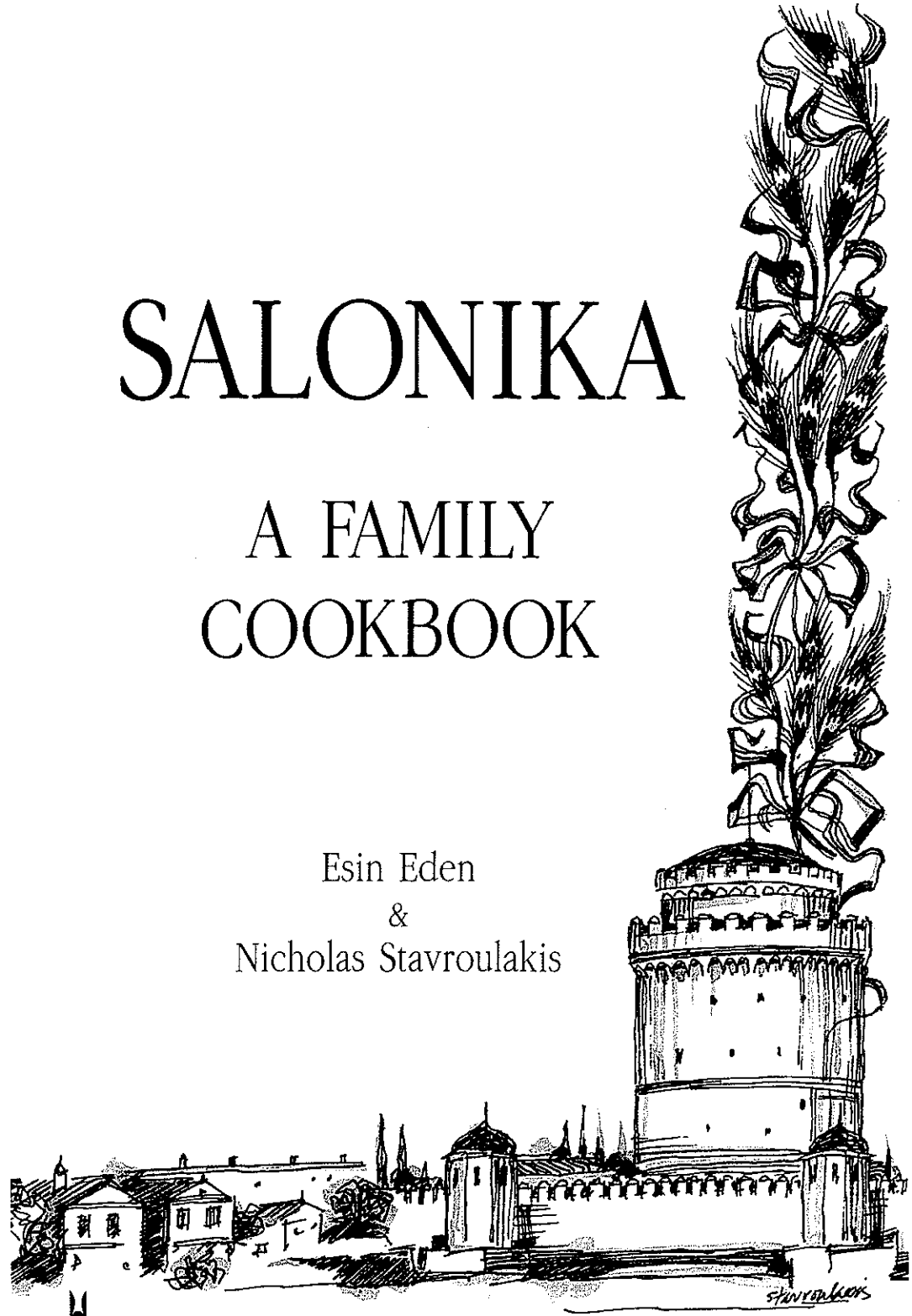
SALONIKA

A FAMILY COOKBOOK

Esin Eden
&
Nicholas Stavroulakis



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Introductory Comment

You shepherds of the wildrness,
poor fools, nothing but bellies.

The Muses to the poet Hesiod
(Theogony, 1.23)

In the same year that Columbus sailed west from Spain heading for the new world, the family of Esin Eden, whose recipes are set down in this book, sailed east to the old, settling first in Ottoman Salonika, then Germany and finally Turkish Istanbul. We follow their wayward tracks as we read through these recipes with Spanish, Turkish, Greek and German names, recognizing, as we do, part of our own past and our own scattered inheritance. For, as readers of this book, we too become their heirs. In fact, the very term "recipe," in English and Hebrew (recept, or *Kaballah*, from *likabel, meaning to receive*), points to the larger significance of this project. A "recipe," in name and nature, is something "received," "passed-down" or "inherited." The world "recipe" glosses the "reception," the essential handing down or give-and-take which is the very instrument of tradition. The recipes handed down in this book celebrate a kind of female "patrimony," the maternal legacy of those who made up the sisterhood of the kitchen, that warm "focus" or hearth of any home and the little-celebrated hub of the Jewish world. For while grandiose temples turn into museums or tourist boutiques, Jewish women will continue to labor unnoticed in their kitchens, preparing the table that will bring that small but crucial human community, the family, briefly together. This feminine strength which, through the family, has held

together so many of the world's traditions, is not power as the world knows power but, in the world's of Lionel Trilling, "the strength of conservation, the unseen, unregarded, seemingly unexerted force that holds things to their center." Today the Eden family has been cast toward the four corners of the horizon; the traditions of the *Ma'min* which they lived and embodied have all but disappeared. Their recipes, however, remain, and this collection, part archaeology and part mysticism, forms a precious umbilical link, enabling that vanished world to be kept tenuously alive at the busy center of the home. That other center, our stomachs, as the Muses derisively informed Hesiod, may sadly define and dis-enable us as humans, adamic dust, as beings merely mortal. Yet it is precisely in the cherishing of the kitchen's quotidian values, in the preservation of our mortal habits, our "diets" and our daily decencies, that there lies any hope of our not merely "passing away" but of the "passing on" of our traditions, our cultures and the remnants of our humanity. Mr. Stavroulakis, chef, painter, writer and gardener is to be thanked for here planting one more tree.

Avi Sharon

Preface

The assembly of this book proved to be somewhat more of a challenge than was anticipated, some years ago, when Ms Eden and I began to record and collate the recipes. Unlike the compiling of the recipes in my *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece*, which was clear to struct around daily and holiday cooking, with this book there were distinct problems from the outset. The very secretive inner life of the Ma'min, for all purposes unknown to anyone who has not been initiated at marriage to a fellow Ma'min, made it difficult to uncover the ritual significance of many of the recipes or even to determine when they might have been served. Fortunately the two recipe books compiled in Osmanli, by Ms Eden's great aunts, Sabire and Melek, along with many of the recipes that were passed down orally, as it were, from her great-grandmother Fatima, her grandmother Emine and her mother, Nuriye Fuat-Eden, made it possible to us to take a different approach to the book. That happened to energize out of the recipes the Ma'min community became a secondary consideration to their being a kind of culinary memoire of a family that happened to be Ma'min and that lived in Salonika.

Some years ago, in an article I wrote on Salonika prior to the First W/W, I described the city as "an ancient house with many rooms, shared by different families whose paths only crossed in darkened corridors. Doors and windows gave access to different interiors from which the world outside was seen from divergent perspectives and points of view. Some rooms were full of light and open to the changes that were taking place in the world about this house, but others were dark, cradling hidden memories and events that were seldom, if ever, brought to light".

