or eight aniseed balls also for a penny, which weren't as nice but were much larger in bulk. Sherbet bombs, musk sticks, raspberries, licorice blocks – all so delicious. Mrs Hallam made delicious milk shakes. She would pour half a bottle of milk into the container, add a scoop of ice cream and some flavouring, and whizz it up, explaining as she did that most shopkeepers didn't add ice cream, but she thought it made the milkshake nicer. My husband went to a corner shop in Moonah, with his weekly two shillings' pocket money. He always spent it on raspberries, bright red, artificially flavoured – the height of sophistication. They were three a

penny, and every week the shopkeeper had to count out 72 raspberries, a trying job – just part of the work of running a corner store (James Alexander).

But worse challenges than counting out raspberries lay ahead. From the 1950s, supermarkets appeared, huge stores with much more choice, more room, more staff, cheaper prices, and on top of this, appealing specials and discounts. Customers had cars, and could drive to these emporiums, no longer restricted by how far they could walk. Faced with such competition, many corner shops closed. But others adapted, in a number of ways. Some shops formed themselves into groups so they could buy in bulk and offer specials. Their prices were not usually as low as the supermarkets', but they were comparable. They tended to be the slightly larger corner stores, like the IGA chain, with a wider range of goods, and they often found sites apart from supermarkets, where they built up a good clientele.

Others offered what supermarkets could not. Some concentrated on quality goods, which they could legitimately sell for a higher price – specialised olive oils and cheeses, a good delicatessen section. They also bought local goods, from suppliers who did not produce enough for supermarkets – small dairies and cheese producers, orchards and market gardens – especially in more middle-class areas where customers had disposable income, these shops often did well. Present examples in Hobart are the Hill Street Grocer (West Hobart) and the Salad Bowl (South Hobart).

Some shops realised that what many customers wanted from them was fast, efficient, friendly service, and trained their staff in this. They knew that someone dropping into a shop on the way home from work wanted to be in and out quickly without waiting in queues, so staff were alert to customers' needs. If a customer wanted only a few items, this was much easier, faster and nearly as cheap as a supermarket. Another method that survived, especially for country stores, was to diversify. Such corner shops did not just sell groceries, but petrol and fast food. They were the local Post Office and newsagent, ran the footy tipping, advertised real estate, and had noticeboards for locals to use, advertising babysitting, kittens for sale and so on. A wise shop-owner also knew what was going on, and was a good source of information about which house had just gone on the market, how the Smiths' new baby was faring, how old Mrs Jones was getting on in hospital and other vital local items. Such a shop can be a centre of local life, which people like to support so they can retain all its varied services. An example today is the shop at Seven Mile Beach.

In 2009 there are not as many corner shops as in earlier years, with no more shops run in sections of the verandah, for example. Corner shops have to find themselves an important role in local life, usually in one or more of the above methods. Many have done so, and many people prefer shopping in them, for the advantages outlined. Corner shops might be fewer, but many of those there are, are alive and well.

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DAY THREE
TUESDAY 1ST MAY

The Menus

LUNCH

THE PORT & THE FIRST SYMPOSIUM

at

Martin's Boathouse

Graeme Phillips, Kathryn Wakefield, Thomas Lambert

Crayfish tail meat
in pocketed sourdough bread
with freshly whisked mayonnaise

Mumm Champagne NV Cordon Rouge

DINNER

THE BEEF FROM THIS PASTURE

at

The Stanmore Barn

Simon West, Scott Minervini, Steve Cumper, Justin Harris

Tartare

Boned tail stuffed with tongue

Marrow on toast

Boiled beef with its accompaniments

Fresh goat cheese from a local herd

Apple charlotte with jersey cream

Torrone from Zito's Farm

Lake Barringon Alexandra Sparkling 1998

Panorama Chardonnay 2003

Stoney Vineyard Pinot Noir Reserve 2004

Domaine A Cabernet Sauvignon 1999

Stanton & Killeen Muscat

DAY THREE
TUESDAY 1ST MAY

The Talking

Karen Goldspink

Roger Haden

Charlene Ong

Robert Ford

Paul van Reyk

Nancy J Pollock

Elaine Reeves

Roger McShane & Sue Dyson

COMMODITISATION OF WINE:

The Supermarket Putsch

Karen Goldspink

BIG BUSINESS, BIG PROFIT

During the nearly thirty years that I have played a part in the wine industry the agglomeration of wholesale and retail distribution has accelerated at an alarming rate. In the early days of wine production in this country Big Business had no real interest in the wine industry. The industry was regarded as a small group of artisanal producers based in far flung rural areas.

Apart from an emerging (and early-on, very small) set of "foodies", Australians were really not that interested in wine. We drank a little fortified wine and the focus was purely on the domestic market. Globalisation, as we know it today, was not even a glint in the eye of most Australian companies, let alone the relatively small group of rural wine producers. For most the global market was "a long way away," the wine market was "owned by the French" and there was minimal government support for innovative trade initiatives.

Times have now changed radically!

There are now some key threats to the positive future of our wine industry:

Emerging competitors from both the New World and Old World
Domination of the liquor market by large retailers
World wide grape oversupply

The duopoly of major supermarket chains in conjunction with immense multi-national wine companies have moved, in the last decade, towards the commoditisation of wine. The aim is to make wine into another, bottom-line profit-driven, FMCG (Fast Moving Consumer Good). This has already had and will continue to have a long-range effect on the producers, the end consumer and our current and potential export markets.

The current discounting war is touted as "a boon for consumers" and in the short term it may appear, to the individual, to be just that. However in the long term the possible outcomes include

The loss of individual flavour influenced by a range or viticultural, regional and individual winemaking styles
A huge reduction in the range of wines available
A large quantity of "clean" "reliable" but bland wine that tastes the same every time, just like baked beans
A much reduced tourism destination options
Long term affects on the perception of Australian wines in our export markets

therefore having a long term affect on the Australian economy.

My hypothesis is that all of the above will happen unless we fight the supermarket putsch. In fact we can meet all of the major threats, listed above, head on with an intelligent marketing approach.

So the discussion points in this paper based on my hypothesis are:

How can marketing help us – how can we compete with multinational marketing budgets?
A more in-depth look at why these and other outcomes are currently valid and painful for the wine industry
That both producers and consumers can play a part in preventing the "supermaketisation" of wine.

MARKETING – OGRE OR SAINT? – TRICKSTER OR INFORMER : THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY

As a marketing consultant I am often confronted with a range of myths about marketing, not the least of which is that it is designed to entice people into parting with their money. I would like to start by putting this in context with regard to my subject matter.

So what is marketing? It is the provision of goods and services to *meet consumer's needs*.

A marketing plan enables the *segmentation* of markets and clearly *positions* products and services in the consumer's mind. It ensures that the *right product* is available, in the *right place*, at the *right time*. It serves to match the abilities of the company with the requirements of the consumer. So what, how does this relate to my subject matter?

Large companies use "marketing" for commercial reasons only. The whole event is driven by the bean counters who in turn react to input from management and boards who have only two interests in mind: the shareholders who control the value of the company, and themselves, as their performance is just about always based on bottom-line profits which pleases the shareholders and maintains and grows the value of the organisation.

The "top dogs" receive bonuses – large sums of money – based on their performance in these areas. Therefore they are less marketing strategy driven than short-term tactic driven – "Whatever it takes." They are increasingly from finance rather than winemaking backgrounds and are employed to "increase business efficiency and effectiveness," in other words reduce costs and increase revenue and bottom line profit.

These organisations continue to expand rapidly. For example, Constellation Brands which now owns Hardys. Here they own Hardy, Houghton, Leasingham, Tintara, Banrock, Stonehaven, Nobilo, Yarra Burn, Omni, Starvedog Lane, Kamberra, Reynell, Chateau Reynella, Moondah, Brooke, and Bay of Fires.

In 2001 Southcorp purchased Rosemount and a once very well known and loved brand was on its way out. By 2003 through discounting and other "marketing" tactics Southcorp posted a loss of $922.9 million. This is a company that now owns such key brands as Penfolds, Lindemans, Wynns and Rosemount!

In January 2005 Fosters announced a takeover bid for Southcorp after purchasing 18.8% of the company from the Oatley (ex-Rosemount) family. The aim to position the company as the owner of "Brand Australia" in the beverage category "with a portfolio of leading beer and wine brands complemented by a range of RTD's, spirits, cider and non-alcohol brands that together provide a total beverage offering to customers and consumers" (www.fosters.com.au/mediacentre, 21/04/07).

BIG BUSINESS BIG PROFITS INDEED!

A number of smaller producers benefited during this takeover phase as these behemoths swallowed up more and more of them. However since then the market has changed. As these companies have grown so has the competition between them. They now have an unprecedented amount of wine to sell. Constellation Brands, for example have continued to grow, buying up new and old world suppliers but a world-wide grape glut and the increasing global business savvy of old world suppliers, regarding commodity rather than top of the range wine, have had a downward pressure on sales and margins. Meanwhile low-cost producers such as Chile and Argentina have entered the fray. The large companies

are currently moving to sign contracts with or buy property in these areas. To reduce costs we will most likely end up with "global wines."

There are already many being produced now, blended every year, made up from wine from anywhere – say USA, Chile and Australia – blended to be reasonable quality for price and to taste the same all the time, every time.

Is this what we want?

To put this into perspective: there is a huge difference in overall production with France, Spain and Italy claiming a total of 50% globally and these producers are currently accelerating their learning curve, being somewhat miffed by the success of countries like Australia and New Zealand in their lucrative traditional markets.

As a marketer it is interesting to watch market trends as margins for the big players decline. This is due to competition and the power of the supermarkets that have taken full advantage of the glut of wine to screw prices to the bone.

Last year Orlando Wynham's chief winemaker (which is owned incidentally by Pernod Ricard, also the owner of Stolychnaya, Kahlua and Malibu amongst others) was bemoaning the fact that Australia's biggest selling export brand, Jacobs Creek, was losing ground both in sales and margins in one of its key markets – the UK. The large wine companies had succeeded in feeding the powerful supermarkets with the competitive ammunition, in their efforts to shift volumes to attain economies of scale big enough to survive, to reduce margins.

Foster's chief executive Trevor O'Hoy (previously the CFO) had to perform an "about face" after moving to introduce economies by having wholesale sales representatives that travelled with a mammoth portfolio of beer, wines, spirits and RTD's. He had to admit this was not working. Wine sales were declining particularly in independent liquor outlets and restaurants that saw the portfolio as discounted supermarket stock to be sold through the discount barns owned by Woolworths and Coles, such as Dan Murphys, Theos, BWS, etc. Indeed restaurateurs could probably buy these wines cheaper through Dan Murphy's than they could at wholesale because of the bulk-buy deals done with the large retailers. He reversed this decision but recovery of these brands will take a long time and it may not ever happen. In fact, O'Hoy had to resign.

As the industry moved to a "Big Business Big Profits" approach others, like Kreglinger, a European company known for chemicals, cosmetics and pharmaceuticals, and the timber company Gunn's, entered the market buying key wine assets in Tasmania. Investment funds have also taken a keen interest in the industry of recent times. These organisations want wine sales for one reason only, to make profits, and they have huge volumes, therefore they need to convert their products to fast moving consumer goods.

There is ever increasing competition and a supply chain that enables "Big Power from Big Business" at the retail end. In other words they need high turnover to meet their targets and clear their warehouses. Private equity buyers are also becoming a much more prevalent threat in Australia. When Foster's sold Cellarmasters (a direct to the public wine club) to a private equity group the first announcement by the group was that customers had not been offered enough discounts, in the past, and that they could expect a lot more in the future. More competition to increase the downward pressure on price and margin! Private equity groups are currently making the regulators in the country very nervous as, unlike private companies and especially those floated on the stock exchange, they have no control over these investors.

These investors have one interest in mind: a return on their investment, the best they can get, most likely in the short term. Some economists are concerned it could be a return to the

Alan Bond era where they gouge assets from these businesses for short-term gain with a hollow shell left behind.

Interestingly, when Cellarmasters was owned by Foster's, this was one area that they refrained from gouging with brand killing discounts. Why? Because the supermarkets would not tolerate it. They saw it as their job to sell to the end consumer not the wine company. It was seen as competition and supermarkets could withdraw all wine company products if provoked. Another move towards commoditisation instead of differentiation.

Unfortunately, I think that the industry in general is now selling the *effect* of the fermented grape rather that the individuality of taste as a result of individual winemaking approaches and terroir. The "differentiation" will be like soft drink rather than subtle and aligned to food. This in itself is a threat for the industry as in the past it attempted to differentiate itself from spirits, beer and RTD to avoid being tarred with the same brush as these beverages. The aim was to position it as a civilised beverage, which is served with food, as per the European model. The aim was to try to avoid the most stringent regulatory issues invoked by over-consumption of alcohol by a minority of the market.

With Woolworths and Coles in Australia and other powerful supermarket chains overseas pursuing the commoditisation approach, even further, by buying wine in bulk and releasing an array of "own labels" that can easily be mistaken for private vineyard labels, the threat grows evermore, even to large wine companies!

One last note on this before we move to the positives of marketing for the smaller wineries. On 15th December, 2006 Woolworths was fined $7 million plus costs for six contraventions of the Trade Practices Act. This was for setting up deeds between 1997 and 2000 with liquor licence applicants who were seeking to set up liquor businesses in areas served by Woolworths. The deeds contained provisions restricting the applicants from, among other things, selling certain types and quantities of take-away liquor, stocking more than a specified amount of liquor and advertising or promoting liquor over the counter (www.minterellison.com/public/connect/Internet/Home/Legal−insights/articles). Why did they comply? Woolworths would have fought the application in court! All of these large companies obviously have large marketing budgets but I maintain that small growers can use marketing to fight back!

So how can small wineries fight back?

Firstly it is interesting to see some of the emerging trends. Price elasticity may have served to increase demand for commodity wine. It may be argued that new entrants will go on drinking wine and perhaps developing their palates. It may also be argued that now the new entrants see wine as only a cheap commodity product and a very low percentage of them will move up through the price brackets.

