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Baldwin's Kitchen: Food and Identity in His Life and Fiction

Emily Na University of Michigan

Abstract

This article traces how the queer Black writer James Baldwin's transnational palate and experiences influenced the ways he wrote about Black domestic spaces in the late twentieth century. In the 1960s and 1970s, while Black feminist cooks and writers like Edna Lewis, Jessica B. Harris, and Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor developed new theories of soul food in relation to the Black American community and broader American cuisine, Baldwin incorporated these philosophies and transnational tastes into his lifestyle and works. He traveled and worked around Europe, settling in places like Paris, Istanbul, and Saint-Paul de Vence for years at a time. In Saint-Paul de Vence, where he spent his last years, he set up his own welcome table, at which he hosted internationally renowned guests and shared his love of cuisine. Inevitably, Baldwin's passion for cooking and hosting meals became a large, though scholarly neglected, component of his novels and essays. In his novels *Another Country*, which he finished in Istanbul and published in 1962, and *Just Above My Head*, which he finished in Saint-Paul de Vence and published in 1979, Baldwin's depictions of food and Black kitchens take a queer turn. Instead of lingering on traditional Black family structures, these texts specifically present new formulations of intimate home life and reimagine relationships between food, kitchens, race, and sex in the late twentieth century.

Keywords: food studies, cooking, soul food, welcome table, cuisine, Saint-Paul de Vence, James Baldwin

In one of Sedat Pakay's endearing photographs of James Baldwin in Turkey (Figure 1), Baldwin fries fish for Bertice Reading, an American-born international blues singer. He is wearing a white hat and a flared, printed ladies' apron. A Black man cooking for a Black woman, in Istanbul. While biographical information about Baldwin's love for cooking, hosting people in his homes in Istanbul and Saint-Paul de Vence, and his relationships with famous cooks and food writers reveals the profundity of his

transnational taste, his novels regularly depict more traditional Black American food cultures. Scholarship on Baldwin's international lifestyle is largely silent about the relationship of his works to the concurrent food scene of the 1960s and 1970s. In the late twentieth century, Black feminist soul food cooks and writers began to make names for themselves, claiming the centrality of African heritage to soul food, and thereby, American food and identity.¹ Baldwin, whose lifestyle

Figure 1 Sedat Pakay, *James Baldwin, Writer, Istanbul, Turkey*, 1965. Baldwin cooks for Bertice Reading in his kitchen in Istanbul. He had many notable visitors, including Reading and her family, Marlon Brando, Beauford Delaney, and Alex Haley. Despite the fact that he and his friends in Turkey had hired help, they still loved to cook together.²

exemplified great passion for both soul food and international cuisine, had much in common with these women. I contend that he portrayed and transformed their culinary philosophies in his novels, allowing them to lead the way to new configurations of domesticity and intimacy.

In this article I argue that James Baldwin's international travels and homes, in Istanbul and especially in Saint-Paul de Vence, granted him a transnational palate and perspective that informed his writings about Black communities, sexualities, and constructions of home life. I focus on the works *Another Country* (1962) and *Just Above My Head* (1979) to show that by embodying a gender non-binary and feminist attitude toward food spaces in his life, Baldwin participated in a reshaping of Black American kitchen culture through the intersections of food, gender, and sexuality in his writings.

Much of late twentieth-century Black food theory revolves around the role of African-American women in defining and being defined by "soul food." In her book *High on the Hog* (2011), Jessica B. Harris defines soul food not only as traditional African-American food of the South, but as encompassing so much more:

[it] depends on an ineffable quality. It is a combination of nostalgia for and pride in the food of those who came before [...] soul food looks back at the past and celebrates a genuine taste palate while offering more than a nod to the history of disenfranchisement of blacks in the United States.³

While a broad community of Black Americans partake in the sharing of soul food, the notion of soul food has particularly gendered aspects. Historically, Black women signified domestic servitude and inherent talent at cooking good meals. The transition from the Mammy figure to the Aunt Jemima figure in popular culture, flour advertisements, and pancake mixes in the first half of the twentieth century, for example, illustrates the burdens of both the white *and* Black American kitchen on the harmless, happy, African-American woman cook.⁴ Black women cooks' association with domestic servitude, and specifically Southern and soul food expertise in the American imagination, allowed for Black feminist cooks and food writers like Jessica B. Harris, Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor, and Edna Lewis to pioneer more international, transatlantic implications of the term "soul food" and its geographies in the 1960s and 1970s.⁵ I propose that James Baldwin himself, as a queer Black internationalist and food enthusiast, embodied the ideals of Black women food writers who worked to reportray soul food and expand its geographical influences.

Baldwin's own "welcome table" in Saint-Paul de Vence, where he spent the last seventeen years of his life, was one of many places at which he shared meals with people across differences. He had an outdoor and an indoor table, at which he famously hosted guests, and which his biographer David Leeming calls "a place of witness, where the exiles could come and lay down their souls."⁶ He was close friends with his cook, Valerie Sordello, who served many of these meals. She became part of his family and the "heart of the house," staying with him to the very

end, and he even took her on a trip to Paris.⁷ Sordello and Baldwin would have worked together to accomplish the intimate domestic hosting aesthetic that was so pleasing to his guests. One of Baldwin's numerous guests at his welcome table was Jessica B. Harris. She makes the case that African and African-American culinary tradition has "marked the food of this country more than any other."⁸

In the context of the movements of the 1960s and 1970s, the reclamation of African-descended cultural roots that had withstood slavery and oppression was especially popular. However, Harris's insistence on the African origins of stereotypically Black American foods like okra, watermelon, and black-eyed peas might also sound racially essentializing.⁹ Harris explains the blending of culinary traditions, particularly on the West African coast, between West African cultures and cuisines, and those of European adventurers and colonizers, to create a range of Afro-diasporic cuisine.¹⁰ Tracing the journey that shunned the "slave foods"—referring to the diets of lower-class African-American people—Harris argues that after civil rights gains, "Black food in its increasing diversity was no longer segregated on the Blacks-only side of the menu, but squarely placed on the American table."¹¹ Harris's marketing of African/African-American food culture as a mobile, transnationally valued cuisine sheds new light on the appreciation of African food roots.

