

HELIX *aspersa* the common brown snail

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In this edition



Join 'food finders' at Mundaring truffle festival 2010...and discover the apple's heritage

Not drowning. Waving: the resurgence of the hairy marron

Abalone madness

An American journey to food awareness

Picking slow fruit: heritage at risk of loss

Event diary: Food sovereignty – what's on your plate?

Slow Food Perth contacts

Word picture



Image: Matt O'Donohue

Slow Food president Carlo Petrini
University of Western Australia public lecture
14 October 2009 –

'Here you make food travel very long distances. Here you have this crazy logic of making food travel all the way around. We're losing farmers' knowledge. We don't give value to food. And small farmers are disappearing. They are not allowed to 'live'. So big industry and big distribution are those that really rule here. They don't really care about these small producers, those who really preserve and safeguard the land. This type of food production kills the environment, kills farmers, and that is why food is eating us. Because if food production kills the environment, what are we?'

Join the 'food finders' at Mundaring truffle festival 2010



Malus sieversii fruit grown near New York from gemnaplasm collected in central Asia by the US Agricultural Research Service since 2006.
Image: Peggy Greb / Science Daily

SLOW Food Perth will co-ordinate children's food education and tasting activities – called 'Food finders' – at the 2010 Mundaring truffle festival on Saturday 31 July and Sunday 1 August.

Plans include enabling kids to discover the history of the apple and to taste different varieties, the story of wheat, ending in pasta-making, and finding and identifying various potato types. Horticulturalist Ben

Mitchell, of Growing Free, and Western Potatoes have been asked by Slow Food Perth to support the event.

There will also be blindfold food tastings and a repeat of last year's white milk tasting.

This year Slow Food Perth's traditional long table lunch will be replaced by our participation in a communal lunch on both days of the festival. Chefs including Slow Food Perth's Vincenzo Velletri, Must Wine Bar's Russell Blaikie and Hadleigh Troy from Restaurant Amusé will be offering a range of truffle-themed, short-order dishes to be eaten at a communal long table. Patrons will also be able to buy Hills' wines to drink with lunch.

Malus sieversii: the big 'mother' of them all



US Agricultural Research Service
National Germplasm Repository
Image of *Malus sieversii* fruit.
Image: ARS

Discovering the history of the apple will be one of the key events for kids at Slow Food Perth's 'food finders' marquee at the Mundaring festival.

A catalogue of fruit trees growing at the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria's Richmond experimental farm in 1863 – in what is now suburban Melbourne – listed more than 280 varieties of apple.

These included adam's permian, cornish gilliflower, duke of gloucester, kentish fillbasket, mank's codlin, pomme grise, reinette jaune hative and sack-and-sugar, all absent from greengrocers and supermarkets almost



Above: US Agricultural Research Service scientists with another wild apple ancestor, *Malus orientalis*, in the Caucasus. Below: *Malus sieversii* fruit from a wild tree in Kazakhstan. Images: ARS / Science Daily



century and a half later.

What we can buy today is limited to red delicious, fuji, granny smith, golden delicious, jonathan, pink lady, lady william and a handful of others, reflecting a huge gap in our food heritage.

The big 'mother' – actually both mother and father, a hermaphrodite – of all apples is thought to be *Malus sieversii*, native to northern Tibet, north-western China, southern Kazakhstan and north-eastern Kyrgyzstan. The former capital of Kazakhstan, in the northern lee of the Tien Shan mountains, is named Almaty, which translates as 'grandfather of apples'.

Sieversii, which grows at between 1200 and 1300 metres and often is the dominant tree in endemic forest, is thought to have cross-pollinated with *M. sylvestris* – the European wild apple – to parent today's common apple species, *M. domestica*, in eastern Turkey

The United States' Agricultural Research Service is continuing with studies which began in 2006 to collect and document genetic material from *M. sieversii*. The research has found that the species has an extraordinary disease resistance.