This is particularly relevant with a glut, and a penchant, on the behalf of all major players to reposition super premium wines, which could previously command a high-end price point and good margins, at a lower price point plus completely devaluing the brand, from which there is no going back. This brand is now worth $25.00 not $40.00 as it was originally, in the mind of the consumer.

The seller also has no control over the prices that supermarkets sell their wine for so they can advertise a leading brand as a loss leader to attract customers, degrading brand value at little risk to their own long-term future.

I have worked with many small wineries, many of the owners in deep despair. With more than 2,000 in the market place how do they compete with Big Business? Well they can!

Let us look at a broad case study. When New Zealand entered the UK market with its Sauvignon Blanc, it positioned it as a super premium product and worked hard to maintain

and retain this by not caving in to discounting. It had a strong marketing strategy with a clearly differentiated product and stuck to its guns. Australia, on the other hand, lead by the large companies, entered the market with volume in mind.

Originally they had the "sunshine in the bottle" point of differentiation but because their marketing mix (physical product, pricing, promotional strategies and distribution chain) was geared to volume, they soon became known as cheap and cheerful. It has to be said that their export growth strongly contributed to the growth of the Australian wine industry and these companies mitigated their risk by contracting to growers who then carried the risk of environmental and economic influences. Planting a vineyard is not cheap. These wines were not going to get a place on the best menus next to Bordeaux, Burgundy and Barolo. The New Zealanders did.

This has changed somewhat now with more commodity SB's coming into the market place, but they are not in the situation where they are competing with cheaper and cheerful wines from Chile, Argentina, South Africa, Romania and so on along with much improved low priced products from the largest producers in the world, such as Spain, Italy and France – many of them taught by Australian winemakers.

So the secret is what I call the Successful Synergy:

Exemplary viticulture including a lot of consideration around variety and terroir
Superior and innovative winemaking
Solid marketing advice

With this synergy small wineries can position themselves in the market place as niche players with specialist product and with a cellar door worth visiting to purchase the rare wines that are in demand. These wines will not be "cheaply and cheerfully" displayed in cut cartons by every big supermarket in Australia! Who wants to visit a cellar door that sells commodity. It is the pleasure of the discovery, talking to those passionate about the making and breaking bread with like minded people in the process that makes this all worthwhile.

All of these wines taste different and complement different foods. The supermarkets do not force the producers to sell at a higher price through cellar door if they want them to stock their wines. The hard-working producers make the margin, not the supermarket so that they can invest it back into making the superior wines that we all enjoy.

We visit the regions and support the local economy, we attract overseas visitors wanting to experience the real countryside, the wonderful food that visitation attracts, and to restore ourselves for our hard working weeks. Many of us have a dream of a tree change. If we do not support the local economies the opportunities will fade as towns and villages die and real people and real flavours are lost forever.

So how can we sustain this?

Buy direct, visit the wineries and order wine from them
Order boutique producers' wines from restaurant wine lists
Support restaurants that support small producers
Experiment and improve your palates
Do not buy commodity wines because of convenience and price:
    remember short term savings = long term pain for true wine lovers.
Encourage all of your friends and family to do the same:
    explain the risks they are taking by not doing this
If you have friends in the wine industry explain the successful synergy

The latter is so important.

OFF OUR TROLLIES:
Supermarkets as Mass Deception

Roger Haden

The supermarket is the modern manifestation of a Western ideal, one which has its roots deep in Western religious idealism (The Garden of Eden), popular mythology (The Isle of Cockaigne), and an Enlightenment era science and technology-based utopianism. In short, the idea of a world in which the naturally imposed need to eat can be satisfied more or less instantly, or at least with ease, choice, and ultimately, pleasure, is a perennial dream, and one realised, to some extent, by the modern supermarket. The supermarket is a "temple of consumption" to use George Ritzer's phrase, which offers consumers a spectacle of plenty. Many of us are aware that the vast array of products on display in supermarkets is misleading. Anyone viewing the "variety" of cheese or bread can confirm the differences are mainly aesthetic not generic. Michael Pollan also points out that the biodiversity apparently represented by the supermarket's variety of goods is an illusion since much of this supposed diversity is reliant on a single plant: corn (a point made equally well more than twenty years ago by Margaret Visser, in *Much Depends on Dinner*).

Nonetheless, the pragmatic and historical reasons for the success of the supermarket seem plain enough. Despite the fact that every time I get into a supermarket I feel at times lost, frustrated, disappointed and disgusted, and while in general, "there is considerable suspicion of supermarkets as overly powerful organisations in the food chain" and "considerable popular sympathy" for the local shop, the fact is that it better suits consumers to "visit a supermarket comparatively infrequently than to call into local shops frequently" (Warde). The supermarket's success rests in part on its ability to provide, at least the promise of, ease and convenience in the busy schedules of urban living. The supermarket still trades heavily on ideals like these.

Historically, the first prototypical supermarkets emerged in the 1930s in the US, during the Great Depression, a time when new consumer goods, like foodstuffs, were already on stream, but when unemployment was high. Self-service supermarkets were an economical way for their owners to save money on wages but also stimulate sales with large displays of goods, previously not on show. Goods appeared in a convenient self-help form giving access to a relatively unlimited choice of products at affordable prices.

In the 1950s the supermarket concept quickly spread to France, the UK, and to Australia. The post World War II boom in goods production necessitated larger shopping venues, and with the help of cars, television (advertising), home freezers and long shelf life items, the supermarket system effectively extended itself into the home, now itself a kind of supermarket in microcosm. The supermarket appears as a pragmatic solution to the emergence of a consumer society. It has room to display increasing numbers of products to facilitate customer choice, offers cheap prices, efficient service, a safe and clean environment, and parking. Notwithstanding the putative benefits of this new way of shopping, critics have never ceased to heap scorn on the supermarket, characterised at worst as the very antithesis of culture.

As perhaps the most visible, most visited, icon of modern and now postmodern consumerism, the supermarket continues to stand for everything that's wrong with "the system." Currently, attacks on "the supermarket" as a beacon of a now global consumerism have been comprehensive, particularly in view of the fact that hugely powerful supermarket

chains are seen to threaten many small businesses, including bakers, butchers and grocers, but increasingly, third world economies and the planet's ecology. Judging by journalist and author, Joanna Blythman's, *Shopped: the Shocking Power of British Supermarkets*, the supermarket system is ultimately insidious and nasty. Her chapter headings alone tell the tale. These include: Feeding bad food culture; Why it all tastes the same; Fresh is worst; Bright red meat; Our weekly bread; Permanent global summertime; Green beans from Kenya; First stop Europe, and Next stop the world (Blythman: ix-x).

But there's little point reiterating at any length what critics over the years have written about "mass consumption," consumerism, or about supermarkets, as the vanguard of both. Most of us, as consumers, are well aware, if not sick of, the diatribes and warnings about the lowering or collapse of cultural and indeed, culinary, standards threatened by consumerism, mass production and standardisation, terms given to different aspects of modern industrial culture which have historically sent critics from all quarters into a tailspin.

Chief among the criticism was that mass consumption and later consumer culture would destroy aesthetic standards, a causal link we might still insist exists today, particularly if we compare the difference between supermarket fare with the alternatives, or high-end restaurants with fast-food: also a product of the 1950s, like the supermarkets. Most crucial, however, was the perception that vast sums were being spent on consumers in terms of market surveys, psychological studies and other forms of analysis that were supposedly aimed at encouraging greater sales at any cost. Vance Packard, an early critic, and author of *The Hidden Persuaders* (1957), cites a 1954 report by corporate giant DuPont, for example, which stressed the need for supermarkets to encourage "impulse buying," stating that "seven out of ten of today's purchases are made in the store, where the shoppers buy on impulse!!!" Packard then goes on to explain this phenomenon, quoting a "motivational analyst," who argued that "ladies" fall into a "hypnoidal trance [...] the first stage of hypnosis" in the supermarket, caused mainly by the huge array of products "that in former years would have been items that only kings or queens could afford, and here in this fairyland they were available" (Packard: 93). Consumerism meant the duping of the masses, and supermarkets were deliberately designed to accelerate this process.

This type of criticism needs to be put in historical context and we have to go back at least to Karl Marx and his notion of commodity fetishism to see at least in part where the negativity sprang from. Simply put, commodity fetishism alludes to the idea that products made by human beings become commodities when the social relations of labour that produced them are obscured, by making a fetish of the product, as it comes to embody a value which "stands in the place of" the product's use value as a material thing. The factory, in Marx's day, and early mass production, most clearly represented this commodification process, as did early packaging. Food products previously sold in bulk, for example, became packaged, and were endorsed using advertising terms like "quality," "safety," or "pure." These added values served, in Marx's view, to hide the true nature of the product's history.

Most plainly in the contemporary context we see this fetishism in the form of labels, brands, packaging, advertising and marketing of all kinds. In food culture, who could argue that "organics" has not now been thoroughly fetishised, to the point where the positive symbolic power of the term has been stamped on products which, technically, may not be organic at all. This "subversion" goes to core of what commodity fetishism was interpreted to mean, and which, on another level, followed through into the work of critics like Packard. Products, supermarkets and the consumerist ethos of which they are expressions, lie through their teeth to consumers. And again, according to Marx, creating illusions is the mainstay of class-dominated capitalist economics, the very mode by which one class comes to dominate all others.

We can understand the tenor of Marx's argument when we shop in the supermarket because every item we pick up and scrutinise is "wrapped" in information, brand image, and symbolic meanings. In the case of food products, it is these values – what advertisers call *added values* – which are "digested" by the customer before the actual foods themselves.

They mediate in our purchasing choices. They make a difference. By this logic, the power to manipulate needs and create desires rests with the *representational, symbolic* and *semiotic* power of products and those who create them. It is easy to see how the Marxist-inspired term "false consciousness" was coined to define the consumer's permanent state of delusion.

Notwithstanding the seeming pertinence of such criticism, and the counter-arguments that champion the supposed identity-building aspects of shopping and consuming, one and a half centuries of critical attacks later, neither polemical tirades, nor in-depth studies, have seemed to hinder the popular acceptance and increasing spread of the culture of consumption. The problem with all the criticism was that it seemed blind to the fact, or just unwilling to accept, what *Retail Selling and Organization* magazine, declared in 1962: "consumerism has become the guiding force of our economy." As business and commerce embraced this idea, and marketing and advertising continued in their effort to understand the consumer, the critics merely continued with the attacks. Novelist, Italo Calvino, in 1980, writes:

> At six in the evening the city fell into the hands of the consumers. All during the day the big occupation of the productive public was to produce: they produced consumer goods. At a certain hour, as if a switch had been thrown, they stopped production and, away!, they were off, to consume. Every day an impetuous flowering barely had time to blossom inside the rolls of fabric to unfurl folds like peacocks' tails, when lo! The consuming throng burst in, to dismantle, to gnaw, to grope, to plunder. (84)

But now we live in an age that has so thoroughly embraced consumerism as to render Calvino's observations quaint. We have largely forgotten what all the criticism was about, or more importantly, we have accepted that it was ineffectual. Critique, however pertinent, is not enough. Culture happens while critics make other plans. In short, consumerism has won. This was marked, at the close of the 1980s by the fall of the Soviet empire. Consumerism continues to expand and strengthen with the growth of global-Western, Indian and Chinese capitalist systems.

The question then is how is consumerism to be better understood in view of the fact that we are all consumers, that consumerism is our world, our ethos, and our future. Since the dawn of the consumer age, there has been a lot of time lost to criticism without enough popular understanding. Indeed, ever since the term consumerism entered the language, in the 60s, marketers have been salivating about the possibilities, as consumption actually did become the driving force of the economy.

Now we consumers find ourselves in a complex and sophisticated consumer market, perhaps even more uncertain of the now global, multinational and technological forces at work. But before I look at the basic differences between modern and postmodern forms of consumerism and the implications for us shoppers, I want to push a little farther with the criticism.

For my money, there's no more chilling representation of consumerism than that of the zombie movie classic, George Romero's, *Dawn of the Dead* (1978). A satire that equates consumerism with its dark other, cannibalism, *Dawn of the Dead* conflates the literal act of consumption, featuring zombies eating human flesh, with American-style consumer society. Indeed, the consumer-as-cannibal/zombie lives on in descriptions of supermarket shopping today. Columnist Terence Blacker writes:

> Most people in order to stay sane shut down their aesthetic sense and human curiosity while being fed through the production line of supermarket shopping. They ignore the other dead-eyed zombies shuffling their way down the aisles as if being led by the trollies in front of them [...] moving in a tranquillised daze to the checkout queue (Terence Blacker, cited in Blythman: 41)

Once this dazed consumer-zombie reaches the checkout he or she is met by a supermarket checker who has, in the words of theorist, Susan Willis, "been deskilled to the point of becoming a human robotoid extension of the checkout system" (17). More zombies.

The cannibalism metaphor, in particular, is extreme, and if we can't take Romero's satire seriously, the opinion of anthropologist, Dean McCannell, might convince. McCannell argues that "a pervasive cannibal unconscious" typifies postmodern capitalism (18). The connection is made between the West's pre-existing cannibalistic instincts, capitalist exploitation, and the destruction of "the savages" with whom the West has most frequently associated non-Western cannibal "others," but who have well served to symbolically construct the Western ideal of "civilisation." McCannell describes the "savage aggressivity" of "advanced capitalism" that has covered its cannibal tracks with "the massive destruction of nature and the human spirit that is now occurring in its name."

As unbelievable as this may appear to be, if we look at consumerism and the effects of global consumption patterns today we should take heed, even if we don't accept McCannell's explanation. Consumption rests on real exploitation, on production systems paid for with the sacrifice of lives, and the destruction of the environment. Going further, McCannell states that our cannibal culture understands "everything, including other human beings," as "the self" and that "when such an all-inclusive being is thrown into the biosphere the only rule that governs its behaviour is 'eat everything or risk being eaten'" (57). In this scenario, everything is seen, not as an image of the self (reflected in the notion of "eating the other" as a tourist activity) but potentially as an incorporated part of this all-pervasive being. In this context it is interesting to note the historical semantic shift from gastronome, to food lover, to foodie, in so far as foodies are defined as "foodist [...] [t]hey dislike and despise all non-foodies," a mock aggressivity which barely veils the same insatiable consumerism of which the term "foodism" has become an expression (Woods *et al.*).