A meal in *Just Above My Head* reflects this shift toward the African roots of soul food cooking. Near the end of the nonlinear story but at the beginning of the book, Hall describes visiting his childhood friend Julia's home with his own children:

The table is a darkly varnished, gleaming board [...] There is a salad of raw spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, and radishes in one bowl, a fiery pale potato salad in the other bowl. The mahogany ribs are on the mahogany platter. There is a small bowl of African peppers, smoldering green and red, a wicker basket full of hot buttered rolls, and Coca-Cola, red wine, and beer. The table is in the center of the room [...] There is a wooden African deity standing in a corner near the door.¹²

By describing this meal set-up, beginning with the table and ending with the table, even including the decorations around the table, such as "African deities," Hall and Julia portray—perhaps unconsciously on Baldwin's part—Baldwin's own meticulousness in setting up and presenting an inviting meal. Hall draws our attention to the perfect coordination of food with the interior space, calling both the ribs and the platter "mahogany," both the statues and the peppers "African." While Julia could be cooking with any kind of hot peppers, she seems to have intentionally included "African peppers," suggesting her personal return-to-Africa journey between her teenage years and contemporary life.¹³ The distinctly "African" elements of the meal are placed alongside traditionally Southern dishes like potato salad and ribs, as if to represent the concurrent trends in the African genealogy of foods that women like Jessica Harris popularized and championed.

Baldwin conveyed this careful hosting aesthetic in his own cosmopolitan lifestyle while working on *Just Above My Head*. In a 2017 article for *Saveur* magazine, Harris describes visiting Baldwin in Saint-Paul de Vence in 1973 and being struck

simultaneously by his charm—"the absolute seriousness backed by an elfin twinkle, and the enormous humanity of his smile every time I saw him"—as well as the perfection of the meal that his cook Valerie Sordello served at the outdoor welcome table: "an oh-so-splendid *soupe au pistou* that greeted us at the table. Dense with minced vegetables and heady with the pungent garlic that is the hallmark of the region's cooking, it was the perfect introduction to Provence."¹⁴ Baldwin's long-established passion for food and entertaining allowed him to host such an ideal dining experience for a renowned food writer, and Sordello would surely have provided her culinary knowledge and labor to perfect the successful hosting endeavor.

Though he hosted and appreciated elegant French meals, Baldwin's conceptualization of food and identity complicated and challenged the binary of bourgeois European cuisine against "lower-class" soul food. He appreciated and enjoyed many different types of food, but by no means aspired to a colorblind fusion of all the foods he loved. He associated food with specific people, cultures, and experiences. In his 1972 nonfiction work *No Name in the Street*, Baldwin writes about homesickness and food-based identity:

In the years in Paris, I had never been homesick for anything American—neither waffles, ice cream, hot dogs, baseball, majorettes, movies, nor the Empire State Building, nor Coney Island, nor the Statue of Liberty, nor the *Daily News*, nor Times Square [...] I missed Harlem Sunday mornings and fried chicken and biscuits, I missed the music, I missed the style—that style possessed by no other people in the world. I missed the way the dark face closes, the way dark eyes watch, and the way, when a dark face opens, a light seems to go on everywhere.¹⁵

Here, Baldwin's lists comparing "America" and "Harlem" begin with food. He misses one, but not the other. In describing his homesickness, he compares waffles and ice cream to fried chicken and biscuits. He has no longing for the typical "American food" that other Americans abroad might miss. Instead, he misses food that he associates with "home," overlapping the location, Harlem, with the time, Sunday mornings, with the sounds and styles. He uses "dark face" and "dark eyes" to express his inherent connection to a unique community, a people like "no other people in the world." Subverting the notion of the nation and even geographical space, Baldwin defines his home as being with Black people, wherever they are, and the things he remembers sharing with them, like Sunday mornings, and chicken and biscuits. The conglomeration of his senses define home as transcending "America," or even "Harlem." Home, rather than being a physical structure or geographical location, is instead a feeling of kinship, expressed in solidarity with those he shares roots with, even after his many years spent abroad in France.

Regarding sense-based racial formation, Rachel Slocum explains embodied memory in her article "Race in the Study of Food": "Bodies are shaped in racial terms through their labor, what they eat and where they live [...] Bodies produce knowledge by walking through a market, getting groceries, watching the ground for mushrooms and smelling the earth in an edible schoolyard."¹⁶ She explains that

“embodied memory” is a way for people to produce knowledge and form identities, specifically racial ones. Instead of “seeing race” visually in someone’s body, race in this sense is something that is being created by one’s interactions with the world through the senses, constantly forming and deeply malleable. Perhaps this type of racial identity through embodied memory is not unlike Baldwin’s Sunday mornings. It is not the formation of race in a static, categorical way, but the formation of identity based on a strong sense of shared experiences, knowledge, tastes, and smells.

Cooking and eating, involving all five senses, are identity-making practices. Cookbook author Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor’s conceptualization of “vibration cooking” is also in many ways a manifestation of the embodied memory that Slocum writes about. For Smart-Grosvenor, cooking—like race making—is not a calculated action. It’s something one does by instinct, by feeling the “vibrations.” She explains, “You can tell a lot about people and where they’re at by their food habits. People who eat food with pleasure and get pleasure from the different stirring of the senses that a well-prepared food experience can bring are my kind of people.”¹⁷ According to Smart-Grosvenor, eating, cooking, and social identity are inextricably intertwined. In fact, they seem to create each other through experience, community, and shared meals.

Though she was born in Fairfax, South Carolina, Smart-Grosvenor positioned and marketed herself as an expert of Geechee culture, an island off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina inhabited by the Gullah people, who have a lineage of African descent that developed in “isolation” from the rest of the country.¹⁸ Smart-Grosvenor’s career was based on her proposal of a transatlantic, traveling notion of soul food, with roots in Africa as “home,” yet an international presence and significance in cosmopolitan culture.¹⁹ In her own work on vibration cooking, she closes the gap between the preparation of “fancy food” in France, and “simple food,” by elucidating how they are actually one and the same thing.²⁰ Having spent time in Paris as a young woman, she was able to make many friends (“bohemians”) from all over the world by sharing meals, and while living with a Swedish roommate, they cooked together and “gave the best dinner parties in the hotel.”²¹ These types of international culinary experiences allowed her to reconceptualize and remarket Black soul food.²² Doris Witt explains, “Carefully distancing her understanding of soul food from the commodified interest in the ‘slave’ diet, she relocates African American dietary practices in the context of the culinary history of peoples of color around the world.”²³

Though Smart-Grosvenor’s work advanced the dialogue around Black food roots at the time, her philosophy was also heteronormatively gendered, placing women at the forefront of the soul food movement, in a servile position. She is known for having written things like “Cooking for a man is a very feminine thing, and I can’t understand how a woman can feed her man TV dinners.”²⁴ Perpetuating the concept of the kitchen as the woman’s sphere, Smart-Grosvenor sticks to a traditional understanding of food work as women’s labor for men. While her work contributed to new formulations of soul food and cooking culture in vibrant and

constructive ways, her essentializing gender politics and self-marketing as a woman of the Geechee community problematized Smart-Grosvenor's food ideologies. However, this specific rebranding of the feminine soul food cook also had empowering elements, as she put forward her expertise not only as the woman with an apron in the kitchen—an Aunt Jemima or Mammy figure, for example—but also as a mobile world-traveler who projected what was seen as regional soul food onto an international map of culinary formations.