Material from among the 949 apple tree accessions made in central Asia has been used to grow out 1600 *M. sieversii* trees at the National Germplasm Repository in Geneva, near New York. Using genes from *sieversii* with modern apple varieties has displayed an ability to resist apple scab fungus and fire blight.

From this work, researchers have also found an increased tolerance to growing apples at altitude and in dry and near-desert areas.

'Food finders' at Mundaring will tell the story of *M. sieversii* and its descendants, using a modern winter-fruiting variety to encourage kids' interest.

An invitation to help

Slow Food Perth would be grateful if interested members could volunteer their time and skills to help us to staff 'Food finders' in Mundaring on Saturday 31 July and Sunday 1 August 2010. It will be fun and rewarding. Please contact:

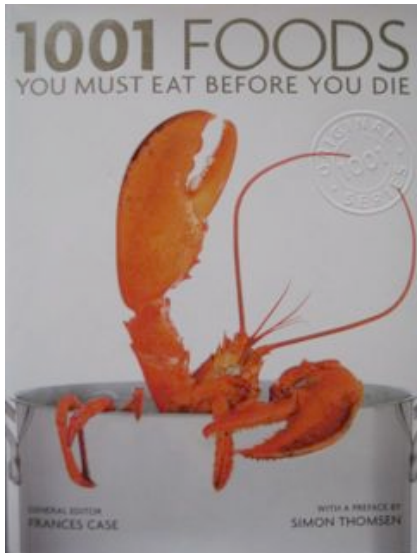
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Not drowning. Waving: the resurgence of the hairy marron



Western Australia's unique freshwater crayfish – the marron – has been rated 'probably the best-eating crayfish in the world' in 1001 foods you must eat before you die. Published by Ebury Press and edited by British food writer Frances Case, this detailed ready-reckoner of the world's most fascinating and tasty foods includes a preface by The Sydney Morning Herald chief restaurant critic Simon Thomsen. 1001 foods you must eat before you die reports that the marron's only natural habitat is in south-west Western Australia. There are two types – *Cherax tenuimanus*, or the 'hairy' marron, and *C. cainii*, the 'smooth'. The name derives from the local Nyungar language and means 'bread' or 'food'. Wild fishing of the species is controlled. Pauline Tresise reports on the managed resurgence of the hairy species.

THE marron, a large freshwater crayfish species endemic in Western Australia's south west, was originally recognised as only one species. Now two species have been formally described: the hairy marron, *Cherax tenuimanus*, endemic to the Margaret River area, and the smooth marron, *Cherax cainii*, endemic to the wider region.

The smooth marron was originally only to be found between Harvey and Albany but has spread from the Hutt River north of Geraldton to east of Esperance. They are also found in dams and are farmed using aquaculture.

Several years ago a report from the Threatened Species Scientific Committee recommended that the hairy marron be listed as critically endangered. Since then the Western Australian Department of Environment and Conservation has been working with the Department of Fisheries and the public to develop and implement a recovery plan for the hairy marron. A breeding project recently developed has helped the hairy marron climb back from the edge of extinction. This project saw 10,000 juvenile hairy marron released into the Margaret river, with annual releases to follow.

More than 20 years ago, with the spread of the smooth marron, the gradual decline of the hairy species began. Both these species are considered the largest freshwater crayfish in the world and can grow to more than 380mm in length.

A report by ABC *Landline* earlier this year reported a significant marron aquaculture project in the south west. The project is providing new purpose for Collie's old coalmines and offering opportunities for Aboriginal people.

The project has been handed over to the local Mungah people of Collie and has become a collaboration between scientists, Wesfarmers Coal and the local community.



Slow Food international resident Carlo Petrini with a live smooth marron at a Perth restaurant in October 2009. Image: Pauline Tresise

Years ago, when marron were more plentiful, catching them was a common cultural pursuit in the south west of Western Australia. One handy method as to place baits in shallow water close to the shore in the evening and revisiting them a couple of hours later. Those marron attracted to the baits were caught with a scoop. Today a recreational fishing licence is needed and the season usually opens at the beginning of the year, lasts for a month and is rigorously policed by the Fisheries Department.

