



# THE ALLEGED FARM NEWS

## 17 August 2006

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This newsletter will be sort of word pule. S you my be beginning to notice, certin letters re missing. I m not doing this to chllenge your minds or to irritte you. In fct, I m not relly doing it t ll. You see, I m typing in the words correctly. But my computer hs decided to ignore certin things. More specifically, it no longer recognizes three letter of the lphbet. I would tell you which ones to mke your reding esier, but of course I cnnot. If I try to this is wht hppens: the three letters I cn n longer use re , nd . Ws tht helpful? No, I didn't think so.

If I were feeling slightly more intelligent I might try to write the entire newsletter without using the three letters my computer won't show you. One French writer wrote one whole novel without using the letter E so I figure it is possible for me to fill up one newsletter without using either , or . Possible, but unlikely. Conditions do not seem entirely conducive to this sort of exercise. If I were more rested I might. I doubt the French guy spent lots of hours doing tiring work on his knees out in the fields. I doubt very much he even got out of bed until lunch time (no doubt for very good lunch). Plus he most likely did not need to write his novel in the time I give myself to write this newsletter.

Besides being too strenuous for my tired thought processes, writing without these letters forces me to put down some odd, irksome prose. Every time I think of something to include I need to go over it, coming up with some new, contorted wording which does not use the missing letters. Well, to be honest, doing without or does not push me to write very oddly. There might be some words I would wish to use which need them. But not lots. Trying to write without using the letter , however, is extremely difficult. It turns up in more or less every sentence I write—every sentence I write when I do not need to do without it. Writing without using the letter is like driving with only reverse. You could do so if you truly needed to get somewhere in some vehicle unwilling to move in the proper direction. But it would turn driving, which most times involves little thought, into something vexing. It would turn good drivers into incompetent ones.

I suspect writing without these three letters is the sort of thing they force students to do in writing school on the theory denying you the opportunity to rely on obvious methods, on the things you would be likely to do the rest of the time, compels you to consider more thoroughly your prose, thus pushing you to improve it. You will, so writing gurus wish to think, profit from discomfort. There is, I suppose, something to this. Seeing your work from different perspectives (under duress) might offer you some sort of insight. Or it might just confuse you. Or it might do nothing for you. The problem is this sort of exercise often becomes just busy work. You exert so much effort trying to stick to the silly rules someone (your writing professor, your bolshie computer) set for you you don't consider much beyond the chore itself. It's like trying to extend ones philosophic perception of ones surroundings while digging deep trenches under serious time pressure. You might develop some new knowledge. Mostly, though, you just get blisters.

## **This week's share: Carrots, Cucumbers, Eggplant, Lettuce, Mustard greens, Peppers, Hot peppers, Red potatoes, Tomatoes, Zucchini, Basil**

Busy work is something I don't need. I get enough blisters just doing my job. My computer, though, seems uninterested in my plight. Despite numerous polite goes by me, it refuses to return the three missing letters. So I sit here typing nonsense--sentenced, one might put it, to ridiculous sentences by this unyielding modern inconvenience.

Lucky for us the computer does not run the whole venture. Left to its own devices it would from time to time oblige us to pick roots crops with chop sticks, rinse lettuce with dust, sort peppers by religion, truck the produce on poems. The computer (most of the time) proves useful, but we still rely on our bodies to do the bulk of the work. They go to pieces too, of course, but if this job offers one lesson it is how to keep working despite this.

So here's one more week of crops. Mostly old friends (or enemies). We do try not to include excessive numbers of cucurbits (things like cucumbers) but the vines keep growing more of them. We could, I guess, feed more to the pigs, who do enjoy them. But it seems slightly improvident to offer them the nice ones given the work involved in growing them. Of course, you're free to give every single one you get to pigs.

For those of you who do not remember (willfully or not) the greens, let me offer the following brief reminder. The greens possess considerably pungency. Mixing them with other greens will soften this (put some in with lettuce). So will cooking. Just so you know, some pigs (Mickey Boy for one) don't like them, though the two little ones here will, I think, consume them; I know they enjoy piles of bok choy.

You will find with the other peppers one big, shiny deep green one whose identity I would offer if the computer let me. I will tell you this pepper of undisclosed type is very mildly hot. You should put it over your lit burner to singe the skin then peel it. You could concoct some delicious dip with it plus onion, multicolored round vine fruits, herbs. You could include oven cooked big purple things (cook using high temps until very soft then scoop out flesh). You could even mix in shredded root crops or grilled green or yellow summer cucurbits, resulting in something less dip-like.

You could puree the cucumbers to end up with cold soup. My wife consumed some recently when we went out to dinner. I've never produced this soup so I do not know the recipe, but it seems to me you don't need much beyond cucumbers. I will let you know if I figure out this dish more completely. Or you could tell me if you know one. I could put it on the web site (where you should find recent newsletters too).

While on the topic of newsletters, I should tell you there will most likely be no newsletter next week. I will be out of town visiting friends in Oregon. But you will still get your veggies. The workers will run everything. Without help from the computer. I hope the week's rest will do it good.

Nd tht is ll I cn sy tody because it is lte nd my brin is uite frilled nd I m certin you hve hd ll you cn stnd of this inne ui.