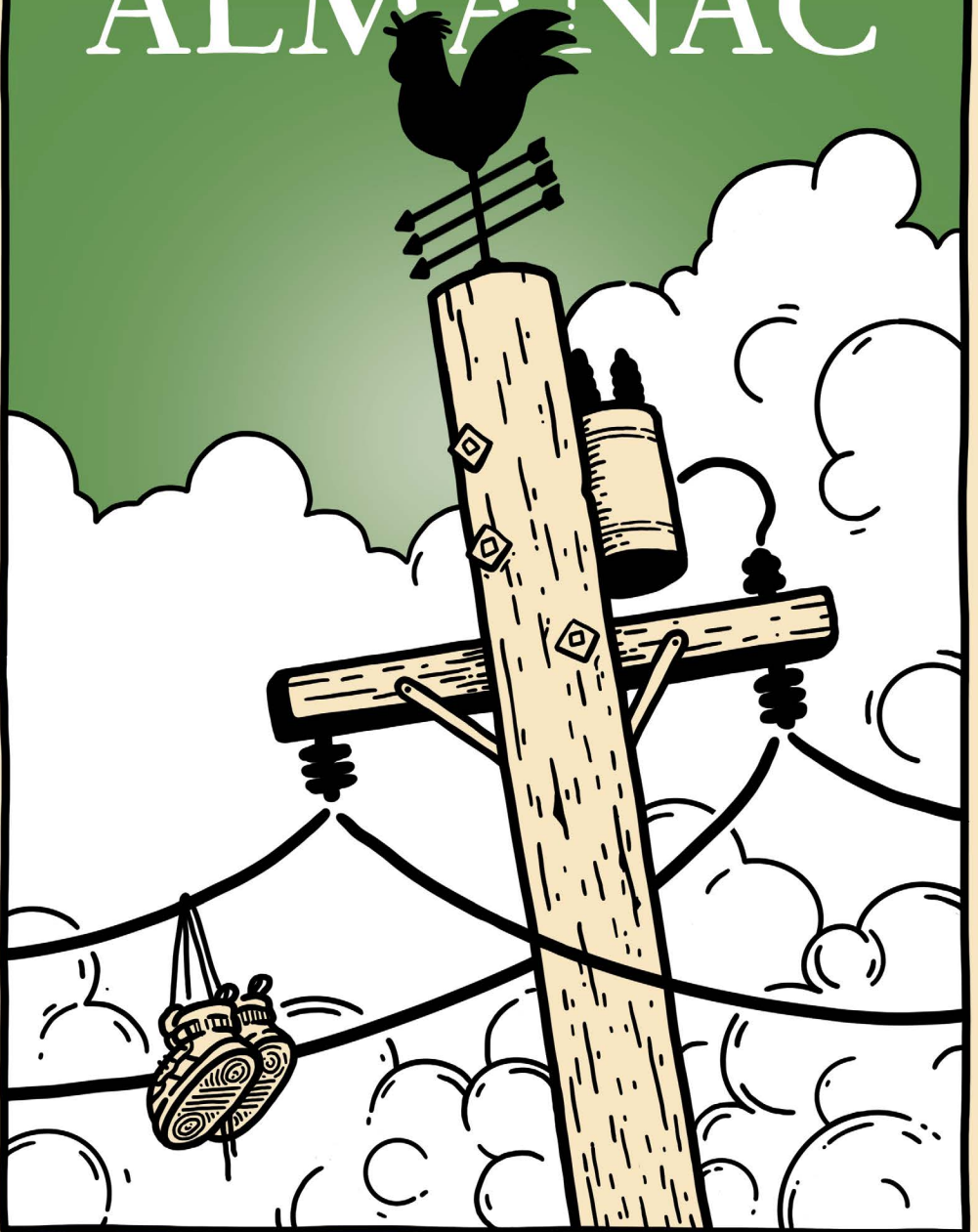


EARTHBOUND

FARMERS ALMANAC



Earthbound
Farmers
Almanac

2021

Cover illustration by Luke Howard (lukehoward.net)
Layout and design by sinking city @SinkCityComms



Note from the Editorial Collective

Thanks for picking up the first issue of the Earthbound Farmer's Almanac! This project was started by Lobelia Commons, a network for autonomous food production and neighborhood survival in so-called New Orleans, Louisiana. It's probably helpful to explain a little bit of where we're coming from to get to where we're at.

Lobelia Commons formed in the early days of the pandemic. At that time, some of us had been running a weekly free food share, re-distributing excess produce from wholesalers. In early March, the ships carrying produce from all over the world to the port of New Orleans were turning up half-empty. The food share would go on to form part of the foundations of New Orleans Mutual Aid Group, which has been a stalwart over the past 10

months, reliably providing free food every week.