I anticipated from the beginning that the book would fall

between two chairs. What else could one expect from a subject touching upon what both Esin and I grew into 'naturally', but which reflected one of these darkened rooms? Salonika is no longer the multi-religious, multi-ethnic chaos that it was prior to 1912. The *milieu* in which the city entered the 20th century, with the Ottoman Empire in its death throes, no longer exists. Even more troublesome was the fact that these recipes grew out of a community that was Sephardi in origins, Jewish in certain surviving elements of ethnicity and religious culture but Muslim through adoption and Turkish by association. And yet, and this was the crux of the problem, the Ma'min consistently avoided being too clearly any one of these. One might say that this is an improbable mix of cultures, but as the recipes prove, it existed, flourished and continues on though far from Salonika.

Thus it should be borne in mind that this book is very much a family cookbook and incorporates many of the quirks and eccentricities that make any family distinct from all others, while still maintaining common religious, ethnic or even political associations. Makes no claims to being more than what it is.

The book is appearing in two slightly different versions at the same time. One in English, published by Talos Press in Athens and the other in Turkish published in Istanbul. Though we co-edited both versions the English and Turkish versions are not entirely identical in regard to the introductions and historical material. This was felt necessary given the quite different milieux in which the two versions were going to appear.

As I have a somewhat cavalier approach to cooking and measurements I owe a special thanks to my friend Elizabeth Donnally-Davidson who undertook the quite formidable task of going through all the recipes and bringing them into consistency. It was only after this that the recipes were given a final trial. I am also indebted to her for checking over my syntactical errors and still others that occured mid-way through writing the book when computer programmes were changed. Avi Sharon, out of friendship, assumed the tiresome burden of final editing for which I am grateful. As many of the recipes were tested during the actual writing of the book my brother Dori and my friend Nikos Afentakis enthusuastically and amicably surrendered to eating their way through most of them with me. But more important, they also goaded me on during a difficult year when writing seemed impossible. Special thanks I owe to my late and dear friend Leyla İpeker of Istanbul who offered early encouragement at the time when it seemed that the book was destined for the shelf in my study in manuscript form. Alas she will not see the book realized.

Ida Mordoh deserves special thanks and continued gratitude for the patience that only an old and tested friendship can bring to bear in putting up with harsh changes in direction that severely threatened the publication of the book. Finally I must thank Constantine Soutas and Artemis Petropoulou whose expertise in computer graphics was a never-ending source of awe to me. This was only one aspect of our collaboration, however. To bear patiently with a cybernetic illiterate is one thing; that our association became a friendship is another.

As usual I must emphasize that whatever shortcomings appear in the book they are my own and I beg the reader's patience, whether Spanish, Jewish, Ottoman, all of these together, or none.

N. Stavroulakis

Nuriye Fuat - Eden

MY FAMILY, MY MOTHER AND MEMORIES OF A WORLD I NEVER KNEW

Esin Eden

My mother's name was Nuriye Eden; her maiden name was Fuat and she was born exactly at the turn of the century in Salonika, in 1900. She died in 1981 in Istanbul, after living for many years in Europe where her family had emigrated from Salonika in 1924. But Salonika, her youth there and the many happy memories of a secure family life never left her. In fact, they seem to have both nurtured her and given her strength to face the many changes that she had to experience. Our family had lived in Salonika for many centuries, and were descendants of the great influx of Jewish immigrants from Spain who were settled in Salonika by Sultan Beyazit II in the 15th century. My mother loved Salonika deeply even though only a comparatively short part of her life was spent there. Shortly after her marriage to my father they moved to Munich where she gave birth to two sons, Hassan and Müfit. Between 1928 and 1939 the family moved to Brussels, where I was born. In 1939 we were united with the entire family in Istanbul, where all but a

very few of its members had emigrated in 1927. Until the year of her death, in 1981, she never ceased to reminisce and hope that one day she would be able to see the city of her birth and youth. She was never able to realize this dream, but it became part of my own life, for I loved my mother deeply and her gentle character gave me great strength in life. Her memories of Salonika also became my own as they were so much a part of our daily lives. I loved to watch my mother cook and while she would work away in the kitchen the sight of certain foods, the process of preparing a dish, would awaken memoires of when she had learned to make it, or how she had argued with her aunts over how it was to be done or how she had watched my grandmother prepare it in another way. Through these memories I would wander with her into the garden of our house in Salonika to pick apricots, to sit under the fig tree cutting *farfur,* spreading them onto linen sheets to dry in the sun, or to cut off great bunches of un-ripened grapes to squeeze and preserve as verjus for the winter months.

There were many women in our family, in contrast to my own generation. In Istanbul, many years after having settled there, it was still customary, if not a pattern of life, for the women to get together casually and quite naturally for afternoons that stretched on seemingly endlessly. I was always fascinated to see the sisters and aunts together, as they seemed to retreat into another world. Each one would bring some sweet or fruits and they would eat and joke, laughing with each other, smoking sweet lemon-scented cigarettes and, more often than not, some story would require a search through handbags to find much-handled photographs of so and so doing such and such in the old days in Salonika.

They were inveterate card-players and after playing

cards together at one house they would all move on to another where they would share sweets, drink coffee, smoke cigarettes and chatter and gossip far into the night. If not playing cards they were busy tatting lace or embroidering and comparing stitches and sharing the soft silken threads that went into them. I used to fantasize over how they must have looked when they were young in Salonika, coquettish and chic, dressed in the latest European fashions with silk stockings, high heeled shoes and yet demurely veiled, in the smart *çarşaf* and *peçe* that was very suited to the new style of dress and was sported in every possible color: mauve, violet, wine, pistachio or apricot.

I loved such get-togethers as I never felt myself an outsider to that world they were so vibrantly re-living. I was part of it. All of the women in our family were excellent cooks and were noted for specialities that, when produced, would excite even more memories. The apricots were more odoriferous in Salonika, the rose water more fragrant, a sazan, or carp, from one of the lakes near Salonika was the only fish that really suited a particular preparation. It was through these aunts that I became intimate with relatives who had died long before I was born.

My great great grandfather, Ramazan Effendi, was born in Izmir. He married three times. His first wife was from Salonika, his second from Izmir and his third from Konya, the city sacred to the memory of Mevlana Jelal ad Din Rumi. His son by his second marriage was my great grandfather who was born in Izmir as well. His name was Hasan Akif. After the death of his mother, he and his sister were sent to Salonika to be taken care of by a maternal aunt. From what I know of him he was a very serious and powerful man and eventually became a

Hasan Akif

Fatma Hüsnü

tobacco tycoon, operating out of the city of Kavala. He had contacts everywhere and even founded a cigarette factory in Munich which he visited frequently, even taking some of his daughters (there were six) with him. Hasan Akif was well known in the family for his sweet tooth, as well as his penchant for beer. Apparently while the latter could be well satisfied in Munich it was his wife and mainly his daughters who helped satisfy the other.

All of his daughters, Fatma, Emine (my grandmother), Nuri, Sabire, İnayet, Melek and Acile, were very well educated and attended the best schools in Salonika where they all acquired a passion for reading. All of them were fluent in German, French, and, of course, Osmanli and the latest editions of novels and poetry were always appearing in the house and being shared among them. My grandmother eventually even became a teacher in the Terakkı Lisesi, one of the oustanding new schools of Salonika, which was later re-founded as Şişli Terakki Lisesi in Istanbul.


Hüsnü & Selim Akif

In spite of this, life was not easy for my grandmother Emine. She was just

30 when her husband Fuat died, leaving her with three children Abdi, Akif and my mother Nuriye. Abdi, the eldest had just turned 15 and on his shoulders fell the responsibility of assuming the role of father in the family. They moved into the family home where my grandmother more or less controlled domestic life and my


Osman Wasit

mother grew up in security and warmth. She and uncle Abdi were very close, more friends than anything else, and shared each other's pains and hopes while growing into maturity. Abdi graduated with honors from Fevziye Lisesi and then went into my great grandfather's tobacco business where he showed incredible business acumen. Within a few years he had become a tycoon in his own right, and for all practical purposes had created an empire by the time he moved to Istanbul in 1939. Of course almost everything was lost at that time and most of our family underwent serious financial crises that re-

flected the business situation in a Europe that was rapidly heading into war.

