



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of May 12th, 2010

THIS WEEKS BASKET

Salad Mix
Radishes
Carrots
Cucumbers
Crookneck Squash
Zucchini
Green Beans
Dill
Basil
Arugula
Cilantro
Anise Hyssop
Lemon Balm
Flowers

RECIPES:

Sauteed Fennel & Zucchini

1 tbsp. olive oil
2 fennel bulbs, thinly sliced
3 to 4 zucchini, sliced
1 tbsp. chopped fresh oregano
1 tbsp. balsamic vinegar
1/4 cup pine nuts
Salt & freshly ground black pepper

First, toast your pine nuts in a dry skillet (stir, or shake pan often) until lightly browned and fragrant. Transfer to a small dish and set aside. In a large skillet, heat the oil over medium-high heat. Add the fennel and zucchini and cook, stirring constantly, until they are cooked through but still crisp-tender, about 7 - 8 min. Stir in the vinegar and oregano, and season to taste w/ salt and pepper. Add pine nuts and heat a minute or two more. Serve hot.

Serves 4 to 6

Pesto

1/2 C firmly packed fresh basil leaves
1 tbsp. pine nuts
1 small clove garlic, minced/crushed
1 1/2 tbsp. grated (quality) Parmesan
3 tbsp. good olive oil
salt to taste

Toast pine nuts in a dry skillet over medium heat, shaking pan and stirring often, until they just begin to brown and become fragrant. Remove from pan and cool a bit. Place all ingredients but oil in a food processor and process quickly to make a coarse, grainy paste. With motor running, pour in olive oil slowly (not painfully slowly, just not all at once). Season to taste with salt. Can be used immediately, or refrigerated (place in a jar and cover with a thin drizzle of olive oil, or a piece of plastic wrap pressed against surface of pesto to minimize surface discoloration). Pesto is great with plain old pasta, or grilled veggies and pasta, or, heck, try it on potatoes and green beans!!

makes about 1/3 cup (can be easily doubled)

**I would maintain that thanks are the highest form of thought;
and that gratitude is happiness doubled by wonder.**

– G.K. Chesterton





SPACE TO GROW

Yesterday, as I waded through zucchini and cucumber and watermelon vines, I looked over at the last area that we have planted and my impression was of nut-sedge and naked earth. I had an urgent sense of a need to weed and mulch, to reclaim the area from the slow steady creep of grass, generally. The shredded roots of bahia, shadows of their former stocky selves, are still vital after three months of sun and no watering, still able to sprout shoots, to regenerate, to green. Coupled with the disarmingly vibrant and spicy asters of nutsedge that have been steadily peppering the bare soil (something must grow!), it's made clear that grass' persistence to prevail over the vegetal order is fierce and unsympathetic. And yet, by the end of the day today, after a healthy dose of hoeing, pulling and shoveling compost, the plants in these beds could be seen (almost heard) to sigh in sweet exultant relief. Space to grow, biodynamic compost at their toes. Happiness.

So how did we get 1/10 of an acre conquered in less than half a day? Well, for starters, to have five of us ganging up on it is good for morale. The same work that for one may be drudgery or herculean, is made to feel light and always within reach when there's many hands working. Jack and Zach and Annie and Chris and I had a lovely time with it.

On Friday, I am intending to harvest our grains for seed and to experiment with milling. We have a nice little stand of oats, and a decent amount of winter rye, both dry and golden ripe on their stalks. The straw from the oats will be a sweet mulch, and I am excited at the pros-

pect of sowing our saved seed come next fall. I have a scythe and sharpening stone for the job. The corn is finally hoed, none too late I think, and we'll be planting pole beans and Seminole pumpkins among the electric green stalks. The red Pontiac potato plants are in full decline, which is exciting, because the harvest soon follows their death. I picked the poorest plants to rob from, and even the smallest produced three perfect potatoes apiece. Ate some tonight. There is more zucchini than we can imagine finding proper homes for, though we will certainly make the boxes heavy on cucurbits for a little spell, at least until the tomatoes ripen. The sun gold cherry tomatoes should be good and sweet by next week, and we'll start tasting the taters too.

We're hustling just to keep up with the picking right now, and the boxes should bear testament. Everything is happening for this little window between spring and summer; the garden is full and thick with fruit. Let's enjoy it.

In gratitude for the many hands and the bounty,

Noah Shitama
Swallowtail Farmer