But after seeing the breakdown of global capitalist supply chains, and the reliance on donations that followed, we desired to build capacity for autonomy and survival. The precarity we all knew we lived under had been revealed for what it was. We sought immediate steps to collectively lift ourselves up and hoped to bring some of our neighbors with us.

This began with a free plant seedling delivery service and a garden but has gone on to include collaborative mushroom production, a food forest, a decentralized plant nursery and so on. While none of us are experts, we have striven to learn or elaborate upon skills that could be used as a key- or a pry

bar- to open doors for collective autonomy.

These skills and the paths they have taken us have grown into what could be called “earthbound” practices.

This word “earthbound” is a funny one, it seems to acquire all sorts of meanings. While we have no interest in bullshitting about words, we should probably trace its roots at least. It’s most championed by the French sociologist Bruno Latour who urges us to become a new category, Earthbound, in the face of what he calls the “new climatic regime” which envelopes political, economic and social upheaval in ecological manifestation. He describes it as “‘bound’ as if bound by a spell, as well as ‘bound’ in the sense of leading somewhere, thereby designating the joint attempt to reach the Earth while being unable to escape from it, a moving testimony to the frenetic immobility of those who live on Gaia.”¹ There is a realism and a humble acceptance of our place on earth, feet in the mud, tangled in vines.

This new climatic regime, the anthropocene, and colonialism are all disproportionately catastrophic, but affect us all. This era is marked by living precariously, non-romantically scraping by, being sold solutions or distractions. Anti-blackness, indigenous genocide and patriarchy are woven into the history of this state. They are likely to persist and even magnify in this future- without intervention. Against that future, we seek to radicalize and proliferate these earthbound practices for a joyous present.

To do so, we are advocates for what some friends in so-called Quebec refer to as an “ecology of presence”. That we should leave the world that would have us staring at our phones all our lives, numb to the sadness brought on by the images of what we love destroyed, content to write a congress person or buy the correct product. To accept that world’s end, and consider how we ought to live in this one. A sort of yes, and, or as they put it, to be “inventing ways of living in and against this catastrophic era.”

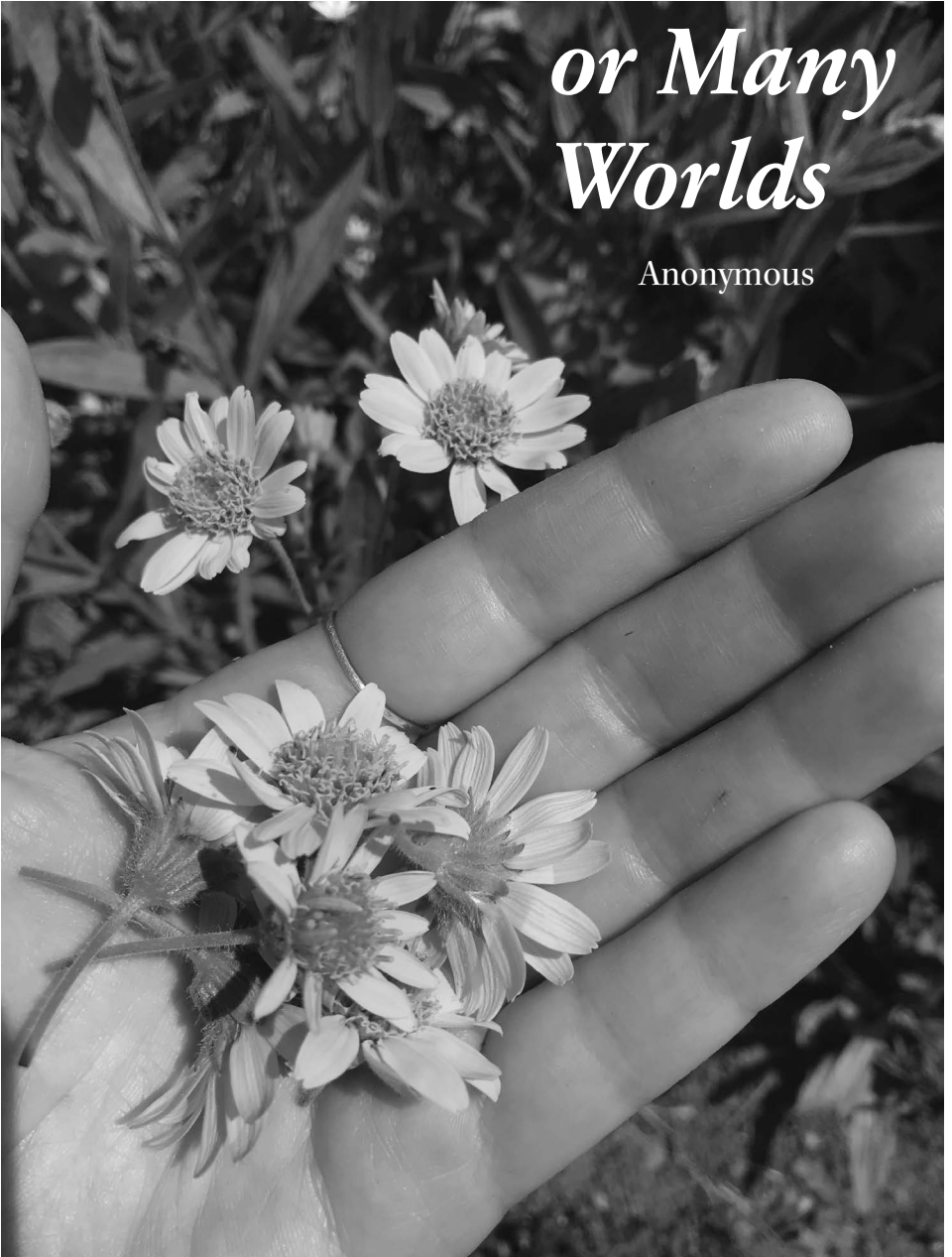
1. Dispositions Collective, *Re-attachments: Towards an Ecology of Presence*.
illwill.com/re-attachments