Our family house in Salonika was located in a new and very chic neighborhood not far from the sea called Yalilar in the Hamidiye district. It was heavily planted with fragrant vines and trees. Jasmine, Frangipani, Tuberoses and roses of all varieties filled the neighborhood gardens and house-fronts. All of the adjacent houses were occupied by relatives and so it was really a family neighborhood. There were very few secrets and a great deal of coming and going of cousins, aunts, uncles etc., and the children were constantly invading gardens up and down the street and playing noisily. Our house was enormous as it had to hold our entire family. It was situated a very large garden and had three stories. It was located not far from the Church of the Analepsi. In front of it was an extensive rose garden in which grew not bushes, but literal rose trees, and in the spring and well into late summer one would get dizzy walking up the path to the house from the fragrance that hung in the air like a veil. Behind the house was an orchard filled with trees. Almond, cherry, apple, orange, lemon, peach, apricot, fig, walnut, plum, and pear trees were all set out in quite separate spaces and there was, as well, an enormous grape arbor. There was a special space set aside for a vegetable garden. The part of the house that was occupied by my grandmother, the ground floor, faced the rose garden, and the first floor that looked out into the orchard was occupied by her sister Sabire and her son Refik

To the side of the garden was a small house in which lived the gardener, a Greek named Dimitri, along with his family. His wife Eleni was my mother's nanny and she was apparently a very beautiful woman with a classic hellenic nose, fair hair and lovely soft eyes. She worshiped my mother and since my grandmother was not well it was Eleni who dressed my mother, tied her sashes, buttoned up her boots, combed her hair and neatly topped it with a little curl and bow. Eleni and Dimitri were, in their own way, also part of our family.

My grandmother Emine suffered from terrible migraines. She was never seen without a tightly bound kerchief around her head or, if it were really violent, a band of cloth. No one knew when, or even if she ever slept as she was active all during the day, and far into the night she could be heard moving quietly through the

house. She would check on windows, close or open them according to a change in temperature, tuck in arms and legs that hung over the edges of beds or pull up coverlets that had fallen slack, exposing one to the dangerous night air. She was full of strange quirks and fastidious, in fact at times annoyingly so. Silver was always being polished, pots and pans given back to servants to be washed again or sent for re-tinning. It was not uncommon for her to be found carefully wiping bread with a freshly soaped cloth. It was even worse when she occasionally visited us later on in Europe. Even in the most fashionable restaurants she would unabashedly wipe off not only her own but everyone else's cutlery. She was also an inveterate reader, embroiderer and an excellent cook. My mother learned to love cooking through her - and Sabire.

Sabire was not without her own quirks. Like Kant, she was punctual to the second and there were jokes in the neighborhood about how one could set the time of day by Sabire's movements. She was a plump and jolly woman but no one dared be late for a meal. Breakfast was at 8:00, lunch at 12:00 and dinner at 8:00 sharp. Dinner was the most important event of each day as far as she and my grandmother were concerned. The table would be set with fresh linen, the silver candelabra polished and gleaming, and finely embroidered tablecloths and napkins each set in its own silver ring. The china changed very often, apparently according to whim, and there was a huge armoire in the dining room that held several sets of German, as well as French porcelain.

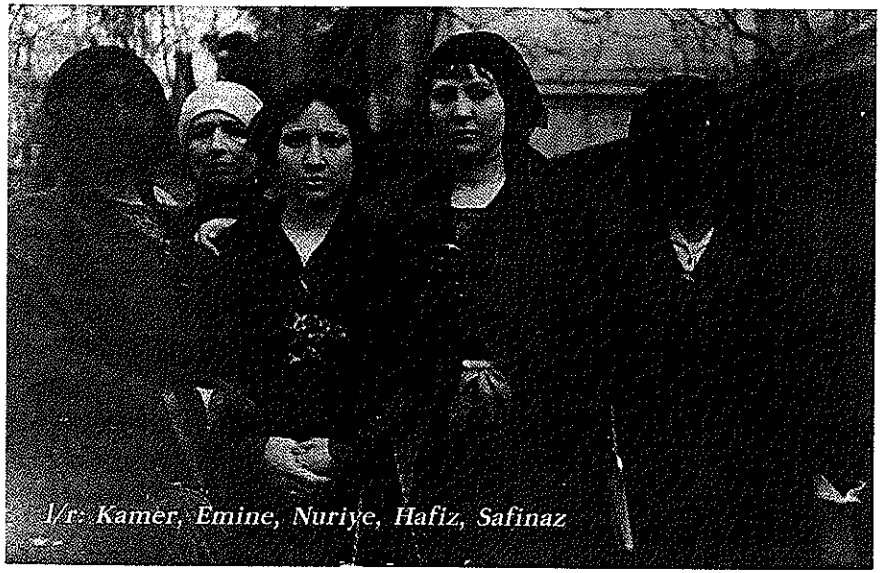
As my mother admittedly reproduced the kitchen of my grandmother I know fairly well what was served. There would be mezes, hors d'oeuvre of Kalamata olives steeped in lemon juice, red fish roe salad (*tarama*), *hue-*

Standing: Ir Kamer, Abdi, Akif, Nuriye
Seated: Sabire, Emine, Emine Fuat, ?
Front: Ikbal, Nuriye Fuat-Eden

vos haminados (a Sephardi inheritance in which eggs are boiled for many hours in tea leaves, coffee grounds, and onion skins until they are nutty brown and then highly polished with olive oil) tomatoes and cucumbers sliced paper thin. The main course would be of either meat or poultry, and with it rice, potatoes, or some form of pasta. After this would come several different dishes of cold vegetables in olive oil. Desert would be light and would be followed by almonds. My uncle Akif had a sort of ritual over the almonds and would crack them open at the table and distribute them around the table making sure that everyone had exactly ten. Fruit came at the very end and in late summer Abdi could always be counted on to halve figs and pass them around. A small Turkish coffee ended the meal. In between courses the conversation inevtiably turned to food. It was considered bad form to talk about problems or business at the table. Comments would be made about a particular dish, how it perhaps could be made better, why it was not as good as the last time it had appeared, or who, perhaps,

could even achieve a better result. There was always a lot of kidding about at moments like this but the most serious matter at any main meal was the inevitable discussion about what was going to be prepared for the next day's. The menu for the following day was always agreed upon and the individual dishes assigned at the previous one!

All of the women of that generation in my mother's family were strong willed and very determined. They always seem to have got their own way no matter what the situation. They were highly individualistic which is why, I suppose, they remain in my memory so well defined - even those whom I never knew. They were very independent as well and despite the fact that there were



l/r: Kamer, Emine, Nuriye, Hafiz, Safinaz

no financial pressures each of them had an atelier of sorts in which they and some of the servants would embroider and tat lace. The finished products where then sold by the servants in some of the fancy boutiques of Salonika. For some of the women such talents were to

be an enormous help in the future. My mother's *cousin* Vehibe and my father's cousin Safinaz both later set up ateliers in Istanbul where they prepared lavish trousseaux.

