

The blackgold



Cookbook

by

Barbara Prada



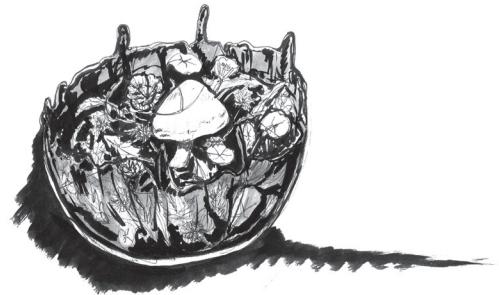
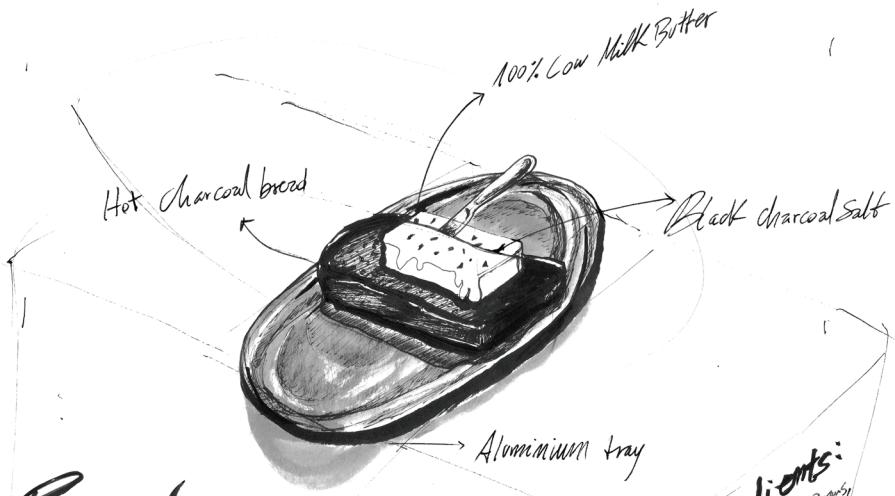


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Pa Negre

Toast the charcoal bread at 190° for 14 minutes. Place seven grams of 100% cows milk butter on top of the toast and end it with a final touch of charcoal salt stones.

Serve: on a hot aluminium tray by candle light
and to accompany with a glass of Milk.

of a kind 2020.

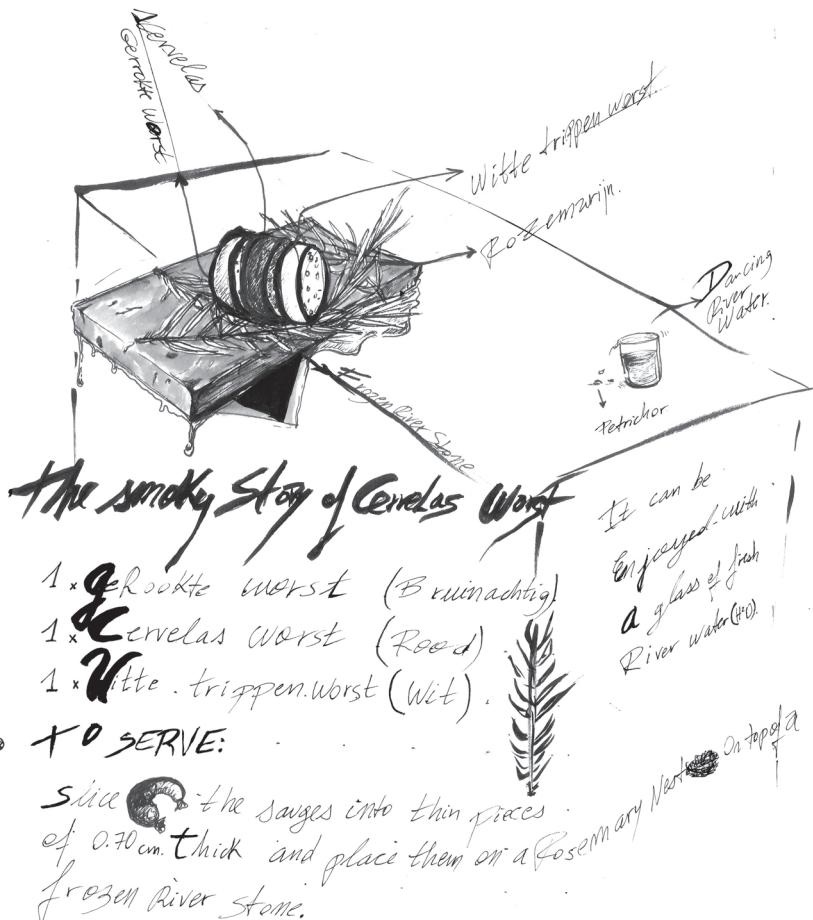
- Ingredients:
- 1 Bread of 350 grams
- 7 grams of butter
- 100% cows milk
- 1 glass of Milk
- Charcoal salt

Inspired by the miners workers of Genk. Known as big drinkers; they rinse out the coal and 30 degree heat with beer.