The creatures were then simply steamed on the spot or barbecued. Today they are considered one of the gourmet products of the world and with the growth of aquaculture they are part of an expanding export market for Western Australia.

The most humane method of killing a marron is to pierce the brain with a sharp knife or skewer. The brain is located just behind the eyes, so insert the knife into the central ridge on the head. Then split the marron in half lengthwise, cutting right through the head.

To cook, simply bring a large pot of water to the boil, with a tablespoon of salt to every litre of water. Place in the chilled marron in the pot and bring the water back to the boil and cook for three to five minutes. When marron rise to the top of the pot cook for another minute.

Marron have a mild, delicate flavour, so are often cooked with addition of herbs and spices.

Marron in garlic sauce

500g marron flesh (uncooked)
4 cloves garlic
half teaspoon salt, couple teaspoons crushed black peppercorns
2 teaspoons of lemon juice
1 tablespoon of brandy
chopped parsley
couple tablespoons of cream

Method

Set the cream aside and mix all other ingredients together. Place the marron in a saucepan and add the garlic, juice and brandy mixture with enough oil to cook quickly until the marron flesh changes colour. Stir in cream, then serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Information

<http://www.fish.wa.gov.au/docs/pub/ldCrayfish/ldCrayfishPage02.php?0304>

<http://www.fish.wa.gov.au/docs/pub/ldCrayfish/ldCrayfishPage02.php?0304>

<http://www.environment.gov.au/biodiversity/threatened/species/pubs/cherax-tenuimanus-listing.pdf>

<http://www.abc.net.au/stateline/wa/content/2006/s2506534.htm>

Abalone madness



Fresh abalone. Image: Pauline Tresise

Slow Food Perth member, urban verge gardener and backyard chook lover Susan Hartley dives into abalone.

SUNDAY 1 November 2009 at 7.00am was the opening of the abalone season in Perth. It wasn't promising, with cool weather and medium swell. I asked myself at 5.30am – 'Did I really want to drive for half an hour and plunge into cold, weedy water and struggle out to a reef where I'd be battered about for an hour with crazy men wielding sharp implements or stay in my warm bed snuggled up to my partner?'

Silly question. Of course I'd prefer the former scenario! It only happened a few weekends in the year and I'd been waiting all year for the time to come around again



Sue and Tim Hartley emerge from their abalone hunt at Hillarys. Image: Pauline Tresise

since the tantalising memory of last year's abalone had faded from my taste buds.

A cup of tea in hand, I gathered all the gear together, not forgetting my special abalone blade for prying off the little blighters in double quick time while hanging onto a bunch of seaweed in the other hand.

I had invested in this blade having found that my screwdriver was too damaging of their shells and didn't slide easily under them. I was often struggling under water far too long and getting dragged off by the swell before I could loosen the shell. It meant that occasionally abalones got damaged and lost, not something I approved of as being a protected animal deserving to be cherished. Damaged shellfish inevitably died joining the aquatic food chain.

My long-suffering non-abalone eating partner reluctantly agreed to drive me to my favourite spot. I was comforted by his presence watching while I dived. Although he couldn't, and wouldn't, swim, at least he would raise the alarm if he saw me disappear beneath the waves. It is a slight but real danger as each year some divers get into difficulties and some die on the reefs in their eagerness for the precious shellfish.

Dragging on a wet suit that was far too small after winter eating, I waited on the shoreline bag in hand.

My big son had turned up unexpectedly and 'borrowed' my knife, leaving me with my old blade. I can see what he will be getting for Christmas if this keeps up. We looked at our watches as the time of 7.00am approached and the rest of the divers on the beach became agitated. Mostly the others are of Asian or Maori extraction, both cultures highly valuing the abalone meat. Some older Anglo Aussies were amongst them but they were in the minority, having come to abalone eating much later. I was the only woman of 'a certain age' in my stretch of beach.