They were all excellent and well appreciated cooks and each had a few jealously guarded culinary secrets the result either of an experiment or so-mething shared with someone from another household. Sabire was famous in our family for her chestnut sweets, and especially *peksimet* (a double-baked sponge cake). She also put up every year enormous quantities of pastes and jellies made from quinces picked in our garden. Nasibe, my paternal aunt, was always being called on to provide enormous *patlıcan pidesi* for either family affairs or holiday banquets. During most of the late summer and early autumn months she would be busy putting up preserved tomatoes: whole, chopped, or in pastes. She would also preserve golden apricots and peaches in syrup as well as brilliant green figs and bottles of verjus that provided a particular kind of tartness

l/r: Nuriye Fuat-Eden, Emine (fr.), Emine, Kamer, Nasibe

to certain dishes that even lemon could not reproduce. There were family jokes about the muffled explosions that emanated from her cellar when bottles would blow up suddenly, spattering the room scarlet, or leaving apricots sticking to the walls like egg yolks. Annually my aunt Nuriye would be called on to prepare *aşure* as she had a special knack for making it with whole chestnuts that were boiled down in a thick *pekmez* –based syrup. (*Pekmez* is made from the juice of grapes and, apart from being used in sweets, is also used as a cure-all)

At any excuse picnics were organized, usually well in advance. A day or so prior to an outing transportable foods, specially prepared, were carefully wrap-ped in cloth covers and packed in baskets. There was also the inevitable samovar for making tea or a portable stove for preparing coffee. If there was time Melek would make *kadin göbeği*, 'ladies navels' and there would be *yeniceli köfte*, *yarma* and *yaprak dolma* as well as *böreks* with aubergine filling provided by Nasibe. Sabire could be counted on to provides marzipan sweets and candied rinds from lem-

Family photo

ons and oranges. There would be cold roast as well, and sacriligiously daring, sometimes even pieces of ham, though my grandmother frowned on this. For such outings my paternal grandmother, Fatma, would make many sorts of *Halka*, that were often called Salonika cookies and were round and scented.

Ours was neither exactly a conservative nor a religious family. For my part being born and brought up in Belgium, I never had an opportunity to take part in some of the holidays that marked the year. As my mother grew older she would sometimes sit quietly in the evening reading the Kuran or some pious book, but for the most part we did not celebrate festivals in an especially notable manner. There was a time in the early part of the year when lamb was not eaten and then suddenly 'milk lamb' would appear, boiled with tomatoes and parsley. Not everyone fasted during Ramazan but at the time of *iftar*, the daily evening breaking of the fast, some sort of sweet would usually appear, sometimes made of dates. As with everyone else *Aşure* appeared during *Muharram* and was distributed to friends, relatives and the poor in great quantities.

Abdi Fuat, c.1913

For the new moon I was always taken out to

see it and to recite a prayer that my mother taught me

Ayı gördüm Allah	(O God, I see the moon
Amentu billah	O God I do believe
Aylar mübarek olur	Let the moon be blessed
İnshallah.	by God.)

At Kandils, even in Belgium, we would gather together and have special sweets and sing -

Yağ parası, mum parası
Akşam oldu, kandil parası
Sira sira şişler, iste geldi dervişler
Dervişlerin karni aç, balik ister.

Butter money, candle money
This night, festive oil lamp money.
Like skewers in a row come the dervishes
Lacking meat they ask for fishes.

Such commemorations, as well as circumcisions, weddings and funerals called for special sweets and even meals. For these events my aunt Kamer had an especially large repetoire of recipes for cheese böreks, soft wobbly puddings of rice and fresh milk sprinkled with chopped green pistachio nuts and scented with delicate mastic or rose water.

This was the atmosphere in which my mother grew from childhood and reached maturity. She was a very good student, loved literature and had a special knack for languages. At the age of 49 she began to study and master English. She was also fortunate in having been able to go to excellent schools and to have had fine teachers. She graduated from Terakkı Lisesi where she had as one of her teachers Şemşi Effendi, a teacher of

Kemal Ataturk. This school had been heavily endowed at its founding by my great grandfather Hasan Akif and my mother's maternal uncle Ethem Müfit. Her cousin Ekrem Talat, as well as my grandmother Emine had all been teachers there. Later she went on to study at the Mission Laïque Française where she excelled in French literature.

L. Ethem Müfit, Ekrem Talat in front of Terraki Lisesi, Salonika

By the age of 20 she had four suitors. One of them was her cousin Ali Riza, who was the son of Fatma, my grandmother's sister. He had gone to Germany in 1912 and then returned in 1920 as the owner of the Gratzwold cigarette factory in Munich. It was through the influence of her brother Abdi that the choice fell on Ali Riza. He was a quiet and amiable man and they were married in Salonika on the 23rd of April in 1920. As usual, the ceremonies were endless and took over a week. On the Thursday there before there was the traditional Kina party when all of the sisters and female friends of the bride, as well as her future sisters-in-law had a pri-

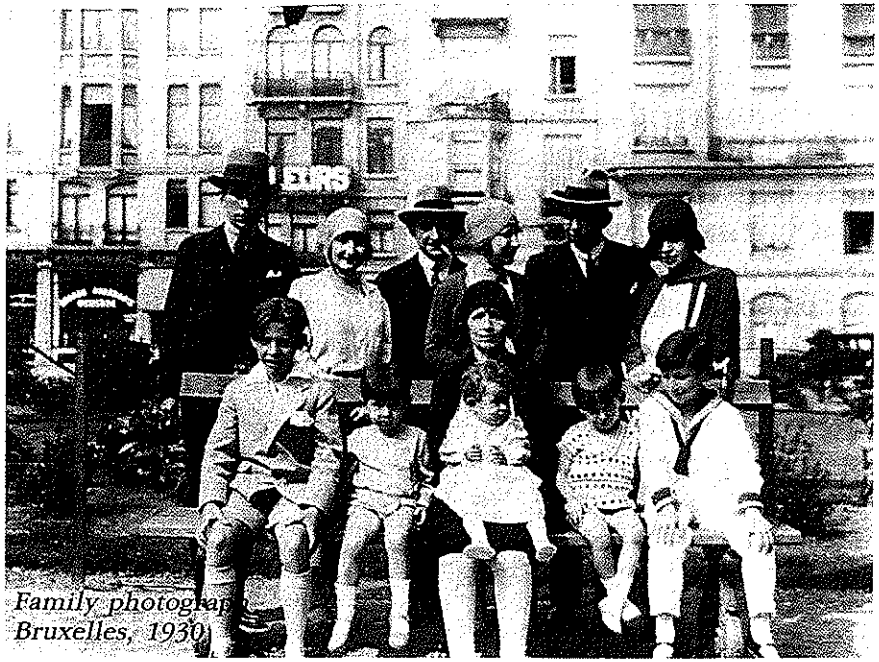
vate party that lasted well into the morning. Dancers and singers were hired and the bride to be, in this case my mother, was ceremoniously decorated with henna on her hands and forehead. Some years ago I found my mother's wedding feast menu in her drawer among some papers. At it were served *zerde, pilav,* lamb prepared with chick-peas, börek, baklava and fruit.

Not long after the wedding the couple left for Germany where they were to live until 1928 when the depression forced my father to move to Brussels where he had a subsidiary business. In Germany she mastered the art of ice cream preparation as well as other quite excellent Bavarian sweets and main dishes that she continued to prepare even after we moved to Istanbul. The core of her kitchen, however, was always Salonika recipes, and the novelty of Bavarian specialities did not impress my father greatly. He was not only a gourmand, he also enjoyed drinking a great deal and we always had a well stocked cellar of good wines. As Hasan, Müfit and then I were born, the family was also enlarged with additional servants and nannies so that my mother never lacked the time to cook in the kitchen, which was her favourite place no matter where we lived. Thanks to her the traditional cooking of our family and community was kept very much alive, and when we moved to Istanbul there was no apparent break in at least one aspect of our lives.

I grew up, as can be seen, with vivid memories that were nurtured even into adulthood. By the time my mother had reached the age of 70 or so she would reminisce more and more, and it seemed that age had only sharpened her memory for colors, sounds and places. The White Tower of Salonika was especially sharp in my mind if only because it was there that her friends would meet to take walks along the water-front. My aunt Kamer once told me how when they had both reached a proper age they had sported their first *çarsaf* and *peçe* there and then went on to Floca's to have a sweet, very grown up and chic.


