



AKA is an artist-run centre operating on Treaty Six Land that encompasses the traditional homeland of numerous First Nations, including Cree, Dene, Plains Cree, Nakota, Saulteaux, and Ojibwe, and the homeland of the Métis Nation. Our work unfolds with a commitment to honour and continually learn about the histories of this land, and we acknowledge that our efforts to be supportive allies and to enable safe and open exchange are both ongoing and never complete.

Sincere thanks to the artists, Elders, and knowledge keepers who contributed their traditional cultural knowledge to this project.

WELCOME TO DINNER.

WHAT DOES SUSTENANCE MEAN TO YOU?

a full belly

- On Monuments of Generosity Conversation remembered by Justin Langlois, with Art, Sam, and Lisa Mark, members of the Heritage Wellness Society
- CHEP Good Food & 10 Collective Kitchens

of Saskatoon

- Somewhere between a 14 Chicken and a T-Rex Jordan Schwab, Locals Only food and art carts
- Stories from the Carts 22 Comics by Meagan Hong
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by the Wong family

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Kurtis Wilson

Cover photo by Derek Sandbeck. All publication illustrations by Cate Francis, unless otherwise noted.





Statue sought for 'two Gun' Cohen of Saskaloon / CBCNews - CBC.ca Sculptines Dan Kerslakefosc my Thomas Schultz 3 Jeff O'brian @ city 306 2 Jon Lerr 3 gun Cohens Story is worthy of Commemoration " It's not in history books, they don't teach this in High Echool! "I think this is a good thing to find a Canadian Hero." Specially for Saskaloon,

ON MONUMENTS OF GENEROSITY

The revolution was supported by a hustler. He was eventually made a general. But first, he stopped a robbery at one of his favourite restaurants. He had lived on a farm in rural Saskatchewan but grew up in East London. He was rough around the edges, he was a street fighter, he was a gambler.

Maybe he's an inconvenient hero. Maybe he's a symbol of friendship.

To trace his activities requires a boundless imagination. To recount his myth necessitates a feverish enthusiasm. What feels like a rumour or legend is a truth. But more than that, it's a commitment to an idea. And maybe that is as close to truth as you'd ever want to get.

I want to tell a story that was told to me in order to honour the storytellers who took the time to share it. This is their story, to be sure, but a simple recounting of that story isn't enough. You'd miss out on the details, the warmth, the friendship that framed that story in all its liveliness.

I spoke with Art, Sam, and Lisa Mark on a beautiful fall day in 2018. The weeks preceding our conversation were punctuated by text messages as we tried to arrange the time and place to gather. Art and Sam had generously agreed to tell me more about their interest in Two-Gun Cohen. I had met Art, Sam, and Lisa previously, at the first dinner we hosted as part of Locals Only nearly a year earlier. At that dinner, I heard about Two-Gun Cohen for the first time. It was an incredible tale. It sprawled in the way that the best stories always do, seeming to be lifted out of thin air that's been blown in from across the decades and from every direction. Art's enthusiastic retelling, peppered by verifications from Sam and Lisa, opened a meaningful conduit to another time and a different set of circumstances that seemed to make for the perfect setting of an unlikely revolutionary. I wanted to hear it again.

When I walked to Sam and Lisa's place, with the specific instructions to enter from the side street, I arrived at nearly the same moment as Art. It was a house I had seen many times on my walks through the neighbourhood: on a corner lot, with red siding and tall, neat fencing surrounding the edge. Sam insisted I wear a pair of his slippers. Lisa

immediately began pouring coffee. Art generously asked me to catch him up on all of the things I had been doing since we last spoke. It was a kind of hospitality that feels like the warm glow of a long-burning fireplace, taking the edge off the autumn chill and gently inviting you to slow down.

The conversation was sprawling in the best possible way. Art read a poem. Sam chided Art. Lisa showed me some tai chi. We looked at local history documents Art had prepared, watched videos about the opening of the Hong Kong–Zhuhai–Macau Bridge, and discussed intergenerational responsibilities. Along the way, Art and Sam provided a history lesson that spanned world wars, dynasties, opium industries, and Chinese food restaurants, and Lisa shared her award-winning recipe for wonton soup.

Art was a teenager when he came to Canada. It was around 1949. The People's Republic of China had just been created. Art's mother smuggled him out of the country, and they travelled to Canada, where his grandfather had previously worked on the railway. Sam was younger when he came over in 1951. They both assure me that the story of Two-Gun Cohen had begun even earlier than that. In 1905, Cohen's father sent him away from East London to get away from petty crime and work for a family friend on a Saskatchewan farm. Run-ins with the law in nearby towns eventually pushed Cohen to Saskatoon. He found fast friends in Chinese restaurants and gambling dens. One night, Cohen walked into a Chinese restaurant run by Mah Sam, where something strange was happening. There was a robbery in progress. Two-Gun Cohen stepped in, tackling the robber and then pushing him to the street. A robbery of a Chineserun business wasn't uncommon, but the fact that someone outside of the Chinese community stepped in to help was.

As word spread of Cohen's efforts to stop the robbery, the Chinese community welcomed him into their lives. Art tells me that Cohen's actions and the Chinese community's response created a bond based on acceptance and mutual aid across racial lines. This bond stood over time, and Cohen's affinity for the revolutionary activity of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, which he heard about from his friends in the Chinese community, was rewarded by a posting as Sun's bodyguard. Ma Kun, as Cohen was called by his Chinese colleagues, eventually became a general in the Chinese National Revolutionary Army and was ultimately honoured by the leaders of the People's Republic of China upon his death.

Art finishes his story, in piecemeal, over another slice of cake and more coffee. He sees monuments across Saskatoon and he wonders, Where's one for Two-Gun Cohen? He adds, ever the businessman, that a statue of Two-Gun would be a great tourist draw.

I find myself enthralled not just by the story but by Art's conviction in telling it. He lists off the reporters, academics, and community leaders who have heard him tell this story before and then adds that the story itself is quite new to him. He only heard it through a fellow volunteer on Saskatoon's Municipal Heritage Advisory Committee. Don Kerr, chair of the committee at the time and a local poet and former faculty member at the University of Saskatchewan, had written

a play about Two-Gun Cohen that had featured at the Roxy in 2005. Art has taken on the idea of creating a tribute to Two-Gun Cohen as a personal mission. I wonder what it takes to have that kind of conviction and then wonder if it's something that takes a lifetime to develop.

As our conversation winds down other paths of history, the afternoon light starts to dim. It seems to me that Art, Sam, and Lisa are all too aware that things are erased, accidentally, over time, generation by generation. But they also seem less concerned with the potential for erasure than with the efforts to diminish it. So, things might begin to fade, but there are echoes, some with more fidelity than others.

Here in Sam and Lisa's kitchen, it becomes obvious that while you can read books and watch a Historica Canadian documentary about Two-Gun Cohen, the accuracy of this tale isn't exactly what's important. It's the idea of the story. It's the legend built around this moment when one person helped another person in a time of need.

It's Art's story of Two-Gun Cohen. And it's the story that he's telling me.

Telling stories becomes a way to be in common across time. It acts as a social infrastructure that can host friendship, solidarity, and potential. At the heart of Art's story is a relationship built on mutual aid. Someone helps another person in a time of distress, they become part of an extended family. From there a revolution happens.

Telling the story re-enacts that gesture. It traces a path to care for other people, to go out of your way to show up for

someone who hasn't asked you to. It makes legible an action that underwrites the more fantastic contours of history. And then that story makes possible a new story of how the community cares for one another today. It shows a way, it activates the imagination of people like Art, and Sam, and Lisa. It underwrites how we see ourselves and how we might see those around us.

Storytelling makes it possible for us to know one another. It delimits our expectations and sets the frame for how we might understand someone's particular circumstances. But storytelling is also how we come to know one another. Storytelling is the stuff of social sustenance. It makes it possible for us to know those who come before us, and will become a bridge to those who come after us. It is the site of and material for intergenerational exchange.