Like Jessica B. Harris, Smart-Grosvenor was also friends with James Baldwin and attended dinners at his welcome table, even catering a party for him.²⁵ Of attending his funeral, she said,

His funeral was the best home-going service, the most spectacular farewell I have ever witnessed or heard about [...] Between the incense and the drums of Baabatunde Olatunji I thought I would faint and I almost did when at the end Jimmy sang "Precious Lord, take my hand." The funeral was so awesome. I told my friend, "Listen up. If you don't think you can have a funeral like Jimmy's, keep your black ass alive."²⁶

Baldwin's funeral service, like Smart-Grosvenor's cooking, was a magnificent blend of African traditions and contemporary American religious practices. Her reverence for Baldwin shows in her deep appreciation for his funeral service, celebrating their mutual Black identity and what it means to leave the world after a lifetime of hard work in bringing people together through artistic creation—literary *and* culinary.

The impression that Baldwin made on famous Black cooks attests to his sociable, international renown. In a 1980 article for *People* magazine, Paul Gray writes of Baldwin's celebrity at the restaurants he frequented in Saint-Paul de Vence: "the local restaurateurs pamper him shamelessly. One exception to this regimen came on his recent birthday, when friends dropped by his house to celebrate and managed to eat 21 fried chickens. Jokes Baldwin: 'Fried chicken, soul food, sweeping the cuisine of southern France!'"²⁷ This instance of having fried chicken for his birthday in Saint-Paul de Vence is a lovely demonstration of Baldwin's intimate connection with "Harlem Sunday mornings and fried chicken," even in the midst of his intellectual and cosmopolitan lifestyle. He had wedded his internationalism to his love for soul food and its reminiscences of Black American community and friends.

Though Baldwin was living a gastronomically international lifestyle by the time he was writing *Another Country* and *Just Above My Head*, given his working-class upbringing and the breadth of his experiences of discrimination abroad and in the United States, he had a complicated relationship with soul food and recognizably Black American culture. In an interview with Baldwin in 1961, Studs Terkel calls attention to a line from Baldwin's *Nobody Knows My Name*:

Now, here's the part, Jim: "I had never listened to Bessie Smith in America (in the same way that, for years, I never touched watermelon), but in Europe she helped me to reconcile myself to being a 'nigger'."

Baldwin replies that he had been living in Switzerland at the time:

One of the reasons I couldn't finish [my first novel] was that I was ashamed of where I came from and where I had been. I was ashamed of the life in the Negro church, ashamed of my father, ashamed of the Blues, ashamed of Jazz, and, of course, ashamed of watermelon: all of these stereotypes that the country inflicts on Negroes.²⁸

Watermelon was one of many Black American stereotypes, among other preconceived notions of soul food, that Baldwin had been ashamed of in his earlier years abroad. He had escaped the shame of being Black in America, only to be haunted by it in Europe. However, this interview clip importantly reveals a shift in Baldwin's relationship with stereotypically "Black" foods. Initially, living in Switzerland had made him hyper-aware of his Black Americanness, and hence disowning foods associated with African Americans helped him dissociate himself from stereotypical Black culture.²⁹ It was Bessie Smith, a popular blues singer, who helped him "reconcile" himself to "being a 'nigger.'" This transformation happened in Europe, while he was working on *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953), a semi-autobiographical novel, particularly local to his childhood. The huge distance between living in a homogeneous white Swiss town and the experiences of young John Grimes, his protagonist in the novel, is in part bridged by his acceptance of Bessie Smith, blues, and watermelon. Like Jessica B. Harris, he reclaims watermelon—and Blackness—as his heritage, not necessarily to popularize or market that heritage, but to ground himself undisguised and unashamed in something honest and authentic.

The impact of Baldwin's international travels on his American tastes was profound. In *No Name in the Street*, Baldwin writes about being home from abroad and running into an old friend and his family: "I was no longer the person my friend and his family had known and loved—I was a stranger now, and keenly aware of it, and trying hard to act, as it were, normal."³⁰ He visits their home and is struck by the profound changes in his life since they were at "P.S. 139" together, while his friend and his mother seem "as though they had been trapped, preserved, in that moment in time." Poignantly, Baldwin recounts, "They asked me if I wanted steak or chicken; for, in my travels, I might have learned not to like fried chicken anymore. I said, much relieved to be able to tell the truth, that I preferred chicken."³¹ Both Baldwin and his friends associate food with cultural and racial identity, and the question of whether he prefers "steak or chicken" would ultimately reveal whether or not Baldwin can still be considered an insider in their Harlem community.

Though Baldwin honestly answers that he still prefers chicken, his admission of being "much relieved to be able to tell the truth" discloses that perhaps he might have considered lying, choosing chicken regardless of his genuine preference as a way of performing closeness and identification. Or it could refer to the fact that he had at one point in his life "buried" the stereotypically Black things that he genuinely enjoyed, and would lie to himself so as to renounce them.³² Baldwin's international travels and residence allowed him to intentionally gel his lifestyle with his writings about Harlem in particular. His writings about Harlem wouldn't

necessarily have to change in content based on his transatlantic perspective, but living abroad strengthened Baldwin's own self-identification with Blackness and soul food culture as well as his depictions of them. The reduction of his shame about Blackness allowed him to write more honestly, and to portray Black families and meals without the same biased reservations. As a result, his writings about Black family meals usually show them positively. Appearances of soul food throughout Baldwin's novels often play a role in expressing nostalgia for Black family life, shared meals, and unconscious racial formation through food culture.

