

## Slow Food: Indian Tradition and the American Academy Yoked

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The word “yoked” in my title is a direct translation of the word “yoga,” the disciplined union of mind, body and spirit, and one of the many great gifts of the Hindus to the whole world. In celebrating Slow Food, quintessentially I see myself celebrating the profound pleasures inextricably linked to the *yoga* of eating: yoking and reconnecting food for the mind (the classic conception of “education”) with foods for the body and soul.<sup>1</sup> This yoking hopefully heals; starting by healing the radical rupture, the pathological schizophrenia of Fast Food for Fast Lives that creates such huge fissures between mind, body and soul today—within the Academy as much as in all the other social institutions that control, shape and define the goals of contemporary education in modern times.

Meditating upon the indigenous knowledge traditions of food that come from my native land, India, I can think of no better



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place to start than my own first hand experiences of growing up, with childhood memories of my own little mobile home shifting every three years from one linguistic region to another (Punjabi, Marathi, Hindi, Bangla), as my military father was incessantly shunted back and forth across the sub-continent of India—an expression of left-over colonial anxieties that if he stayed long in just one place, he would put down roots and develop such deep affection for his place (like other indigenous men inscribed into the military) that he might refuse to go to war for our colonizers—the British.

Ordered every three years to pack up and move from one linguistic region to another—carrying our home with us, as do turtles—our indigenesness could not but be severely challenged; yet, it was strangely sustained by the sheer strength of centuries of cultural survival and the flourishing of common sense.

For a taste of this common sense, I invite you to enter our humble turtle-ish home, stepping slowly, gently over our threshold.

### Rajinder’s Remarkable Rasoi

Rajinder was the first name of my mother—as common a name among the speakers of Punjabi, the language of our beloved Punjab, as are Susan or David for those whose mother tongue is English. Rajinder, my mother’s first name, is rooted in the Hindi word “Raj”—to rule. Her Punjabi parents, very simple and humble villagers, I imagine, hoped and prayed that

their first daughter, Rajinder, would enjoy all the pleasures of ruling and reigning supreme over her “rasoi.” Their heartfelt prayers were fully answered. Rajinder became the undisputed, renowned, and revered queen of her rasoi.

“Rasoi” is rooted in the Hindi word “Rasa”<sup>2</sup>—which is in its essence almost untranslatable into any language from Hindi and Sanskrit, as are most of the core words referring to the sacred and the divine that defines Hindu culture and traditions; defining my peoples’ cosmivision. How, then, do I even begin to explain *rasa* to you in English—a word without which it is impossible to say anything significant or meaningful about any of the hundreds, nay thousands, of traditional Hindu arts and sciences, including that art of preparing and serving spicy, stunningly beautiful aromatic foods for fully enjoying the profound pleasures of eating?

One of the many meanings of “rasa” is “juice”—that quintessential flow of flavors that comes *only* from slow, deliberate ripening following from the organic rhythm of nature’s cycles—whether of fruits and vegetables or of peoples learning to live the good life. *Rasoi* (our Hindi word for “kitchen”) then literally means that special sacred place in the home where the juices flow naturally and organically, and therefore produce profound pleasure—erotic and sacred—psychophysiological, aesthetic and religious. Hindus and Hindi speakers recognize that true artists in every field of creativity create diverse and unique kinds of rasa. Each art form—including the art of living<sup>3</sup>—has its own intrinsic, defining rasa. Excellence of technique or *techne* is necessary but far from sufficient for generating rasa. Rasa only emerges when people work not only with the technical expertise that comes from the head, the product of sharp intellect; but, more importantly, when they cultivate habits of deepening the heart, while connecting head and heart to the slow, deep workings of the human soul. Only when food is prepared with love, reverence, and respect for not only the eater and the eaten, but for the Great Spirit—our Creator—the Great Giver do people become adept in the art of bringing out the juices, the rasa, of all the vegetables, fruits and other ingredients that go into the sublime and sacred preparation of food—located in the rasoi—at the center, the heart and the very core of Hindu hearth and home.