The question, then, of most importance, when it comes to shopping and consuming, is not how to counter this system but to understand its parameters and effects and then to work positively within it to espouse values and an ethos which do not "buy into" cannibal logic, consumerism, capitalism or whatever term one wants to use to describe what's most wrong with our (food) culture. But, if we know what we're basically up against, what is to be done? This at least: know your enemy.

What then characterises this latest phase of capitalist consumerism? It is marked by a number of factors, indeed processes: globalisation, individualisation, aestheticisation, and the advent of something called the experience economy. Firstly, let's be reminded that "the new power of consumers actually assists capitalism's search for profits" (Miller 1995: 7). And this power now extends into many more arenas of life, partly because of growing affluence and buying power but also due to broader forces:

> Globalisation: the exchange of ideas, the accessibility of markets, the electronic facility to shop, to browse, to entertain oneself in the process of shopping (wine-drinking, mouse wielding "sip and clickers").
>
> Individualisation: the manner in which products and services are customised to individual needs (the "demographic" stocking of the supermarket), the marketing of identity, which we see reflected in the concept of "eating the other," but also in eating disorders like *anorexia nervosa*).
>
> Aestheticisation: the commodification of sensory experience to the extent that products are packaged "sensually" (BMW cars have gone curvy; everything is potentially "sexy," and the most unusual things can end up being "tasty"); so that shopping is no longer about buying a product for its use or even beauty, but about the context in which that product is sold to you; the aesthetics of the environment; the merging of shopping and experience.
>
> The experience economy: the manner in which products and services factor in "experience" as an added value, so that Starbucks is not about coffee, but about an experience, the same as a farmer's market is not about the daily or weekly shop but about the experience of going there, out of nostalgia, to be a part of a staged authenticity ("Disneyisation").

This is the new terrain of consumerism and we, food lovers, foodies, and gastronomes, are soaking in it. The "alternatives" to the supermarket merely exist along with and are equally a part of the same consumer system. They are not outside it, however different farmers' markets appear to be or whatever feelings of ethical goodness one gets from going to one.

As consumers, our social sense of responsibility is not to choose between supermarkets, organics, or fair-trade, or to even get the balance between them "right," but to address the fact that we are in the driver's seat of a system which encompasses everything we do in life. Our modus operandi across all areas of life is shopper/consumer mode, as sociologist Zygmunt Bauman, points out:

> If shopping means scanning the assortment of possibilities, examining, touching, feeling handling the goods on display, comparing their costs with the contents of their wallet or the remaining credit limit of credit cards, putting some of them in the trolley and others back on the shelf – then we shop outside shops as inside; we shop in the street and at home, at work and at leisure, awake and in dreams. Whatever we do and whatever name we attach to our activity is a kind of shopping, an activity shaped in the likeness of shopping [...] shopping is not just about food, shoes, cars or furniture items. The avid, never-ending search for new and improved examples and recipes for life is also a variety of shopping [...] there is no end to the shopping list. Yet however long the shopping list, the way to opt out of shopping is not on it. And the competence most needed in our world of ostensibly infinite ends is that of the skilful and indefatigable shopper. (73-4)

The inference here is that consumerism has rendered our world one in which an individual's choice is *the* prerogative. Individualist not social. The notion of social responsibility in an age of consumerist individualism is a non-starter. When we opt to buy local, green, clean, bio-dynamic, organic, or fair trade we might do so because of our spending power, our predilections, and our social consciousness, but to do so thinking that it's doing some good "for the planet" or for humanity is misguided. The new forms of shopping (internet, experiential, aestheticised) exist merely as choices within a mainstream consumer culture that increasingly commodifies more and more areas of life, not merely products. "Alternative choices" have no more effect on the system than the food culture of three-star restaurants has on that of McDonald's.

The "aestheticisation of everyday life" and "the experience economy" are terms best understood in relation to their instrumentalisation by business interests who make greater and greater incursions into people's lives by way of the products, services and "experiences" they provide. Not that there's anything wrong with it. Except for those who are not on the receiving end. The demographics of taste, the preferences of those with disposable income, and those without, speak for themselves. There will always be supermarkets, even if as studies now show, mega-stores on one side (like the US Walmart) and corporatised alternative food stores like Wholefoods (US) on the other, are shrinking supermarket market share, forcing them to diversify into traditionally non-supermarket items like organic foods. Supermarkets are not material entities, let's recall, but ideal ones: they *represent*, as indeed they display in thousands of individual products, embedded values held dear by Western consumers like economy, efficiency, value, convenience, and speed, to which we must now add the likes of "green," "GMO-free," "organic," etc.

To criticise the supermarket, or the systems within which it operates, for their part in "duping" the consumer, will never effect change so long as consumerism is the bulwark of our culture. Consumerism can take anything, any value, and make a virtue of it, attach it to a product and thereby sell it. The material/symbolic nexus which is the plane on which consumerism assumes its power is all pervasive. Gastronomy seeks to contextualise an ethics of "good food" by taking in the widest possible range of factors which affect or follow from the production, processing, packaging, shipping, storing and consumption of food products. True gastronomy cannot exist without an ethics in that it simply does not make sense to narrowly define gastronomy as "the pleasures of the table" when clearly those pleasures depend, and seemingly increasingly depend in the global context on the lives of others, deeply affected as they are by the consumption habits of the West and of Westernised nations.

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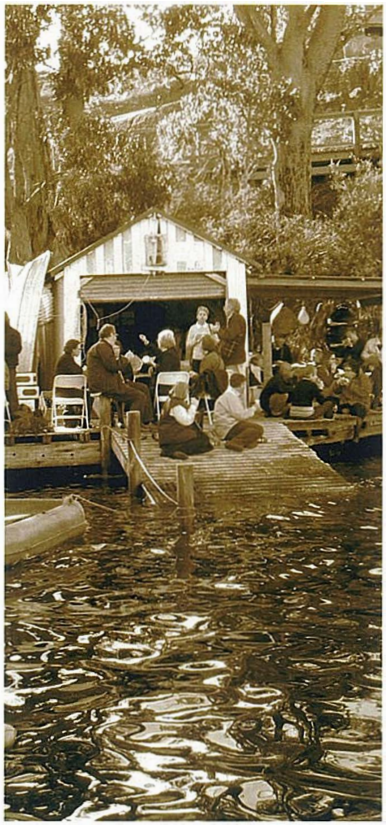

SUPERMARKETS

How to make friends and influence them

Charlene Ong

For better or worse supermarkets have an undeniable control of what we eat. In the UK, just under 90% of groceries come from the supermarket and three quarters of that is distributed amongst the top 4 chains. Here in Oz, the share is almost 80%, unequally divided between Woolworths, Coles and Franklins. That's a huge force to "go beyond." So I say, why don't we throw the onus back on them?

If we're looking for a positive and practical view, we need to talk mass. We need to cast the widest net, reaching the most amounts of people, from all walks of life. The top 3 supermarkets have 80% of the market share. Instead of trying to compete with this market share, why don't we exploit it? They already have the access to these consumers. An untapped audience for us … perhaps? So my proposition is that we, as gastronomic advocates, work *with* supermarkets to educate as great a population as we can.

You might wonder what's in it for the supermarkets, why would they listen to us? As commercial enterprises supermarkets rely on the dollar of the consumer, they think in terms of money, sales, market-share. We need to show them that relieving gastronomic poverty can lead to an increase in sales, increase in patronage, and even a development of brand loyalty. I'm not espousing a correlation from hypotheticals. Real examples prove such a correlation can exist.

SAINSBURY'S

In 2005 Sainbury's launched a major, company-wide image overhaul. Some cynics may label it simply as an advertising campaign, but this campaign is now in its second year, has infiltrated every facet of the business from the way staff are trained, to the relationship structure with their network of 3,500 local suppliers. Jamie Oliver has become the face of this movement. Think about it: a guy, famous for being a rough and tumble, give-the-bird-to-the-rich-boys, affable rascal, has now partnered with a corporate giant to teach the Poms how to eat well. Now Sainsbury's aren't pursuing this 'Try something new' ethos because they have deep rooted concern for the health and well being of Britain. No, their objective is to make money and keep their shareholders happy.

But the fact of the matter is, their campaign aimed at making customers buy more in their weekly shop has actually improved the way their customers eat. Pricing structures have made the local produce more affordable, thus giving customers further encouragement to try those more unfamiliar products. In-store recipe ideas (as recommended by Jamie Oliver of course) have educated customers on how to use these new found wonders. And in terms of dollars, they've well and truly met their targets. I realise that the UK market is not identical to Australia. Their market is much bigger and has an even wider gap between those people who can afford and have access to better food and those who do not have the financial means or knowledge to afford such luxury.

IGA

IGA's latest campaign addresses every supermarket's constant battle – freshness. The 200% Fresh Solution is the promise of the freshest produce or full refund and replacement product on at least 10% of all products on shelf. (Bearing in mind the 90% of

products without the guarantee include items like *fresh* toilet paper and *fresh* Bond's underwear).

A quick jump onto their website ... And the 200% fresh guarantee is currently available on grapes, tomatoes, corned silverside, IGA's own bread range, Royal Ascot Ham and Mayfair Roast Pork ... to name a few. Now I'm not labelling this as the best thing since the iPod but it's certainly a step in the right direction. This is evidence that Australian supermarkets are willing to self-regulate. Sure advertising self-imposed laws does reek of corporate back-patting, but corporations are always going to advertise. I propose that as consumer advocates we continue, and intensify this push for self-regulation.

Savvy Marketing Managers are always on the look out for that key consumer insight, commonly referred to as the "unmet" need. That golden nugget, that doesn't currently appear to be successfully addressed by any other market competitors.

In rich, western societies like our own, these needs are ultimately universal – the global consumer trends towards health and well being, obesity concerns, the advent of organic and local eating. All are prevalent in the the UK, the US, in Western and even some parts of Eastern Europe, and of course here at home. Thus the actions of supermarkets such as Sainsbury's in the UK are just as applicable here.

IGA is in its infancy, but this highlights the first stages of this move. Even the publicity machine of Woolworths has successfully instilled their supply chain policy of one box handling from farm to store into the everyday vernacular of the Australian consumer. I'm not disputing that much, much more needs to be done, but what this indicates is that Supermarkets are willing to listen.

Let's use their market power to benefit the needs of *all Australians*. Supermarkets can react much faster than our friends in government. In reality industry rather than legislative reform can be implemented much faster and more efficiently. The public sector is famous for its red tape; you can lobby *re*active governments till the cows come home and get nowhere. The massive private sector, thanks to capitalism, whether you like it or not, can be *pro*active, can be persuaded when profits are dangled in front of them and are more willing to take risks.

WOOLWORTHS

And although these guys are seen by most consumer advocates as the arch nemesis, satan dressed in red, white and green, Woolworths provide a precise example of this ability. In January 2007, Woolworths pledged to donate an entire day's profits from all Woolworths and Safeway stores to the Country Women's Association, in an effort to contribute some temporary relief to drought-stricken families in the nation's rural areas. The final donation, a $4.7 million lump sum was handed over to the Country Women's Association to provide "urgent assistance for household needs, including paying utility bills, buying groceries and fuel." Much more can be done by Australia's largest supermarket chain – even Woolworths themselves acknowledge that this initiative was a small step towards a wider, ongoing commitment, but there's no denying that the immediate injection of funds is something that would have taken much longer had it been offered by the government or a regulatory body.

Global trends towards health and well being and the consumer's new found belief in their right and moral obligation to question where their food comes from are two things that cannot be ignored by Supermarkets. As a person involved in the marketing of my client's images I can wholeheartedly say that when corporations are asked to choose between improving their brand's reputation or choosing to coast along a path that leaves them vulnerable to questions from consumers, communities and ultimately government ... well it doesn't take an ad person to see which they would choose.

So, just to remind you, my contribution today is *not* to proclaim supermarkets as superheroes. I am not suggesting that we desert all farmers' markets, small town butchers, green grocers or our small town corner store for the neon fluorescents of the corporate giant

down the road. The examples I've shown you in Sainsbury's, IGA, and Woolworths are proof that maybe there *is* another option that can be explored in overcoming gastronomic poverty.

So where to now?
Well here's some food for thought …

IDEA 1: WOOLWORTHS LOCAL POLICY

Taking our Sainsbury's example, what if we were to work with Woolworths in localising where their fresh food came from? Realistically, a 100% local policy is simply not possible in a country like ours, where our diverse regions allow for uniqueness and specialty. But what if the various stores, based on their state location, were to adopt a pledge similar to that of our symposium, to source food from within a specified radius of the venue. Working within their own neighbourhood so to speak?

Adopting such a policy would mean:
The various stores would be making significant cost savings on the transportation of fruit and vegetables across the country and significant cuts to greenhouse gas emissions.
And abiding by their 'freshness guarantee' would be made easier due to the time saved in freight

The advantage to the consumer is simple: access to fresher, local produce and the inherent support of keeping their money within the local community or state.

Taking it even further, how about teaming up with local chefs such as Kylie Kwong in Sydney and Toby Puttock in Melbourne and using their celebrity to educate customers on how to best use the produce of that season. All of a sudden Woolworths becomes the gateway to true freshness and local eating, encouraging true brand loyalty from return patronage and consumers become hungry for freshness and advocates for eating local.

IDEA 2: IGA & CONCESSION STORES

IGA have already made their own move in the right direction. Their whole business is based on small independent grocery stores, uniting under a single brand to take on the competition of the bigger players in the market. In order to increase their 200% table fresh guarantee from 10% of all products on shelf to 100% of all fresh produce, why can't they employ a structure similar to what David Jones and Myer use today – the idea of concession stores, where the retail space of the various fresh departments are rented out to local farmers and producers. The farmers themselves become responsible for controlling stock, managing supply and perished goods, and the IGA supermarkets are relieved of this burden to focus on the shelf stable products which is their speciality.