The ingredients that I have used in this recipe are based on the Genkse diet, which was very poor before the Black gold was discovered. After the mines opened, it offered over 45,000 jobs, making it economically the third most significant city in Flanders. But still, the workers did not have many rights. There was not an eating break and, therefore, they had to take turns while one was working the other was eating. They gave out fresh milk, because they said it was healthy for them to detox the coal. The milk and the cold coffee were simple rinses to digest better.

I imagine them all dyed in black, drinking a bottle of milk in the dark mines. Their teeth are full of coal dust, diving into their clean white sandwiches made by their beloved ones, until they swallow it all together into their 9-meter-long digestive system. Just like a black mass of bread and milk.

In 1900, Genk was a quiet village with around 2200 residents. At that time, Genk was known for its natural environment, popular among artists and painters who used Genk as a setting for their pieces. In 1901, Coal was discovered in Genk and three mining sites were developed: Zwartberg, Waterschei and Winterslag (- Mine today). As a result, the population grew exponentially. Today Genk has about 65,000 inhabitants with 107 different ethnic backgrounds. A little snack or drink was welcome after work. That was the biggest pleasure!



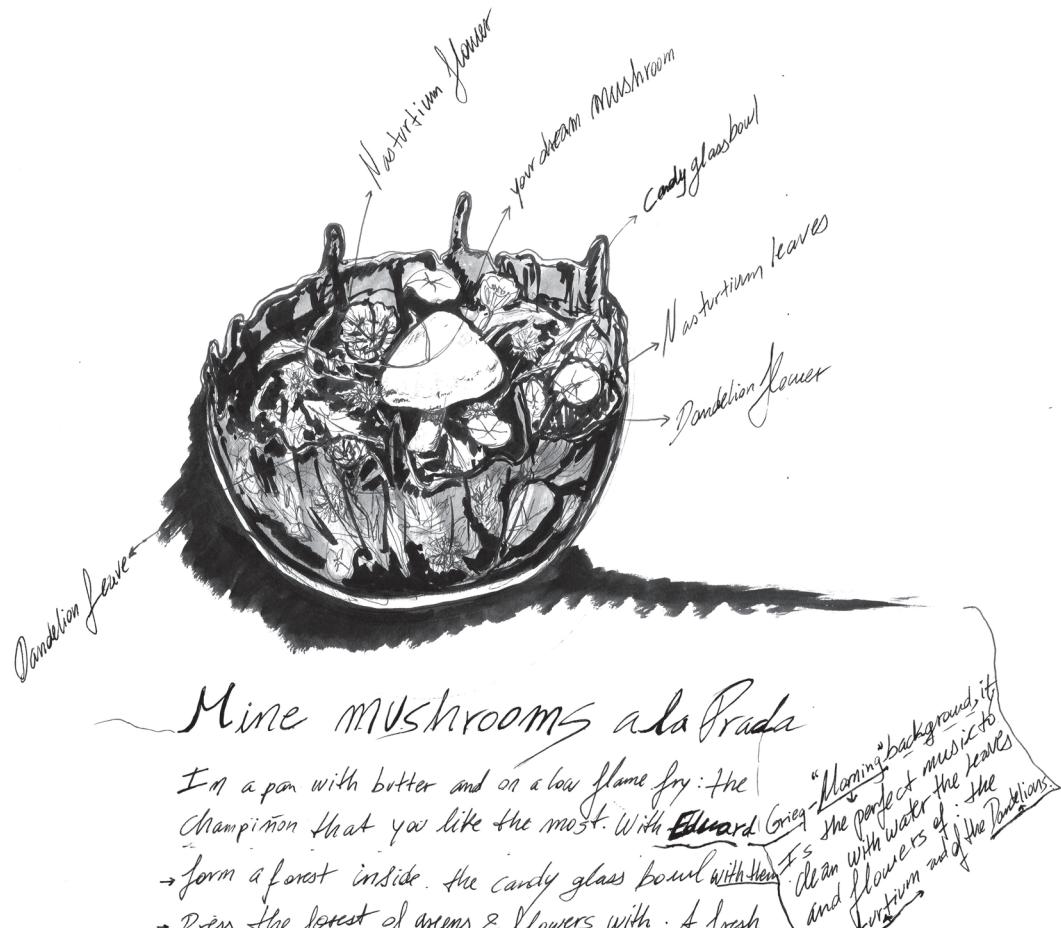
The Cervela was already mentioned in 16th century literature by Rabelais [1483(?) - 1553]. The word cervela appears in the first major Italian cookbooks in the Renaissance. The name is then cervelata, which means "with brains". Nowadays brains are no longer a fixed ingredient of the cervela, but what it does contain is usually a family secret.