In the pre-dawn darkness, without electricity through many monsoon months and during days of other seasons as well, this unassuming little kitchen, with only two tiny earthen stoves designed centuries before the Dark Ages of Europe, slowly got going with fired charcoal; ready to receive the milk lovingly released only seconds or minutes ago by the hands of the *gwala* (milkman) from the udders of our neighborhood black buffalo herd. Frothing forth straight from the udder into the steel pot in which it would be instantly boiled, its cream was quickly collected for the butter I learned to churn by hand at age eleven—like all the girls of the common Punjabi household. For the first twenty-five years of my life, butter was never bought for our home. Churned fresh, soft and white almost daily, Rajinder rejected as stale, commercial and, therefore, untrustworthy the yellow butter, wrapped in paper, sold and bought in stores.

To even begin to understand or appreciate the roots of Rajinder’s rejection of commercial, industrial butter as a colonial import, one has to take many steps into the rich and complex Hindu cosmivision in which Krishna, the most beloved playful god of the Hindus, is depicted as a butter-thief—in poetry, song, dance, and mythology adored and worshiped for stealing since infancy his mother, Yasodha’s freshly churned white butter. One quintessential symbol of our native or indigenous philosophy, Lord Krishna, the butter-thieving infant,

celebrates the art of loving using the richness, whiteness, softness, freshness, purity, and plain beauty of freshly hand-churned butter: symbolizing a mother's devotion to her off-spring, her hearth, and her home.

Imagine, then, with me, please, Rajinder's Remarkable Rasoi, where for the first quarter century of my life, I saw one pot of milk, traveling no further than a block or two by foot or bicycle, yield generously to our yearning for buttered parathas, naan and super-hot chappatis—puffed up round, immediately served off the stove three times daily to the whole family of seven or eight or nine or more, depending upon whether our grandparents were living with us and how many uncles and aunts and cousins were visiting for summer vacations of several months at a stretch.

If all that came out of that pre-dawn pot of freshly drawn milk pot was butter, Rajinder's rasoi would be impressive, perhaps; yet not remarkable. In reality, Rajinder's deft fingers took that same pot of milk many miles beyond the wildest imaginations of "industrial eaters": creating creamy soft cottage cheese within minutes of squeezing the juice of limes harvested right away from our kitchen garden; in conjunction with yoghurt raitas to accompany twice daily every lunch and dinner, for cooling palates tickled by tamarind chutneys and gingery garlic cilantro curries bringing out all the flavors—whether of potatoes or the roots of lotus flowers; in addition to soothing summer drinks—including lassis and chach flavored with black rock salt, mustard seeds and the leaves of the curry plant; kheer [rice pudding], phirni, rabri, gajar ka halwa, among others.

I do not have the space to even start naming (let alone explaining in mouth-watering detail) all the delicacies of saffron, cloves, and cardamom that transported us daily to getting some glimmer of the meaning mortals give to divine bliss—that ecstasy of the gods, the very source of inspiration for the *rasa* of Hindu cuisine.

How can I go on to give utterance to the diverse dishes Rajinder created with the twenty-five hues, textures, and tastes of lentils/daals and beans, colorfully arraying her rasoi; constituting our subsistence, our staples? Or the 101 potato combinations concocted with coconuts, mints, fennel, spinach, tulsi (Indian sacred basil), bitter gourd, brinjal, okra? Stuttering and speechless I am rendered in this distant remembering of her thirty-four distinct ways of mixing a cup of basmati rice with whatever vegetables came out of the earth in abundance that particular morning, of that specific week of each season—winter, spring, summer, or fall. During the thundering monsoons, the heady aromas of parched earth coming to life with long-awaited summer rain would mix and mingle with the aromas floating across the *aangan* (traditional courtyard) and wafting over the whole neighborhood from her earthen oven—the *tandoor*. As breads of multiple shapes and textures were served so hot, we had no recourse but to enjoy the pause—long, soulful and necessary—for awakening all the human senses without which the sacred and the sensuous cannot be headily and heartily enjoyed.