IDEA 3: COLES AND THE 'TOP 7 SERVES"

And what about our friends at Coles … though things may not be going too well with their Myer mates at the moment, Coles already have a '7-a-day program' which encourages Australians to eat 7 serves of fruit and vegetables each day. This has been devised in partnership with the Dietitians' Association of Australia, so at the very least their intentions seem credible. To fully commit to this program, Coles could implement this ethos into their actual marketing mix by basing their price structure on this program. Imagine if every week, a "Top 7 serves" was appointed, based on the seasonal fruit and veges of that time. Coles could structure their pricing to heavily discount the produce that appears in their Top 7 list, on a weekly basis. Customers would be adding variety to their weekly shop, inspired by both price and education and Coles would be reinforcing a true reason for repeat patronage. Fifty-two weeks of the year, produce would be spotlighted based on seasonality and freshness. Is there really any better reason?

These suggestions may seem far-fetched, but I bet the idea of using Jamie Oliver to represent a corporate giant and the thought of a supermarket giving away an entire day's profit probably seemed preposterous at first too. So rather than folding our arms and digging in

our heels let's become the natural leader in this movement. Cunningly become a "friend" of the big hairy supermarket and dangle the carrot of increased profits and the potential image of consumer champion in front of their noses ... all the while knowing that a bright future for gastronomy is the real winner. In the words of the great Freddy Mercury: "when you can't beat them … join them!"

COOKING COMPETITIONS

Breaking through the Boundaries of Gastronomic Poverty

Robert Ford

Cooking competitions have been around for a long time and have had a particular focus during periods of war, depression and in times of prosperity. They are promoted through supermarkets, magazines, TV, radio and newspapers. Competitions, depending on the focus are open to home (domestic) cooks, amateurs (as groups, communities or individuals) and professional cooks and chefs, apprentices and trainees. The competition might be to introduce a new or improved product, a new piece of equipment, to improve a company profile or raise awareness of a cause or event. Individuals may enter the competitions for a variety of reasons from gaining recognition to the financial rewards that are associated with winning.

What I wanted to investigate was if cooking competitions have changed or influenced changes that could challenge the concept of gastronomic poverty as competitions require the participants to be innovative and think beyond the supermarket or pantry shelves.

The cooking competitions used for this study are those that are were open to professional cooks and chefs (or those in training) in Victoria between the years of 1976 and 2006 and hosted by the Australasian Guild of Professional Cooks (AGPC). Using AGPC official publications and archived material it will examine the history of this professional culinary competition, the sections and classes offered, what motivates cooks and chefs to enter and what rewards are gained for participating and winning. This paper will explore whether the innovation displayed during this competition is demonstrated in a range of publications that has influenced the retail market in an attempt to overcome gastronomic poverty.

It soon became apparent that to do this I first needed to understand the culinary competition – what it is, how, why and when it started; then to look at these events in Australia, especially Victoria to try and explore the idea that culinary competitions have in some may influenced changes to what is available to consumers.

HAUTE CUISINE AND COMPETITIONS

During the early 1800s exhibitions were the platform for the promotion of products (in a nationalistic fashion) with only the host nation's products being on display. France was the first country to develop guidelines for these exhibitions that led to the famous Great Exhibitions of Nations in 1851 and subsequent exhibitions across the world, including Melbourne in 1880 and 1888. These exhibitions displayed all nations' products. National or local exhibitions continued and it was from these that the culinary exhibitions developed. The culinary exhibitions of the period 1880 to 1910 are direct descendants of the national exhibitions.

A vehicle for promoting the artistry involved in the production of French haute cuisine was the culinary exposition, the first of which was organised by the Société des Cuisiniers Français in 1883. These expositions were an excellent method of showing the French (and some of the British, American and German) public, through visual displays of a whole array of sweet and savoury dishes, the capacity for food to be transformed into objects or artifice. The purpose was to promote the 'craft' as an art form.

Plans existed in France from 1883 to 1893 for a culinary school, funds for which were raised by holding culinary exhibitions. In 1882 the 'Exposition et Concours Culinaires' was held to raise money, although after the failure of the school these events became the vehicle to promote French culinary trades – with displays of visual merchandise, commercial products and technical tools. The sides of the halls were filled with trade displays and the centre tables with displays from chefs, cooks, apprentices and housewives. The public were charged an entry fee, more on the first day, because of live events. These and subsequent events were consistent in their set-up of long tables through the centre of the halls with preparations that could be viewed from either side. Entries were single or multiple and sections included pastry, candy, bread, meats, charcuterie (patés/terrines and sausages), fish, vegetables, etc. There were visual displays and prizes were awarded in the various categories, with a category for apprentices.

The first culinary exhibition was held in London in 1885 and focused on 'a display of essentially French cookery' – an exhibition of high-class cookery. This established itself as the Earl's Court Salon Culinaire and then at Hotel Olympia. In the USA the oldest chefs'/cooks' society – the Société Philanthropique Française was established in 1865 and held its first salon in 1866.

World Association of Chefs Societies and the IKA Culinary Olympics

The next significant event was the establishment of World Association of Chefs' Societies (WACS) and the Culinary Olympics.

WACS

In May 1920 the Swiss Cooks' Federation introduced the idea of an international chefs' association. In October 1928, the World Association of Chefs' Societies, or WACS, a global network of chefs' associations was founded at the Sorbonne in Paris. At that first congress there were 65 delegates from 17 countries, representing 36 national and international associations, and the venerable August Escoffier was named the first Honorary President. Today, this global body has 72 official chefs' associations as members, with three that joined at the 31st World Congress in March 2007. The biannual congress is a hallmark tradition of WACS and has been organised in over 20 cities across the world throughout its illustrious 74-year history. WACS is managed by an elected presidential body consisting of the WACS President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary General and Ambassador, and Honorary President, as well as a board of continental directors that look after the regions of Asia, Europe, Africa, the Pacific and the Americas. A separate committee manages all culinary competition-related affairs.

The Culinary Olympics

This is the oldest and most prestigious international culinary event in the world, held every four years in Germany and attracts cooks, chefs, apprentices and teams to compete in a variety of individual and teams events with more than 750 entrants from 31 countries competing for individual and team medals.

This event was founded in 1896 by a group of German chefs who envisioned an international cooking event that would cross language barriers and communicate world trends in cuisine. They believed that tourism in their country could be brought to a new level if people became more aware of the quality of cuisine in their homeland. By observing chefs in kitchens where language differences were not a barrier to communication, culinarians could educate themselves on the cooking techniques of other cultures.

This dream became a reality in 1900, with four nations competing in a local cooking contest at the Frankfurt fairgrounds, and today the World Association of Cooks' Societies (WACS) approved event is so large it has been dubbed The Culinary Olympics. The success of this concept has caused a ripple effect throughout the culinary world, encouraging the growth of other international competitions that now take place on every continent and have made significant contributions to the global food industry. Thousands of chefs train hard

each year to test their mettle against their peers at such events, in order to win medals, gain recognition and advance their career. Since its founding the competition had been held continuously in Frankfurt, until 1996 when it was moved to Berlin. In 2000, it moved to Erfurt, Germany. Australia first competed in this event in 1968 with the Southern Cross team, the first national team (AGPC) in 1980, and first multi-state team in 2008.

If culinary exhibitions, events, and competitions are linked to chefs' schools (training) and/or chefs' associations I needed to understand the development of the chefs' associations in Australia and specifically Victoria.

CULINARY COMPETITIONS IN AUSTRALIA AND VICTORIA

In 1957/58 in Australia and Victoria a chefs' and cooks' society went under the banner of The Australian Hotel & Catering Institute made up of the Wine Service Guild; Hospital Catering Officers' Guild; Commercial Caterers' Guild; Australasian Guild of Chefs.

This group had considerable success and had branches (chapters) in Tasmania, South Australia, New South Wales and Victoria, but not in Western Australia. They also produced a magazine titled *The Times*. The earliest edition I have found is from 1961 and is later called *The Culinary Times*; again an edition from 1968 is the earliest found.

In the early 1970s the chefs and cooks revolted and in 1974 a group of chefs in Victoria formed the Australasian Guild of Processional Cooks and Chefs Ltd (AGPC), the first such group in Australia. The AGPC had official chapters in Victoria, South Australia and the Australian Capital Territory for many years. Other states and territories established their own guilds/associations. These continued until the formation of the Australian Society of Chefs and Cooks Associations ASCCA in 1986, which brought together, for the first time, representatives from the associations of Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales and the CIA (Guild of cooks). This group, formed in 2000, is now known as the Australian Culinary Federation (ACF) which is the umbrella organization, made up of all the state and territory chefs' associations. The link back to the WACS was originally established through the AGPC who are seen as the official association in Australia until recently but now it is the ACF.

VICTORIAN CULINARY COMPETITIONS

WAFTS, the William Angliss Food Trades School was established in 1940/41 to train cooks, chefs, bakers, pastry cooks and butchers. For many years it had Craftsmanship Awards which were sponsored by the trades. These are the award sponsors from December 1950:

Antelope Award
Grocers' Association of Victoria
Kellogg's
Fish Canneries of Tasmania
Areophos
Henry Berry & Co (grocery)
Edible oils
Marrickville Margarine
Bread Manufacturers of Victoria
Operative Bakers Union
Meat & Allied Trades Federation
Australian Meat Industry Employees Union
R. J. Gilbertson

Events progressed and in 1961 there was an education day at WAFTS with display sections of:

Ice
Margarine
Pastillage
Petit-fours
Decorated hams
Mousses & aspics

at which medallions were awarded. *The Times* included a short review of the entries.

In 1968 we find a reference to a Trade Show for the NACES, the National Accommodation & Catering Exhibition & Seminar where the 1968 Australian Culinary Olympics team participated. Also that year WAFTS Apprentice Week exhibition was featured with sections for

Pièces Montées – centre pieces (ice, margarine, pastillage)
Fish & shellfish – whole aspic glazed & garnished
Meats, game & poultry – chaudfroid & garnish
Mise-en-place – preparations for a classical dish
Gateaux, petit-fours & sugar work – platter including a centre piece

Again medallions were presented to the winners.

Other events included:

William Angliss College – annual open day events
Annual Industry Training Commission (ITC) Craftsman's exhibition (apprenticeship commission)
Annual Apprentice of the year event – sponsored by the SEC, Crown Uniforms, Gas & Fuel corporation, Nestle
Nestle Silver Chef's Hat – trade cooks (from mid 1966)
Nestle Golden Chef's hat – apprentices (from mid 1970s)
Bonlanc/Bonland
Lexus
Pork Corporation
Kraft
Top Cut Industries
Daryl Cox trophy, sponsored by the Australian Hotels Association, 1968
World skills 1946
Bocuse Dor

Champion state teams' events ran in 1981, 1983 and 1985 in conjunction with the Food Service competition/salon. These were established to encourage state teams to prepare for the Culinary Olympics. In Victoria the most significant competition over this period has been the bi-annual Food Service or Culinary Challenge event as it is now known. This has been held since 1975 and continues today.

COMPETITION SPONSORS

To be a competition/event sponsors are required. These sponsors provide a variety of materials to enable the event to happen – money, the venue, prizes (medals, money, cups, trips etc.), product and media exposure. The first event in Victoria was held in 1977 at the Hilton Hotel with approximately 40 entries; no other information has been able to be found about which sections or medals were awarded. It seems these competitions were held every two years. Information about the 1979 competition from the AGPC members newsletter/ magazines includes the following:

1979 competition sections

President's table – invitation only 18 listed

Floral/Fruit Display

Non Edible Showpieces (open section)

Pastry, Sweets & Baked Items
Section A - apprentices only and Section B - Open

New Creations
Section A - apprentices only and Section B - Open

Moderne Chaudfroid Centerpieces
Section A - apprentices only and Section B - Open

Classic Chaudfroid Centerpieces - Section A - apprentices only and Section B - Open

Armed Services

All the sections are referred to as static food or food served cold, that is, the competitor prepares the food at their place of employment (or college) and brings it to the competition venue and displays it for the judges. The three major categories represented were qualified cooks and chefs, apprentices and cooks, and chefs in the armed services.

1 President's Table - Invitation only non-listed

2 Non Edible Showpieces - open section and apprentice sections
Salt carvings, bread models, margarine/tallow/vegetable carvings, potato models etc.

3 Non Edible Showpieces - Ice Carving - open section and apprentice sections

4 Sweet Buffet Show Pieces- open section and apprentice sections

5 Special Occasion & Festive Cakes - open section and apprentice sections - chocolate models, sugar work, pastillage and paste models

6 Hot food served cold - open section and apprentice sections - presentation of 4 plates

7 Hors d'oeuvres - cold for 6 covers, minimum of 6 varieties coated in aspic - open section and apprentice sections

8 Asian Cold Platter - a platter of cold food (Asian) for eight covers

9 Cheese Boards - cheeseboard and accompaniments for 8 portions. Using 3-5 different types of cheeses.

10 Show platter for 8 covers - open section and apprentice sections - decorated platter of fish, shellfish, meat, game, vegetarian or poultry with appropriate garnishes.

11 'Dinner for Two' - modern, original - plate service - open section and apprentice sections - Hot food served cold or cold food of a savoury nature should be coated with aspic.

12 Petit Fours or Pralines - open section and apprentice sections - a display of eight different types of either pralines or petit fours (not a combination) with a minimum of six pieces of each.

13 Chinese Banquet Menu - a banquet of five courses with one serving of each course

14 Fruit and Vegetable carving - this is a practical class. Free style carving. No pre-slicing or fruit or vegetables before the competition commences. Time allowed 1 hour.

15. Patés, Terrines & Galantines - open section and apprentice sections

16 Desserts - open section and apprentice sections

17 Torte or Gateaux - open section and apprentice sections

1989 COMPETITION SECTIONS

While there is an increase in the number of sections, the event still has the majority of sections for static display or hot food served cold. We see the introductions of menu style sections with the "Dinner for Two" and the first Asian section with the "Asian Cold Platter" and "Chinese Banquet Menu." The cakes and pastries sections have grown from a single section in 1979 to cakes and petit-fours in 1989. Other new sections include the "Cheeseboard" and the first live section with the "Fruit & Vegetable carving."