I learned to love the whole experience of abalone diving when I was a child as we had a hut on the northern tip of Garden Island for 30 years. At Garden Island we'd caught all manner of fish with gay abandon, as all were plentiful in my childhood days. Crays off the Pig Trough near our beach hut, crabs in Sulphur Bay, fat abalone on all the reefs, herring out of the nets in front of the hut, salmon when they spawned, mussels off the old jetty and any variety of fish. We didn't take any more than we could eat at one time as we knew they would be there for the taking, fresh, whenever we wanted a feed.

At that time in the 1950s, before Kwinana industry started to pour out its filth into the Cockburn Sound, the water was clear and the sea grass healthy, alive with small colourful fish. Without formal instruction, we learnt the skills of swimming, fishing and diving by doing it every day in the holidays. We didn't know that what we had wouldn't last, as children we assumed it was 'normal' and forever so we took it for granted.

Successive waves of Asian immigration showed Australians how rare it was to have such abundance. Regulations had to be brought in before the abalone stock went the way of the dodo.

There were some tense times when locals felt the reefs were being raped by the newcomers. Now, with



A chilly November morning
abalone-hungry crowd of divers.
Image: Pauline Tressise

education and regulation tightly controlling the fishing, the abalone stock has been managed well. Hopefully there will be abalone to be shared by other generations to experience in years to come.

On the dot of 7:00am I reluctantly waded into the water willing away the waves and clinging seaweed wrapping about me. I'd be kidding myself if I thought this was in any way pleasant. Taking the plunge under the waves the old thrill of joining the aquatic world returned and I took my first look at the reefs. There they were nestled under the rocks and hidden by weed and sand. The water was very turbid, stirred up by the incessant waves. Occasionally I found myself swirling around, blade in hand, trying not to stab another figure encased in his wetsuit who was also wielding a sharp object as we were hit by a series of waves.

It is the thrill of searching out the best abalone, survivors from last season, tucked deep under the shelves, that keeps me diving deeper. With my lungs fully woken up now from the exertion of holding my breath, I pry them off and after half an hour I have my quota of 20 full-size shellfish.

Back home the real work starts, cleaning them from their shells and slicing and cooking them. Fortunately my son has some friends sleeping over after a late night

Halloween party. They had not tasted abalone and were keen to try them. Giving them a brief lesson in cleaning them without stabbing one's palm, I left them to it.

I showed them how to slice the firm muscle into bite sized slivers and coat them in my favourite Japanese breadcrumbs with a bit of ground pepper and garlic. A light fry in good olive oil and we sat down to home baked sourdough spelt bread and homemade lemonade to wash down the chewy and indescribably tasty morsels. And guess what? Abalone does not taste like chicken! I'll be back for my share again next time.

Western Australian abalone

Western Australian waters are home to 11 abalone species but only three are commercially fished.

The most common species is Roe's abalone, *Haliotis roei* (named after the colonial Surveyor-General John Septimus Roe), which is found on reef platforms along the western and southern coasts.

The greenlip abalone, *Haliotis laevis*, and brownlip abalone, *Haliotis conicopora*, are larger, less numerous and more valuable. They are found mainly on the south coast, though their range extends north to Cape Naturaliste for greenlip and west to Rottnest for brownlip.

Increasing and unrestricted activity by recreational fishers in the Perth metropolitan area and near Geraldton also caused concern as stocks of Roe's abalone declined in the early 1980s. Since then, strict restrictions have been placed on recreational fishing in these areas and bag limits have been set for all areas.

Pan-fried abalone

2 abalone steaks
3 tablespoons of butter
1 tablespoon of oil
salt

freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon Lemon juice
2 sprigs parsley

Method

Tenderise the abalone steaks by pounding with a wooden mallet. Use persistent, firm strikes, and flatten them to quarter inch thickness. Do not overcook, or the abalone will become tough and rubbery. Thirty seconds to a side is enough. Less is better. Pat the abalone dry. Melt the butter with the oil in a large skillet. When the butter foams and is very hot, add the steaks. Season with salt and pepper and fry for 30 seconds on each side. Transfer to a warm platter, drizzle with lemon juice and garnish with parsley.