No time-saving machines; no labor-saving gizmos; no measuring cups and spoons; no fancy ovens; no cuisinarts; no blenders; no recipe books—apart from her carefully handwritten slender, little notebook of recipes, Oriental and Occidental, appreciatively learned from visiting neighbors or friends; no cans; no frozen foods; no microwavables. No this and no that! How, then, could so much diversity and productivity pour forth from a pre-modern kitchen of commoners, so totally devoid of the gadgets and gizmos that constitute the global economy? For the price of one Pepsi Cola, how could she serve fifty people nutritious, divinely delicious, wholesome, and sensuously spicy Aam Ras, Jal Jeera, or Nimbu Pani—to name three out of a

hundred fruit drinks served to the flow of visitors who dropped by unannounced every evening in the pre-telephone, pre-television era of sitting together sharing stories way past sunset? How, then, could she create so much, so slowly, enjoying not only her own artistry, but also the *schole* (leisure)<sup>4</sup> needed for its fullest flowering?

Rajinder's *rasoi* revealed the remarkable genius that was far from hers alone. She was but one lovely expression of her people's well-honed common sense, born of (conjoint) commons. This common sense daily demonstrates that most of the common peoples of the world, when left to live by the wisdom of their own traditions, culinary and other, do magnificently. They have hundreds of generations to turn to for insights and guidance; of Elders, who have for centuries upon centuries, slowly, steadily accumulated knowledge of their places; of experimentations, through trial and error, creating forms of abundance and riches that respect the slow cycles of seasons from seed to plate; learning lessons taught in quiet conversations with Mother Nature—if only we care to silence the monologue inside our heads and industrial spaces; engaging in dialogues that call for watching, waiting and listening; free from haste; free of the waste inevitable when we speed.<sup>5</sup>

Although neither parochial nor dim-witted, Rajinder—from childhood raised to be ingenious, industrious, generative, frugal and far-seeing—failed to see or predict that every thread in the tapestry of her life, inside as well as outside her *rasoi*, would be broken or threatened in the name of efficiency and productivity; fibers ripped and torn by the National Policy Planners<sup>6</sup> who socially engineer the lives of commoners without consent or vote. Before her death, Rajinder was forced to submit her so-called “underdeveloped” *rasoi* before the joint armies of national and international developers, agribusinesses, and social engineers to Project White Flood. These and other technological “advances” flooded Indian markets with International Milk Aid, leaving her local buffalo herder and her 30-year-old-pot placed directly under the black buffaloes' udders obsolescent in the face of the mighty refrigerated trucks delivering plastic milk packets. Only a handful of months after her death, the pasturelands of her beloved milk-giving water buffaloes were buried under mountains of trash—plastic milk packets and tetra-paks of imported/exported industrial drinks—announcing that her Age of Slow Food prepared with the *rasa* that flows from respect, affection, care and love must bow out before the Age of Fast Food—as mighty Fast Food Giants cornered the grazing grounds of the *gawalas* (milk men) in the joint name of productivity and progress.

Neither the econometrics of progress nor the social accounting that made plastic milk more economical impressed Rajinder. Her native common sense protected her from the modern blindness of having the wool of industrial speed and productivity pulled over her eyes. With her indigenous Punjabi eyes kept wide open through habits of inventive frugality honed in slow time, she could clearly see what her children and grandchildren with advanced university degrees in economics, business, and marketing remain blind to even today. In her heart, guts and bones, and not in her head alone, she knew well all the reasons why out-of-season, long-distance-traveling refrigerated milk and other foods, promising economies of large scale (both national and global), systematically destroy the delicate, intricate web of local relationships between tiny *rasois* and well-rooted, humble, small local businesses—like those of the *gawala* and the *sabzi-wala* (vegetable man) peddling fruits and vegetables from a hand-drawn *rerri* (cart), singing his song from home to home. She understood clearly and lucidly how the supermarkets that support agribusinesses do so by destroying the delicate web of neighborhood relationships that promote interdependence and cooperation instead of the