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*One
or Many
Worlds*

Anonymous



*“arnica for herbal oil”
photo by denise deSpírito*

People have always envisioned the contours of their world. It was a disk or raft, bobbing on the waters, or it grew upward like a tree, or it took the shape of the human body. Events may have taken place on the back of a turtle or under the static and unreachable firmament.

This was the realm of cosmology—neither science nor religion, but a way of locating our being, of developing a living relationship with the world.

Our world, we would later learn, turned out to be a floating sphere, a blue bright in beauty, poised against an empty and hazardous night. A clump of matter scattered by chance and a roll of the cosmic dice, the right combination of elements over the right period of time.

What good fortune to live in such a place, some said. Let's get to wrecking it, a handful of others replied.

First Traversal

*"Nothing can remain immense if it can be measured."
(Arendt)*

It's hard to picture a time before the unification of the world, before it was mapped, known, and traversed so easily and by so many. What would we have made of the ground we walked upon, to which our ancestors had returned? What would a horizon have meant, before we knew the restless desire to reach it? What would we have thought of the stars, wise beyond our reach?

The Age of Discovery was a prolonged campaign of conquest and dispossession. The loss remains incalculable in terms of souls or species. What is now called “contact” might as well be called “kiss of death.” Neither the planet nor its inhabitants would ever be the same, as Europe sought the very limits of space, hoping to tie up a few loose ends in its accounting.

The first traversals of the earth were mighty strides in bringing a previously unconquerable expanse to heel. *Terra incognita*, which never existed for those beings who lived there, quickly disappeared. If occasionally an explorer still came across empty terrain, it was likely due to their own inability to see, or that their very presence brought with it an apocalypse.

Along with the consolidation of territory came the rise of the nation-state. The land itself teems with the histories of subjugation, colonization, enclosure, and extinction it took to make Leviathan the central principle of social organization. Armies, merchants, men of letters and men of science—each could now access the great ordered territory.

It was on the groundwork of empire that industrialization took hold. As Marx knew, capitalism was the first truly global economic system. Goods and resources plundered from one area, true cost unknown, diverted to another place for processing, then sold elsewhere, with profits whisked off to some other destination entirely. The whole world became part of the ploy. Everything was for the taking.

Twin explosions of energy and economy catalyzed the cut-throat instincts of the ruling classes. To satiate their civilized tastes, other continents and islands would be enslaved. Even in their own backyards the forests, mountains, and waters would be pressed into service. To matter, land would have to be productive. Subsistence was overrated compared to cash power. Money marched proudly forward over the earth, with a pistol pointed at the back of the peasants and the workers.

Second Traversal

“1968 was the first year of the world.” (Ernaux)

Two devastating world wars could be swept under the rug given how much wealth stood to be made in their aftermath. By the time the post-war order stabilized, not an inch of the earth was unaccounted for. Every battered acre of forest, every tumult of sea, every shred of sky belonged to some country or other. Nations planted their little flags everywhere, including the moon.