Art and I left at the same time. I would see them all again the next day at another Locals Only dinner. At that dinner, Art would bring me more documents and Lisa would offer a handwritten copy of her recipe.

Their generosity continues.

The things they know have yet another trajectory into another generation of knowledge. This bit of writing doesn't stand in for a statue of Two-Gun. But I hope it can act as a monument of sorts to the generosity that Art, Sam, and Lisa shared with me.



CHEP GOOD FOOD INC.

In 1989, the Child Hunger and Education Program (CHEP) began its foundational work in Saskatoon in reaction to increasing numbers of children showing up to school having not eaten breakfast or brought a lunch. A small but motivated group of mothers, community members, teachers, and health workers formed a pilot project to address this need, working with schools to feed children healthy food that would boost their ability to learn and play. Now celebrating its 30th year, CHEP Good Food remains committed to its mission to "work with children, families, and communities to improve access to good food and promote food security."

Since its inception, CHEP has fostered the development of numerous programs in the community – programs that address food scarcity and lack of access in certain neighbourhoods (referred to as food swamps or food deserts), promote food skills and food literacy (gardening, nutrition, and cooking collectively), and develop social enterprise (for example, an internship for market gardening and cultural understanding). CHEP has received local and national awards for its innovative programs and is seen as the organization to go to when people want to learn more about their local food environment.

In 2016, CHEP and AKA artist-run started a conversation about the potential of creating a mobile grocery for the Riversdale-Pleasant Hill area as part of a larger multi-year project that would explore food security, community-based artworks, and intergenerational exchange. This conversation became the basis for **Locals Only**. Throughout 2017 and 2018, a number of community events were held to discuss food and its relationship to the core neighbourhoods. In summer 2018, artist Jordan Schwab's hand-drawn carts sold fresh fruit and invited members of the public to engage with youth-led art projects and their fellow community members.

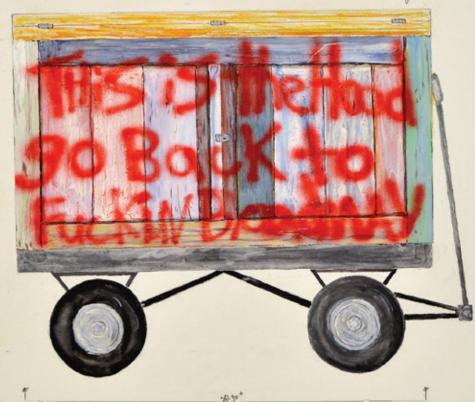
COLLECTIVE KITCHENS

Collective Kitchens operate in partnership with Saskatoon Community Clinic and Saskatchewan Health Authority (formerly Saskatoon Health Region). For over 22 years, these kitchens have brought people together to build food skills, share knowledge, and create lasting friendships.

A collective kitchen is a small group of people who pool their resources to make healthy, low-cost, delicious food in bulk, which they take home to share with their families. Each group sets a goal together and decides what to cook. Past goals include learning how to make dishes from different cultures, making a variety of easy freezer meals, and adapting favourite recipes to make them healthier.

Each kitchen has a limit of six families (including the leader) per session. The Collective Kitchen Partnership through CHEP Good Food provides partial funding for sessions, which are facilitated by one of our trained collective kitchen leaders. The funding available varies from kitchen to kitchen based on need. The Collective Kitchen program also sponsors leadership training for people who want to run a kitchen. This experience offers people from the community an opportunity to earn a Food Safe certificate, learn nutrition information from registered dieticians, and take cooking to the next level!





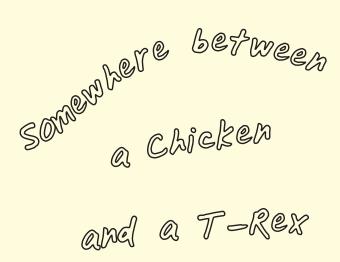
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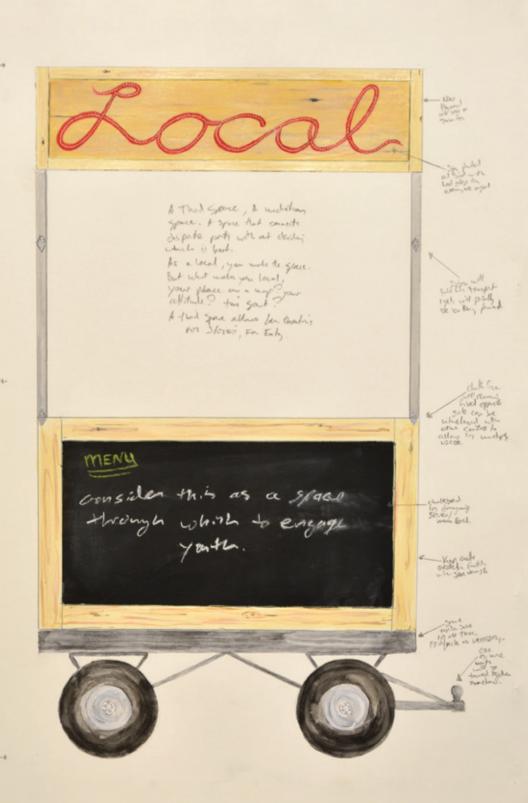
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I know was proseen, the neighborhood is clayering, Reople for claye. Claye lopping whether you the It or not, and on the smy year, it is become south, but no batter how much be yells on how much some of the Charges scan like Front point our a cotten board, you can't Stop It from Becoming.



As Riversdale changes, the neighbourhood presents two very different aesthetics: a clash of what is coming with that which has always seemed to have been there. Using three hand-pulled carts, Jordan Schwab's project for Locals Only presents a mobile base from which food can be distributed or stories and projects can be shared.

Two of the carts work together to form a communal table, the two carts that visually present the best or the worst parts of the changing neighbourhood, depending on an individual's perspective. The third cart acts as a blank slate, and a welcome sign, to draw people in and adapt to those that use it, just like the neighbourhood.





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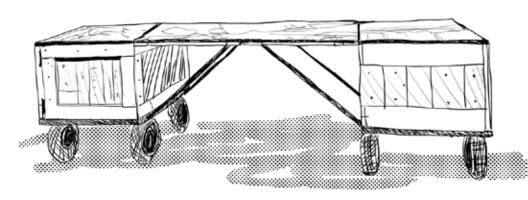


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Summer Stories at the carts









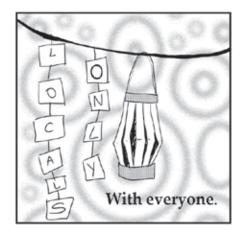
We encountered an interesting interaction with two people. A Caucasian man felt like he didn't belong in his community whereas a woman of color felt like she did.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BELONGING

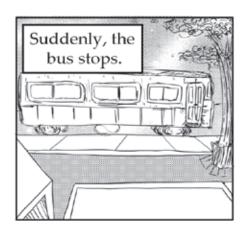


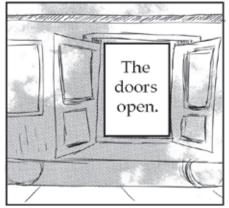






ST.PAUL'S HOSPITAL









AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR TO THE CARTS







We were blessed with great weather and families who joined our painting in the park on a hot summer day.

BENCH PAINTING



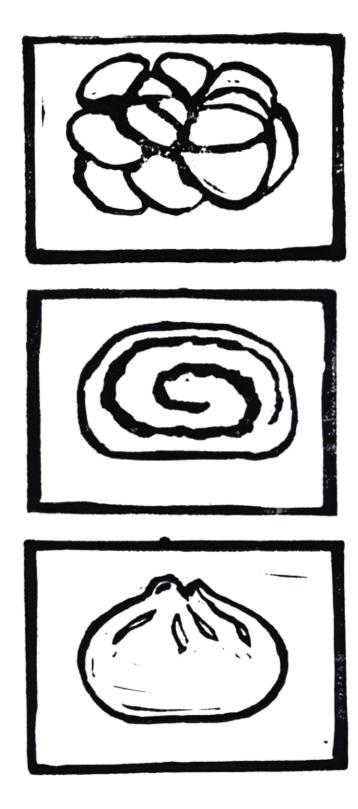
SOME

NOW:

ALWAYS:









Holly Schmidt's project *A-Y* brought together women from the cultural communities formative to the Riversdale neighbourhood to exchange breadmaking traditions and recipes. These recipes included bannock, mantou, and kolach. In the process of sharing, new bread recipes were created from elements of all of these traditions to form breads unique to the neighbourhood and intended for locals to enjoy.