creaming of profits by the top 1% of the super successful; that the web of relationships within which her *rasoi* flourished called for conjoint living amid extended families; that neither overcharging nor competition where only the fittest won had any relevance to the flourishing of her peoples and their traditions. While Rajinder knew no Spanish, she understood perfectly the ancient principle articulated in the High Andes of Peru: “Criar y dejar criarse” (“to nurture/nourish and be nurtured/nourished”).<sup>7</sup>

### **The Fast Food Nation: Eating, Life, and Studying in Absurdistan**

Ray Kroc, the founding father of the Fast Food Nation, summarized its philosophy pithily with the following words: “This is rat eat rat, dog eat dog. I’ll kill ‘em, and I’m going to kill ‘em before they kill me. You’re talking about the American way for survival of the fittest” (Schlosser 2001:37).

A super success among industrial eaters, Kroc made his big bucks, just like the other founding fathers of Fast Food (“Your Trusted Friends” Schlosser titles them) by “dismissing any high-minded analysis of the fast food business” (Schlosser 2001:37); recognizing clearly and quickly that on the fast lane traveled daily by industrial eaters, there is neither time for *rasa* nor the freedom for fully enjoying the sensual, the sacred, or the human pleasures of Slow Food.

Adding to this Fast Food chorus in his own Disney World, one of model, top-ranking institution of the global economy, was Walt Disney. “It’s the law of the universe,” Disney declared, “that the strong shall survive and the weak must fall by the way, and I don’t give a damn what idealistic plan is cooked up, nothing can change that” (Schlosser 2001:37).

The empires built by these founding fathers reign supreme, thanks to all those who support it, including me and other Fast Food fans/addicts/junkies (you choose your favorite fast food descriptor). In 1970 Americans spent about \$6 billion on fast food; in 2000 they spent more than \$110 billion. Americans now spend more money on fast food than on higher education, personal computers, computer software, or new cars. They spend more on fast food than on movies, books, magazines, newspapers, videos, and recorded music combined.

No surprise, then, that one in six children, ages 6–19, are overweight; that the statistics for African-American and Latino children soars even higher; that 29 million students eating school lunches daily ingest meals riddled with fat, partly because the National School Lunch Program’s mandate is to provide a market for beef, dairy, and other agricultural subsidized surpluses.

Schlosser’s statistics in *Fast Food Nation: The Dark Side of the All-American Meal* open our eyes to the fast life lived stuffing our mouths and extending our bellies on fast food as a “savage servility slides by on grease” (Robert Lowell). Sliding, in fact, very long distances, the average American mouthful travels more than 1,000 miles so fast on superhighways that the guzzler of greasy stale cuisine has neither the awareness, time, nor wits to ask any real social questions, including: Where does this food come from? Who suffers and pays the price of its cheapness (99 cents or less) to industrial eaters? The long distances traveled and the industrial pace of life lived at computer time speed prevent industrial eaters/consumers from knowing much, if anything, about the pre-cooked food that is fast being shoveled into industrial mouths.

“Our model citizen is a sophisticate who before puberty understands how to produce a

baby, but who at the age of thirty will not know how to produce a potato” (Berry 1972:78). Nor, for that matter, will they be able to differentiate between a potato plant and a chive, a cucumber and basil, or a cantaloupe and a strawberry (Heitman 2004).

School lunch and food plans are a part of the reason for this profound ignorance. As is the brutal fact that small, independent farmers, like the nation’s craftsmen and storekeepers, are being replaced by corporations, machines, and absentee owners (Berry 1972:78).