Horse-garlic-sausage was the "cervela" of the poor from the 19th to the second of the 20th century. This lean and nutritious sausage was particularly popular with miners in Ghent. Horse-garlic-sausage was made with the remnants of the horsemeat, the "cutlings" that were surplus meat production.

However, large manufacturers are now obliged to state their ingredients on the packaging. That information now teaches us a great deal about the diversity of cervela.

The fresh sausages in the Barracks in front of the mines at the conveyor belt were sold together with a fresh bottle of beer at stands and even 25 after the mine closets are still engraved in the collective memory of the ex-miners.

* "DE MYTHE VAN DE PUNT-CERVELA" by Pothans. Found in the Archive of the Regional Gastronomy in Hasselt.



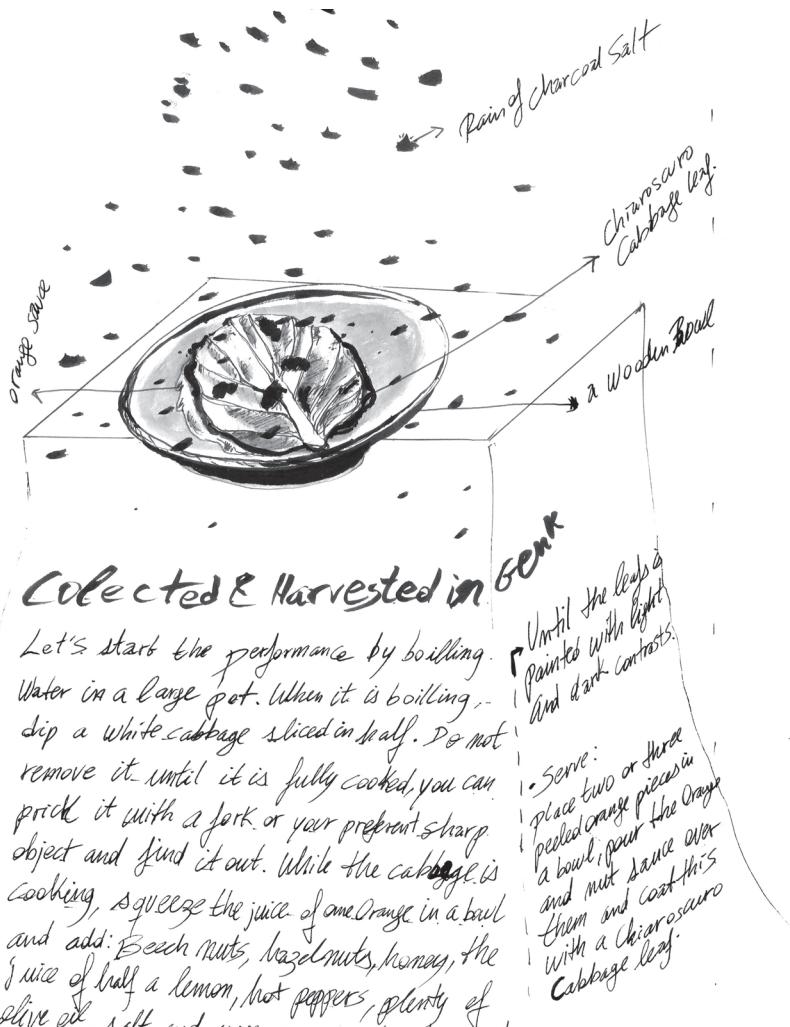
Mine mushrooms a la Prada

In a pan with butter and on a low flame fry the
champignon that you like the most. With Edward Grey "Morning" background, it
→ form a forest inside. the candy glass bowl with Hen is the perfect music to
→ Dress the forest of greens & flowers with : A fresh
cheese sauce, some olive oil, some drops of vinegar and
a personalised touch of salt & pepper.
→ Topping with a big splash of Kweepeerjam.