We would like to acknowledge the participants' generous contributions and sharing of recipes and stories. Deep gratitude to Sylvia Biron, Keith Jorgenson, and Theth My from Nestor's Bakery, and Yen Fung from the Heritage Wellness Society of Saskatoon.

A-Y BREAD

Steamed Braided Buns

Ingredients:

8 cups flour

1½ cups sugar

2 tsp baking powder

½ tsp salt

1 packet (7 g, or 2¼ tsp) dry yeast, mixed with warm water to activate for 8–10 minutes

2 egg whites (for fluffiness)

¼ cup oil (neutral oil such as sunflower)

To Make:

Combine the dry ingredients. Make a well and pour in all of the wet ingredients except the water. Add the water a bit at a time as needed. Knead the dough until it is smooth and let it sit and rise for 1–2 hours.

Tear off four handfuls of dough. Roll them out into ropes. Bring together two ropes, weight down the end, and twist them together. Twist the other two ropes together, in the same direction. Take both twists, weight them down on the end, and twist them in the opposite direction. Cut off the ends and form the braid into a circle. Pinch the ends together. Form a ball with the cut pieces and place in the centre. Set the finished bun onto a small piece of parchment paper. Repeat with the rest of the dough. Leave the buns to rise.

Bring water and the vinegar to a boil in the steamer. To prevent condensation dripping onto the bread, it is best to use a steamer with a dome-shaped lid. Place the buns into the steamer basket, making sure there is room for them to expand, and steam for 10–15 minutes. Take the lid off quickly, moving it up and to the side so there's no dimpling from water droplets. Tear one bun apart to test if they are done.

A-Y BREAD

Rolled Bannock with Poppy Seeds

Dough: Filling:

6 cups flour 1 cup poppy seeds 2 tbsp sugar ½ cup honey 3 tbsp baking ½ cup milk

powder I tbsp fresh lemon

ı tbsp cinnamon juice
(optional) ı tbsp sugar
ı tsp salt ¼ tsp salt

1 cup lard ½ tsp vanilla extract

r cup raisins, or more if desired

You will need a coffee grinder or a mortar and pestle to grind the poppy seeds.

To Make:

Pour raisins into a bowl. Cover with just enough boiling water to submerge, and let them soak. In a separate bowl, combine dry ingredients. Add the lard and cut it in with your hands until the dough starts to stick together. Make a well and pour in the raisins and the water. Mix together with your hands. The dough should be quite wet; add more water if needed. Let it sit for about an hour

Grind the poppy seeds using a coffee grinder or mortar and pestle. Place in a small saucepan with all of the filling ingredients except the vanilla. Bring to a boil and then reduce to a simmer, stirring often. Remove from heat once the spoon holds a trail on the bottom of the pan. Let cool, then mix in vanilla.

Sprinkle more flour on the dough and knead - the less kneading the better. Bring dough together into a mound. Divide into three sections and spread out each section with your hands to about ¼ inch thick. Spread a layer of filling onto each section and fold it over. Bake at 350 °F for 30–40 minutes. Once baked, glaze the loaves with lard to keep them soft

A-Y BREAD

Wheat Berry & Honey Steamed Buns

Dough: 8 cups flour 1½ cups sugar 2 tsp baking powder ½ tsp salt 1 packet (7 g, or 2¼ tsp) dry yeast mixed with warm water to activate for 8–10 minutes 2 egg whites (for fluffiness)

4 cup oil (neutral oil such as sunflower)
Sliver of lard
2 cups water
(3 cups if not using egg whites)
1 tsp vinegar (for steamer water)

Filling:

½ cup wheat berries 3 tbsp honey

To Make:

Combine the dry ingredients. Make a well and pour in all of the wet ingredients except the water. Add the water a bit at a time as needed. Knead the dough until it is smooth and let it sit and rise for 1–2 hours.

To make the filling, bring wheat berries to a boil and then simmer until tender (approximately 30 minutes). Strain and rinse the berries with cool water. Allow them to dry for a few minutes and pour into a bowl with honey. Stir until combined.

Tear off a small ball of dough the size of a ping-pong ball. Roll into a circle and place a tablespoon of the filling in the centre. Fold the dough around the filling, pinching and pleating as you go. Set aside on a small piece of parchment paper. You can cover the buns with a damp cloth to prevent drying. They will rise in the time it takes to fill and seal them.

Bring water and the vinegar to boil in the steamer. To prevent condensation dripping onto the buns, it is best to use a steamer with a dome-shaped lid. Place the buns into the steamer and steam for 8–10 minutes. Take the lid off quickly, moving it up and to the side so there's no dimpling from water droplets. Tear one bun apart to test if they are done.

A-Y BREAD

Baked Buns with Poppy Seed

Ingredients:

8 cups flour 1½ cups sugar 2 tsp baking powder

½ tsp salt

I packet (7 g, or 2¼ tsp) dry yeast, mixed with warm water to activate for 8–10 minutes

2 eggs, separated into whites (for fluffiness) and yolks (for egg wash)

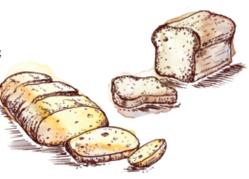
To Make:

Combine the dry ingredients. Make a well and pour in all the wet ingredients except the water and egg yolks. Set aside the yolks. Add the water a bit at a time as needed. Knead the dough until it is smooth, and let it sit and rise for 2 hours.

Divide the dough into three sections. Roll out a section into a long rectangle. Fold it over three times, similar to a jelly roll. Cut with a knife into 3-inch segments. Repeat with other sections.

Place the buns onto a baking sheet covered with parchment paper. Let them rise for 1–2 hours

Mix together the reserved egg yolks to create an egg wash, and brush it over the buns. Sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake at 350 °F for 20–25 minutes.





INDIGENOUS *FOOD* ISSUES, SOME THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS

worked community on development and food security issues off and on throughout my life. After graduating with a university undergraduate degree, I worked for the Saskatchewan Indian Agriculture Project, housed in what was then the Department of Agriculture in Saskatchewan. My travels Saskatchewan took me as far north as Southend Reindeer Lake to work with local gardeners. There, I was responsible for introducing and/or re-establishing gardens in First Nations communities throughout Saskatchewan.

It wasn't that I was introducing food ideas anywhere, but it was through these community visits that I began to see the impact of western development on the traditional diets of my people and as a cause of food systems breakdowns. Dams, clearcuts, mineral exploration, and mines took and continue to take their toll on largely non-industrialized peoples. In times of reconciliation, I believe broader society needs to recognize the true history of Canada and how it was built by undermining all Indigenous familial and cultural (including foods) systems. To date, most Canadians still don't understand this because most will not learn it in educational institutes.

Those clearcuts, mines, dams, floods, and tar sands called western development have meant disaster for our lands and waters. This is illustrated in some 100 to 168 existing boil water advisories existing in First Nations communities. Many of these advisories have been around for decades. Current Indigenous health/food challenges are also based on the early colonial

history of food deprivation/starvation and experimentation, as in the case of residential schools, the settlement of Canada, and establishment of reserves. Land grabs, patents on life, climate change, biodiversity loss (heritage crops, seeds) due to monocultures are routine and further impact Indigenous food sovereignty and sovereignty in general as hundreds of thousands of species disappear each year globally.