CULINARY CHALLENGE AND 2006 EVENT

A1	Buffet platter for 8 covers
A2	6 platters appetizers
A3	Finger food/tapas platter cold
A4	Finger food/tapas platter hot
A5	Finger food/tapas platter hot & cold
B1	3 course luncheon 1 cover
B2	3 course modern Australian 1 cover
B3	2 x 2 restaurant platters

C1	Petit-fours glace 8 x 8
C2	6 different desserts
C3	Desserts x 4 apprentice class
C4	Gateaux apprentice class
C5	Three Gateaux open section
C6	Special occasion cake
D1	Savoury buffet centerpiece
D2	Sweet buffet centerpiece
F1	Live main course
F2	Live seafood main course - Tassal Trophy
F3	Desert live
F4	Frozen challenge - apprentice
F5	Frozen challenge - open
F7	Global chef national final
F8	Kraft Philadelphia Victorian open kitchen

From the section listing we can see a change in focus from past events. This event shows the retention of some of the traditional sections like buffet platter, restaurant platter, petit-fours, desserts, special occasion cakes and buffet showpieces. We also see that a large number of the sections are now live – sections F1 to F8. This represents 30% of the sections compared to only one live section in 1989. The strong influence of Asian cuisines on Australian culture is reflected. These competitions have been held in Victoria every two years from 1977 to 2006; of these I have found some information on 13 of these to date.

GROWTH IN NUMBER OF SECTIONS

1979 - 8 sections
1989 - 17 sections
1999 - 26 sections
2006 – 20 sections

LONGEST SURVIVING SECTIONS

Non edible show pieces has been listed in 13 competitions
Sweet buffet show pieces has been listed in 12 competitions
Cheese boards has been listed in 10 competitions
Sweets/desserts has been listed in 10 competitions
Show platters/buffet platter has been listed in 9 competitions
Hot food served cold has been listed in 8 competitions
Special occasion cakes & festive cakes has been listed in 7 competitions
Hors d'oeuvres has been listed in 6 competitions
President's table has been listed in 6 competitions
Gateaux & tortes has been listed in 6 competitions
Petit-fours & pralines has been listed in 5 competitions

So how does this fit with the original statement that 'Cooking competitions – breaking through the boundaries of gastronomic poverty? To date I cannot make the link, positively, that culinary events/competitions have improved things, although experience of many competitors is that with sponsors collecting the recipes of the entries as part of the conditions of entry, they indeed have been used in some ways to influence change. Other areas to be investigated include the relationship between sponsors and the events, for example, and whether competition recipes are used by sponsors to promote products. Are the major winners used to promote sponsors' products following the event?

VALLEY FOOD LINK:

a Hand Up, not a Hand Out

Paul van Reyk

Valley Food Link (VFL) was formed in Raymond Terrace in 2004 as a non-profit community based organisation to provide inexpensive food options for individuals and families in return for volunteer work with approved community based organisations.

Its mission is to provide inexpensive food options for financially struggling individuals or families, to give individuals and families the power to improve their lives, to educate the public about nutritious eating and provide the opportunity to learn life improvement skills, to create strong and healthy communities, and to establish viable and sustainable community partnerships.

It's the result of a coming together of two needs – food security for children attending primary schools in the area, and finding a more satisfying way of organising food distribution through Terrace Care, the social welfare arm of a Pentecostal Church in the Terrace.

Beginning with a service to 20 families, VFL now provides a food service for between 80 and 100 families. VFL operates in the Port Stephens Shire north of Newcastle, NSW. VFL began as and remains a fully voluntary organisation; everybody provides their labour in return for food security.

In 2007 VFL received its first grant, $3,000 from a Federal Government program of assistance to small voluntary organisations. The grant is to be used to buy a roller system to help with packing.

VFL's model of community work is Assets Based Community Development (ABCD). Three principles underlie ABCD:

(a) Start with what's in the community: the capacities of residents, workers, organisations and businesses, not with what is absent, or problems.
(b) Stress the importance of local definition, investment, creativity, hope and control.
(c) Constantly build and rebuild the relationships between and among local residents, local associations and local institutions.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

Individuals and families register with VFL to receive a food box on a regular basis. $25 entitles the individual to receive a food box valued at over $60-$70. In return, recipients must do 2 hours voluntary work with VFL or in an approved community organisation or project for each box they receive. There is no means test applied: 'Pay your money, do the time, and that's all the qualification we want.' There is no limit to how many boxes one family or individual can have as long as they do 2 hours' work for each box. There is no limit to how often a family or individual can get a box.

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

Currently VFL provides 4 types of food boxes:

(a) Fruit & veg
(b) Groceries
(c) Chicken
(d) School snacks

Goods are bought by weight and so boxes are made up by weight. The variety in the fruit and veg box depends on what's seasonally available at the regional market and price. The contents of the grocery box and school snack boxes vary with what's available at the time from manufacturers and Foodbank. As of April 2007, a supplier has been found for a meat box.

WHERE DO THE GOODS COME FROM?

All goods are bought, VFL does not ask for donations. Fruit and veg is generally bought at the Newcastle regional market. This year VFL set up a deal with fruit growers in Orange to purchase orchard "seconds" in bulk. To date they have bought apples and cherries. Chicken is bought from the staff shop at Steggles which has a processing factory in the area. Grocery items are also "seconds" bought in bulk from the manufacturers. These include goods

that have been wrongly labelled
that have no labels
that are packaged underweight
that are close to or passed their use by date but are still okay to eat
that are discontinued lines

VFL's principle is never to go to a manufacturer with a shopping list, but to buy cheap what they want to off load.

VFL also gets some of its goods from Foodbank – a not-for-profit organisation that receives and distributes food to welfare agencies. Foodbank is endorsed by the Food and Grocery Council of Australia and is the food industry's preferred means of disposing of surplus product via donation. You have to be a registered charity to access it; goods are sold, not donated, to the charity. In NSW, the Department of Community Services pays the cost of freighting the goods but does not subsidise or cover the cost of purchasing the goods.

WHERE IS THE FOOD STORED AND PACKED?

VFL began operating from classrooms in a local primary school. As VFL grew, Terrace Care offered land on its new site and use of church rooms for packing. The office is a demountable donated from a Christian school. Dry goods, groceries, equipment are stored in containers donated by P & O. Fruit and veg is stored in a freezer container purchased at a write-off price from Mersk.

WHAT KIND OF COMMUNITY WORK DO MEMBERS DO?

Most members put in their 2 hours work with VFL itself – packing boxes, going to markets, doing maintenance work at the office, designing slides like these. Members can also do their 2 hours at partner organisations with VFL, like school canteens. Members already doing voluntary work with an organisation can have 2 hours of that credited for them. Members can also organise to do 2 hours with other community groups with VFL giving final approval.

FOOD BANKS AS RESOURCES FOR HUNGRY FAMILIES

A New Zealand study

Nancy J. Pollock

Food security is the right of everyone. Food Banks offer temporary relief from insecurity. They are part of community action to address gastronomic poverty. They rely on donations from various sectors of the community and fall largely outside government purview. Their focus is to provide emergency support for families with children who have no other means of access to food. They are one step out of gastronomic poverty, and thus one rung up the ladder to achieve food security.

Gastronomic poverty is an indicator of food insecurity when the lack of money, land or kin connections results in bare shelves and a bare fridge (see Smith and Richards, re food insecurity among homeless Minnesota youths). The householder has nothing with which to feed the children. S/he must turn to an agency for assistance, or to stealing. It can be viewed as a series of levels. At the lowest level are those in dire hunger due to a natural catastrophe such as a tsunami, or to war. At the second level are those who have run out of food, and have no resources, whether money or relationships, by which to access food over the next weeks or months. At the third level are those who have a limited income, either earned low wage or domestic benefit, who struggle to allocate money for food out of their household budget, alongside other financial commitments. At the fourth level are those who would like to provide more healthy food and in greater quantities for their families, and would like to have more flexibility in what they put on the table.

At the core of gastronomic poverty are restrictions on the freedom to make food provisioning decisions for the household. In the days of supermarket culture it can be translated as "How does a household decide what to put into the supermarket trolley?" Alternative food resources are rare for many urban residents. And even those with gardens have to find money to buy bread and complete their daily food needs. Shortage of food is likely to be symptomatic of other social and economic difficulties (see Smith and Richards). Allocating money for food within a tight budget requires complex decision making (see Pollock 2000 for a discussion of food decisions by low income householders in Wellington). Householders may seek help from a range of agencies, or they may struggle on, their pride not allowing them to reveal their circumstances.

Food Banks are repositories of emergency supplies for families who would otherwise go hungry. Incoming supplies are received from community agencies, and retail food markets, either regularly or infrequently. A third participant are government departments such as New Zealand Department of Work and Income, together with an NGO NZ Budgeting Services, who determine eligibility of special needs applicants for a parcel. The degree to which government departments should be involved is an ongoing question.

The needs of families that have nothing in their cupboards to feed their children fall within the wider issue of the extent of poverty in New Zealand. This issue arises from time to time as the media picks up on dimensions of it. In January 2007 breakfast re-emerged as a political football. A proposal that schools should offer breakfast to children in low-decile

schools led to a nation-wide debate (*NZ Herald*, Feb 9, 2007). The new Leader of the Opposition suggested that private companies should offer breakfast foods to low-decile schools, an offer rejected by the Head of one primary school in the Auckland area as it interferes with individual freedoms. "A good breakfast," it is argued, is a good start to the day, particularly for school pupils, but the food has to be "the right kind, and the right amount of food," according to the Executive Director of the NZ Dietetic Association, Jan Milne. A health researcher, Rob Quigley, had found that some 83,000 New Zealand children go to school without having eaten breakfast, some because they did not have time, and some because there was no food available. At the forefront of this debate is the issue of whether parents or schools should be responsible for feeding school children, and whether government should intervene.

This latest report provides a new dimension on concerns raised in a Child Poverty Action group study entitled "Hard to Swallow, Food Bank use in New Zealand" (Wynn). Child Poverty Action undertook this survey out of concern that children in families on low income or benefit are not getting adequate food for their best development. Food banks are the main source of an emergency parcel when the caregiver (mother or father, or others) cannot find that food. CPAG, too, raised the issue of whether schools should take responsibility for filling children's stomachs, as an aid to learning, and do it by providing them with food that is better nutritionally than the food provided by families.

This ongoing debate raises three concerns about gastronomic poverty to be addressed here:

Is gastronomic poverty a public or a private issue?
Are food banks ever likely to be unnecessary?
To what extent is the politicisation of poverty and food banks addressing the problem?

We will look at the background to New Zealand Food Banks, particularly since 1991 when the National government drastically cut welfare support. As a result some 300 Food Banks came into operation across New Zealand (Mackay 1995). One established on the Kapiti Coast where I have been involved as a volunteer for four years has provided me with background material presented here. My concern is to show how Food Banks as an emergency provider link those in need with those who donate food goods, and thus operate as a community service. When we consider some characteristics of Food Bank clients, and the donor agencies, we find that Food Banks are a community resource, distinct from government welfare services, but complementary to them. Food Banks operate within a range of community welfare provisions beyond the government sphere. They pragmatically address concerns raised in ongoing discussions about poverty, food security, and health issues such as obesity.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Food Banks increased dramatically in number across New Zealand as a direct result of the benefit cuts and the enactment of the Employment Contracts Act in 1991 under a National Government (Mackay). Benefit cuts included a reduction in housing subsidies, thus raising rents which soak up a major proportion of low incomes. Food is the flexible item of expenditure, while rents and power are less so. "By 1994 it was estimated that there were about 365 food banks nationally, one-fifth of which had been set up in the previous year" (Else). In 1995 over seventeen per cent of families/households were caught in the poverty trap; gross income was less than 60 per cent of the median income. One social commentator noted that the 1991 social policy reforms slashed benefit levels by ten percent and eligibility for those benefits was made harder. As a result there was "an increasing workload for social agencies responsible for providing Food Banks, counselling re housing, benefit cuts and unemployment" (Waldegrave). In answer to another comment that there were no statistics that give evidence of the poor getting poorer (Kerr 1993), a social economist provided figures, concluding that raising children is the main way the poor stay poor: "there are more families with two parents and dependent children than any other single group among the poor" (Easton).

Even during the period of economic growth and export led recovery in the mid-1990s, breakfasts were targeted by nutritionists who devised a Breakfast Club kit, labelling breakfast as "The hero meal of the day, promoted by sports stars" (*NZ Nutrition News*, May 1994). The message seems to have fallen on stony ground as it is being reiterated ten years later. Breakfast cereal and milk are two basic items that Food Banks put in their parcels.

A Poverty Indicator project by the NZ Council for Social Services found that "food bank users are on very low incomes, have high housing costs and little or no margin to cover emergency expenses." Incomes of Food Bank users ranged from $188 to $314 weekly when $724 was the New Zealand median (NZCCSS 2004). As the Child Poverty Action report noted, "an increasing number of food bank users are the working poor, caught between low wages, debt and high housing costs" (Wynn: 9). Low income, and credit card indebtedness limit the food budget when a family member falls sick or is made redundant. Food Banks continue to offer a stop-gap food supply to low income families, despite a series of social welfare reforms by the Labor government.

In 1999 the number of food banks was increasing, as in Christchurch, for example, where "the Methodist Mission had a 28.5% increase in clients coming for basic support, compared to a year ago" (Else: 26). With high levels of employment in 2005-6 wages are kept low and new jobs are hard to find. The Working for Families package introduced by the Labor government in 2006 has not helped, but rather has widened the gap by giving extra support to those families that have one member in paid employment, while those families on benefit, particularly sole parents with children receive no extra help. Both these groups fall back on a Food Bank in an emergency.