*I s the perfect music to
clean with water the leaves
and flowers of the Nasturtium
and Dandelions.*

Cultivated since ancient times, the Kweepeer tree flourished in the heart of Mesopotamian plains, where apples trees didn't grow. It was cultivated in an archaic period around the Mediterranean. The Kweepeer together with the mushrooms are one of the oldest fruits I found that grows in Cork. The Kweepeer has a transparent yellow pulp, which is the colour of the egg yolk or the weather project light of Eliasson Olafur. Its taste is a reminiscent of honey and maple, which is why it is one of the most widely used ingredients in desserts and liqueurs in Cork tradition. I learned that the Kweepeer's taste naturally balances the aromatic herbs and colourful flowers that I have collected and experimented during my research. Such as the Dandelion flower and leaves, (which has an intense yellow colour), and the sunny orange flower of the Nasturtium Plant who gives a spicy touch to this forest.

27.08.2020

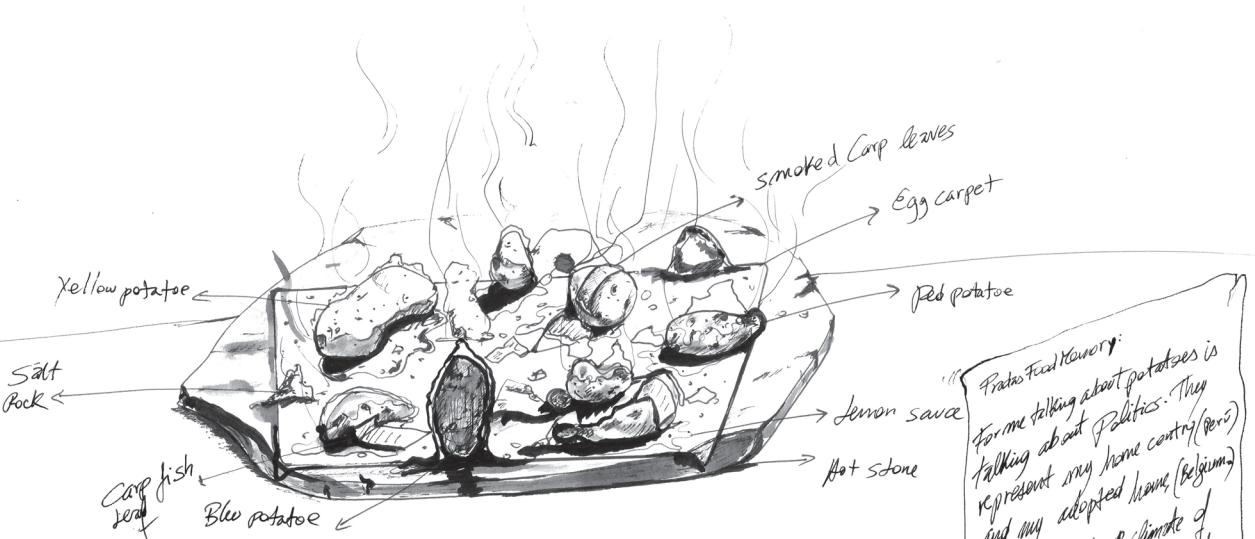


Let's start the performance by boiling water in a large pot. When it is boiling, dip a white cabbage sliced in half. Do not remove it until it is fully cooked, you can prick it with a fork or your preferred sharp object and find it out. While the cabbage is cooking, squeeze the juice of one Orange in a bowl and add: Beach nuts, hazelnuts, honey, the juice of half a lemon, hot peppers, plenty of olive oil, salt and spice pepper powder. To create a bit of contrast, take 1 leaf of the already cooked white cabbage and char it on a heated grill until it

The name of this dish is a kind of analogy between the fruits that has been harvested on the land of Gent, and the Collected from the chance culture.

Cabbage and Oranges are very common product, that grows in abundance: the first one grows up from the ground → Cabbages. They have to be covered with a lot of water. The second one, is hanging from a branch on the sky. But while the bitter Orange was introduced to Sicily in the 9th century, this was not known until the 15th or 16th century. When Italian immigration arrive to work the mines, they brought the Orange to meet the Cabbage in Gent.

26. 08. 2020.