Today's "let it burn" policy has meant the loss of thousands of acres of prime hunting grounds, in part because provinces view the cost of fire prevention as too expensive. In years gone by, Indigenous firefighters earned a respectable seasonal wage through firefighting, as no one knew or knows the land better than northern Cree and Dene. Saskatchewan was settled in part by farming, but today family farms, of which a significant number are Indigenous, have all but disappeared to make way for a capitalintensive corporate brand of agriculture. Industrial food systems are highly energy dependent, often relying on massive trucking operations for distribution. Industrial agriculture/food systems also use massive amounts of pesticides and industrial fertilizers, all reliant on fossil fuels, which only further contribute to greenhouse gases that create irreversible climate change.

Sadly, Indigenous contributions to the world food supplies based on thousands of years of knowledge are ignored. All of these issues and travel and networking with colleagues working on the United Nations Convention on Biological Diversity helped me to understand deeply the work that needed to be

done, as well as who was/is fighting back, forging out new pathways of understanding and action. People working for food sovereignty believe that food sovereignty must be done on the ground and as an intellectual effort.

For the past two decades, my family has worked with the urban community garden movement, planning and establishing urban gardens. Ours was the first community garden, which has currently doubled in size and has provided inspiration for close to a hundred gardens in and around Saskatoon. Also during this time, I completed a PhD, in which I looked at the impact of biotechnology on Indigenous food sources.

My eventual dissertation on how to Indigenize the academy by understanding, utilizing, and integrating Indigenous Knowledge Systems. I was and remain concerned with the impact of some scientific research on traditional foodstuffs. I am not alone in my concerns that these practices are impacting lands and communities. Any time you have corporate interferences in Indigenous food sovereignty it can be a recipe for disaster. I represent a growing number of people with food concerns and I believe the government needs to support Indigenous-led food ventures rather than monopoly profit-driven retailers that sell mostly unhealthy food.

Today, I teach a course on Indigenous food sovereignty and am linked to other food movements across North America and the world. In a world that sees increasing health issues with the type of food that is being produced, it is heartening to see that people on the

ground are pushing back on sovereignty issues. Indeed many of my students have made food sovereignty one of their life's priorities. Migrant workers, who suffer from outrageous human rights abuses and who today grow many of our foods, must be accorded the same protection of citizenship as all Canadians.

This year we will launch our longawaited book on Indigenous food systems, representing the revitalization of traditional food projects across Our collective voices Canada. stronger in a world that is experiencing disappearing biodiversity, loss of species, and destruction of homelands. Diabetes, contaminated water, and lands are just the tip of the iceberg. Climate change is drasticly impacting people's livelihoods, resulting in the loss of life. The time has come to see the interconnectedness of what we are doing to the land through rapacious "development," for both the sake of our health and the need for us to act.

I am optimistic when I see the impact throughout the world of grassroots efforts to support food sovereignty. This movement has the capacity to improve quality of life in communities, energize and inspire youth, build alliances, save the environment, produce good food, focus on local economies, and, in the long term, address climate change.

Boil 3 Caps of leatils in MED. Heat 4 Hours 3 aurs of lentil Scaked Salt to task (2 Hos) and and impedents showing + Boil for 4 How 1/2 can of tomato poste or 6 Dicest tomatoes Fish Oragano leaver to table (Tuse around 2785) Deppers 29 reen Sweet Bell 1002 Gly build on on 5 (to tast) 2 chims overnight. (1 can) 1 Plantaine peeled (green or right) Optional - Brown Sugar 2 TAS 1 Gerp alante Chapped - Alejando laure (Bay ba veg) In www Heat 2 Dinions CHOSped 2 Carrots Chapped 2 Garlic Cloves 1 entil Soup Puerto Pican

Pancakes.

4 egg whites Beaten stift. 4 egg yolks

mix on med speed add & TSp Baking founder Approx 3 c J ps Flows 2 75p 50gar

add in egg whites.

pour out in table size in a med how heated hightly oiled Pan, when the air bubbles pop approx 1-142 min Flip over for 1 min.



Foraging Notes

WILD ROSE PETALS

Foraging Notes:

My late friend Marie Symes-Grehan made her living picking wild rose petals from the parkland forest around her home at Lily Plain, Saskatchewan. She'd harvest in the cool of the morning. In the afternoon, she would pour the bounty of velvet petals onto her long wooden kitchen table and pick them clean of spiders, ants, bugs, and leaves. In the evening, she processed the delicate pink harvest into fragrant jams and jellies to sell at farmers markets and in specialty shops.

I think of Marie whenever I make this syrup and drizzle it over ice cream or stir it into my morning yogurt.

Wild Rose Petal Syrup

Ingredients:

4 cups wild rose petals, cleaned

2 cups sugar

ı cup water

1/4 cup lemon juice

To Make:

Bring petals, water, and sugar to a boil and reduce heat to a simmer. Cook until reduced by a third and thick enough to coat the back of a spoon, about 25 minutes. Add lemon juice. Remove from heat. When cool, store in a glass jar in the fridge.



CATTAIL

Foraging Notes:

Fresh Air Flavours was a company at Nipawin, Saskatchewan, owned by a Julie Remple, a young woman with four small children. She would drive to fields and ponds and park her minivan and put on music or DVDs for the kids and begin work foraging ingredients for her line of jams, jellies, pesto, and pickles. I fell in love with her Cossack Asparagus (pickled cattail hearts).

Using only the tenderest of young cattail shoots, this dish tastes like cucumber with a hint of asparagus. If you feel any resistance when pulling up the shoot, it is too large. Rinse thoroughly and peel any outer, tough layers.

Pickled Cattail Heart

Ingredients:

2 cups cattail shoots, cleaned well and sliced into ¼ inch pieces 1 cup water ¼ cup white vinegar 2 tbsp honey ½ tsp freshly ground pepper

To Make:

Bring water, vinegar, honey, and pepper to a boil in a medium sized, non-reactive pot. Add sliced cattail shoots and let them boil for 2 minutes, then remove from heat and pour brine and pickles into a clean glass jar. Let cool uncovered, then put the lid on and store in the fridge for up to 2 weeks.



CATTAIL

Foraging Notes

I once stalked a pond for three weeks to glean enough cattail pollen to make 400 servings of spätzle for a cooking competition.

Once it appears, the bright yellow pollen atop the male part of the plant will quickly get blown away, so near daily monitoring is required. Once the pollen releases easily into the air with a gentle tap of the fingers, it can be harvested by bending the head down into a bag or a 4 litre milk jug with the top cut off.

After harvesting, run through a fine sieve or use a tea ball to get rid of chaff and bugs.

Cattail pollen is full of nutrients and has a sweet flavour that reminds me of white chocolate. It adds sunshine to any dish. Wild mint often grows at the foot of the cattails and the two plants pair nicely together in cuisine.

Cattail Pollen Spätzle

Ingredients:

2 cups all-purpose flour

1/4 cup cattail pollen

½ cup milk

4 farm eggs

1/4 tsp ground nutmeg

ı tsp salt

½ tsp ground pepper butter for frying

To Make:

Mix flour, cattail pollen, salt, pepper, and nutmeg in a large bowl. In a separate bowl, whisk eggs and milk together. Pour into dry ingredients and mix until smooth.

Heat 12 cups water to boil in a medium pot and add a bit of salt. Using a spätzle press, colander, or cutting board and knife, drop dough into water to create short noodles, using a third of the batter each time. Retrieve finished noodles with a slotted spoon and place in an ice bath if not using immediately.

Pan fry with garlic and top with toasted breadcrumbs or bannock crumbs.



ROSEHIPS

Foraging Notes:

Rosehips are much sweeter after the first frost. I overheard Demar Hastings tell my mother so while we sat drinking tea in her cabin on the trapline when I was a little girl.

I pick them in late fall and throughout the winter and freeze or dry them for use in tea, soups, jellies, compotes, and sauces. Their flavour pairs well with tomatoes, apples, honey, lemon, and lime. Rosehips are very high in vitamin C, beta carotene, and lutein. The seeds and tiny hairs inside the fruit can cause minor itching and digestive distress, so take care to use just the flesh. Rosehips should only be harvested from areas free of pesticides. Resist the urge to over-harvest, as birds like to feast on these too!

