



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of June 9th, 2010

THIS WEEKS BASKET

Sweet Corn
 Green Brandywine Tomatoes
 Flame & Belstar Tomatoes
 Sun Gold Tomatoes
 Zucchini
 Yellow Crookneck Squash
 Scallions
 Red Pontiac Potatoes
 White Quennebec Potatoes
 Japanese Eggplant
 Sweet Peppers
 Acorn Squash and/or Spaghetti Squash
 Fresh Basil
 Flowers

RECIPES:

Corn Salsa over Fried Green Tomatoes

Green Tomatoes

8 slices green tomato
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1/8 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
 1/4 cup yellow cornmeal
 4 teaspoons olive oil

Corn Salsa

1/2 cup finely chopped green onion
 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper
 1 roma tomato, finely diced
 1 cup fresh corn kernels
 1 garlic clove, minced
 2 teaspoons balsamic vinegar
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1/8 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
 2 teaspoons minced fresh parsley
 10 basil leaves, finely chopped

To prepare tomatoes, sprinkle the tomato slices evenly with 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon black pepper. coat tomato slices in cornmeal. Heat 2 teaspoons oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Add 4 tomato slices to pan, and cook 2 minutes or until lightly browned. Coat tops of tomato slices with cooking spray or more oil; turn slices over. Cook for 2 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from pan. Repeat for remaining green tomato slices.

To prepare salsa, return pan to medium-high heat. Coat pan with olive oil. Add bell pepper; sauté 3 minutes. Add corn, garlic and green onion; sauté 1 minute. Stir in vinegar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon black pepper, and diced roma tomato. Remove from heat; stir in parsley. Serve warm salsa over tomato slices, sprinkle with fresh basil



Summer is the time when one sheds one's tensions with one's clothes, and the right kind of day is jeweled balm for the battered spirit. A few of those days and you can become drunk with the belief that all's right with the world.

—Ada Louise Huxtable



Running Riot

JACK AND I RODE OUT ON MY SCOOTER this morning. He fell to pieces when I pulled up to his door. Just cracked up to see me on the thing. But he got on... Everything's a good bit more immediate on a bike, and the morning air energized us for the day of picking.

The zucchini and yellow squash are finally petering out, though the cukes are just completely off the chain now, going all out. We need to make pickles this weekend. Gallons and gallons of pickles. Anyone want to join us? We'll be getting together with jars and bands and lids and salt and dill and garlic and peppercorns at my place on Sunday morning. Give a call if you're feeling it (ie you want some damn fine pickles). We'll supply the cukes, you bring a brunchy dish to share...

Picked and ate the first well-grown corn of my gardening life today. I was gathering our lunch (discard zucchini, two cloves of fresh garlic, four sprigs of basil, two handfulls of blemished red potatoes, a couple of sweet peppers, some dried dill), and picked an ear and handed it to Jack to carry down. He ate it right there, and it was good – I tasted it- but I had to pick three more ears for cooking. Their kernels are still developing, but the sweetness is already there, and I knew what a little boiling water, some butter and a pinch of salt could enable. Bona fide miracle is what it is. Or another way to put it: good eatin'. So here, have some for yourselves.

I just cut a watermelon that Zach picked yesterday. Same situation: it's sweet, but not quite fulfilling its outrageous potential. I feel a little differently about giving the melons early, because there are only enough for a single week's worth of everyone getting one. With the corn, there's just beyond plenty. A quarter acre's worth. At fourteen rows of 150 feet, one plant per foot, and an average of 2 ears per plant, there's something like 4,200 ears of corn out there. Hungry? So anyway, watermelons for the last week, promise.

Everybody keeps relating stories to me of their own thievery or of someone else's thieving, and all of these treacherous stories are about the sun gold cherry tomatoes. Ridiculous. We had no intention of turning you all against your family and friends. We're sorry. We'll try to give enough that y'all can actually share this week.

When we began this season, all we had planted over the summertime was a few hundred sweet potato slips and a couple dozen Seminole pumpkin plants. So we gave y'all some of each and got busy with all of the cool season crops; lettuce, greens, and roots, mostly. This time around, we'll be a good bit better prepared. We'll have sweet potatoes and Seminole pumpkins (it'd be a crying shame not to!), but we'll also have peppers and eggplant and pole beans, and peas, and corn again, and potatoes again, and squash and zucchini again. Each of these last few veggies has two potential seasons to grow here. Summer is long and hot,

but spring and fall are the bookend growing times if you time it just right.

So our time is drawing near, as the heat creeps in and unfurls its sticky, heavy cloak over us all, and the rains are steady enough to grow the weeds as quick and as high as our planted plants, and the rotting impulse (that which returns the dead to life) is heavy afoot. Fungus, mildew, worms, and the rest conspire in these conditions to hasten life to its more humble forms. That is why spring, and not summer, is the season of hope. Summer of course has its place too. It is a time of riot, of dishevelment, of disorder and entropy, and all things free. It is a season of unbinding and transcendence, when boundaries succumb to the utter vitality of growth beyond limits. Summer is the season of freedom.

May all of our riots be fruitful, and may each of us feel (truly) free under the sun,

Noah Shitama
Swallowtail Farmer

Ps Blueberries next week. Yum.