Kimsa Rumi Akshu

The spectacular Salinas de Maras, near Cuzco, inspired me to make this edible sculptural piece. First, you have to wash and put 7 potatoes, of different colours and textures you can find in your local shops or garden. Add lots of salt until the bottom of the pot is no longer visible. Cover the pot, bring it to a boil for 1h. approx. and wait until the water has disappeared.

Preheat the oven to 250°, insert a flat stone that will be used as a plate. For the vinaigrette: use the juice of one lemon, some olive oil, one clove of garlic, mint, spring onions, parsley, thyme, other fresh seasonal herbs you like, salt, pepper and grind it all together and let it set in the fridge.

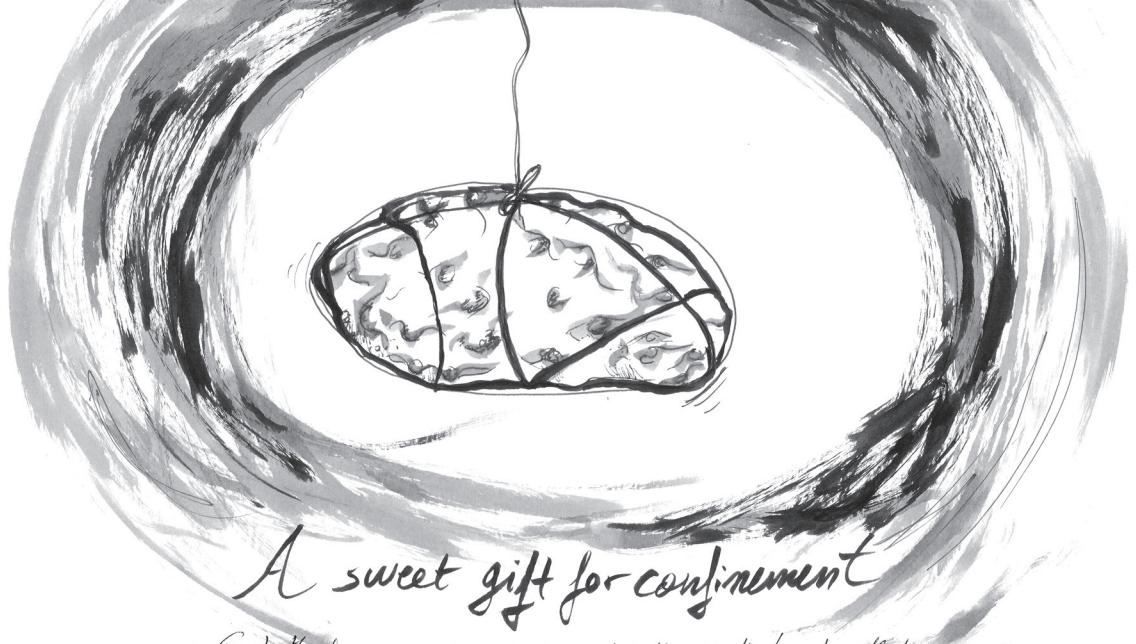
For a bowl, whisk 7 local egg yolks. Spread it out on a 43x31cm high rim baking tray. place the cooked potatoes on top and cover them with the remaining salt rocks from the boiling pot. Cook in the oven for 30min.

Prado Food Memory:
For me talking about potatoes is talking about Politics. They represent my home country (Peru) and my adopted home (Belgium). The cool and damp climate of Belgium links the roots of the potato to the Andes of Peru, the potato to my country of origin.

Remove it from the oven and carefully place the potatoes and rock salt aside. Help yourself with a spatula to remove the yellow and rectangular carpet shaped in the bottom by the eggs. Carefully now, take out from the oven the hot stone, place it on a metallic surface and add the egg carpet on the top of this. Delicately place the salt and potato rocks on top of the egg carpet. Then with a freezer long camouflage between the rocks some fine saltmost transparent leaves of a smoked carp fish. The final blow is to break the salt crust with cooking hammer. Serve the salt rocks and potatoes immediately.

This universal food is the human legacy of the Incas. The first time they where cultivated was in the Andes, between 3000 and 5000 B.C. The area comprises the south of Peru and the Altiplano in the West of Bolivia. In Peru alone, currently, more than 2.403 varieties of potatoes have been registered by the National Institute for Agricultural Innovation of Peru (INIA). These seeds have been passed on from one generation to the next one, from long before the emergence of the Inca Empire itself.