Rosehip and Garlic Compound Butter

Ingredients:

¼ cup rosehip flesh, seeds removed

- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp lime zest
- 2 tsp lime juice
- 4 tsp black pepper
- 1 cup salted butter, softened

To Make:

In a blender or food processor, pulse rosehip, garlic, lime juice, and lime zest. Add butter and blend until combined. Spoon onto a piece of plastic wrap and roll into a log. Twist ends to seal well. Refrigerate at least 1 hour. Slice into rounds and enjoy on steaks, vegetables, or bread.

This compound butter is simple to make and is wonderful with fresh bread or bannock, corn on the cob, or roasted vegetables. It can be frozen for up to a month.

Text: Vanessa Kwan Images: Jireh Wong

Bowls, stacked Breath, short of

My legs are short; it takes me a while to get
where I'm going. I circumnavigate the
neighbourhood at night, peering in windows,
simultaneously charmed and disturbed at the
number of empty storefronts. A run-down neon
sign, a peeling vinyl double-happiness sticker on
the door, a poster sun-bleached well beyond
a passing legibility. Looking closely at the
latter, I see the shadow of chop suey;
chunks of lemon chicken and sweet and
sour pork shine in the pulpy, faded inks.
Behind that, piles of chafing dishes and a
counter-buffet, undusted.

I'm from a place not entirely unlike here. Not entirely like, either; we are short-legged cousins that came from away.

We eat dinner at an upscale fusion restaurant and the meal comes with white rice; upended from a bowl, it forms a perfect dome. I eat pork belly and dumplings and drink beer infused with coriander.

The cutlery is weirdly heavy, that high fashion stuff that feels funny in your hand. I scrape up the last of the pork, the grainy orb gone, a grease trail smearing the plate.

The staff are attentive, but there's a loud party next to us, getting drunk on twelve-dollar cocktails.





Michael from the gallery tells me a story of visiting one of the restaurants on the strip – the Golden Dragon, a local institution since 1958. It closed in 2011, and the building sits largely unchanged, at least on the outside. The exterior is stunning, a neon-blinged extrovert advertising big-print cuisine:

CHOP SUEY

STEAKS

BAR-B-Q CHICKEN

Michael talks about touring the basement on one of his site visits. He's seen boxes stacked with old dishes from the restaurant's bustling past. I can't stop thinking about this. In my mind it's thousands of rice bowls stacked in boxes, a library of vessels spanning decades of service. Bowls filled and emptied thousands of times over in the hustle of weekend dim sum, on the crisp spread of a white tablecloth, over the spin of a well-worn lazy Susan.

Noise and flavour from other places and tables and times seep into this present moment. Alike and unlike.

I develop a cough from the dry air. I sit by the river feeling the air come in ragged. I'm googling "lung volume" because I think there's something wrong with me. I'm a hypochondriac. Tidal breaths (the body at rest) will bring in 500 mL of air, hold it, let it go, hundreds of times an hour.

The water laps at the banks by the skate park. I eat an ice cream roughly the size of my fist.

Later, as I'm falling asleep, I imagine the room filling through the night with exhalations, volume upon volume upon volume.

_

We have our final dinner at the all-you-caneat Chinese buffet, because I'm feeling nostalgic. Bowls of wonton soup following plates of french fries, perogies, and chicken wings. Finger on the edge of a chipped bowl, I worry the broken bit with my thumbnail, stifle a cough, and eye the black bean chicken.

I have the kind of memory that forgets. The gut stands in sometimes where the mind fails, and tonight the salt and fat and sweet red sauce transports me to neighbourhoods long since disappeared.

I'm too full afterwards, walking slowly home.

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Just before I go, Michael takes me through the ex-Golden Dragon, now a busy restaurant serving fine, starchy brunches. It's crowded, so we wait a while before we're able to convince someone to let us rummage in the basement.

We walk through a private banquet room, still adorned in Chinese lanterns, pictures of emperors on the dark wood-panelled walls. I want to be a kid in this room, crawling around on the floor, listening to the racket of eating and conversation.

I want to be bored, restless, stuffed.

I'm disappointed to find the boxes from Michael's memory gone. He thinks they might be using them upstairs. We poke around for a few more minutes and manage to find some old take-out menus and a check from the 70s. Shrimp fried rice and two whiskey gingers. The bill is \$2.07.

As we leave I see some dishes with the Golden Dragon wordmark clanking into the bussing station, slick with hollandaise. Grease ghosts.





On the plane, I spread butter purloined from an airport restaurant on bread bought from an all-night bakery. As I tear pieces off the loaf, the dough pulls away in rich, sinewy chunks. I fumble with the crappy plastic knife, get oily crumbs on my sweater.

The air is scratchy.

I feel the volume of my breath.
I think of those remaindered bowls, stacked no more in the basement of a now-defunct Chinese restaurant in Saskatoon.

I swallow. My body does the work, breathes in and exhales, over and over. The plane rises and falls.

Bodies moving slowly through space, spaces moving slowly towards something else.

To be full. To be here.

To hold on and let go.







HatJogy COOK; COOK; Court Marie Court Strains Court Strains Court Strains Court Geef Prise Kool aid

SHARED CONVERSATIONS

AKA artist-run, Hamilton Artists Inc., Modern Fuel, Open Space, this town is small, UAS

As part of Locals Only, Shared Conversations brought together artist-run centres from across the country to host local meals and conversations, gathering community stories and building a multifaceted dialogue around issues related to gentrification, intergenerational reciprocity, and food security. The event brought these issues into direct contact with artist-run centres and their communities, creating the opportunity to explore new points of solidarity and community engagement, and an expanded view of artist-run activity.

As part of this initiative, we are and shared simultaneously across time zones and geographies with friends at Open Space in Victoria, Untitled Arts Society (UAS) in Calgary, Hamilton Artists Inc., Modern Fuel in Kingston, and this town is small in Charlottetown. Included below are short reflections from each of these events.

AKA ARTIST-RUN

On October 27, beginning at 4:30 p.m. local time, AKA hosted a community meal, inviting families, youth, Elders, and artists connected to Riversdale and Locals Only. Over a light family-style meal of seasonal foods, we gathered for conversations around the role of food and storytelling in producing a sense of "the commons."

Over a lovely meal, which featured Holly Schmidt's project, A-Y, we shared stories from our everyday lives that looked at the ways in which we could imagine a common good, enact a common public space, and collectively care for the things we share in common



OPEN SPACE

At Open Space in Victoria, the event was framed by a number of questions: What does it mean to gather on these territories? How can we cultivate stronger relationships with each other and with the land we are on? In what ways can food bring us together? The afternoon began with guest artist Tiffany Joseph speaking about her work, then we heard from Kayla Siefried of the Compost Education Centre, and finally we heard a short talk from Macayla Yan, a community organizer who hosts QT2IPOC Dinners in Victoria.

Between each talk there were breaks for food and sustenance, and then the conversations continued, exploring other questions such as: How do you keep your cultural heritage alive through food? How can we make our creative work responsible to the land? What does it look like to feed a community? How do we create food sovereignty?



UAS

From Calgary's UAS, Danielle Black/Sui Taa Kii offered this reflection: I was very honoured and humbled by my experience with the 2018 Locals Only event that happened in Mohkintsis/Calgary on October 27. We had a small and intimate meal and conversation that was created by the hands of our talented Odawa/Ojibway chef Liberty Rivers. Her menu included many dishes our guests had never tried before, such as Whale blubber, Snow Goose, and Elk. Of course we had the pleasure of indulging in some of our favourites, like bannock, fry bread, and berry soup. She also had help from her oldest child, Oliver Rivers, who assisted Liberty in the prep and cooking of the feast. It is incredible to witness a mother pass on knowledge to her family through food and cooking, a practice always known to Indigenous people to carry on our ways of life.

SUSTAIN

- MENU-LIBERTY RIVERS



BELUGA MATTAAQ WITH SOY SAUCE Beluga Whale skin and blubber

SMOKED SALMON SKEWERS Shaved smoked salmon on whipped dill cream cheese and cucumber

PICKLED VEGTABLES Locally grown pickled vegtables



SNOW GOOSE SOUP





HAMILTON ARTISTS INC.