Ayese and Muhlis

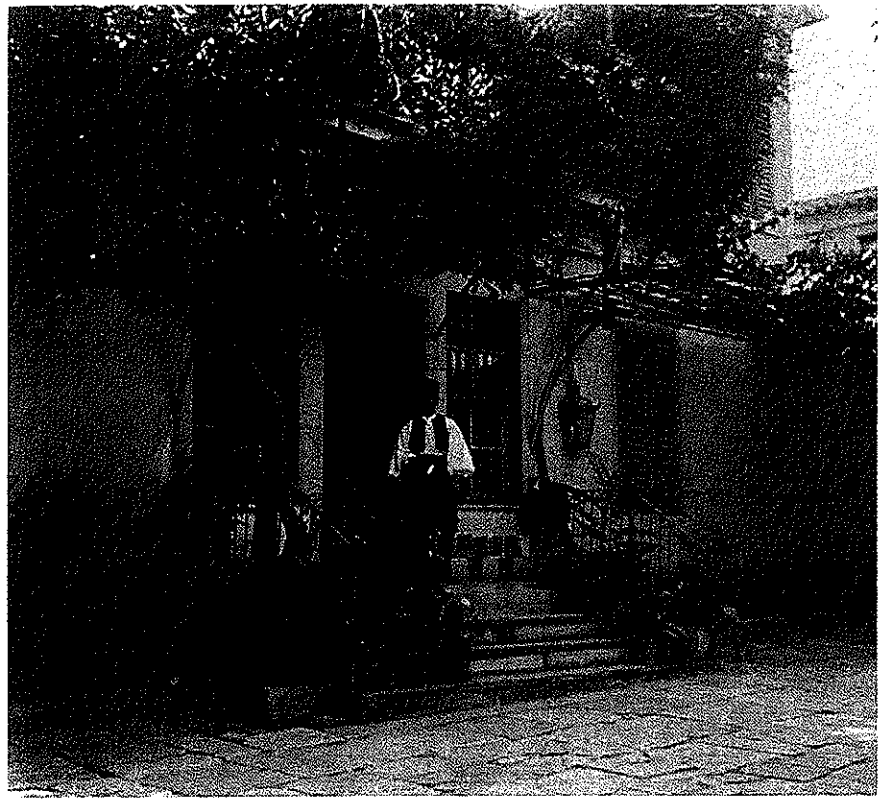
It was I who first visited Salonika after the years of changes, and when



Family photograph Bruxelles, 1930

my mother was quite old. It was on a return trip from London to Istanbul and I took a cargo ship that stopped in the city. I couldn't sleep the entire night before we landed and in the morning I rushed out to find the White Tower. I could almost see the two of them, my mother and Kamer, with their new silk stockings, high heels and their faces demurely hidden by mauve and pale green silk. I then walked down to Floca's and had one of the apricot sweets that for years friends had always brought from Salonika if they made a visit. The spell was not broken until I walked along the water front to find our family house and the garden and orchard: to find something more tangible of our past in the city. There was nothing. The old great houses had been torn down and the gardens destroyed. Gone were the huge walnut trees that provided the nuts for fish recipes and Nuriye's sweets all through the year. Gone were the tomato patches in which fruits were grown by

Dimitri destined for Sabire's home-made bombs. It was all gone. When I returned to Istanbul my mother hung on my every word asking me questions about the city of her youth. It was as if for a moment she were a young girl again, and I refrained as much as I could from telling her about the changes that made me feel such a terrible loss, even though I had never lived there.



Family photograph of child in the habit of a Mevlevi mürit

HISTORICAL NOTE & SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO APPROACH THE RECIPES.

Nicholas Stavroulakis

The recipes in this book reflect the tastes, origins and tenacity to tradition of one of the many minorities of which Salonika could once boast, that of the Ma'min or Dönme, the Judaeo-Muslim followers of Sabetay Zvi. At the turn of this century the great city still reflected the character of its foundation in the 3rd century B.C.E. when it and similar cities such as Alexandria, Antioch, and Damascus, (created or re-founded by the successors of Alexander the Great), had loosened the ethnic and social rigidity that characterised the cities of Classical Greece. The new urban centers became melting pots where Macedonians, Greeks. Syrians, Persians, Egyptians and Jews not only met but interacted and created what we know as Hellenistic civilization. Though removed by some 2300 years, and despite periods of decline and even near extinction, Salonika early in this century, had become again a reflection of what it had been in antiquity. It was a city filled with minorities, ethnic as well as religious. Even within minorities there were minorities, and the streets of the city, dominated by the minarets of some 60 mosques, acted not only as thoroughfares, but marked off the quarters in which Muslims, Jews, and Christians were further divided according to orthodoxy, heresy or a newly discovered secularism. In the harbor area Castillian Spanish was the dominant language though in an atrophied form known as Ladino or, more accurately, Judezmo. Toward the eastern part of the city Greek was more commonly heard and in the upper zones Osmanli Turkish prevailed. In every market could be heard a cacaphony of these languages mixed with Ser-

bian, Armenian, Bulgarian, and even Arabic. In many ways this is not surprising since the Ottoman Empire, despite its decline and designation as the 'Sick Man of Europe', was still true to its own complex patrimony, having inherited from Byzantium the cultural pluralism of Rome, and from Rome that of Alexander the Great.

The Muslim community of Salonika at the turn of this century was hardly homogeneous. Turkish Islam, as practised by a people who were neither Arab nor Persian, inevitably had (and still has) a character all its own. Ostensibly it was 'orthodox' and Sunnite in the main tradition of Islam that traced its succession from the death of the Prophet through Abu Bakr, Umar, Uthman, and Ali. These four are known as the Orthodox Caliphs. After the early 16th century the Ottoman Sultan also assumed the title of Caliph and was recognized throughout the Sunnite Islamic world as Caliph ul-Islam, the Commander of the Faithful, and hence successor to these orthodox caliphs of the 7th century.

The Ottoman Turks, had a refreshing indifference to ethnicity. The term 'to turn Turk', was an expression quite commonly used by the British, and others, to characterize those of varied ethnic origins who converted to Islam, accepted the Sultan as master, spoke Turkish, and acquired Turkish habits and dress. Such a 'conversion' reflected the very origins of a vast number of Turks. It is of some interest that to become a 'Greek' in the Hellenistic sense of the word entailed a similar process and acculturation as did becoming a Turk. [Ironically what marked the beginning of the end of Byzantium was its increasingly Greek ethnic character which was precipitated during the time of the Latin occupation of Greece (from 1204) and the rise of an aggressive ethnic Serbian Empire to the north]. The Turks, quite early in their involvement in Balkan and Near Eastern societies, had

been indifferent to ethnicity as such and would readily absorb not only individuals, but even tribes and 'peoples', such as Bosnians and Pomoks.

Not long after the conquest of Constantinople by Sultan Mehmet II in 1453, means were taken to revitalize the city. Since the 13th century, Crusaders, contending European interests, Serbs, and Bulgarians, not to mention the corrosive interests of the Venetians and Genoese, had left Constantinople devoid of wealth and people. Salonika suffered a similar fate under the same contenders. As capital now of the Ottoman state, Constantinople was quickly repopulated by conscription and set an example for future urban reinvigoration. Under the successor of Mehmet, (his son Beyazid II,) a great number of Jews, (perhaps as many as 200,000), who had been expelled from Spain in 1492, were given refuge in the empire. Salonika apparently saw the arrival and settlement of some 20,000. The Iberian or Sephardi Jews were a heterogeneous group and spoke Andalusian, Catalan, or Castillian Spanish. Those coming from the north of the peninsula had already been exposed to the 'new Europe' that was emerging during the Renaissance. Those in the south were still very much influenced by the Arab culture of north Africa. There were also great numbers of Marranos, Jews who had converted to Christianity after the first great outbreak of anti-Jewish sentiment in Spain in 1391. The Sephardic Jews, however, all shared a common sense of pride and origin. They even claimed to be distinct from ordinary Jews, tracing their descent from the Babylonian destruction of Jerusalem in the 6th century B.C.E.. Some went so far as to insist upon their royal descent from the House of David or from members of the Jerusalem aristocracy. They distinguished themselves from ordinary Jews who were, in their eyes, the descendants of simple Judaeans who had left Judaea only

after the destruction of the Second Temple in 71 C.E..