Acknowledgements

Abalone madness © Susan Hartley 2009
Email shartley@starwon.com.au

Abalone species information and recipe courtesy of the Western Australian Department of Fisheries website <http://www.fish.wa.gov.au>

An American journey to food awareness

Slow Food Perth honorary secretary Erika Wright, growing up in the United States, recalls her paths to food discovery and culture.

MY earliest memories of food centre mainly on the vast gastronomic feasts that were a central part of every holiday and the sweet treats and ice cream cones that, from my point of view, formed the foundation of my grandparents' love and affection.

I never gave much thought to the role food played in my life. It filled me up when I was hungry and gave me



Story images: *Savour* magazine

moments of joy even when I was not. I didn't consider food to be an intrinsic part of culture until I began to travel. As a traveller, food plays a particularly important role in the experience of a new place and as a travelling eater, I've realized that food is always a central element of cultural expression. What and how people eat, how food is grown or raised, how it's processed, how it's bought and how it's cooked are all small windows into different cultures and values. The cooking, eating and sharing of food are the most universal of human activities. Experiencing new ways of doing every-day things challenged the very foundations of the values and ideas that I had taken for granted.

Childhood

I credit my mother with instilling the basics of a relatively healthy food philosophy. As a regular American kid, I grew up in a house where my mom cooked dinner almost every night, sometimes from a box, but usually from scratch and we always sat down together and ate at the table. I can't tell you how typical that was during the late 70s, 80s and early 90s, but most

of my friends' families did the same. At school, however, a lot of kids got to eat school lunches. Repulsive as it sounds now, those cheesy pizzas, hot dogs, and greasy corn dogs were highly coveted. While the other kids ate lunches dripping in grease and cheesy sauces, I was one of the few sent with a sack lunch; sandwich, yoghurt, an apple or banana and sometimes something sweet. I wish I could say that I appreciated her effort, but I really didn't.

Though my mother began teaching me to eat well, it was my father who fostered an interest in food and culture which has continued throughout my life. My mother died when I was 18, and I think because meals at home reminded us of her, my father and I took to eating out together at restaurants or eating frozen dinners at home in separate rooms rather than together at the table. Neither of us knew much about cooking, and neither of us had the will or the interest to make the effort. Why do so when you can shove food into the microwave and five minutes later you're eating lasagne or chicken kiev?

Living off microwave meals gave me an insight into a different aspect of my own culture, but dining out was where my interest in food and food culture developed. Japanese, Thai, Italian, Caribbean, Greek; any kind of restaurant we could find we were willing to try. For a kid in an isolated town of 36,000 people this was a first taste of the wider world beyond.

College years

After high school, I attended university in the neighbouring liberal college town in Northern California. As I became more politically aware, my interests spread to an awareness of food, food quality and food politics. My university town was very involved from the beginning in the organics movement and yet a lot of people in my life still considered organics to be either too expensive and / or just another crazy liberal



ideology. As I allowed myself to question the quality and value of the foods I'd grown up with, I found it impossible to deny the logic that if I ate food covered in pesticides and poison these poisons would then be in my body and would remain a part of me. That simple idea tipped my whole world on end and made me re-evaluate many things I'd taken for granted. If, for example, an animal has been eating bad quality food, you can see the unhealthiness on the animal in its limp hair, slack muscles and dull eyes. I knew this to be true having grown up around animals all my life. So, by extension I couldn't deny that eating the meat of that unhealthy animal is not going to be the best for my body either. Looking back now, it's hard to recognise just how radical these ideas were, but they were positively revolutionary.