In the 18th century, a potato famine in Ireland led to the death or emigration of a quarter of its population. In the century that followed, potatoes saved Europe from starvation during the first and second world war. Today, potatoes are a familiar food for everyone in the world, but not all their varieties are available. Due to appropriation by the food industry of native seeds as private intellectual property around the world, humanity is losing hundreds of potato varieties. Agnès Varda describes the issue of potato industry in Europe, very well in her Documentary "les planteurs et la glandeuse". Potato plants are an emblematic crop that grows at high altitude, the strong and powerful tuber (i.e. the stem of the potato) belong to the Solanum family.



A sweet gift for confinement

Go to the forest or to the local market this weekend and collect all the red fruits you can find. The ones I collected in Gent were:

Cassis, Brambles, Stekelbes, Bosbessen, Gooseberry, Kersen en Paardenruit. Next! Shower the harvested fruits with water. Delicately place the fruits on a Beeswax paper and tie them up very carefully in the form of an oval package.

In a small glass bowl add a few teaspoons of honey.

To serve

Hang the packet from the ceiling with its string. And in a ritualistic gesture, ask somebody to cut off the string that binds the presentors. Once you have collected the levitating Beeswax packet from the sky, your gift is served. Open it immediately and share it with the person who ate the string. A suggestion: you can dip the fruits one by one in the honey to make it glossy!

Already on the first day of my research in the Streetgarden gastronomie of Hasselt, I found an archive talking about the "Vergaten fruit": de Mispel or *Mespilus germanica*. In the "Kookboek voorkeukens" I read multiple recipes of how to prepare the Mispel. After reading this book I decide to wander around the multi-cultural Seunke markets. Next to Cline they said it was re-captured back in some gardens of Gent. Like the permaculture garden of Gilbert Clals, with a rich biodiversity where I found many varieties of berries and a plant of Mispel and the delights of Gilberte have certainly stayed in my memory. After I continued my next visit the "Tinkerij T-Fleurtje", it's the Bees Paradise!. Freddy welcomed me to his golden world full of flowers one I could never imagine if I didn't explore it in person and which inspired me to work with this matter now and in the future project I want. We talk about the Latin names of flowers and fruits, and the case of the Mispel: which means German or Germanic melbar, it is indigenous to Iran (Persia), Southeast Asia and also Southwestern Europe, especially the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria and Turkey. Personally it was a weird beautiful fruit, which perfectly represented the positive aspect that immigration contributed to the gastronomical culture of Gent. That's why I invite everyone to go for a walk, to meet people, yes to meet people! to share knowledge and discover new berries or fruits you can find in supermarkets. Question them, where do you come from? What do you eat? and this research can be done in private and public green areas near by you.



Herrinneringen Verzorgd met lokale Vrienden

To close with this menu, inspired by Genk products and dedicated to all those curious people who want to explore through the flavors of this recipe book the mining town of Genk.

If you're definitely in Genk, you should go to the ~~cafe~~ mill and take your time, knock on the stable door and have a set of genever with Hogen-Gorzen Peraat. Or, you can take two different paths with the same action.

The action: Writing on a piece of rice with squid ink and a wooden brush; that memory of food or person that you have evoked after tasting these recipes.

the two paths:

the first path is to boil water, and throw in a handful of fresh mint leaves, to remember the Turkish and Moroccan mining immigration, a handful of Dandelion flowers, to remember the sun, some Myrica gale to remember the Haten of Genk and some droplets of lemon to remember the Italian and Spanish

Immigration who brought lemons and oranges all over from Asia to Genk. The second path is simple. Get a shot of 'Oude Ginder Genever Oude Pot' and toast to the memories, recipes and stories that the whole world has developed with food.

In Genk there is an abundance of liquors, developed techniques for distilling Juniper Berries and other local herbs. In one of my walks through the nature reserve of 'Le Haten', located near the historic Watermolen of Genk. Hogen-Gorzen Peraat guided me through this until where the Genever berries grew. Also other native species from this reserve were flourishing at the time. And suddenly there it was: The Myrica gale plant. I understood this plant after tasting its sweet and harmonic smell. In an elegant and soft liquor Peraat made and served for me. While we were talking about a beautiful poem written in Flemish dialect by the workers and friends of the cafe created inside the Slagmolen. Artists, writers and other local people's memories from Genk used to gather together there. Happy scenarios and anecdotes were recollected in this space and so in the poem. Through this poem related to food memories lived in this cafe, I could transport myself to this time again. But not only me but many other people of different generations who have been dreaming about working or creating something again in this historical Slagmolen in Genk. The poem was exhibited in the Edible Library, an installation made for Petrichor, CIAP in C-Hive on the 8th of October 2020.

7.11.2020