The fast food available in school and university cafeterias, and in every town’s identical strip malls, explains much of this destruction and violence, affirmed by socially or systemically engineered ignorance, fittingly called McEducation (Jain 2003). Consumers supporting “McDollars, McGreedy, McCancer, McMurder, McProfits, McGarbage” (quoted by Schlosser from the public pamphlets of London Greenpeace) have neither the time, patience, nor staying power to sit with basic questions of justice or sustainability: Who suffers and pays the price of its 99-cent cheapness for the industrial eater? What are we leaving for our children? Our children’s children’s children—as far forward as the seventh generation as demanded by the foresight of the Iroquois Indian Confederacy?

The distances traveled prevent industrial eaters/consumers from knowing much about the pre-cooked food that is fast shoveled into industrial mouths. No surprise, then, that at this time, national subsidy policies leave children more vulnerable than any other time in human history to developing asthma, diabetes and high blood pressure accompanying the national rise in obesity, or that farmers and ranchers have startling suicide rates and numbers of bank foreclosures; that healthy aquifers and healthy forests, lakes and rivers, including top soils, for the first time in the nation’s history, have joined the rapidly expanding list of endangered species.

Is there any hope for regenerating the affection, the care and the other virtues sung about, savored and digested in the Age of Slow Food—in India as well as in all the other lands tended and cared for by husbands and dwellers?

### **No Chive Left behind: Measuring What Matters from the Ground Up**

“Yes!” is being quietly affirmed by the thoughtful mouths and mindfully opened wallets of American Refuseniks of mainstream institutions, including Fast Food. Affirming the New American Dream, they are also called “Cultural Creatives” (Ray and Anderson 2000). There are 50 million Cultural Creatives, according to some calculations, and in 50 million diverse ways, they are radically refusing to be chained and nailed down to the inhumanity of economics that drives the fast food nation.

In schools and campuses across the country, the New American Dream is bringing together in fresh, new, radical (that is, rooted) ways school lunches, families, family farms, gourmet chefs, and community-supported agriculturalists. So fresh, delicious, delectable are these new, revolutionary webs of inter-connectedness being woven that some observers of such initiatives are calling them “Grassroots Postmodernists,” while others write about the new “Natural Capitalists.”<sup>8</sup>

Naturally, I smile when I hear these new “cool” academic words for our own ancient Hindi and Punjabi names I learned sitting on the lap of my under-educated Rajinder: from her “underdeveloped” world of Slow Food—perennial and sustainable.

Hope lies with the common, unknown, hundreds of delicious postmodern

revolutionaries transforming American Education from the ground up by measuring what really matters. How can I not feel paralyzed by the pressures of picking only one or even a handful from the 50 million identified by Ray and Andersen as the cultural creatives?

Should I start with “the Edible Schoolyard” or the convivial, anti-institutional dining room of the Martin Luther King Jr. Middle School inspired by the Slow Food of Chez Panisse Cuisine’s creative Alice Waters? She is spear-heading her delicious Slow Food Revolution in Berkeley that is rapidly spreading across the nation. There are now programs, although more limited than the one Waters envisions, in 400 school districts in twenty-two states. Instead of cut-throat competition, Waters’ “war” (as some call it) or revolution calls for the most creative, ingenious and inspiring forms cooperation between community farmers, community chefs, parents, children, teachers, university professors at colleges of education and their affiliated local schools.

Alice Waters’ philosophy of Slow Food Education “start[s] with pleasure” (Orenstein 2004:32). “Kids need to find these foods to be delicious so they fall in love with them, and it changes their lives forever.” Freshly picked produce is tastier than that which has lingered in cold storage, inspiring kids to choose an apple over a Snapple. Alice Waters has just presented a “districtwide proposal to the school board to transform education through the school lunch curriculum. The first step is a 15,000 square foot dining commons at King. Furnished using renewable materials and serving breakfast, lunch and a snack made from local organic ingredients, it serves as a model for how the whole nation could eat, and not just its elite. She is working to spread her ideas of Slow Food across the country, starting at the beginning: the regeneration of children’s taste buds. This is reforming America’s relationship to food—to what we eat, how we eat, where it comes from and how it ought to taste. If Americans would choose seasonal, organic food grown through sustainable techniques by local farmers, if we would choose seasonal, organic food grown through sustainable techniques by local farmers, if we would serve caring meals at the family table rather than scarfing Happy Meals in the minivan, we would restore family values, transform our communities and stabilize the environment. We would also enjoy ourselves more” (Orenstein 2004:32).