The chicken

Through my travel experiences I gradually began to rethink some aspects of my own food culture. Before reading *Fast Food Nation*, I too thought chunks of chicken wrapped in plastic were the most hygienic way of eating. A visit to my boyfriend's family in Germany made me reconsider that idea. One day his grandmother came home from a local farm with a freshly butchered chicken carcass which she proceeded to leave on the

counter. The chicken laid there all day in the blistering summer heat. This caused me some concern, which increased to full-blown distress, when I saw her cutting first the chicken, then the vegetables, without sanitizing in between. Having been raised with the fear of salmonella, I mentioned my concerns to my boyfriend who laughed and assured me that his family and the families of his friends had been dealing with chicken in this way for generations and no one had ever become sick. I saw this repeated numerous times and no one ever came down with salmonella or any other food borne pathogen, even when they tasted raw meat to check if it was seasoned properly. Most surprising was how much more flavourful and juicy the meat was than what I was used to.

I considered the differences between a fresh chicken killed that very morning, plump, healthy and strong with shiny feathers and bright eyes and the ubiquitous plastic wrapped pieces I was used to in my small town. Though my mind told me that it looked sanitary, in fact it had to be handled almost as if it were biohazard material.

In California it's not so easy to go to a farm and buy a freshly killed chicken. In my town, chickens are packed together and shipped in a truck some four hours from the farm to the processing plant. In this plant, thousands of chickens are killed, plucked and chopped up into pieces each day which are then wrapped in plastic wrap and put in a refrigerator. Next they are loaded back onto trucks and driven the four hours back to where they started, are unloaded and put into refrigerators in the store and stocked on the shelves for us to buy.

Customers buy these pieces of chicken, take them home and handle them with caution, disinfecting at each step. I considered this while in Germany and wondered; how is this better or more sanitary?

All it actually accomplishes is to remove the consumer



from the fact that they are actually consuming an animal. In addition, it's impossible to tell what condition the chicken was in once it's chopped up and put under plastic. If you buy a chicken at the farm, you know exactly what you're buying. And the difference in taste speaks for itself.

Once I started looking, I noticed quite a few other differences in the ways people in other countries shop and cook. For example, most people I encountered in my travels often shop every day for at least some items. In my family it was traditional to do a big shopping trip on the weekends and avoid going back during the week at almost any cost because it simply wasn't convenient to drive across town to the supermarket and brave the long lines. In Europe there are still small shops scattered in every neighbourhood baking fresh bread each day. There are over 350 varieties of bread in Germany alone,

all baked with basic fresh ingredients; no sugar, no artificial colourings, no preservatives.

This got me to thinking about all the food, not just bread, at your average American supermarket which often has a long list of incomprehensible ingredients. I began to think of all the diabetes and heart problems in my family and the families I know. I wonder if having sugar in almost every item of food you eat, even foods which are not sweet or considered desserts, might be contributing to this problem?

In those small German bakeries, only a certain number of loaves are made by hand each day. If you come late in the afternoon there will only be a few to choose from, and you're simply out of luck until the next day. Modern supermarkets bake massive quantities of industrial produced breads. They continuously fill the bins to make sure the customer never feels that they're getting the old leftovers. This means that each night, those supermarkets throw away bags full of bread loaves, buns, and other baked goods. The impact of this waste is a serious problem.

Taste education and farmers' markets

Because I ate food, I thought I knew what food tasted like. But that chicken, it did taste different. I'm not kidding. It was during my time in Germany that I first came across Slow Food. This movement, so simple and pure in its ideology clearly defined and put into context all of the concerns and observations I'd made over the last years. Slow Food stresses the importance of eating local, organic, sustainable food; the need to fight for the rights of small farmers who continue making products in traditional ways; and the critical necessity of teaching our children how to grow, cook, and enjoy real food. It's hard to believe that people living in the most developed societies need to be educated as to what real food really tastes like, but I experienced it myself.