Government response came in the form of a Ministry of Social Development Food Bank Strategy (December 2002). The aim was to reduce and eliminate the need for Food Banks. They provided a Tool Kit that set minimum standards of eligibility, detailing the special needs grant qualifications and food limit. The Kit included an Emergency Food Assistance decline letter. The approach seemed to be to eliminate Food Banks by declining as many applicants as possible. It did not address the problem. For the Kapiti Food Bank requests increased noticeably in 2003. Further high demand for parcels has followed from rising food, petrol and power costs (Griffith, quoted in Kapiti *Observer*, July 2006). The neighbouring Otaki Food Bank struggles continuously to keep enough food on its shelves to meet the high number of requests; unemployment is higher than in Kapiti. Many residents there are on benefits or low incomes. They found the cold winter of 2006 particularly hard as it drove up power bills, along with a steep rise in council rates, petrol prices and other costs, so the money available to spend on food diminished. Their shelves at the Food Bank were frequently depleted (Tahere, quoted in Kapiti *Observer*, July 2006).

Poverty, particularly food poverty and insecurity, is still present in New Zealand though it is not a popular topic for a government that prides itself on the amount of support it has provided for families. The existence of an "under-class" that the new Leader of the Opposition (National Party) has referred to in key speeches (January, 2007) has provoked much debate. For those who remember the desperate plights of those caught in the previous National government's 1991 cut backs, history is repeating itself. Some politicians have conveniently shorter memories than those who experienced hunger.
Food Bank statistics have unfortunately fallen through the cracks. The NZ Council of Christian Social Services coordinated data for 2001 to 2004 as part of a Poverty Indicator project but has faced difficulties in collection, comparison and thus measurement of data, as well as definition of terms; thus the data showed major inconsistencies (Wynn: 12). Such data, however, are vital for keeping the issue of Food Bank use in front of the media, so the momentum has been lost, though the issues of who uses Food Banks and how they meet families' food needs remains. It remains the responsibility of local papers such as the Kapiti *Observer* to keep the community informed, while national papers highlight politicians' attempts to score points as to who should provide breakfasts, parents or schools.

FOOD BANK CLIENTS

Clients are those in need of food for their families. Food parcels are an emergency provision to help those who have struck a bad patch. Three parcels a year is the standard allocation. An overload of bills, a car accident, or health problem can be considered as a valid reason for needing a food parcel. For those parents that feed their children on an infrequent basis, such as a two-week stint over a holiday period, the food parcel fills shelves that are normally empty, or low on essentials such as Weetbix, and baked beans.
A client requesting a food parcel must first have registered with Work and Income (WINZ) or be a client of NZ Budgeting Services. A client is eligible to receive three parcels per year, unless dire circumstances necessitate further parcels. Each client completes a brief form from which data is entered and collated into a computer programme. That data (for Kapiti Food Bank) is forwarded to the Wellington Food Bank Coalition. Data on the number of parcels issued per quarter, the ethnicity of clients and the referring agency are presented to the local Food Bank AGM. Additional data provided here comes from personal observations.

Clients tend to cluster in the 18 to 30 age range. They are trying to feed between 1 and 6 children, either teenage or younger (teenage children are treated as adults when filling a parcel). For the period 2005-6 Kapiti Food Bank provided for a total of 2,509 people, 1,129 children and 1,049 adults, with additional 331 teens. Very few requests for parcels come from those over 50. And this is surprising considering that 22% of Kapiti Coast population is over 50, many living in the large number of Retirement Villages and Rest Homes in the area. Volunteers' opinions suggest that this older age group is too proud to seek help. Only occasionally do they have grand children to feed. Kapiti clients are predominantly NZ European/Pakeha (469), with a further 229 Maori, and 19 Pacific Islanders. Otaki Food Bank provides for a larger Maori clientele.

The main referral agencies are WINZ (155) and Budgeting Services (152), with a further 204 being self-referrals. Several mental health agencies, the Kapiti Women's Refuge and Barnardos also refer clients for parcels. The referrals from these main agencies have increased three-fold between 2001 and 2006, with a slight down-turn in 2005-6. The number of parcels is evenly spread across the four quarters of the year, with a slight peak in January with after-Christmas bills, and school holidays increasing demand.

Since Kapiti is regarded as a middle-class area with a small proportion of low income families, the steady use of the Food Bank, increasing since 2001, indicates that food needs are not confined to low income districts. Wellington Inner City Mission and other agencies based in the urban area, where needs are greater, inform the wider public of the need for donations to Food Banks and other programmes through their newsletters.

FOOD BANK DONORS

A range of donors provides the food items used to fill clients' parcels. Churches and service agencies such as Salvation Army, Lions and Rotary, provide foodstuffs on a regular basis, as well as helping with the annual community wide collections. Retail food outlets, such as supermarkets, bakeries, and organic food shops donate vegetables, breads, canned goods and soap powder from stock they cannot use. Supermarkets also provide a bin into which customers can drop a food item for the food bank.

Food Banks in NZ have grown out of the community service that churches have been offering for many years. For harvest festivals and other special occasions such as Christmas, congregations are asked to bring a can, a packet of biscuits, or a packet of tea, that could then be provided to those in need that the Church knows about. Some choose to give money. Those donations in kind are now centralised in the community Food Bank that relies on those agencies for information about those in need. Some of the churches ask for recommendations as to what foods the Food Bank is short of, so that shelves can be restocked.

An annual house-to-house collection run by the Lions Club, usually in November, replenishes stocks, and provides the basis on which a Christmas parcel is made available to needy families. An annual collection is also made on behalf of the Food Bank by the local cinema that runs a special series of films to which entry is by a can. Primary schools also hold annual collections when each student can bring a can; this helps to raise the profile of the Food Bank in the community.

A rough estimate of the value of the weekly donations in kind is $150, while the Lions Club annual collection must bring in a total value of some $10,000 worth of goods. These are very rough estimates of voluntary gifts from a range of people and organisations across the community. Without these donations, Food Banks could not exist.

FOOD PARCELS

Each food bank has a list of foods to be included in each parcel. Family size and ages of children are key criteria. Kapiti Food Bank uses banana boxes recycled from a supermarket as the container. The main items are Weetbix or other cereal, sugar, tea, baked beans, spaghetti, rice and pasta, together with some canned fruit and peanut butter or jam. Soups are included when available. Whatever vegetables have been donated are included in a parcel, together with a couple of loaves of bread (frozen). We try to include a roll of toilet paper and a bar of soap if available. Amounts vary slightly depending on the size of the family. Extra bread or box of cereal may be added. If someone in the household cooks, then flour is added to the parcel, together with dates or sultanas (if available) to make scones. It is interesting to note that several young women refuse the offer of flour, either because they have no facilities for baking, or because they do not have time or skill. One food bank worker in Wellington started cooking classes when she noted that many clients turned down items such as pasta and rice because they did not know how to use them and lacked cooking skills. One Kapiti client was similarly engaged in teaching cooking skills to young teenage males. Access to cooking facilities can be a restriction on use of the foods in the parcels for women who have left home with nothing, or women in refuges.

Those receiving a parcel are generally grateful. Some are emotional, some shy and reluctant. Almost all of the clients arrive in a car, perhaps borrowed, or their own. A suitable location for the Food Bank is a problem; we have moved three times in five years due to increases in rent. Suitable space is hard to find, particularly within easy access to the town centre.

DISCUSSION

Food Banks are a community service that meets the needs of those short of food through donations from the churches, agencies such as Lions Clubs, individuals and commercial premises. They fall outside government, other than to advise on eligibility to receive a food parcel. They rely on voluntary contributions given once a year or more frequently as the donor wishes. They rely on volunteers to manage a food bank. They thus unite a community around a perceived need. That need has to be publicised when the shelves of a Food Bank are running low. Communities are good at responding to such pleas, as long as they are not too frequent. The media plays a key role in notifying the public of those needs, as the excerpts from Kapiti *Observer* and Wellington *Dominion Post* cited above indicate. Yet Food Banks remain a private negotiation between those requesting a food parcel and the Food Bank.

Government expects that Food Banks will disappear. A covering letter from the National Commissioner on Ministry of Social Development letterhead dated December, 2002 states: "The Ministry of Social Development has initiated a 3 to 5 year strategy aimed at reducing *and ultimately eliminating* the need for foodbanks" (my italics). But there are few indications that that is happening, rather the reverse. A recent comment on the welfare crisis in New Zealand by the Auckland City Missioner notes that "As a result of the growing amount of poverty, the number of Food Banks has grown too [...] In ten years the number of packages given out from the food banks has doubled" (*Dominion Post*, February 17, 2007: E5). The 2006 AGM of Wellington FoodBank Coalition indicates that the numbers of food parcels

given out is steady in some of its 22 Food Banks and rising in others, with stocks low on Downtown Community Ministry shelves. The Labor government's Working for Families package that commenced in 2006 is another programme to reduce poverty, but instead has made it harder for sole parent families who do not work to obtain adequate income to feed their families and meet other bills. Also in 2006 the Government abolished the Special Benefit, and replaced it with a more restrictive Temporary Additional Support, thus reducing the discretionary income of low income families. Government's dreams are far from their practices; they are on a parallel with Food Bank users' dreams, only they are even less realistic.

A decision to obtain a food parcel is not taken lightly. As our study of low income household spending on food indicated, families will seek help from family, and friends before approaching a Food Bank (Pollock and Dixon). But for many families there may be no immediate member able to help, and loans to buy food are considered unacceptable because of the high interest charged. Supermarkets are thus the main source of food that absorbs $100 or less per week. Those who do ask for a parcel are often shy, timid or ashamed, and do so very reluctantly. They are grateful for what is in the parcel. Nevertheless receiving a food parcel provides some level of independent decision making about what to feed a family, and that independence is highly valued. Balancing family tastes with the time needed to put food on the table and trying to make the meal as healthy as possible all take their toll on the costs of what goes into the supermarket trolley. The decisions as to what to put on the table, and what to buy are a constant source of anxiety. Our participants repeatedly stated that they longed for more variety in the food they could offer their families. Mince and baked beans or rice day in, day out is boring. They envied other women's trolleys that were filled with other meats, fresh vegetables, and fruit, and different foods. McDonald's and fish and chips answered some of that variety but at a cost. School lunches were another expense that took its toll on the household food budget. "The most important step is to ensure that people have enough income to cover basic living costs, including the cost of getting enough to eat in every sense." That will be a step towards "food security for all" (New Zealand Network against Food Poverty, Else: 28).

Food Banks feed families while soup kitchens feed individuals, usually male. Food Banks thus offer a greater degree of independence in provisioning. Soup kitchens do not provide for children in their home setting. A person in need of a hot meal once a day can obtain one at a soup kitchen for a minimal donation of $1. That individual can decide whether to attend six days a week, but he cannot decide what is in that meal. Thus Food Banks offer a degree of independence in food decisions. Both Food Banks and soup kitchens address the needs of those at the lowest level of food insecurity, but only partially. While food security has been defined by WHO as "access by all people at all times to the food needed for a healthy life," it is clear that there are a significant group in New Zealand society who fall outside this goal. Much of the food that low income households consume is drawn from what is available, preferably filling foods such as bread and rice, with vegetables and fruits an expensive luxury by their estimation. So food insecurity is rather a measure of where to access the contents for the next meal, rather than selecting better, i.e. healthy foods.

Cooking the foods in a food parcel also poses a challenge for some. Where a woman and her children have moved out of a household, whether because of violence or being behind with the rent, she may not have any cooking equipment in her shelter place. Women's Refuges provide a kitchen, but a friend's garage may not. So cooking rice or pasta may not be an option in those circumstances. Bread and cold foods, such as a tin of baked beans, may have to suffice. Cooking skills have been highlighted, and assistance is welcomed by many women and men, as illustrated by a Wellington Food Bank worker's tips (Wellington *Dominion Post*, July 8, 2006, A9; see also Else: 17). Management skills for households on low incomes are well honed, and constantly being tested. Food Banks can only meet emergency needs. Alternative sources of food to what can be bought in a supermarket diminish with urban living, shift work, multiple jobs, sole parent families and several children. Grandparents and other relatives often cannot help out. So the community

volunteers a can or two to replace that help that government expects families to provide for themselves. Expectations don't feed families. Food parcels do – for a few.

CONCLUSIONS

Gastronomic poverty remains largely hidden. It sits on the back-burner for government. But for families with nothing to feed their families tonight it is a daily concern, a worry that does not go away. Food Banks give notice through the media of the degree of need, but government's role is to discourage families from seeking food parcels. By making eligibility harder they expected (in 2002) that Food Banks would "be eliminated." That has not happened; rather Food Bank usage has increased.

Gastronomic poverty may be assessed in several different ways. It may be seen as a low income issue. Or it may be seen as poor household management skills – a position I have sought to allay here. Or it may be seen as one marker in the welfare issue. Some commentators stress the impact of poor nutrition on children, i.e. in the school breakfasts saga, but fail to appreciate that money has to stretch to fill hungry stomachs rather than buy healthy but expensive fruits and vegetables.

All these dimensions have been discussed above under the rubric of household food decision-making. Taste, time, healthy foods and cost are major considerations that participants contributed to our 1996 study. Householders must decide each day what the family can eat, and that often means what they have on their shelves. These are immediate, day-to-day decisions, that do not allow for any long term view, such as health or conserving stocks, energy or cash.

Gastronomic poverty is an important consideration in relation to the much discussed issues of food security. It is as much about lack of money as the inability to choose foods that are healthy, tasty and cooked within the limited time frame. With access to food whether through better income, or other means such as food stamps, or subsidised foods, families need assistance. Food Banks provide that as a stop-gap measure. They need to be set within a larger framework that provides longer term solutions to gastronomic poverty.