Alice Waters’ genius is to marry an educational revolution to the most important, –if not the fastest-growing contemporary grassroots movement in America and Europe—community-supported agriculture. With her own unique flair and genius, Judy Wicks of the White Dog Café in Philadelphia, is making similar connections between this movement and her gorgeous restaurant, in her efforts at educating peoples from all walks of life about the pleasures of Slow food, with new links organically created between communities, students and real food—grown organically and preferably locally on small family farms.

Catherine Sneed, similarly working in communities, prisons and educational institutions, also is implementing the Slow Food educational philosophy. She is specially renowned for taking it into the dark dens of the nation’s high security prisons. Sneed is demonstrating that “hardened criminals” who learn to grow Swiss chard and broccoli are less likely to grab old ladies’ purses for a few bucks than men raised on drugs, speed, and Fast Food!

From the Common Roots program at the Barnet School in Vermont to students picking scallions and cilantro from their own garden at Evergreen Elementary School in West Sacramento, California, this grassroots movement across the United States and beyond now

includes urban as well as rural schools. In California alone, some 3,000 schools have campus gardens, according to state estimates. The State Department of Education in California is encouraging schools to use gardens with a series of books that show teachers how to link them to lesson plans. The latest book, *A Child's Garden of Standards*, was published in December 2003 and will be marketed nationwide.

Expressing their own local genius in bringing together children, families, schools, communities and gardens, in our own Happy Valley Kimber Mitchell, Laura Silver and other bioneers set up "Pizza Gardens" as well as perennial plots at Radio Park Elementary School more than two years ago—making outreach connections between Penn State University's Center for Sustainability, local master gardeners Gene Bazan, Tania Slaweki, among others, and with faculty drawn from different colleges, including engineering and education.

Measuring what matters from the ground up, ensuring that there is No Chive Left Behind in the midst of the national madness of standards-based testing, the bioneers of Slow Food are now beginning to be noticed despite the slowness of the State educational machinery.

More than a century ago, without all the latest computer-generated statistics on the diseases of Fast Food, or for that matter all the impressive decreases in recidivism brought about by people's close engagement with Slow Food, Mahatma Gandhi knew that the path of non-violence was successfully traveled by those raised on the ideals of his educational revolution called Nai Talim.

Nai Talim demanded that every student learn the skills of autonomy and self-sufficiency, starting by growing proficient in cultivating, harvesting, and cooking their food; ensuring that each school proliferate the principles of local self-sufficiency so simply and exquisitely supported by the Rajinder's remarkable raso.

My last hope expressed today in and through Slow Food initiatives lies with my new book project: *No Chive Left Behind: Measuring What Matters From the Ground Up*. It tells the success stories of twenty-five schools that have started moving from Fast Food to Slow Food education. These stories are told collectively by teachers and students—drawing upon their experiences of what it took to start enjoying the pleasures of Slow Food, with all the demeaning, counterproductive demands made on their time by standardized testing justified under the latest political fad, "No Child Left Behind."

*No Chive Left Behind* connects Kyle Peck's genius in creating community supported schools with Alice Waters' culinary Slow Food Genius at the Martin Luther King Jr. Middle School. It nourishes by sharing stories of hope nourished—written by the young and their teachers—celebrating our most fundamental connection with the entire web of life.

It is the most realizable dream of the twenty-first century: the dream of Slow Food education leaving "no chive behind." Instead of McDonalds or Burger King announcing the ninth billion burger sold, schools and colleges announcing the 250 millionth American savoring the nourishing Slow Food grown by local CSA farmers. Twenty-five well-told stories of hope can have the power to radically reform the most basic aspect of life: eating with pleasure and good common sense.