From Hamilton Artists Inc., Kristina Durka, an Emerging Artist and Programming Assistant, offered these notes: The dinner was a conversation about the life, labour, and lived experiences of each attendee. Gentrification had brought everyone together that evening, and hopefully we raised awareness of the possible small steps each of us can take in support of our neighbours. At the event, members of our artist-run centre and members of the Hamilton Tenants Solidarity Network gathered for a dinner to discuss changes to our city. The funds from our dinner supported the East Hamilton Rent Strike, which has been in effect since May 2018. Seniors, new Canadians, young adults, and low-income earners have been on strike to protest the rising rents and unclean living conditions of the Stoney Creek Towers. The people living in these buildings have nowhere left to go and must strike and risk eviction. The artists present at this event were apologetic about their role in helping beautify the city, attracting investors who build expensive condos. The artists were curious and eager to help in any way they could. The representatives from the Hamilton Tenants Solidarity Network did not have a clear answer, but they asked homeowners to rally with them at the Landlord and Tenant Board hearings.



MODERN FUEL

At Modern Fuel in Kingston, Henry Heng Lu organized an event that began with artist Amy Wong offering a presentation on how food is incorporated into her artistic practice, alongside a potluck meal. Over shared food and conversations, Amy discussed how food can be the basis for getting together to talk about the transmission of culture, alternative bodies of knowledge, and non-Western ways of knowing and being. Participants discussed why they brought the food they did and what brought them to the potluck, and exchanged stories about their cultural backgrounds.

Conversations were also struck up about the experience of living between the rural and the urban, paralleling the relationship many people have to the food they eat. Participants also discussed how living in a community like Kingston enables them to have a close relationship to their food and the farmers who produce it, which in turn supports local markets and a more local diet.



THIS TOWN IS SMALL

At this town is small, Carina Phillips brought together a small group of about eight people for an event in a communal kitchen that is usually shared by artists who have studio spaces in the building. There were farmers, gardeners, community builders, and kombucha makers, of all different generations, who were eager to learn how to bake bread from a skilled local bread maker, Angel McKann of True Loaf Bakery. They kneaded sourdough rolls and massaged olive oil into the northern Italian bread called focaccia, all while sharing the personal staple meals they had grown up with, which ranged from homemade mac 'n' cheese to hand-rolled sushi.

They also discussed how 1 in 5 families on P.E.I. are food insecure, making it the second-highest ranked province for food insecurity in Canada, and how, on what is called an agricultural island, that seems absurd. They ended the evening with a discussion about how the simple act of cooking, eating, and sharing together is a grassroots approach that is simple yet radical.









Excerpts from pimatisiwin

From 2016 to 2018, CHEP Good Food worked with playwright and actor Curtis Peeteetuce, eventually hiring him as their artist-in-residence to write a play about the intersections of land, language, and food. Partners in this project were the Gordon Tootoosis Nīkānīwin Theatre and Wanuskewin Heritage Park. The artist selected these excepts for inclusion in *Locals Only*.

ÂNISKÔMIW – CONNECTED

Patricia Kihew is at the health centre. A young gentleman named Dustin (Autumn's estranged father) is the nutritionist in to talk to Patricia about her diet and health.

PATRICIA

I'm sure everything you've learned is helping you and others, but listen. I'm a nehiyaw woman from the 30s. Now everyone knows that paskwa mostos, the buffalo, was our main source, but there are nehiyaw ways of nutrition, food and food systems that your knowledge doesn't even know about. Do you know your own history with food? Knowledge about how, for generations, we have lived off this land. There are stories, protocols, ways that I've lost over the years but ways that are not lost. As I'm near my time here in this life, I can only hope people like you will take the time to learn

Patricia takes time to stand on her feet.

PATRICIA

I was listening to a debate on TV one time. They were talking about agriculture versus natural "ecosystems"? I think that's the word. It got real intense. I swear the woman who was arguing for natural was a Cree woman or something. She was tough and strong. Did you know that the last real intact natural ecosystems are on reserves? They're not in greenhouses or in gardens or these multivariety unnatural species of plants in the cities or rural communities, they're on reserves. And industry is killing that. Herbicides. You want proof? Look at the trees and plants around land that has herbicides. You'll see. The last real natural ecosystems, she said. Once those are gone, how long do you think humans are actually gonna survive after that? It's time for us to wake up. I don't know about you, but I'm tired. And it's starting to feel to me like we're running out of time. For what? I don't know. But I want to ... I just can't by myself. You know?

She leans in.

In my time, no one was poor or hungry. Everybody had something ... So don't talk to me like you're any better than me.

Dustin is suddenly uncomfortable.

DUSTIN

I never met my daughter.

PATRICIA

Her name's Autumn. Autumn Kihew.

Autumn enters with her mother Winter following. All are suddenly quiet.

AUTUMN Câpân?

PATRICIA Little Câpân.

AUTUMN What's wrong?

PATRICIA

Oh little Câpân. I'm fine right now. Astam.

Winter catches up but stays at the door of the room. Dustin notices and is suddenly quiet.

PATRICIA

I'm fine for right now. I'm here to see ... my friend, uh ... This is ...

DUSTIN

Uh hello. My name is Dustin. I'm the nutritionist that works here.

AUTUMN

You're new.

DUSTIN

Uh, yes. I'm the new guy.

AUTUMN

Cool. I can't shake your hand. I'm not sick or anything. I'm going through my berry fast. It's kinda gross but also ceremonial so kinda cool but also takes a long time for a thing called a "fast." You wouldn't get it. You're just a guy.

DUSTIN Understood.

AUTUMN

This is my mom. Her name's Winter.

DUSTIN Hello.

WINTER Hi.

AUTUMN

Câpân, what's wrong. Why did you say for now?

PATRICIA

I'm going to be leaving you soon, Autumn.

AUTUMN What? Why?

PATRICIA

I'm going to be dying, my girl.

AUTUMN

Why are you dying, Câpân?

PATRICIA

Just old is all. Wear and tear. Like an old frying pan. Happens to us all.

AUTUMN

E-waskweyawin?

PATRICIA

Yes, yes, my girl. Aww, you're so smart. Takahki, little Câpân.

AUTUMN

No...

PATRICIA

Oh, now don't you go feeling sad or bad. Don't you do that.

AUTUMN

Câpân, I don't want you to go.

PATRICIA

This is what I've been talking to you about. For a long time now. So don't go being like that. I told you that you'll need to be strong and ready. Remember?

AUTUMN

Okay.

PATRICIA

I see courage, strength, and wisdom in you. I did the best I could so you could know who you are. And you've learned so much.

Never stop learning ... and never stop being you.

Autumn comes in for a hug.

AUTUMN

I love you Câpân. Thank you for being there for me...

Autumn sits beside the bed holding Patricia's hand. Transition.

NÎPEPIWIN - WAKE

Stone Pipe Rec Centre. Members of the community are gathered, including elders, families, as well as Father Durand. Winter sits with Autumn. An honour song concludes.

FR DURAND

Tânisi, members of the Stone Pipe First Nation, family and friends of the late Patricia Louisa Kihew. I am Father Henry Durand. We will begin today's service with a traditional Cree prayer. Do we have a member of the family who will lead?

JOEL I can do it.

WINTER

Are you sure you wanna do the prayer?

AUTUMN Let him, Mom.

JOEL

For Nohkom Patricia.

WINTER

Fine

FR HENRY DURAND Thank you. You may proceed.

JOEL

Ahem

Haw kisemanito, ohkomak, mosomak (Creator, grandmothers, grandfathers) nanaskimon anohe kakîsikak (Thank you for this day)

nanaskimon e-miyopimâtisiyah (Thank you for the life we live)

ekwa sahkihitowin e-mosîtahyah (And the love we feel)

namoya nîyanân metoni kwayask ayisiyinowak (We are not perfect people)

maka nîtapahteyimisonân (We are but humble human beings)

wîcihinân tahtoh kîsikâw (Help us every day)

mînân îyînîsôwin ekwa mîyomâcihôwin (Give us knowledge and good health)

saweyiminân kamiyo pimâtisîyâhk (Bless us to have a good life)

Hei hei.