Because of industrialisation where thousands of cows are milked at once, milk is considered dangerous and full of pathogens. Even though people have been drinking milk raw since cows and men formed a partnership, and many people around the world still drink it that way, few people in America even know what raw milk, straight from the cow actually tastes like. A nation of people who've grown up on low fat and fat free pasteurised milk products, many of us wouldn't know fresh milk if we fell into it. Some of us have become so removed from the farm that our children don't even know that milk comes from a cow.

My real taste education began at my local farmers' market. I hated mushrooms, tomatoes, zucchini, and bananas. Canned mushrooms, white mealy-fleshed flavourless tomatoes, and old bitter zucchinis put me off for years. It was at the farmers' market that I discovered tomatoes came in a variety of colours, that they had firm flesh, and that their flavours ranged from intensely sweet to slightly spicy. I now eat tomatoes almost every day. I also discovered the delicate taste of fresh zucchini and the beautiful woody meatiness of mushrooms. After these profound 'gustational' discoveries I'd have to say that I felt a little bit betrayed by what I'd been buying in the supermarket.

After eating frozen meals for a few years, I'd forgotten what real food tasted like. After eating tomatoes from the supermarket, I forgot what a real tomato smelled, tasted and looked like. As a nation, we Americans have learned to like bread that doesn't taste like bread and yoghurt that doesn't taste like yoghurt and apple juice that doesn't taste like apple juice! A fresh loaf of hearty German bread with substance and flavour is a different experience from a loaf of processed white bread. Fresh Greek yoghurt is thick, slightly sour, and lusciously creamy. A bit of honey or fresh fruit and it becomes a healthy nutritious desert. Apple juice is naturally cloudy and tastes like ... well apples! The convenience and over-processing of my world taught me to eat things which were less nutritious, less tasty and far removed in my mind from their source. What food tastes like, obvious and self evident to most of the rest of the world, is something I had to learn. Now isn't that strange?

Picking slow fruit

GEORGE Koulouris was quick to email when he learned of Slow Food's Australian Ark, Food Cultures, Traditions and Biodiversity Commission campaign to create a national fruit and nut tree register. The Brisbane physician, whose parents emigrated from Greece, is a self-confessed fig-lover and spied the photograph of a fig at Paulls Valley in Western Australia which is being used to promote the campaign on Slow Food's Australian website. 'It looks like an old french variety that was described at Burnley (in Victoria) in the 1860s,' George wrote. 'It may be *Ficus carica* 'rouge de bordeaux'.'

In Australia, old fruit and nut trees can be found in paddocks, private and public gardens and urban wasteland, on stock routes, roadsides and streets. Many of these trees are varieties long forgotten and at risk of



loss. As a first step, *Picking slow fruit* seeks help to document this information about our rich fruit and nut heritage so that it can be recorded in a Slow fruit national register. Slow Food will then encourage the development of technical groups to determine if some varieties might be reintroduced to orchard and garden production.

'For some time, Slow Food Blue Mountains convivium in New South Wales has been building a local fruit tree register,' said project co-ordinators Jamie Kronborg and Pauline Tresise, Slow Food Perth convivium co-leaders.

'It is a great idea and we now have the opportunity to do this nationally through *Picking slow fruit*. The Ark Commission is particularly looking for old varieties.'

Around the world, Slow Food works to support the food culture and traditions of local communities. In this way it helps to protect and defend food diversity.

Its Foundation for Biodiversity, based in the Italian town of Albarese, provides technical expertise and support for more than 300 food diversity projects in more than 60 countries.

What can you do?