Will we rely on our common sense for regenerating the *rasa* of indigenous peoples, like Rajinder's? Danny Heitman says it well: "Not since the launch of Sputnik has U.S. education seemed so ripe for reform" for leaving "no chive/child behind."

Ripeness of reform for the *rasa* of teaching and learning living and eating is here. The time has come to regenerate the classical concept of "school"—rooted in *schole* or leisure. The

tragedy of the loss of *shole* or leisure from schooling because of industrial Fast Food (and more) can finally be put aside—the cruel, sickening, hard lessons of the twentieth century having been learned.

Come, let us go forward towards schooling that is *shole*: savoring and enjoying the good life lived through nourishing, slow food—overflowing with *rasa*!

## Endnotes

1. *Yoga* has its etymological roots in words connected to the English “yoke” and “yoking.” The etymological idea underlying *yoke* is of “joining—for example, joining two animals together. The word came ultimately from Indo-European *jugom*, which also produced the Latin *jugum* “yoke” (source of the English *conjugal*, *jugular*, and *subjugate*). The Indo-European form itself was derived from the base *jug-*, *jeug-*, *joug-* “join”, which also produced the Latin *jungere* “join” (source of the English *join*, *junction*, etc.) and the Sanskrit *yoga* “union” (acquired by English via Hindi as *yoga*, which literally denotes “union with the universal spirit” (John Ayto, *Dictionary of Word Origins*. New York, Arcade, 1990).

2. *Raso* is part of a whole network of interconnected Hindi and Sanskrit words: *Rasa*, *Rasashala*, *Rasavati*, *Rasatmak*. A few of these refer in one way or another to the creation of the six tastes, including sweet, salty, sour, bitter, and hot, that Hindustani cooking combines with the same remarkable artistry that the players of sitar or the singers of Hindustani classical music combine musical notes. *Rasa* is connected both to the *kama* of *kamasutra* (the arts of sensuality) and *bhavna* (the sensibility that brings us close to the Divine).

*Rasa* (Schwartz 2004) reiterates that the crucial elements of *rasa* as they pertain to food are the process of refinement, the balance of qualities, the blend of characteristics, the hidden or underlying basic elements, the particular and specific ways in which food creates physical life, and how food produces the transformation of the physical and the metaphysical at once. Rather than thinking of flavoring as an enhancing additive, Indian traditions view flavor as an essential, defining quality of food.

Understanding the connections between food and dance (and every form of human creative expression), Schwartz quotes *Sacred and Profane Dimensions of Love in Indian Traditions* (Siegel, p. 43).

3. Rumi’s Sufi poetry, while coming from a radically different tradition, foreign to the Punjab, beautifully offers some glimpses into the flavors associated with the Hindu “*Rasa*” as he writes in *Ripened Fruit*: “This world is like a tree, / and we are the half-ripe fruit upon it. / Unripe fruit clings tight to the branch / because, immature, it’s not ready for the palace. When fruits become ripe, sweet and juicy, / then biting their lips, they loosen their hold. / When the mouth has been sweetened by felicity, / the kingdom of the world loses its appeal. / To be tightly attached to the world signifies immaturity.... (Helminski, 2001:130).

4. School has its roots in *shole*—the leisure that must be enjoyed for genuine study and learning to occur.

5. For a rich account of the conversational dialogue with Nature that is essential for teaching and learning ecological literacy, see David Orr’s *Ecological Literacy*.

6. Policies designed and mandated outside of any *polis* (constituted, as the Greeks conceived, by friends, neighbors, and citizens on the human scale) is nothing less and nothing more than the social engineering of “masses” and “classes” and “populations”—the contemporary

reduction of real *people* in every corner of the so-called Global Village.

7. See Apffel Marglin, F., 1998. *Production of Regeneration: An Andean Perspective on Modern Western Knowledge* (London: Zed Books).

8. Creating the next industrial revolution, natural capitalists, according to Hawken et al. (1999).

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