Possessed of such a rich cultural inheritance, they tended to look down on Greek Jews on their arrival in Greece. They also took advantage of the fact that they had not been conquered but had come willingly into the Ottoman Empire and had been treated with respect.

In Salonika they established some 32 congregations (which says a great deal about their own inability to reach agreement among themselves.) The Marranos, Jews who had converted in Spain and Portugal to Christianity in the 14th century, were now reabsorbed into Judaism, but faced great difficulties in coming to grips with orthodox Jewish life. All shared a common sense of wonderment and searched for some meaning in their exodus from Spain. It was inevitable that this second exile would be seen by them to hold some hidden significance, some role in God's plan for their redemption. Mystics delved into the sacred scriptures or poured over obscure texts searching for some intelligible pattern in what had befallen them.

In 1658 a young, melodious-voiced rabbi from Izmir by the name of Sabetay Zvi, often beset with deep depression and a strong sense of directedness was proclaimed the Messiah in a synagogue in Salonika. Not only was this announcement made but it was accompanied by certain acts of a miraculous character. In short, Sabetay taught that the Torah, or Law of Moses, had been superceded and that the world must prepare for the messianic age to come. It is not surprising that Sabetay was driven out of Salonika and, he and his chief disciple, rabbi Nathan of Gaza, traveled widely in the Near East for the next eight years, throwing most Jewish communities there into inner chaos. In spite of this, a great number of outstanding rabbis were attracted to him and

quickly began to spread his still quite vague teachings. For example, it is known that he was often found in the company of dervishes, both Bektaşi and Mevlevi, and that many became followers if not disciples. Jewish communities in Amsterdam, Livorgno, Frankfurt and elsewhere through Europe were torn apart through contention over this supposed Messiah. Finally, in 1666 Sabetay was summoned to Constantinople to give an account of himself and the behaviour of the Jews before the Sultan. Not long after his arrival it was announced that he had converted to Islam had taken the name of Mehmet Aziz Efendi.

Sabetay's conversion groosed horror in Jewish communities throughout the east. The great majority of his followers abandoned him in shame, save for a core in Izmir and some others who remained faithful to him and converted. A considerable number of converts came from Livorgno and as far north as Poland to join him. Long after the death of Sabetay great numbers of his followers were found secretly adhering to his teachings in many European Jewish communities. If a justification was needed to explain the conversion it was provided by Nathan of Gaza, though formed in Jewish terms: the Messiah indeed had come and had commited an act of mystical apostasy whose purpose was to usher in the redemption and to return all things to God. Sabetay had entered the House of Darkness to seek and redeem the hidden sparks of the Divine Essence found scattered everywhere in creation. Much of the symbolism and language in which the teachings of Sabetay were framed was rooted in Lurianic Kabbalism and Sufi teachings regarding the transmission of God's spirit through Muhammad, the Caliphs, and from there into specific Imams.

The response of the orthodox Jewish establishment was

decisive. Sabetay and his followers were considered apostates and Jews were forbidden to have any contact with them. There were repercussions in Jewish communities as far west as Amsterdam resulting in withdrawal into a rigid adherence to the Law or Torah, and the Talmud (its 'Oral', interpretation though in a written form). A deep suspicion, if not condemnation, of all mysticism was afterward to become characteristic of orthodox rabbinical Judaism.

Sabetay died as a Muslim in 1676 with a continued sense of his unique mission and its validity. His personality, teachings, songs and gentle character however were sufficient to provide the elements for the creation of a sect. Not long after his death his second wife announced that her younger brother, Jacob Philosoph, known as the *querido,* or 'beloved', had received the spirit of Sabetay. It was from Jacob that the sectarians now took their name, Yakublar, and under him they were firmly Islamicized. Strong influences from Dervish and Sufi theories regarding the manner in which Allah's message is conveyed in a living form, unbroken from the time of the Prophet through various masters, provided a cogent theoretical basis for expressing both the career of Sabetay as well as providing support for certain peculiarities in his teaching. The new sectarians generally referred to themselves as Ma'min, the 'faithful' though many Jews referred to them by the derogative title dönme, i.e. 'turncoats', a name which, unfortunately, is still used today.

Not long after the death of Jacob on his return from the Hajj to Mekka, the sect split into two halves. Those who had initially converted with Sabetay quarreled with later converts from Salonika and there emerged two distinct sects united however by their common belief in

the mission and sacred character of Sabetay's conversion. The former became known as the 'Izmirli'. Already, by the turn of the 18th century a certain reserve characterized both groups. New converts were not accepted and inter-marriage was forbidden. This exclusiveness was dictated primarily, it would appear, by the fact that both groups, Yakoblar and Izmirli, saw themselves as the elect 'faithful', awaiting the day when Sabetay would return. Such an interpretation of the departure, or withdrawal of the Lord (as Sabetay was called) and an expected return, is an idea very common among Shi'a Muslims and was nothing new in itself. In a sense Sabetay had become a hidden Imam and his followers awaited his return for further instruction.

It should be kept in mind that those who converted with Sabetay as well as the followers of Jacob Querido, were all Jews of either Portuguese or Spanish descent. The Sephardi identity therefore, was especially strong all among the Ma'min and was expressed by the retention of Ladino as a common language, though Greek was widely spoken as well. As will be seen in many of the recipes in this book, preferences for certain combinations of meats and vegetables reflect traditional Sephardic cuisine with one very important difference: Jewish laws regarding '*kashrut*' in which meat is forbidden to be cooked with any form of milk product have been dropped if not ignored. For in essence, the Sabataean movement was antinomian and, as with the heralding of Reform Judaism in 19th century, laws governing the types, combinations, and the manner of consumption of certain foods were abrogated.

In such an atmosphere, it was inevitable that someone would eventually claim to be an actual incarnation of Sabetay. Not long after the death of Jacob Querido, a quite convincingly ecstatic young man called Baruh Rus-

so asserted such a claim and was supported by a good number of families from the sub-sect of the Yakoblar. The cause for the split appears to have been to a return degree economic. In any event, these new sectarians became known as the Karakaşlar or 'black-browed'.

Well into the 19th century the sect (still divided into three sub-sects) flourished and grew in Salonika, Izmir and, to a lesser degree in Istanbul. Until the mid part of the century Ladino was normally spoken and inter-marriage with 'outsiders' was impossible due to the very nature of intructions concerned with the inner teachings of the sect which were only conveyed at the time of marriage. Marriage between members of the three sub-sects was also not possible. None of this is very surprising and followed the pattern of many 'group' conversions to Islam. Pomok Muslims (Bulgarian converts to Islam) and Cretan Muslims (Cretans of either Greek or Venetian ethnic origins who converted to Islam in the late 17th century in great numbers) retained not only their native languages but also did not, as a rule, marry with non-Pomoks or non-Cretans. Cretans were also notorious for performing *salat*, a formal ritual prayer, in Greek rather than Arabic.