It's simple. If you know of fruit or nut trees that are mature or senescent – nearing the end of their life – in your community:

- take your camera and the *Picking slow fruit* information collection form which can be found on the national website
- if the tree or orchard is on private land, seek out the owner and ask for their help in providing information and for their permission to take photographs
- take good, clear, daylight photographs of the whole tree, its leaves and fruit, and estimate its measurements
- find out as much as you can about its history
- complete the form and email it, together with your photographs, to slow.fruit@slowfoodaustralia.com.au or post to: Slow fruit, Post Office Box 721, Kalamunda WA 6926

Information

You can find out more and share information shown on the Slow Food Australia website at <http://slowfoodaustralia.com.au/projects/australia/australian-ark/slow-fruit/>

You can also contact Australian Ark Commission member Pauline Tresise T 08 9381 4519 or Jamie Kronborg T 08 9293 1845

You can email Pauline or Jamie at slow.fruit@slowfoodaustralia.com.au

Photographic prize

A prize will be awarded in each state and territory for the images judged to be the best among those taken during the Slow fruit campaign. From these, we will award a national prize.

Event diary – Food sovereignty: the ethics of eating

SLOW Food Perth will join with Christ Church Grammar School's ethics centre and its convenor Frank Sheehan to present a forum entitled 'Food sovereignty: what's on your plate?' at the school in Claremont on 24 August 2010.

The panel will include a journalist, academic, farmer, school student, priest and politician to discuss the ethics of farming and eating.

Food sovereignty is defined as the right of people to healthy and culturally-appropriate food produced through ecologically sound and sustainable methods, and their right to determine their own food and agricultural systems.

It puts those who produce, distribute and eat food at the heart of food systems and policies rather than the demands of markets and corporations. It defends the interests and inclusion of the next generation.

It offers a strategy to resist and dismantle the current corporate trade and food regime, and directions for food, farming, pastoral and fisheries systems determined by local producers. Food sovereignty prioritises local and national economies and markets and empowers peasant and family farmer-driven agriculture, artisan-fishing, pastoralist-led grazing, and food production, distribution and consumption based on environmental, social and economic sustainability.

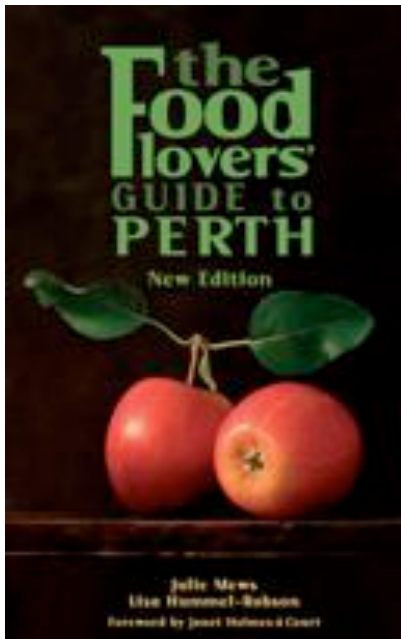
Food sovereignty promotes transparent trade that guarantees just income to all peoples and the rights of consumers to control their food and nutrition. It ensures that the rights to use and manage our lands, territories, waters, seeds, livestock and biodiversity are in the hands of those of us who produce food. Food sovereignty implies new social relations free of oppression and

inequality between men and women, peoples, racial groups, social classes and generations.

Check Slow Food Perth's website for more information about this event nearer the date.

Discover Perth's the best value, seasonal food and support Slow Food Perth

FIND where to source the best value, seasonal food in Perth and support Slow Food at the same time. Slow Food Perth has available limited copies of Julie Mews' and Lisa Hummel-Robson's second edition of *The Food Lovers' Guide to Perth*.



Described by *The Weekend Australian* as 'a goldmine of information', the 368-page book published late last year contains 79 new entries, including the latest on Perth region farmers' markets, adding to Julie and Lisa's independent assessments of the places to buy the best of Perth's food.

As Julie remarks, this is a guide to the best value, seasonal food in Perth – not the cheapest food. Nor is it a restaurant guide. It lists bakers, gourmet cafes, fishmongers, grocers, patisseries, chocolatiers, butchers and smallgoods' makers, and delicatessens.

How to buy

Cost: \$30 posted

Order form: Download a form at <http://slowfoodperth.org.au/home/about-slow-food-perth/store/>

More information: contact Trudy Parker

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Slow Food Perth website

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