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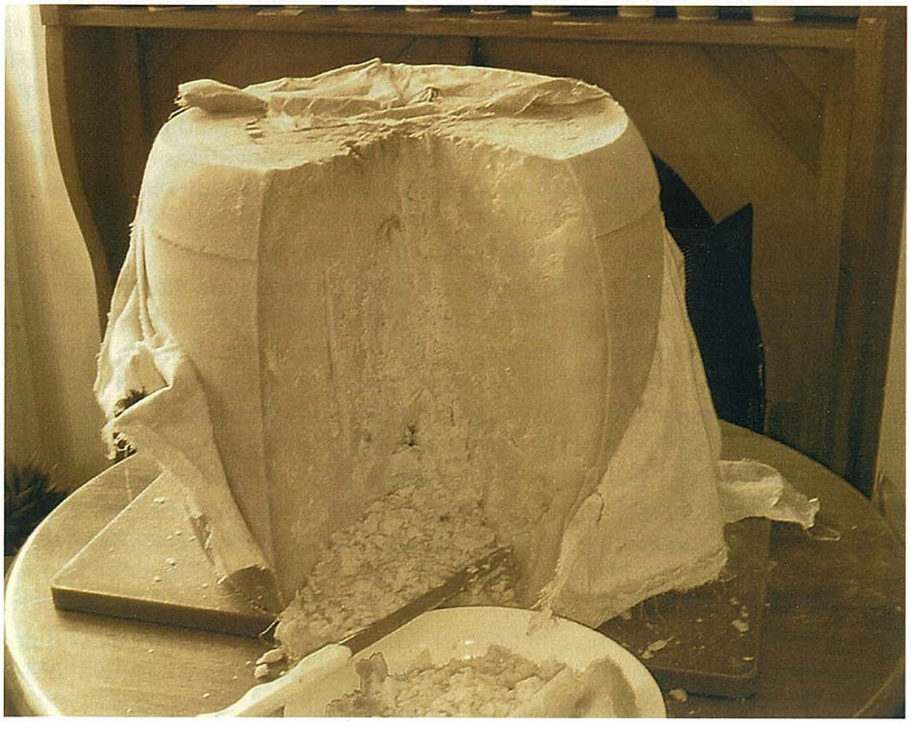

IN BETWEEN THE SUPER AND THE FARMERS' MARKET

Elaine Reeves

Not so many years ago, if you were a farmer in the Huon Valley and you had a few blueberries or lettuces to spare you could take them to the Woolworths supermarket at Huonville, the town next to the bridge you crossed on your way here. The fruit and veg manager would pay you cash for the product and everyone, including shoppers, could feel some sort of relationship between local producers and the local supermarket.

That no longer happens, due mainly to two "innovations." One was the setting up in Devonport in the north of the state, in 1998, a Woolworths distribution centre, to which all produce is sent before it goes to supermarkets throughout the state. So apples grown in the Huon Valley, are trucked past the Huonville supermarket to Devonport, then transported back to Huonville.

The second innovation came in from about 1999, when Woolworths began insisting that all the growers who supplied its supermarkets must have a Hazard Analysis and Critical Control Point (HACCP) Quality Assurance program, and Coles soon followed suit. Initially, Woolworths subsidised a great deal of the training needed to set up a Quality Assurance program, but still it was expensive – annual auditing cost about $100 an hour, and even for the very smallest grower that took about three hours, plus, in Tasmania, growers have to pay a share of the air fare and accommodation costs of an auditor coming from the mainland.

It also takes a great deal of time to institute a HACCP program. I know this because I wrote a Quality Manual for our blueberry farm, which took untold hours, not only because of the new concepts and nitpicking detail. My partner Will, for instance, would, in his own self-interest, glance frequently at the temperature gauge on the coolroom, but now the time and reading of this observation had to be recorded, and of course would never be acted on unless something was wrong – but it also involved many applications of the word processor that I had not previously needed to wrap my head around and with which I now had to grapple.

In 1992 the *Sydney Morning Herald* had a story on a Phillip Andreatta, a grape grower who had been supplying Woolworths for 12 years; however, his price was being forced down, the supermarket chain would pay him only $22 for a box of grapes that was fetching $30 at Flemington Markets. Mr Andreatta did not simply stop supplying Woolworths because he had invested so much in Woolworths' Quality Assurance scheme.

In our own case, after several years of paying about $1,500 a year for the scheme and having Woolworths order only about $3,000 worth of blueberries from us in a season, we dropped the HACCP scheme and Woolworths. Our practices remained the same, we just weren't ticking boxes.

Our farm is tiny – we recently bought another 2 hectares, which eventually will double the area under cultivation, but in the very best year the land we already have will produce 13 tonnes of blueberries and 6 tonnes even in the poorest year.

The big supermarket chains buy as much as half their fresh fruit and vegetables directly from growers, rather than from produce markets as they did in the past – the same also applies to meat; supermarket buyers are very infrequent visitors to saleyards these days. But the supermarkets favour growers who can deliver big volumes over a long period – I know a Tasmanian tomato grower who must grow them in a hothouse over winter if he wants to sell tomatoes to a supermarket chain in summer.

Will works very long days every day of the week during the 8-10 week blueberry harvest, but for the rest of the year, he hires people to do the on-your-knees work and plays golf three days a week. What he *never* does is stand behind a stall at a farmers market. Even the smallest crop of 6 tonnes is too much to move from a once-a-week farmers' market stall, and during harvest time there are just too many other jobs to be attended to.

I know a grower of organic potatoes who sells about two thirds of his 300 tonnes a year on the conventional market at conventional prices because potatoes are rather over-supplied in the organic market. I asked him if he ever sold his potatoes at the farmers' market in Launceston. He did not. Launceston is two hours' drive away and, he said: "It's a day getting ready, a day at the market, and a day unpacking, it's just not viable in terms of wages."

Fortunately for us, and for many growers like us, that is, serious, professional farmers who fall between the super and the farmers' market, there are in Tasmania many small, high-end retail outlets for our produce. They have been helped by the practices of the big players that exclude or deter small and medium-sized growers. The smaller shops have a point of difference between what they and the supermarkets offer. And, I believe, the in-between growers and retailers do a great deal to maintain a vital, local food scene.

A couple of years ago, symposiasts Sue Dyson and Roger McShane, published on their website, foodtourist.com, a list of the 50 top Tasmanian food shops, except they could not contain themselves to 50 and listed 54. Since then, one of those shops has closed and one is in abeyance, but several new ones have opened – Chung's retail and the Choux Shop, for example. Among the shops on the top 50 list is Hill Street Grocer in West Hobart, a Greek corner shop that has developed into a specialist food store. In Hobart, when a small shop smartens up its look and act, it is said to have "done a Hill Street Grocer." Hill Street Grocer has quite a small space devoted to fresh produce, but the turnover is much greater than the amount of space implies, and three or four people are employed to constantly replenish the display. In summer, Hill Street Grocer boasts that 80% of its fresh produce is Tasmanian, and that little of it is grown more than three hours distant from the shop.

There are other in-between retailers that are a step above or below a farmers' market, depending on how you look at it. In Salamanca Market on a Saturday, there are four organic produce stalls. One, Steenholdt's Orchard, sells only fruit, and nearly all of that from its own orchard in the Huon, where they grow 80 different varieties of apples and 20 of pears, which means tree-ripened produce is available over many months. However, this market stall is not the main outlet for what they produce; the bulk of it goes to organic wholesalers in Sydney and Melbourne.

The other organic stalls get in produce from various growers and onsell it – saving the farmer the chore of standing behind a stall. Jonathan Cooper and Amy Cheyne's business is called the All Organic Farm, but in fact they grow nothing; instead they collect produce from 15 local farmers, two mainland growers and a couple of organic wholesalers. As well as being at Salamanca they have a home or restaurant delivery service. Martin and Ann Joyce of Good Life Organics grow about 40 different vegetables at different times of the year for sale on their stall, and collect from growers who produce what they do not.

The concept of farmers' markets, of being able to talk to the person who grows the produce, rather assumes purely family operations, when in fact, quite small farms employ labour. Blueberries are picked one by one as they ripen, not in bunches like grapes, and you don't pick 10 tonnes of them by putting your wife and kids to work. Bruce and Clare Jackson run

Yorktown Organics, a market garden near the mouth of the Tamar River in northern Tasmania. They and a couple of their children work on the farm all year and they employ casual staff in summer. The farm produces 100 lines, which may be different versions of a single vegetable. Beetroot, for instance, is sold as sprouts, as baby leaves, as baby beets and as mature beetroot. All this produce and employment comes from just one hectare of land outside and 0.3 of a hectare under glass. Bruce Jackson calls himself a fast farmer of slow food, because he "rolls the crops through quickly." He says: "The beds are not empty for 24 hours without seeds in them." He has a farmgate shop, but does no retailing off his own property.

There is an excellent farmers' market near where I live. You certainly can talk to the man who grew the food, Terry O'Neil – but only to him; this is a one-farmer market – unless Esther Haeusermann from Tongola Goat Products up the hill has a basket of her goat cheeses there for sale. The farm is certified organic and not expensive – this bunch of basil, bought last Friday, cost $2.50 – and it is open only between 7am and 8.30am on a Friday morning. Terry was happy to talk to me for the purposes of *this* paper, but he will not let me write about him in the newspaper; he has quite enough customers, thank you very much, and does not want any publicity. The week before last, around 8am, there were 14 customers at the shed helping themselves from silver beet (two sorts), kale, three sizes of tomatoes (and two colours in the cherry size), zucchini, green beans, swedes, broccoli, carrots, parsnips, beetroot, capsicum, pumpkin, chillies, garlic, pinkeye potatoes, chervil, basil and flat-leaf parsley. Customers bag, weigh and price the goods themselves, and list what they have bought on notepads provided, then add it up and pay the money to Terry, who checks neither their bags nor their adding up. This is not quite a one-man operation, Terry employs labour to have all this picked and bunched on a Thursday afternoon. He sells some tomatoes and basil to the Wursthaus Kitchen – another shop on the Top 50 list – and delivers some to Hobart to cancer sufferers who have been told to eat organic. What is not on order or sold to the wide cross-section of people, from aged pensioners to alternative lifestylers, who come to the farm, he loads up and drives to Huonville, 10 minutes away, where it is picked up by Jonathan Cooper for his Salamanca Market stall.

I suppose a restaurant cultivating its own garden is the grower's equivalent to a farmers' market, but restaurants too benefit from having in-between middle-people to round up produce from many growers. I read that Alice Waters at Chez Panisse deals directly with 60 or so local suppliers; few restaurateurs here would have the contacts nor the time to deal with so many. Steve Cumper, who is speaking on the panel after my talk, was until a couple of weeks ago, the chef at Peppermint Bay at Woodbridge, where he made a name for himself and the restaurant by chasing down producers, as far as possible, in the surrounding hills and waters – and he won this year's *Vogue Entertaining + Travel* award for outstanding use of regional produce by a chef. Bruce Jackson at Yorktown Organics not only sells directly into many restaurant kitchens, but will try to grow whatever chefs ask him to. A chef, Nigel Squibb, has taken his family's apples and produce business TasFresh in a new direction by concentrating on food service. The family grows apples, but know who grows purple radish cress, who grows baby fennel, baby leeks, celeriac or red pears. In the two years that this has been the firm's emphasis, business has grown 400% and they now supply 670 restaurants across the country. Many chefs are customers of the organic farms I have mentioned, including Terry O'Neil's, but with few exceptions, they are buying for their home kitchens, not their restaurants.

These small producers are not the ones in trouble as drought hits – even in green Tasmania, 2006 was the driest on record (345mm instead of the average 619mm) – as countries with low production costs compete in our markets. You may remember the Fair Dinkum Food campaign of 2005, when Tasmanian vegetable producers took their tractors to Canberra to protest about imported vegetables. Bruce Jackson uses a domestic lawnmower to harvest some crops, a bicycle wheeled along a row to make a furrow for seeds. He does own a tractor, but not one of the huge ones such as descended on Canberra. Those tractors belong to the farmers who grow "process" vegetables to supply international companies Simplot and McCain. Process vegetables make up by far the biggest horticulture sector in Tasmania,

whose rural economy is more reliant on vegetable production than any other Australian state. And only 10% of production is exported to other countries. We deserve more to be known as the Potato, rather than the Apple Isle, because the tubers account for 75% of the value of vegetables grown in the state – and only 10% of those will be sold as fresh potatoes. Tasmania accounts for almost all of the potatoes grown for frozen French fries, for 85% of the national frozen green pea market, and 75% of the frozen green bean market. These farmers are the ones threatened by the incursion of China not only into our domestic market, but into markets in South-East Asia that were formerly ours. And they are tied not to HACCP programs but to huge investments in plant and equipment that do not allow them to quickly change to something else when the market winds grow cold.

Bruce Jackson says: "We grow high-value product – leafy stuff – tat soy, wild rocket, tomatoes, soft fruit, apples, new potatoes. What we do is very diverse, we're not relying on one thing; not reliant on *a* crop. It would be very hard for a guy who can't see the fence at the other end of his 50-acre paddock to really understand what I am on about. It's a different mindset."

And big as some of these farms for processing are, they are not big enough for the global market. Simplot and McCain say the high production costs and small scale of production units in Tasmania affect the state's competitiveness. In New Zealand, it's believed the average crop contracted to McCain is 7,000 tonnes, whereas 700 tonnes is the average single crop in Tasmania. It was Tasmania's losing half the MacDonald's French-fry contract to New Zealand that initially prompted the Fair Dinkum Food campaign. Companies such as MacDonald's and the big supermarkets put pressure on the processors to lower prices, who in turn screw the growers for a lower price.

Bruce Jackson chooses not to deal with supermarkets or large wholesalers, and this he says, stops him from being forced into lowering prices – unlike the process growers, he is the price setter. David Griggs who spoke yesterday has similar reasons for not selling his apples, cherries and fruit juice to big supermarkets. Perhaps the most recognised effect of globalisation on the food supply is the case of Chinese garlic – the bleached, old stuff sold in nets five bulbs to a dollar. I was interested to read a 2003 report that US garlic growers were chucking it in because Chinese garlic was being sold there at 40 to 50c a pound. This undercut the US price, but the surprising thing was by how little – the US wholesale price for garlic was 60 to 80c a pound. I know, because Will grows that here; organic purple garlic returns $20 a kilo to the farmer, and retails for $30-40 a kilo. This garlic is not, of course, going into pulp for sale in jars, nor can you pick it up at Woolies. It is being bought by the people who shop at the specialist small food shops, at Salamanca market, and at the many roadside "stalls" attached to orchards and farms, which often are quite extensive shops.