In the opening pages of *Another Country*, Rufus wanders the streets of New York, lonely, hungry, and afraid. His predicament is unclear, but his desperation and anxiety are unmistakable. He passes a bar and hears people laughing inside:

It made him remember [...] seeing his mother and his father and teasing his sister, Ida, and eating: spare ribs or pork chops or chicken or greens or cornbread or yams or biscuits. For a moment he thought he would faint with hunger and he moved to a wall of the building and leaned there. His forehead was freezing with sweat. He thought: this is got to stop, Rufus. This shit is got to stop.³³

Though the reader has yet to learn Rufus's backstory and his reasons for haunting the streets anonymous and alone, they feel the intensity of his aching hunger. Baldwin depicts the basic human need for food, and in this moment Rufus almost faints from a lack of nourishment. Even harsher still is his lack of community. Specifically, Rufus remembers meals he ate as an integral part of the life he shared with his family.

The painful homesickness of this scene—Rufus's lost family life in Harlem, and his desire for soul food to recover it—represents a craving for Black communal life in his most desperate moments. When a man on the street offers to buy him a drink, Rufus responds that he would rather have a meal, and they proceed to a bar, where he orders and scarfs down a corned beef sandwich, the understanding being that he will exchange sexual favors for it. Afterwards, "the heavy bread, the tepid meat, made him begin to feel nauseous; everything wavered before his eyes for a moment; he sipped his beer, trying to hold the sandwich down."³⁴ Though he has eaten to stay alive, the prospect of a meal from yet another stranger in exchange for sex nauseates Rufus and makes him feel as though he has reached an all-time low. I read his unwilling sex-for-food work as a way in which he himself becomes consumed by poverty. His disgust is so great that he almost blacks out—this time not from an empty stomach, but from the implications of a full but conflicted stomach.³⁵

The soul food that Rufus specifically remembers and longs for represents his craving for a return to the home he grew up in. While his hunger seems to indicate his nostalgia for his family, it may have more to do with his racial identity and experiences. As Rachel Slocum posits, "Eating and cooking as acts at once intimate and public, empowering and complicit, are constitutive of racial identity and its politics."³⁶ The premise that racial identity—like familial belonging—forms in part through food culture is something that Baldwin exemplified often in his life,

as I have described above, and in his works, by representing his characters' nostalgia for moments at home through the characters' desires and appetites. This hunger for a hearty family meal is in strong contrast to Rufus and Leona's racially obsessed sexual desires for each other. They relate to each other's bodies through the language of appetite and consumption. Rufus describes Leona as having a "thin, insatiable body," and asks Valdo, "Did you ever have the feeling [...] that a woman was eating you up?"³⁷ Their relationship embodies unhealthy voraciousness, and though sexual appetite and desire are often healthy expressions of love in Baldwin's works, in the case of Rufus and Leona their individual frustrations combine to result in a harmful outcome. Instead of satisfying each other healthily, Leona devours Rufus psychologically, while Rufus devours her physically through violence.

Though in the aforementioned scene Baldwin depicts a nostalgic and hungry take on family meals, he does portray full and hearty meals at other points in his work. In *Just Above My Head*, Baldwin shows the warmth of food-based fellowship that characters like Rufus are sick for through Hall's memory of a Sunday dinner. The Millers have been over at the Montanas' house, and they have just left, leaving the Montanas to share a meal as a family. Hall recounts,

Mama said, "Well come on, children, I know you must be hungry." Mama had baked a ham, and biscuits, we had collard greens and yams and rice and gravy and sweet potato pie, and there was more than enough, since the invited guests had gone. Arthur ate like a pig, and a spoiled one at that, but he meant it when he said that he was sorry Jimmy had had to go.³⁸

Here, the memory of being with his family as a teenager appears near the beginning of the book. This meal brings together a community that has yet to be tainted by the pain of separation, loss, and abuse that Hall's narrative will later encapsulate. Hall playfully refers to Arthur as a "pig," with a tone of brotherly tenderness, and Arthur's own regret that Jimmy has to go reflects the genuine innocent disappointment at the end of a kids' play-date. The exit of guests and the quotidian—yet plentiful and joyful—convening of family members to eat characterize this scene, not too much unlike Rufus's own Harlem memories. Perhaps Baldwin situates this retrospective scene at the beginning of the book in order to present the memory of domestic bliss around food even more powerfully, before the ensuing sufferings of this particular group of people.

Like many of the instances described above, in traditional American family life and culture women labor in the kitchen as mothers and cooks for their households.³⁹ Black women have historically borne much of the burden of culinary work, as they cooked not only for their own families and communities, but also in white domestic environments. In his representations of home life in his novels, Baldwin portrays this history. However, given his enjoyment of soul food, family meals, and hosting and bringing people together through eating, Baldwin's novels also depict a unique movement toward non-traditional kitchen cultures. His

writings demand a great amount of work to break down the obstacles of socially constructed genders, sexualities, and races. In what follows I will analyze the shift from a more typical Black domesticity to queer Black domesticity in *Another Country* and *Just Above My Head*, using Baldwin's own home in Saint-Paul de Vence as a lens.

In *Another Country*, there are not many communal meal scenes. However, after the depiction of Rufus's intense hunger, the most important food-related scene may be Eric and Yves's uneaten chicken in France. On their last night together before Eric leaves for New York, they stay together at home, for the most part cherishing the life and home they made together. They "had been together for more than two years and, from the time of their meeting his home had been with Yves. More precisely and literally, it was Yves who had come to live with him, but each was, for the other, the dwelling place that each had despaired of finding."⁴⁰ The notion of a person being the "dwelling place" is significant. Each ruptured or distanced from his own family, Eric and Yves have become alternative homes for each other. Madame Belet, their cook, makes them a chicken for their last night. While Yves speaks to her in the kitchen, "Eric munched again on the raw, garlic-flavored vegetables, thinking, *This is our last night here, Our last night.*"⁴¹ While he eats his food, his mind is preoccupied with the loss of their home together, and though the vegetables are "garlic-flavored," one can imagine that Eric doesn't actually taste the flavor at all. Yves and Eric are in no rush to eat: "She says the chicken is ready, we should not let it get cold.' [Yves] laughed, and Eric laughed. 'I told her it does not matter with chicken, if it is cold or hot, I like it either way.' They both laughed again."⁴² On the next page they continue to laugh about the chicken while having sex on "the great haven of their bed," which "had never before seemed so much like a haven, so much their own."⁴³ Not only is their bed a haven for them in the sense of intimacy and comfort, but also as a symbol of having found a home with a partner in a non-heteronormative relationship. They never eat the chicken, and the table that Madame Belet set with the wine bottle, glasses, plates, and bread remains overnight as a sign of their completion with each other physically, ignoring the food and other material components of a typical household.