Though Muslims, the Ma'min were ethnically identifiable as Spanish and Jewish. No attempts were ever made to assume an identity other than that imposed by the teachings and mission of Sabetay. This gave to the sectarians an aura of mystery and presented a firmly closed door to any form of investigation. They were definitely not crypto-Jews, though some traditions and especially certain festivals were inevitably linked with Jewish holidays (although now they commemorated events in the life of Sabetay). For example, shortly after the announcement of his being the 'Anointed', Sabetay had

called for the performance of all three great Pilgrim Holidays of the Jewish calendar, *Pesah* (Passover), *Shavuoth* (Pentacost) and *Sukkoth* (Tabernacles), to be performed simultaneously in one week as an act of absolution for all sins commited in the past. As both Jewish and Muslim holidays are determined in advance (though each according to a quite different lunar calendar) such commemorations, dependent as they were on a knowledge of Jewish lunar calculations, required consultation with rabbis. Apparently it was not uncommon for religious leaders of the Ma'min to consult with rabbis over such matters.

Being so distinct a community aroused natural curiosity on the part of outsiders. Its closely guarded secret rituals instigated not only rumours but also serious attacks on certain practices of the Ma'min. Some of these musings were based on little more than fantasy, others were very likely true. But in the case of the Ma'min, the accusations were no different than those made (even today) against the Alevi (Turkish Shi'ites) or the Bektaşi and other dervish orders and their followers. The most vicious rumors were those spread by Salonika's Orthodox Jewish community.

By the middle of the 19th century, as Ottoman society began to change inevitably under Western influences, sectarianism of any sort declined among the upper strata of society. Several attempts at political reform and the establishment of a constitutional monarchical government, resulted in an exciting atmosphere of adjustment and accomodation. Among the Ma'min, especially the Yakublar, and to a lesser degree the Izmirli, individuals began to take an active role in Ottoman society, both in government and banking. Closer identification with Ottoman interests resulted in greater assimilation and very

rapidly the unique character of their inner organization and teachings began to weaken. Ladino, or Judezmo, still spoken well into the 19th century, became increasingly replaced by Osmanli. In many instances, adherence to old ceremonies and rites commemorating the life of Sabetay were abandoned. The Yakublar especially were drawn to assimilate, many taking commissions in the army. Others invested in international commerce with houses in Paris, Berlin, and London, while others went into banking. The ultra conservative Karakaşlar alone tended to withdraw into their own form of 'orthodoxy'.

In 1900 the total population of Salonika numbered 173,000. 80,000 of these were Jews and 60,000 Muslims. The remaining 30,000 were Christians, the majority of these being Greek Orthodox. The Ma'min probably numbered at this time about 10% (out of the Muslim population). With the exception of the Karakaşlar, there was a tendency for the Ma'min to move into the newly opened areas just east of Salonika to a suburb known as Hamidiye (named after Sultan Abdul Hamid II). Here they built the last mosque of Salonika, called Yeni Camii (the New Mosque) and, in addition to a residential area, established several schools, one of the most progressive being the Terakkı Lisesi. Unlike either Turkish or Jewish women, the Ma'min women had a high degree of literacy and many taught in the new schools. Fluent in Osmanli, French, German and even Greek, they are evidence of the high standing in which women were held in all three sub-sects of the Ma'min. It is known that women even assumed roles of religious leadership in the community reflecting, perhaps, the active and important role that both of Sabetay's wives had played in the early evolution of the sect.

In 1904 the Young Turk Revolt took place in

Constantinople and Salonika. Several members of the sect were quite influential, if not openly involved, in the formulation of the movement's policy and its ideal of reforming Ottoman life and the future of the empire. Although it began as a progressive movement, it was founded too late in Ottoman history to have ever been a success. Between 1912 and 1913 two Balkan Wars were fought over Salonika and its hinterland, the area known as Macedonia and sections of Thrace. At their termination Greece occupied and absorbed Salonika on the very eve of the First World War that was to break out in 1914. Greece remained neutral initially until, in 1917, aided by the Allied Powers, Eleftherios Venizelos was appointed premier of a republic that ousted King Constantine I and the monarchy. The latter had supported Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, who in turn was an ally of the Ottomans. In that same year a great fire broke out in Salonika which destroyed almost the entire Jewish Quarter as well as the area belonging to the Karakaşlar Ma'min. When the war ended, Greece negotiated at the peace talks prefering to abandon sections of Thrace in favor of the occupation of Izmir and its undefined hinterland. This intrusion of mainland Greeks into Anatolia was soon to have tragic repercussions for millions of people. In 1923 an agreement was ratified at Lausanne whereby all Christians (over a million) from Asia Minor, with the exception of certain designated towns and cities, viz. Constantinople, were to be sent to Greece. In exchange all Muslims living in Greece were to be sent to Turkey.

The Ma'min were included naturally in the Muslim quota. It has been said that the Ma'min had sought a means of remaining in Salonika by asserting their Jewish and Spanish origins, however the Jews there refused such an association with them as Jews on *halachic* or le-

gal grounds. And so between 1923 and 1927 the entire community was resettled, for the most part in Istanbul, where they live today.

The resettlement of the community only further precipitated assimilition into contemporary Turkish life, as many of the traditional supports to the restricted identity of the Ma'min as a minority were now gone. The Ottoman milieu that had witnessed, and in a sense had given birth to the sect, had for all practical purposes vanished. In the eyes of the new turkish republic, almost anything Ottoman was suspect, if not reactionary or defunct. Nationalism in its modern and apparently successful Balkan form had finally supplanted the strange and tolerant world of the Ottomans. Under the Ottomans all of the subjects of the Sultan, whether Muslim, Christian, or Jew, had been Ottoman. After the Izmir disaster, and the exchange of populations, religious identity became the equivalent of ethnic identity, though with peculiar contradictions. For instance, it was well known that the Cretan Muslims who arrived in Istanbul in great numbers and almost depleted the urban centers of Crete, were Cretan to the core and not Turks. On the other hand, ethnic Turkish Christians were allowed to remain in Turkey, while Greek ethnic Christians were obliged to leave.

The displacement from Salonika was a major disruption for the community identity. Salonika had been regarded as a holy city, for not only had Sabetay taught there and openly announced his mission within its walls, but it was there that the more momentous conversion to Islam under Jacob Querido had taken place. There were special sites of significance known only to members of the community, and the graves of the earliest converts were still to be seen and visited as late as 1930. The very synagogue where Sabetay had proclaimed himself Messiah,

(significantly the oldest in the city, Kal Shalom,) could still be seen, as could the house where he had lived. The great Mevlevihane or religious lodge of the Mevlevi, or Whirling Dervishes, at Yeni Kapi to the west of the old city, had been of special significance to them, and many Ma'min were associated with it either directly as dervishes or as oblates. The last of the great composers of both music and poetry among the Mevlevi was Eşat Dede, a Ma'min from Salonika who received his religious training as a dervish in Istanbul.

For over three hundred years, pilgrimages had been made to the tombs of Sabetay at Dulcigno, in Albania, where he had died, as well as to the tomb of the his main apostle, Nathan of Gaza, who was buried in the great cemetery of Skopje. However, it was now impossible for tombs, places of commemoration, and other sites to be visited.

It appears that only the sub-sect of the Karakaslar, already highly conservative, managed to maintain some sort of inner organization and thus survive the crisis of resettlement. Both Yakoblar and Izmirli Ma'min very quickly began to inter-marry and to identify themselves with the new republic.