In regard to the New Zealanders being such efficient bulk farmers, I have a conjecture, for which I have no data except that I am a frequent visitor to New Zealand, that this large-scale efficiency may contribute to the paucity of interesting food on the ground in New Zealand. I know there is a thriving restaurant and food culture in that country, as showcased in magazines such as *Cuisine* and *Dish*. But it does not trickle down past the major cities.

I live at Cygnet, on the other side of the Huon River, a town that can barely muster a couple of thousand people, but which has three pubs, four cafes, two independent supermarkets – one of which has a reasonable deli section where you can buy cheese, smallgoods, cured meats and olives that are not pre-packaged – and two independent butchers, the sort of butchers that have carcasses hanging on hooks, give saveloys to kids, and slice the bacon as you order it.

Over Easter I was in my New Zealand home town, Wanganui, which has a population of about 38,000 – and the same number of independent butchers as Cygnet. There is not one independent deli, and the deli sections of the supermarkets do not sell feta straight from the brine, a scoop of olives or cut cheese from a wheel. There, is however a wonderful Saturday

morning market on the bank of the river in Wanganui, where there is good bread, free-range chooks, fruit, vegetables, cakes and preserves for sale – it is the in-between farmers in New Zealand who seem not to have the in-between retail sector to support them.

American author Michael Pollan has written a fascinating book, *The Omnivore's Dilemma*, in which he examines what goes into the making of four meals – an industrial meal, bought from MacDonald's and eaten in the car; a hunter-gatherer meal of pig hunted in the forest and morels collected there; and two organic meals – big organic, which can be just about as scary as industrial farming except for the chemicals kept out of the system, and small organic – food produced by the scale of farming I have been talking about here. It is a fascinating exercise, and he concludes that the industrial meal and the wild meal are equally unreal and equally unsustainable. Almost his last words in the book are:

> But imagine for a moment if we once again knew, strictly as a matter of course, these few unremarkable things: what it is we're eating; where it came from; how it found its way to our table; and what, in a true accounting, it really cost.

I believe that supporting the growers who come under the radar of the supermarkets and the retailers who stock their produce, is the most direct route to being able to answer those questions about the food we eat.

Reference

Michael Pollan. (2006) *The Omnivore's Dilemma: The Search for a Perfect Meal in a Fast-Food World*. London: Bloomsbury.

THE FOOD LOVER'S GUIDE TOP FIFTY TASMANIAN FOOD SHOPS

Sue Dyson and Roger McShane

TANT POUR TANT

226 Charles St, Launceston
A stunning pastry shop in Launceston where beautiful pastries, breads and cakes are always carefully displayed for a discerning clientele.

WURSTHAUS KITCHEN

1 Montpelier Retreat, Hobart
Good cuts of meat, top of the range deli lines such as Joselito jamon, excellent range of Tasmanian wines such as d'Meure Chardonnay and Apsley Gorge. There is another outlet called Wursthaus at Olivers in the Quadrant Mall in Launceston.

THE MILL PROVIDORE & GALLERY

Ritchie's Mill, 2 Bridge Street, Launceston
Essential kitchen products, terrines and cold cuts, bread, deli lines

BLACK FOREST SMALLGOODS

55 Invermay Road, Launceston
Great range of award-winning European-style smallgoods.

HILL STREET GROCER

109 Hill Street, West Hobart
One of the best "corner stores" in Australia. It has become a mecca for foodies from all over the city. The fruit and vegetables are a particular drawcard.

SWISS CHOCOLATIER

82 George St, Launceston
Refined chocolates made with skill and attention to detail. Only the best produce is used.

JEAN-PASCAL PATISSERIE

30 Carlton Street, New Town
A touch of Paris in Hobart with this French-trained expert patissière. The ficelles and baguettes are a particular favourite. They also have an outlet in Bellerive.

JEFFERSON'S

59 Liverpool St, Hobart
The best range of leaf tea in Tasmania. Look out for the single-estate Darjeelings (Makaibari is very good), the special Oolongs and the Gyokuro from Japan.

SPICE WORLD

Shop 10, Bank Arcade, Hobart
A haven for spice-junkies. You name it, they've got it. There is also a good turnover of spices so you can be assured that they are as fresh as possible.

YORKTOWN ORGANICS

120 Bowens Rd, Yorktown
Brilliant organic produce including field tomatoes, salad greens, herbs and tiny, tiny leaves of beetroot.

JACKMAN AND MCROSS

59 Hampden Road, Battery Point
Great sourdough bread including the sixteen-hour loaf. They also have an outlet in Victoria Street in Hobart and in New Town.

BAYSIDE MEATS

628 Sandy Bay Rd, Sandy Bay
This small shop always seems to have exactly what everyone wants. Whether you are after a boned neck of lamb, an organic chicken, a fresh rabbit or some fresh tripe you will be able to find it here.

DELICACY (BALFOUR STREET DELI)

35 Canning Street, Launceston
A great range of deli lines and some good coffee available here.

FREYCINET MARINE FARM

Pelican Flats, Coles Bay
Andrea Cole's farm shop sells her high-quality, freshly-harvested oysters and mussels. Highly informative tours are also possible here if there are sufficient numbers.

GOURLAY'S SWEET SHOP

12 The Quadrant, Launceston
A perfect place to bring back recollections of childhood fantasies. Boiled sweets galore!

NORMAN AND DANN

6/33 Salamanca Place, Hobart
A magnet for chocaholics, but they also have a range of top-end deli products and some great kitchen-ware and cook books

BOK'S BUTCHERY

16 Mary St, Cygnet
Currently producing some of the best bacon we have ever tried.

JAM PACKED

27 Hunter Street, Hobart
A wide range of Tasmanian jams, jellies, condiments and other food products.

BARILLA BAY

1388 Tasman Highway, Cambridge
A great place to buy the freshest possible oysters as well as a good range of deli lines from around Tasmania.

HOUSE OF ANVERS

9025 Bass Highway, Latrobe
Both a café and a shop selling the chocolates made on the premises.

DAVIES GRAND CENTRAL STATION

86-96 Wellington Street, Launceston
Tasmania is lucky to have such a fine array of foods available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

EUMARRAH

45 Goulburn St, Hobart
An essential place for organic dried fruits, nuts, pulses, flour and other kitchen basics. Usually have the Elgar Farm products available.

FISH PUNTS

Constitution Dock, Hobart
The freshest seafood is always available from the three fish punts that line Constitution Dock (there are also two that sell cooked product).

HILLWOOD STRAWBERRY FARM

Hillwood Road, Hillwood
Superb fresh berries as a well as a range of local products.

HONEY FARM

39 Sorell Street, Chudleigh
A brightly-coloured educational and retail centre explaining the production of honey.

HEALEY PYENGANA CHEESE FACTORY AND CAFÉ

St Columbia Falls Road, Pyengana
There is a large café now on-site but it is still the retail outlet for the legendary Pyengana cheese range.

ASHGROVE FARM

6173 Bass Highway, Elizabeth Town
The retail outlet for the Ashgrove cheese range and other local produce.

RAW THE NATURAL GROCER

King St, Sandy Bay
Visit the cheese room, organic vegetables and a wide range of other gourmet products. Look out for the range of coffees and the beautiful coffee roaster.

KATE'S BERRY FARM

Addison Street (3 km south of Swansea)
Fresh berries and lovely ice cream served by the irrepressible owner.

TASMANIAN GOURMET SAUCE COMPANY

174 Leighlands Road, Evandale
Sauces, jams and other products made from the best Tasmanian produce; located in idyllic gardens at Evandale.

LACTOS TASTING CENTRE

Old Surrey Road, Burnie
A large and professionally run tasting centre for the wide range of Lactos cheese products.

COATES FINE FOOD (FORTH BUTCHERY)

666 Main Road, Forth
First class cuts of meat and processed meat products.

ASIAN PRODUCTS

120A Invermay Road, Launceston
Although it doesn't look like it from the outside, the cavernous interior contains a vast range of Asian food products.

Mures Fish Centre

Victoria Dock, Hobart
The fish is always top-class in the fishmongers section of this giant complex. This is THE place to buy blue-eye cod. The mussels are always good too!

Chung Gon

66 Brisbane St, Launceston
This small greengrocer seems to be undergoing a revival. The displays are, once again, looking like they are being treated with care and respect.

Petuna Seafoods (Devonport)

134 Tarleton Street, Devonport
A great range of fresh seafood is usually available here. It is also a place to go for fine ocean trout.

Salad Bowl

Macquarie St, South Hobart
Another very good 'corner store' with a good fruit and vegetable section and some first rate cooked products made on the premises.

Salamanca Fruit Market

41 Salamanca Place, Hobart
A huge fresh fruit and vegetable shop that is open all day every day.

Salamanca Market

Salamanca Place, Hobart
While not primarily a food market, there are some treasures to be found amongst the chicko roll vans. You will find organic breads from the Summer Kitchen, stunning products from Gennaro's Table, Ashbolt Olive Oil, organic fruit and vegetables (look for Steenholt's and The Organic Shop stall outside the Salamanca Fruit Market [also in North Hobart] and the foodie's favourite outside the Irish pub) as well as the few remaining stalls of the Hmong people.

Sorell Fruit Farm

174 Pawleena Road, Sorell
One of the best farm shops in the state. You can also pick your own from the adjacent orchard.

Stephens Honey

Main Road, Mole Creek
This is the home of the iconic Leatherwood Honey blocks that have become famous throughout the world.

CWA Shop

165 Elizabeth St, Hobart
Country cooking at its best. The jams, biscuits, cakes and slices are always excellent.

Sir Loin Breier of Bicheno

57 Burgess St, Bicheno
A friendly place dispensing good meats to locals and tourists.

Grandvewe

59 Devlyns Rd, Birchs Bay
A cheese factory with a shop front where you can find wonderful sheep cheeses such as Blue by Ewe and the Manchego-like Primavera.

GRANDVEWE

59 Devlyns Rd, Birchs Bay
A cheese factory with a shop front where you can find wonderful sheep cheeses such as Blue by Ewe and the Manchego-like Primavera.

TASMANIAN HONEY COMPANY

25a Main Road, Perth
The highly decorated eye-catching tins of honey contain some of the best honey in the state.

WING AND CO

6 Russell Cres, Sandy Bay
A very good source for tins and bottles of Asian condiments as well as fresh noodles and other essentials.

LIPSCOMBE LARDER

Sandy Bay Road, Sandy Bay
A wide range of deli lines and many products cooked on the premises.

SUPREME SMALLGOODS (ZIGGY'S)

80 Hopkins St, Moonah
A great place to find middle-European meat products. Particularly good smoked hams.

SCHWOCHS' SEAFOOD

33 Harvey Street, Strahan
Leonie Schwoch knows how to cook fresh local rock lobster better than anyone. Ring ahead on 6471 7279 to place an order.

SOUTHERN CROSS FOOD WHOLESALERS

34 Federal St North Hobart
A great place for hard-to-get Italian products such as fresh ricotta.

DS TRADING

75 Albert Rd, Moonah
A wonderland of food products at reasonable prices.

LA FOURNIL DU YORKTOWN

York Town Square, Launceston
Very good French breads.

Foodtourist.com

DAY FOUR
WEDNESDAY 2ND MAY

The Menu

BREAKFAST
at
Port Esperance Sailing Club

Karen Pridham

Green Ham and Eggs

Clover Hill Sparkling 2002

In my family, the cooking of the Christmas ham has become ritualised, perhaps because of the cooking method but more likely as it is the one time of the year when we eat ham as it is meant to be. Green hams are hard to find and are generally prepared to order. On Christmas morning my family gathers around the pot to reveal the still hot beast and slice off a taste and collectively decide that this is the moment for which we live. I wanted to share something of this with you.

Method
The evening before, place the ham in a snug pot, cut off the hock if necessary and cover with water. Place on the stove, covered and bring to the boil- this may take some time and will depend on the size of the ham. Boil rapidly for 20 minutes, replace the lid and put the pot on the floor and cover with a mound of blankets. (Bean bags are ideal, one underneath and one over.) Leave overnight.

The hams for this breakfast were made from Berkshire pigs, grown at Cygnet by Leigh Christmas who cured and smoked the legs using traditional methods. The eggs were local and free range and scrambled with rich Jersey cream from a herd at Dover. Symposium attendees supplied the preserves that were served with toast.

Thanks to Anne Ripper, Jo Cook and Sarah Stephens

CATERING

15TH SYMPOSIUM PARTICIPANTS

Stephanie Alexander, Peter Althaus, Jenny Bain,
Maggie Beer, Gay Bilson, Robin Black, Margaret Blow,
Wendy Borrie, Mary Brander, Steve Bryan, Lois Butt,
Caroline Claye, Ann Cleary, Jo Cook, Ann Creber,
Lizzie Crosby, Anne Crossley, Steve Cumper,
Max Dingle, Cathy Doe, Ward Doe, Sue Dyson,
Shannon Edwards, Margaret Emery, Jennifer Fleischer,
Robert Ford, Brent Fraser, Jeanette Fry, Jeltje Gillian,
Karen Goldspink, Karen Goodwin-Roberts, Roger Haden,
Melissa Harper, Justin Harris, Anne Hazell, Carolyn Ho,
Helen Hughes, Karen Hunter, Tess Jarvis, Wayne Jarvis,
Maria Kelly, Ross Kelly, Catherine Kerry, Janet Lodge,
Elizabeth Love, Roger McShane, Philip Mead,
Gillian Minervini, Yvonne Minervini, Scott Minervini,
Leigh Muller, Lindsay Neill, Lila Oldmeadow, Charlene Ong,
Graeme Phillips, Nova Piesse, Gae Pincus, Nancy Pollock,
Karen Pridham, Elaine Reeves,Anne Ripper, Ian Ryall,
Joanna Savill, Juanita Schaller, Miranda Sharp,
Beverley Sprague, Paul Sprague, Rosemary Stanton,
Sarah Stephens, Jill Stone, Barbara Sweeney, Charmagne Thiessen,
Peter Thomson, Paul Van Reyk, Roger Vincent, Paula Wadeson,
Kathryn Wakefield, Mary Walker, Alison Wall,
Hugh Webb, Simon West, Richard White,
Jenny Williams, Sophie Zalokar