Baldwin's authorship of alternative domestic environments was inspired by his experiences living in a slew of different homes around the world, and the process of creating one that would ultimately serve and reflect him best. His prolonged residence in Paris, Istanbul, and Saint-Paul de Vence during his writing career gave him particularly useful vantage points from which to portray and critique American family life. It was in Istanbul that he finished *Another Country*, and in Saint-Paul de Vence that he finished *Just Above My Head*. He moved to Istanbul in 1961, seeking a writing haven to finish *Another Country*.⁴⁴ In Turkey, Baldwin was a popular public figure, especially as there were not many other Black men on the streets. He still sought solace in creating a home through "a series of apartments and houses," where he could write and host friends.⁴⁵ Despite his transition from dwelling to dwelling in Istanbul, writing was his home, and he had sought out a place away from the United States to realize it.

As Magdalena Zaborowska asserts in her book *Me and My House: James Baldwin's Last Decade in France*, Baldwin's works engage "the necessity to survive away from one's home and difficult childhood, and the desire to create alternative kinds of domesticity and modes of dwelling for Black bodies that do not fit normative gender, sexual, familial, religious, or social roles and designs."⁴⁶ Especially from his home in Saint-Paul de Vence, his final and most self-reflective dwelling place where he wrote most of *Just Above My Head*, Baldwin was able to create these depictions more vividly. Zaborowska maintains that "Of all his works, *Just above My Head* deals with Black queerness, and sexuality in general, most openly, at the same time as it makes clear deep prejudice against same-sex desire in the community, country, and the wider world around Arthur and Jimmy."⁴⁷ Reading this novel against the background of Baldwin's last domestic space—which also happened to be international—lends the freedom and security of Baldwin's own haven to the book's critique, which blatantly challenged traditional American norms of domesticity.

Not only was Baldwin's home a place where he could write, live his life, and express his sexuality freely, it was also a place where he would host many meals for many guests. Both Zaborowska and David Leeming trace Baldwin's literal welcome tables to his final play *The Welcome Table*, which was never published.⁴⁸ The festivity and community around Baldwin's two tables—the one indoors and one outdoors—reveal the safety and beauty of unique, set-apart spaces that honor the desires and identities of nonconforming individuals and artists.

While nostalgia and memory characterize many of Hall's descriptions of meals in *Just Above My Head*, these meals are often shared with family and friends, and Black women are still usually the ones who work in the kitchen. As young Arthur and Jimmy have yet to become conscious of their sexualities, they consume these Harlem childhood meals without thinking. However, as they begin to grow up, Baldwin reveals a relationship between food and sexuality. As Arthur develops into a young teenager his appetite and sexuality develop simultaneously. When he is in Tennessee with his gospel group, "Arthur is always hungry, and his stomach is growling as he keeps smiling."⁴⁹ With this appetite he begins to flirt with Sister Dorothy Green, and they make their way to the feast that the "church sisters" have set up in the church basement. Dorothy tells him to sit down: "I'll serve you. What do you want?" "Everything," says Arthur, and looks up at her, and grins."⁵⁰ While Dorothy serves Arthur in a gender role that Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor would have encouraged, Arthur goes along and performs masculinity to the extent that he knows it is expected of him in his group of teenage boys, trying to gain sexual experience with girls. Insightfully, Hall narrates, "[Arthur] does not know what genius goes into the boiling and baking, the frying and broiling, the scouring—how hard it is to make oneself clean every day, and how hard it is to find and prepare the food."⁵¹ Hall lists the domestic duties of women who prepare food for men in the church, and notes Arthur's ignorance of the women's labor that allows him to be able to safely and contentedly enjoy this meal. Baldwin speaks to Doris Witt here, in a Black feminist reading, as women produce the soul food and men have only to eat and enjoy.

As they begin to eat, the mingling of sex and food becomes even more explicit:

He places the chicken wing, elaborately graceful, into her napkin, and he likes her more and more and wants her less and less [...] He begins to eat. He watches her breasts, beneath the beige cloth. His prick stiffens a little, twitches, but in a vacuum: he has no real curiosity about those breasts.⁵²

This scene involves simultaneous food and body consumption—of a woman's breasts and chicken—through an emerging sexual appetite. While Arthur consumes the food the women's labor has provided for him in this scene, he self-consciously tries to develop a sexual desire for women. His body physically responds to hers, but he is confused and vexed about how he truly feels toward her. He acts upon the norms he knows are standard for Black men with Black women, but he is becoming conscious of the fact that perhaps this is not what he truly wants. This experience is a stepping stone in Arthur's sexual and social development, and through it Baldwin reveals the conflict between inherent personal identity and constructed social expectations as they relate to gender, race, and sexuality. As Arthur develops a more authentic sense of his sexual identity, he finds himself in a devoted relationship with Jimmy.

In the final meal of *Just Above My Head*, which Zaborowska calls a "glimpse" of "a utopian domestic space occupied by two Black men in love," Jimmy and Arthur are in love and share a home.⁵³ They cook together, sleep together, make music together. Zaborowska explains that *Just Above My Head* was the product of much labor from Baldwin's home in Saint-Paul de Vence, and that Arthur and Jimmy's artistic haven "contains furnishings that could have come from a room in Baldwin's own house; the colors are familiar, too, resembling the palette of the author's French abode."⁵⁴ Poignantly, "The only light in the room is the light around the piano, and the very faint light, filtering through the bedsheet, from the kitchen."⁵⁵ Much of the joy in their relationship comes out of the kitchen, and in this scene, Arthur proposes they stay in for dinner—that he will scrounge together what they have:

"We got eggs and pork chops, some leftover red beans and rice, and a chicken wing." He leans up. "Bread, a little stale, but I can heat it up, you know. Some beer, a little whiskey. I mean—we don't have to go *out*, not unless you just *want* to go out." He grins. "I can *get* it together, now." [Jimmy:] "You want me to help you?"⁵⁶

The intimate, easy back-and-forth of their dialogue is a reflection of their life together—their codependence and reciprocal service. Though the food that Jimmy gathers to cook isn't sumptuous fare, it is all they need to be satisfied, since they are happy staying home together rather than going out.