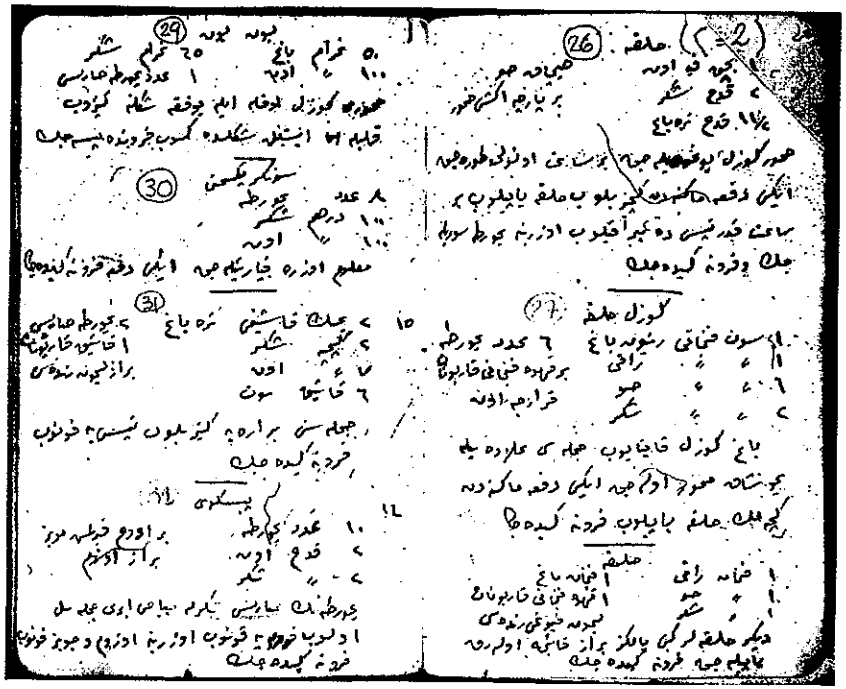
It is only against this religious and ethnic melange, kindled by Islam, that the recipes in this book and the community in which they were cultivated and relished, can be understood and appreciated. Quite apart from this the recipes are linked, as is apparent in the account of her family by Mrs. Eden, to memories of a period in modern history that has only recently passed away forever.

THE RECIPES and HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Nicholas Stavroulakis

This collection of recipes represents some of the culinary tradition of a single though quite extended family that had connections with both the Yakoblar as well as Izmirli Ma'min. They are the culinary account of a family that had already begun to assimilate into Ottoman Muslim society in the 19th century. A good number of the recipes were taken from two small notebooks written in a careful and highly literate Osmanli that had been compiled by two great aunts well prior to the 20th century. An additional source of recipes came from Esin Eden's mother and were part of a collection that seems to have been shared by the entire family and comprises traditional high Ottoman cuisine as well as traditional Sephardic cooking though, as has been noted, with complete disregard for the food laws of Judaism. A few recipes of a distinctly European origin have also been included as it seemed appropriate to reflect the creative and experimental culinary interests of the women in the Eden family, all of whom were avid travellers. The choice of recipes from among several hundred was dictated by what could well suit both the modern palate and the less leisurely pace that characterizes the modern kitchen. This is a book meant to be used and it would

only be appropriate that it be used creatively. I have noted occasionally where the addition of certain herbs or spices according to individual taste could well be tried. I have also, where appropriate, noted where shortcuts can be taken in a modern kitchen.



Recipes for Halka from the notebook of Nasibe

The eating habits and especially the order in which food was served in Ottoman times was quite different than what we are accustomed to today. The custom of having a main course preceded and followed by minor courses was not followed. Several preparations of meat, fish, and poultry might appear at the same meal and would have been interspersed by dishes that would enhance the taste or aid in digestion. As can be gathered from the preceding introduction, meals were not only

family affairs but could also include neighbors who might appear with a dish that, out of ordinary decency, would have to be served at the table. Impromptu additions such as these were accepted and even welcomed.

Many dishes were as a matter of course served cold, especially if they were prepared with olive oil. Quite commonly fruit was introduced in the very middle of a series of courses as a means of refreshing the taste buds and in preparation for the next dish to come. This somewhat cavalier approach to a 'set' menu necessitates a certain flair in the organization and serving of a meal.

In a 20th century home the serving at these dishes is less likely to take the traditional form. I have noted, for the most part, where adaptation and experiment might suit a modern kitchen. It has been my own experience, in dealing with older recipes, that they can, as a rule, take a lot of punishment in the modern kitchen. One should keep in mind that today we use gas, electricity, and microwaves, which are highly predictable and respond quickly to our every demand. The kitchen of a century ago was not so reliable. Charcoal, open flames, and wood-burning ovens were the norm in most homes. Culinary creations, as one might expect, had to withstand slow or sudden changes and variations in temperature and moisture that we now can better control. The question of food processors is another matter. I have found that invariably they change texture, and even, to a degree, flavor. This is not a value judgement and it may well be that one's modern palate prefers the silky smooth consistency of *aubergine purée* prepared in a blender to that which is mashed and pounded in a mortar. But they are quite different and one should experiment.

This book has been written primarily because these recipes are very good and easily suit the diets of Europeans and Americans. It is not a proscriptive socio-ethnographic study so the user of the book should feel free to experiment. For observant Jews this will mean the use of butter and milk substitutes, which is only proper as many of the recipes are clearly of Sephardic-Jewish origins and originally would have called for olive oil, or animal fats. (Recourse might be had to my *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece* in which the original kosher versions of many Ma'min recipes can be found).[1]

Recipe for Kazala from the notebook of great aunt Melek.

In the recipes that at times call for meat and vegetables together, one can experiment by replacing the meat with cheese. I 'discovered', for example, that I could substitute stone ground flour in some of the *börek* recipes, not for making *fyllo* or *yufka*, but in making the crusts and toppings of pies incorporating courgettes which, by the way, can incorporate as well, such really healthy vegetables as broccoli, leeks and onions, and spinach and, if you have some, left-over chicken.

(1) Stavroulakis N., *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece*, Aronson, Inc, N. J. 1996
(2) Stavroulakis N., *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece*, for Greece, Lycabettus Press, 1986, 1990

The choice of these recipes out of several hundred was dictated by a number of considerations. The question of their being representative of the Ma'min kitchen was foremost. There was also an attempt to separate recipes that were obviously from Salonika, which were traditional and not duplicates of, or borrowings from, high Ottoman cuisine. Occasionly I departed from this procedure. For example, with Kadin Göbeği, a favourite recipe of Esin's aunt Melek and specifically mentioned in Esin's description of life in the family. Those recipes that parallel almost identical dishes still eaten by Sephardic Jews, though prepared according to the laws of Kashrut, were automatically included and might be compared with the originals which can be found in my *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece*. Another consideration determining the choice of recipes was the matter of their adaptability to modern tastes and palates and, of course, kitchens.

Weights and measures were a considerable problem since many of these were in proportions determined by 'handfuls'. a wine-glass, a cup, etc. Weights were determined in some cases by the old Ottoman *okka* or *kiyye* which was used along with kilograms and grams. The *okka* is roughly 1,300 grams and I have adapted all of the recipes, for the sake of consistency, and the measurements to kilograms and grams. In most cases I have also indicated weights in pounds and ounces.

Oven temperatures I have tried to keep as simple as possible and have experimented to some degree. A me-

dium oven, when mentioned in the text, means 350 centigrade, (though, in the case of *böreks* and pies I found that a slightly hotter oven (400) was best initially for the first 5 minutes and then reduced to 350 or the remainder of the baking. A pre-heated oven is essential for all of the recipes and for most it should be quite hot for the initial 10 or 15 minutes of baking.

The following conversion table, while simple, is adequate for adapting all of the recipes to either the metric or US system of measurement. For simplicity's sake I have not gone into the question of British variations in weights and measurements

US	Metric
Dry measurement	
1tsp	5 gr
1tbs	14 gr
1ounce	28 gr
1/2cup	112 gr
1cup	140 gr
1/2 lb (8 oz)	224 gr
1 lb (16 oz)	
Liquid measurement	
1tsp	5 gr
1tbs	14 gr
1/2cup	112 gr
1cup	124 gr
1 pint (2 cups)	448 gr, 0.45 liter
1 quart (2 pints)	0.9 liters

Linear Measurements

1 inch	2.5 cm

Oven Temperatures

Fahrenehit	Mark	Centigrade
230	1	110
300	2	170
350	3	180
400	4	205
425	5	220
450	6	230