FR DURAND Amen. Let us begin ...

Winter, Autumn, and Joel stand together, holding hands. Patricia takes one last look at her family, smiles, then exits.





Images: Cory Dallas Standing, Gordon Tootoosis Nīkānīwin Theatre

KISIPAYIN - ENDING

At the grave of Patricia Kihew, Autumn reflects on the women who helped her along her fast as she sits with her mom.

> WINTER My girl.

AUTUMN Yes?

WINTER
I think it'll be time for you to meet your
dad soon ...

AUTUMN Wow. Really?

> WINTER Yeah ...

AUTUMN
I learned a lot of things while you were gone, Mom.

Thunder, rain. The sound of an eagle, then once again darkness and silence.

WINTER Tell me, my girl, what did you learn about?

AUTUMN My family ...

Winter kisses Autumn on the forehead. They exit.

EKOSI ANIMA





The Bannock Queen

I met Sylvia Biron, Saskatoon's Bannock Queen, through A-Y, a project I created as part of Locals Only. In the summer of 2018, A-Y brought together women from the cultural communities formative to the Riversdale neighbourhood to exchange breadmaking traditions and recipes. These recipes included bannock, mantou, and kolach. In the process of sharing, we created new bread recipes from elements of all of these traditions to form recipes unique to the neighbourhood and intended for locals to enjoy.

Through this exchange, I connected with Sylvia's kind spirit and passion for baking, so when I returned in the fall of 2018, I invited her to make bread and bannock with me for a community dinner at AKA. Together, we rolled up our sleeves to make the recipes from the summer and invented a few new ones along the way. While spreading the flour and kneading the dough, Sylvia's stories tumbled out one after another. Hoping to capture some of these anecdotes, I caught up with Sylvia for an interview.



Holly: Sylvia, I was wondering, who taught you how to make bannock?

Sylvia: My mother taught me, because when I was young, around age twelve, my mom needed someone to start cooking. She was working at the school, so she needed someone to start learning how to cook in the house. She saw me doing that job. There were eleven kids in our family and my mom and dad, so I had to make big pots of stew and soup for thirteen people. I would go home right after school and make bannock. My bannock got better with time. My first bannock was like a hockey puck. That's how you learn, you keep practising.

Holly: Your mother must have really appreciated having your help with the cooking at home. She seems to have recognized your talent for cooking and experimenting with new recipes at a young age.

Sylvia: Yeah, I was the only one of my siblings that my mom taught how to cook. Whenever there was something new she wanted me to learn, she would say, "Sylvia, you've got to try this." One time she called

me and said, "How about putting gumdrops in your cake mix?" It actually worked. She gave me all of these ideas all the time. Now I have her recipe box.

Holly: Do you have a favourite recipe from her?

Sylvia: I think it's a steamed Christmas pudding she used to make. It's really old school, but I still know how to make it. I have to have practise at least once every couple of years to remember how. The process of making it is very time consuming. You have to boil it in cheesecloth for about six hours. Every half hour you keep turning it a quarter of the way clockwise. It's a lot of work.

Holly: It sounds like a lot of effort and time. Food is an important part of family. What is the importance of bannock to your family and your community?

Sylvia: I grew up in Green Lake. My grandpa had a farm. Our little house we had was up from above my grandpa's house. My grandpa always watched over us. My grandma would



make us a bannock and send us food as much as she can and bring us milk and everything. Having fresh bannock in the house was a staple, because we had no money to buy bread. We made bannock and then it was always served, sometimes, with wild meat or fish. We lived off the land. That was a staple for us growing up, and sometimes it was the only food we had to eat in the house.

When I was four, the agents were going to come and pick us up. I guess they heard that my mom and them were out drinking around and my oldest sister was watching us. The agents were going to take us away from our parents, so my grandpa came and told my sister to hide us in the bush. These people that came in a car and they had suits and everything. We were told just to keep quiet when the agents were around.

We were scared to be in the bush country. We were getting bit by mosquitoes and it was cold. My sister gave us milk and bannock in a cup and that was our supper for that whole day. We had to stay there until almost eleven or twelve at night. My sister said this is what we had to do to stay together. Now she's 65, my sister, the one that did all this. She's eight years older than me.

Holly: Making bannock has become a big part of your life. You're known as both the Bannock Queen and the Bannock Lady in Saskatoon. I'm curious about how you got that name and who you make bannock for?

Sylvia: Well, I made bannock when I was working as a cook in the camps. On my days off, I would stay up the night before and make bannock for my coworkers. Then I would give them all a bannock. And I went up to Fort Chip and La Ronge. I went for a family that I didn't even know really well and helped them in their kitchens when someone passed away. I've made bannock in all kinds of places. I even made it as a lunch lady for the separate school board. I made it for them, and I made it outside in the bush. I would teach kids how to make it on sticks over a fire. I learned how to make a fire and made duck soup outside. I made pies outside and everything.

Holly: Who do you make bannock for these days?

Sylvia: I volunteer at The Bridge, a street mission on 20th Street. They serve lunch to 150-plus people most days, but on a really busy day it could be up to 200 people. I can make bannock for that many in three hours. I can make up to nine bannocks in one batch, because I mix it with 20 cups of flour.

SYLULA BIRONS BAILED MOLASSES BANDOCK 6 cups flour; 3T Baking Par Pinch of sait, 1/2e wh sugar P3T alspice, 3T cumamon Mix these 6 Ingreds in a bowl
Cut in
Make Into little crumbles, cuber *
very similiar to pie crust, so y
can hold it tike ur fist.

In the meantime, add
raising and crapberrys in
water, bring to a boil; Allow, to
cool off But, adding it center
of hole, Along with this, add
**112 cup molasses * Add the cranberry traising mix and molasses, into the hole in will make, with a big mixing spoon, Bring this all together Until it looks well combined and still wet Add counter Plaur to
this to make 2 round form
bonnocks " bive it that
pannock slap" Let it rest
es is it light, cover with
elean cloth. Have oven preheated at 4000F "An conventional oven is prefered" Bake for 10 mins; check after when barnock is still hot Spread shortening or margerine all over. Serve with fav. JAm.

Holly: You do that many in three hours?

Sylvia: Yeah, it's a lot. I go there by seven or eight in the morning. Then Kris [the chef] will tell me what he wants, or I'll text him the night before and say, "What should we do with the bannock?" Then he'll say something like, "Let's do hot dog bannocks. Let's put hot dogs in there and cheese." I said to him, "Why don't we add some with pickles?"

It turned out. I couldn't believe it. That day it turned out perfectly. It was so fluffy and so soft. It was hard to work with, because it had so much stuff in there. Because I chopped up the pickles really, really small. People never had bannock with pickles before. I made one with pickles and one with just the hot dogs and cheese, but it turned out that people wanted more of the pickle ones.

Holly: You and Kris do a lot of improvising with the menu, because all of the food that you prepare at The Bridge is donated.

Sylvia: Yeah, it is, it is. We'll figure it out and then if he doesn't have the stuff, I'll take my stuff in and we figure out a way. One day he didn't have lard, so we used pork fat and cracklings.

Holly: You make up to 25 different kinds of bannock. What are a few of the varieties that you make?

Sylvia: Well, I do a taco one, where I add mashed potatoes. I put mayo in it and ground beef with onions and taco seasoning. I did a vegetarian one with potato and dill and onion. That's one of the favourites. I did a bear claw one with cooked bacon pieces, frozen blueberries, and cinnamon into a fried bannock dough. I do a baked multigrain one with oatmeal or ready-made cereal. I throw it in the bannock dough and then I add in cranberries and just a little touch of cinnamon. People like that one because it's a healthy version.

Holly: Bannock is really versatile, especially in your hands. Why do you keep inventing new ones?