Arthur thinks about his hyper-awareness of joy with Jimmy, and Hall's unique retrospective, present-tense narration anticipates Arthur's premeditated actions:

Arthur, now, stands at the window, knowing perfectly well that, in a moment, he will go behind the halfhearted partition, grab Jimmy by those two dimples just above his

ass, growl, and bite, into the nape of his neck, sniffing the hair there, just like a cat [...] and grind Jimmy's behind against his own prick, playfully, while Jimmy protests—playfully—and lets the onions burn while he turns and takes Arthur in his arms: too late. The pork chops, too, may burn, unless Jimmy, as he often does, exhibits great presence of mind, and turns down the one flame, while both calming, and surrendering to the other.⁵⁷

The interplay of sexual energy with the cooking process parallels the cooking flames and physical arousal. Arthur's awareness of Jimmy's cooking consciousness—not wanting to burn the onions or the pork chops—imitates his awareness of Jimmy's sexual consciousness—wanting to give in to Arthur's kitchen foreplay. While in this scene food starts burning as physical intimacy begins, in Eric and Yves's case in *Another Country*, food starts getting cold. In neither environment does the food itself actually matter as food per se—instead it is the homes that these meals grace that transform them into meals of love, and symbols of queer domesticity.

The narration shifts into Jimmy's hands, and the pork chops are now starting to burn through his eyes and nose: Arthur

starts fooling around with me. I don't mind that, in fact, I dig that, but my hands are all slippery with grease and onions, and I can't move for a minute. He turns me around and he kisses me, long enough for the chops to start burning. So I push him away, and I try to laugh, and I turn the pork chops over.⁵⁸

Earlier, Hall describes Jimmy's "great presence of mind" to make sure the chops don't burn through Arthur's consciousness of it. Here, Jimmy acts on his own presence of mind without explaining it. Baldwin layers the narration of the same moment through multiple perspectives, and the characters' consciousnesses of each other intermingle to emphasize Arthur and Jimmy's happiness together. Whereas earlier in his life Arthur had to self-consciously try to manipulate his feelings toward Sister Dorothy, who also served him food, here there are only natural feelings and instinctive actions. The "grease and onions" on Jimmy's fingers attract Arthur to him in a more genuine way than the set-up meal with the sisters in the church basement.

While domesticity makes food culture, food culture also makes domesticity. Both of these novels' queer domesticities show the work and the sacrifices required for them to materialize. The transition in *Another Country* from Rufus's far-off memories of family meals to Eric and Yves's French domestic bliss is in some ways at the cost of Rufus's suffering. Eric had to be separated from Rufus to move abroad to begin a new life with Yves. However, though it is most certainly a progression in terms of healthy domestic spaces, it is also a brief interlude in the middle of the book. The characters hardly eat together for the rest of the novel. When Vivaldo and Ida live together, or even in Cass and Richard's home, kitchen scenes for the most part involve preparing drinks, not food. The end of the book leaves the reader hanging right before Eric and Yves's reunification, wondering whether they will return to the relational home they had been for each other in France.

In *Just Above My Head*, the narrative of the story is nonlinear; therefore, some of the memories at the beginning of the book, like the meal with African peppers in Julia's house, actually happen after the final scene in Arthur and Jimmy's kitchen. Arthur's death lies between the two. Hall is able to recreate these memories through the lens of Arthur's loss, and this distance renders the meals—all of them—even more sentimental. Regardless of the chronological order of events in *Just Above My Head*, in Baldwin's movement from traditional family meals to heating up leftovers in a queer domestic environment, the latter becomes a place of healing for these characters from their childhood wounds—Jimmy's loss of his mother, his father's abusiveness, and being sent to live with his aunt in New Orleans, and Arthur's trauma from being sexually abused as a young boy by a stranger on the streets. The home they create with each other brings their vulnerability and experiences of abuse into a safe, creative environment.

While most of this essay has been about Baldwin's relationship with food through international travel, memory, and domesticity, to conclude I will discuss one more important instance in which Baldwin uses food to draw our attention to bigger concepts, in *If Beale Street Could Talk* (1974), which Baldwin also finished in Saint-Paul de Vence. In a memorable and disturbing scene, Tish is shopping for tomatoes at a vegetable stand when someone touches her buttocks from behind. She turns around to face a "small, young, greasy Italian punk. 'I can sure dig a tomato who digs tomatoes,' he said, and he licked his lips, and smiled." Tish looks frantically for Fonny and tries to pay and leave. The boy repeats, "Hey, sweet tomato. *You* know I dig tomatoes."⁵⁹ Through his gaze and words, Tish becomes an ingestible object, available for his pleasure as a Black woman in public. The ensuing altercation between Tish, the boy, and Fonny ends with "the white boy [laying] bleeding and retching in the gutter," and a cop coming after Fonny. Fonny's actions were of masculine protection of Tish, but when the cop appears, Tish uses her body to protect Fonny from physical harm. Her tomatoes left on the scale become a witness to her story, which the cop initially doubts. Finally, as Tish and Fonny are free to go, the shopkeeper gives her the tomatoes to take home.⁶⁰

Fonny, having unleashed his anger on the Italian assailant, has not been able to freely speak or move in front of the policeman, due to Tish's protectiveness. He feels emasculated by Tish's covering for him and "takes the bag of tomatoes and smashes them against the nearest wall" as the two of them walk home alone.⁶¹ In a patronizing and masculinist act, he violently reprimands her for trying to protect him. This scene, which is a genesis of sorts in Fonny and Tish's collective clash with law enforcement, is not only important in its depiction of gender roles before the police, but also in the way that tomatoes, as material objects, have over the course of a few pages gone from instigating derogatory sexual remarks, to becoming evidence of the harassment, to silently testifying to the injustice that has passed—a symbol of Fonny's anger, red and splattered against the wall. Food is more than a metaphor for women and sexual consumption; food is a witness to injustice, and an object that absorbs anger and violence.

Baldwin's tomatoes in *If Beale Street Could Talk* operate on multiple layers of meaning making. But what do these ruined ingredients have to do with Baldwin's international experiences, Black feminist food writers, and queer domesticities? I propose that the tomatoes suggest a loss of appetite, the same loss of appetite that Baldwin experiences in Montgomery when he walks into a restaurant only to be barked at by white servers to leave and enter through the "colored" entrance. He sits and orders food only because he wants to see how Black people are served in such establishments, set apart from the rest of the restaurant, behind the counter, behind some mesh. The food arrives wrapped in paper so the white servers don't have to wash their hands while serving Black and white people one after the other.⁶² Baldwin is disgusted, demoralized. He writes, "My stomach was as tight as a black rubber ball. I took my hamburger and walked outside and dropped it into the weeds. The dark silence of the streets now frightened me a little, and I walked back to my hotel."⁶³

The hamburger in the weeds, the tomatoes on the wall. Both instances of destruction reveal the intensity of Baldwin's righteous anger toward the greater American project. While living abroad and eventually working himself up to an appealing gastronomical lifestyle, Baldwin's distaste for the corruption of the American system, which led him abroad in the first place, persists. In the documentary *The Price of the Ticket*, Baldwin is recorded saying that he originally went to Paris to "vomit up a great deal of bitterness." He also writes in his 1960 essay, "They Can't Turn Back," "It took many years of vomiting up all the filth I'd been taught about myself, and half-believed, before I was able to walk on the earth as though I had a right to be here."⁶⁴ He characterizes American beliefs about Blackness as unappetizing, as filth, tipping the critique of Black soul food as filth on its head. While the transnational distance allowed him to write heartfelt, nostalgic scenes about family, soul food, and community, it also allowed him to gain insight into the injustices of the U.S., and to channel that anger into the hearty literary meals that would feed American social consciousness, from his lifetime onward.

Notes

- 1 Examples of Black women cooks and food writers include Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor, *Vibration Cooking: Or, the Travel Notes of a Geechee Girl* (1970) (Athens, GA, University of Georgia Press, 2011); Jessica B. Harris, *High on the Hog* (New York, Bloomsbury, 2011) and *The Africa Cookbook: Tastes of a Continent* (New York, Simon and Schuster, 1998); Edna Lewis, *The Taste of Country Cooking* (1976) (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 2006). For more on food theory and Black feminism, see Rafia Zafar, "The Signifying Dish: Autobiography and History in Two Black Women's Cookbooks," *Feminist Studies*, 25:2 (1999), pp. 449–69; Jennifer Jensen Wallach (ed.), *Dethroning the Deceitful Pork Chop: Rethinking African American Foodways from Slavery to Obama* (Fayetteville, AK, University of Arkansas Press, 2015); Psyche A. Williams-Forson, *Building Houses out of Chicken Legs: Black Women, Food, and Power* (Chapel Hill, NC, University of North Carolina Press, 2006); and Kimberly D. Nettle-Barcelón, Gillian Clark, Courtney Thorsson, Jessica Kenyatta Walker, and Psyche Williams-Forson, "Black Women's Food Work as Critical Space," *Gastronomica: The Journal for Food Studies*, 15:4 (2015), pp. 34–49.

- 2 Magdalena Zaborowska, *James Baldwin's Turkish Decade: Erotics of Exile* (Durham, NC, Duke University Press, 2009), pp. 10, 66.
- 3 Harris, *High on the Hog*, p. 208. Harris also includes her formulation of the concept of "soul" in the 1960s as stemming from the civil rights movement and the Black Power movement: "a growing pride in things Black and in the culture that had survived enslavement. It went hand in hand with a national feeling of solidarity among Blacks" (p. 207).
- 4 Alice A. Deck, "Now Then—Who Said Biscuits? The Black Woman Cook as Fetish in American Advertising, 1905–1953," in Sherri A. Inness (ed.), *Kitchen Culture in America: Popular Representations of Food, Gender, and Race* (Philadelphia, PA, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001), p. 71.
- 5 While women dominated the soul food cooking and writing scene at the same time that Baldwin was writing his novels—especially his later works—the food discourse created a complicated space for men. Black men were notoriously complicit in keeping food and the aptitude for cooking as the work of Black women. In addition, homophobia and anti-miscegenation beliefs acted in conjunction to racialize and sexualize people like Baldwin who fit outside the norms, and these beliefs were also transcribed onto the "soul food" that was in the margins. In her section on "Soul Food and Black Masculinity," Doris Witt traces the connections between viewing soul food as "filth" because of its derivation from slavery, and the practices of movements like Black Power and the Nation of Islam in simultaneously preaching against soul food and marginalizing Black women. Doris Witt, *Black Hunger: Food and Politics in U.S. Identity* (Minneapolis, MN, University of Minnesota Press, 1999), p. 81.
- 6 David Leeming, *James Baldwin: A Biography* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1994), p. 374.
- 7 Cecil Brown, "With James Baldwin at the Welcome Table: A Protégé of Baldwin Remembers the Writing of *If Beale Street Could Talk*," *The Common Reader: The James Baldwin Issue*, 23 September 2019, <https://commonreader.wustl.edu/c/with-james-baldwin-at-the-welcome-table/> (accessed 6 June 2020), and Magdalena Zaborowska, *Me and My House: James Baldwin's Last Decade in France* (Durham, NC, Duke University Press, 2018), p. 133.
- 8 Harris, *High on the Hog*, p. 1.
- 9 *Ibid.*, p. 18. In her book, Harris is meticulous about the origins of specific foods. For example, she distinguishes between "true yams" (from Africa) and American "sweet potatoes." In some ways, the insistence on the authenticity of a "true" African nature fails to complicate the evolution and retention of culture with migration and time.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 26.
- 11 *Ibid.*, p. 216.
- 12 James Baldwin, *Just Above My Head* (1979) (New York, Dell, 2000), p. 29.
- 13 By "return to Africa" I refer to the increased interest in African genealogy for Black Americans in the late twentieth century. Works like Alex Haley's book (1974) and television series *Roots* (1977) inspired many African Americans to seek to "reclaim" and reconnect with their heritage by traveling to Africa. Baldwin published *Just Above My Head* in 1979, contemporaneously with the cultural wave of *Roots* and the ensuing Black heritage tourism, or "roots tourism."
- 14 Jessica B. Harris, "Dining with James Baldwin," *SAVEUR*, 15 May 2017, www.saveur.com/dining-with-james-baldwin (accessed 6 June 2020). In her memoir, *My Soul Looks Back* (New York, Scribner, 2017), Harris spends much of her first chapter describing her experience of staying at Baldwin's home in Saint-Paul de Vence.
- 15 James Baldwin, *No Name in the Street* (1972), in *The Price of the Ticket: Collected Non-fiction 1948–1985* (New York, St. Martin's/Marek, 1985), p. 486.