Sylvia: Like I tell people, if you want to try a new bannock, just give me a flavour and I'll figure out a way to make it. I'm up to 25 different kinds.

Holly: Sylvia, you teach a lot of people how to make bannock through workshops. Do you think that anybody can learn how to make it?

Sylvia: Yes, they can. I did. My daughter does her own version. You can't follow anyone's way. Some people put in eggs, some people put in milk, people put in all kinds of stuff.

Holly: If someone wants their bannock to turn out like yours, what's the most important thing they should remember to do?

Sylvia: Take your time. Don't ever try to rush it. I like to make the dough wet and then you add more flour and work it in. It always turns out. After that, the most important thing you can do is let the dough sit. Even overnight in your fridge. Make sure it's covered, so it doesn't dry up. When it's ready, you bring it back to room temperature and it comes out like a donut. It's way softer than when you first threw it into the fridge.

When I bake it, I keep a watch on it and pull it out when it browns. Then I put lard on it right away, or butter, because bannock will harden after it cools off. You want your bannock soft when you're serving it to people. It just looks better, too. It looks nice and shiny.

Holly: Can you tell me what a bannock slap is?

Sylvia: Well, a bannock slap is when you finish your dough and it's in a nice round form and you're going to let it rest. You just go and give that bannock a hard slap. It's kind of like when you pat someone's butt.

TIF

PATIENCE:

STALL:





Misaskwatomina

Your words are powerful and my words are said. Your words are dancing to the new notes in my head. My words are like trees of autumn days like leaves that leave me in so many different ways, while your words trickle out like a spring run-off. Your words bring new meaning and life, while my words have been sustaining me all these winter nights. Your words usher in summer heat and are vibrant and new, while mine still sit reflecting the cold days of a grey hue. I imagine your future an open land untouched by man while I harvest my own and try to understand. I envision a day when we could all speak your two languages.

The way of the nehiyawak poet naturally speaking naturally living naturally sharing metaphors and similes on hand drums near urban street corners. A place where nehiyawak own homes on side streets by nehiyawak owned businesses on main streets. And poetry is taught in native schools on Native tongues. Because your future is bright and nature has been known to change, because we would all be beyond prejudice and hate we would be too busy trying our latest traditional fashions all up and down the block from ribbon skirts to ribbon shirts.

I imagine a place where we trade in protein bars for pemmican where we could pick wild berries in our communities. Where diabetes doesn't exist thanks to the medicine keepers and paleo diets, a place where
our children
could run
free of gangs
and crime, a place
where young men
let their hair out like
warriors of the past in
suits and ties, where
beadwork is valuable
and honoured over gold
and diamonds.

instead Where of elders begging for change suffering homelessness we house them in the best of places. If a child only speaks their NEHIYAW tongue they are regarded as Royalty on these prairies. I'm referring to you young Native poets I am honoured to have been your teacher poetry. I am glad to know that you can go on practising your new poetry skills in two languages as I only know one.

My belly is full and yours has yet to taste this world. Your spoken words fancy dance near my inner ear drum and swift to my heartbeat. Let your spoken words lead you, into the open wild. Don't be afraid and don't look back young native poets, because this is where I've made my stand.



Hot reservations sunshine upon my face my shoulders and my back Dusty back roads into the valley Offroads into coulees leaving two trails and bending grass Oh soft sweet grass glistening under moccasin steps My hands slightly touch and I think perhaps Another day

Misaskwatomina whispers out today We walk into the brush to reach out and

Shake an old friend's hand, following Nokomis And Nimosom off the prairie path. Pails in hand One by one we pick off branches

Like birds rabbits and deer chirping And we tease and laugh

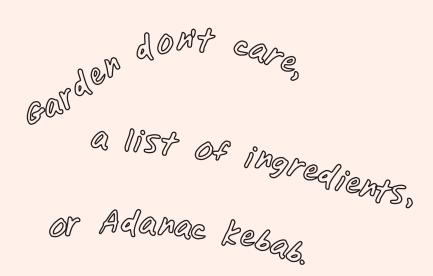
Memories that strengthen with every taste Savouring and building our strength Naturally off the land as if we've never left We give our thank you for generations Past and present we are the

Misaskwatomina

Thank you







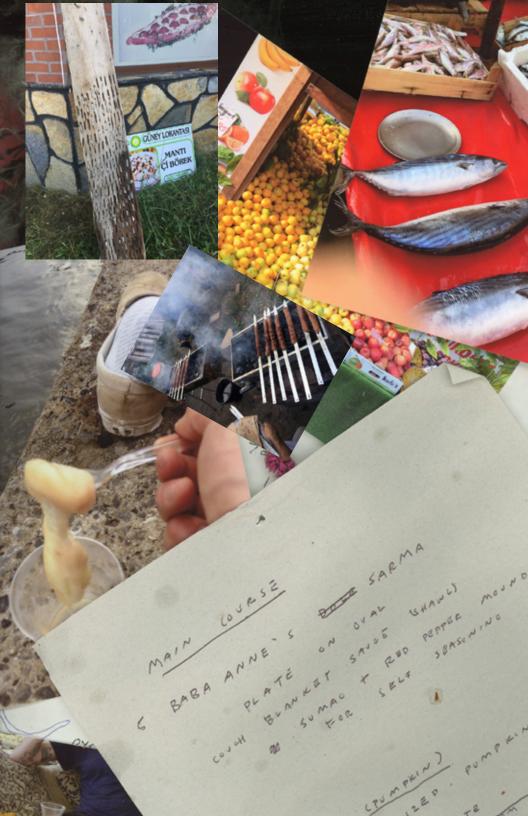
Derya Akay, Vivienne Bessette, Julia Feyrer, Salem Sharp, and Kurtis Wilson are interdisciplinary artists who collaborate on self-sufficient and sustainable food and hospitality projects.

They have recently started a project that encompasses a self-built kitchen, a community-cultivated garden, a network of collaborators with knowledge and experience in a range of agricultural and culinary traditions, and social dinners at Unit 17, Vancouver.









Support community-building in Fahres and social listed above, and more, to taste the qualities · Creativity adedress · Compassion · Commercial · Opportunities Feche for JUSTICE Fraga the results, share with all · Dialogue · Kndness To it agam and agam. · Connection · Folucation · Birersith · Calebration · Imagination · (00 perantion · In chiston

EPilogue

Across these pages we have gathered contributions from Elders, knowledge keepers, community cooks, artists, scholars, activists, and youth. This publication is an attempt to reflect upon projects, ideas, and simple gestures, the results of working together. The people who shaped Locals Only enacted new imaginations, exploring how else we might live together and care for one another.

Over the past two years, we have come to know that the moments in which things truly resound are sometimes unpredictable — and not always noticeable. But we also learned a lot more than that. We thought youth would play a large role in the project, and they did, but in ways we couldn't have anticipated. We figured artists would be able to draw together disparate propositions, and they did, but through forms and temporalities we didn't expect. We dreamed that partner organizations would guide the larger potentials of the

project, and they did, but with even longer and larger horizons than we could have imagined. We hoped Elders and knowledge keepers would lead conversations and teachings about things that have been here for longer than we can know, and they did, but with depths of storytelling and care that went beyond what we had any right to expect.

We have endeavoured to provide a sampling of resonances that continue to stir us. It is our hope that the recipes, photographs, reflections, and projects contained in this book will act as both a record and a seed, documenting moments that will grow beyond Locals Only. We want to seek kinship, to make space for unexpected voices, to understand the realities that are shaping our futures.

In this way, we hope this publication can serve as a set of propositions for what could come next. This book is published as part of Locals Only, developed by Justin Langlois, curated by Tarin Dehod, organized with Yvonne Hanson, spanning April 2017 to June 2019. Locals Only operated as an Elderguided, artist-designed, and youth-coordinated mobile programming space, serving as a platform for intercultural dialogue and intergenerational capacity-building by sharing traditional knowledge around food, hospitality, and community development in Saskatoon's core neighbourhoods.

akaartistrun.ca/localsonly

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