- 16 Rachel Slocum, "Race in the Study of Food," *Progress in Human Geography*, 35:3 (2011), p. 318.
- 17 Smart-Grosvenor, *Vibration Cooking*, p. xxxix.
- 18 Doris Witt, "Vertamae Smart Grosvenor's Geechee Diaspora," in Inness (ed.), *Kitchen Culture in America*, p. 229.
- 19 *Ibid.*, p. 243.
- 20 Smart-Grosvenor, *Vibration Cooking*, p. xxxviii. Smart-Grosvenor recounts a story of expectantly being served a delicacy at a restaurant in France, and realizing that it was just chitterlings in the form of sausage called andouillettes (p. xxiii). She also writes about the very similar ways that French and Americans prepare shared foods like sweet potatoes (p. xxxviii).
- 21 *Ibid.*, p. 55.
- 22 Another Black feminist writer who popularized the harmonious fusion of soul food and French cuisine was Edna Lewis. Known as the "grand dame" of Southern cooking, Lewis's international travels allowed her to bring French techniques to Southern food, contributing soul food to the movement of white cosmopolitan cooking. She is known for her lyrical essay "What is Southern?," and her close relationship with the much younger white chef Scott Peacock, her protégé, cookbook co-author, and good friend, epitomizes the fluid boundaries Lewis embodied in Southern identity. Lewis's life as a chef and food writer was characterized by bringing people together across differences to share food and community, creating alliances, understanding, and new forms of intimacy via Southern food. Sara B. Franklin, "Introduction," in Sara B. Franklin (ed.), *Edna Lewis: At the Table with an American Original* (Chapel Hill, NC, University of North Carolina Press, 2018), pp. 1–14.
- 23 Witt, "Vertamae Smart Grosvenor," p. 233
- 24 Smart-Grosvenor, *Vibration Cooking*, p. xxxix.
- 25 Zaborowska, *Me and My House*, pp. 57, 197.
- 26 Smart-Grosvenor, *Vibration Cooking*, p. 204.
- 27 Paul Gray, "Author James Baldwin Defines Life: 'You Learn to Make Love with Whatever Frightens You,'" *PEOPLE.com*, 7 January 1980, people.com/archive/author-james-baldwin-defines-life-you-learn-to-make-love-with-whatever-frightens-you-vol-13-no-1/ (accessed 6 June 2020).
- 28 James Baldwin, *James Baldwin: The Last Interview and Other Conversations* (New York, Melville House, 2014), p. 4.
- 29 James Baldwin, "Stranger in the Village" (1953), in *The Price of the Ticket*, pp. 79–90.
- 30 Baldwin, *No Name in the Street*, p. 456.
- 31 *Ibid.*, p. 457.
- 32 Baldwin, *James Baldwin: The Last Interview*, p. 4.
- 33 James Baldwin, *Another Country* (1962), in *Early Novels and Stories*, ed. Toni Morrison (New York, Library of America, 1998), p. 369.
- 34 Baldwin, *Another Country*, p. 402.
- 35 The relationship between food and sex work, more specifically gay or queer sex work, is something that Baldwin points out in other works as well. In *Giovanni's Room*, David and Giovanni go to a restaurant with Jacques and Guillaume, where older, richer men flirt with younger men, indicating that they will buy them dinner if the younger men make themselves available sexually (p. 62). Giovanni's employment at Guillaume's bar is a result of Guillaume knowing that he will bring in money as a young man attractive to older richer men, and he entices him with a work visa and payment. Giovanni is more than a barman at the restaurant; he is a sexual symbol, a symbol of the fleeting exchange

- of desires, alcohol, food, and money in this elusive, non-heteronormative space. James Baldwin, *Giovanni's Room* (1956) (New York, Vintage, 2013).
- 36 Slocum, "Race in the Study of Food," p. 305.
- 37 Baldwin, *Another Country*, p. 410.
- 38 Baldwin, *Just Above My Head*, p. 77.
- 39 Sherry A. Inness, "Introduction," in Inness (ed.), *Kitchen Culture in America*, p. 3.
- 40 Baldwin, *Another Country*, p. 530.
- 41 *Ibid.*
- 42 *Ibid.*, p. 566.
- 43 *Ibid.*, p. 567.
- 44 Zaborowska, *James Baldwin's Turkish Decade*, p. 42.
- 45 *Ibid.*, p. 44.
- 46 Zaborowska, *Me and My House*, p. 56.
- 47 *Ibid.*, p. 97.
- 48 Baldwin worked on his play *The Welcome Table* from his home in Saint-Paul de Vence. Some of the people around him were inspirations for characters in his play, which was set in a house not unlike his own, and rehearsed in his actual house (Leeming, *James Baldwin: A Biography*, p. 374). Magdalena Zaborowska writes, "it embraces African Americans as part of a larger, transnational community of émigrés, and transient artists" (*Me and My House*, p. 182). Fittingly enough, the "culminating event" is an elderly woman's birthday party. The themes of *The Welcome Table* reflect Baldwin's transnational hospitality, community, and social life.
- 49 Baldwin, *Just Above My Head*, p. 177.
- 50 *Ibid.*, p. 178.
- 51 *Ibid.*, p. 179.
- 52 *Ibid.*, p. 181.
- 53 Zaborowska, *Me and My House*, p. 95.
- 54 *Ibid.*, p. 96.
- 55 Baldwin, *Just Above My Head*, p. 570.
- 56 *Ibid.*, p. 571.
- 57 *Ibid.*, p. 574.
- 58 *Ibid.*
- 59 Baldwin, *If Beale Street Could Talk* (1974) (New York, Vintage, 2006), p. 136.
- 60 *Ibid.*, p. 139.
- 61 *Ibid.*, p. 140.
- 62 Baldwin, *No Name in the Street*, p. 488.
- 63 *Ibid.*
- 64 James Baldwin, "They Can't Turn Back," (1960) in *The Price of the Ticket*, p. 227.

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Contributor's Biography

Emily Na is a PhD student in American Culture at the University of Michigan. Her research focuses on African-American literature and the contemporary memory of slavery in the U.S. through literature, visual culture, and museums.