New computing technologies and wartime theories of information led busybody technocrats to see that everything, absolutely everything, constituted a single interrelated system. At the same time, out under the domes, drop-outs began to see things in a similar light. Gaia: one vast, living, breathing organism of which we are a part.

One technocratic vision of managed control, another daydream of peaceful harmonious interconnection. The strangeness of our story is this: both were premised upon the same view of the world as a single, knowable space. A spacecraft captured a picture of the planet, encapsulating the modern perspective in one image. The first global selfie put all ancient myths to rest, heralding a new consciousness.

But consciousness soured that same decade. Pollution grew, with it cancer, madness, and the misery of the poor. The wholeness of the earth was discovered simultaneously as its limits. The myriad maladies of the planet raged. Toxins in the sea and sky, in the soil and walls. The riots of the unhappy and the unheard, the failures of development and the tragic costs of its success. The finiteness of the world was seen as the harbinger of infinite conflict, the coming scramble of scarcity.

Lessons might have been learned, but the derricks and pipelines multiplied anyway. As did the powerlines and satellites, at the same rate that the forests disappeared, the mountains

were decapitated, and the oceans grew sick. Splitting the atom meant we could split the difference with fate, letting future generations worry about radioactive waste decaying until some dethroned deity knows when.

The irony being that modern civilization was already terminal. What it took to build the modern world would end by dissolving its own foundation. Their globe, unified at the cost of so much bloody erasure, threatened to collapse in upon itself. The very infrastructure it required to cohere the planet into a single, traversable space, created the conditions for that world's own dissolution—depleted soils, biodiversity loss, and the ever-arriving catastrophic effects of climate change.

Modernity built its world out of many worlds, but chose an existence that could never last.

~ ~ ~

It's hard to picture a time before the unification of the world. But can we picture a time after the fragmentation of its false unity? Its splintering into the thousand brilliant shards it once was, each resonating, communicating with others—be they hostile or sympathetic?

Do we still believe in redemption? Can we envision the restoration of the world into the plurality of worlds? The sky become again the firmament, the earth but the back of some benevolent beast, lumbering where we know not?



An October Market in Small Town New England

Anonymous

It's October but the sun and the work of heaving crates of vegetables out of our floppy, rusty red truck has my nose and chin humid with sweat beneath my cheap blue mask. I'm worried damp spots and dirt speckle the mask's exterior and farmers market customers are going to find me unhygienic. But the bright purple kohlrabi, cheddar-yellow cauliflower, pearly turnips, and bright pink tomatoes (in October! The weather so warm way too late), all those draw hungry eyes away from my frizz-lined, soggy face.

We are in our small town's center, in the chipped parking lot in between the old Off-Track Betting parlor (now empty and thick with mold) and the Family Dollar. It's only 3 miles from the farm, the reason the cranky red truck is allowed to come. The last few weeks I've been selling out of everything I bring to this market. And I've been bringing lots-the entire wood-sided pickup truck bed stacked high with heavy crates of potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage. I think part of it is our town doesn't have a grocery store. Some older customers tell me I'm their only source of vegetables. The gas station and Family Dollar have everything else. I think partly, too, it's that rich second-homeowners have moved up here from NYC in droves. And then there's the rabid hunger of the pandemic, the anxiety and desire it's inspired. The market is an outdoors, feel-better way to accumulate an insurance against hunger. There's a fear underlying it all.

The realization that maybe the system is crumbling and indeed we do need farmland close at hand, just in case. There's also a void looming, and humans like to fill voids. I think about the unstoppable urge to kick gravel into sewer grates as a child. Sometimes the most-easily filled void is our stomachs.

An old woman draped in necklaces, a little felt hat falling off her head and a loose mask following, like two fabric lemmings fleeing her craggy face, visits my stand every week. Once, she eyes the turnips and says "When I was a girl in Holland, during the war, my family ate only turnips. My mother would send me into the farmers' fields to steal them. She told me, 'If you get caught, I do not know you.'" She grimaces. "No, I will never eat another turnip." She turns to leave my tent and whispers sadly, "May that never happen here."

Then a lady in sleek black leggings saunters up. Her eyes are wide and moving rapidly. "I'd like ten bunches of carrots. And do you have anything else good juiced? Ginger?" I point hopefully at the beets. She wrinkles her nose. "OK, just the carrots. Please remove the tops." My dad used to tell us a story about my grandpa, who I never met. He was a foster child during the Great Depression, and once when he was very hungry, an old farmer gave him a bowl of cornflakes with milk fresh from his cows. The relief and sweetness of that milk left such an impression on him that my family still holds cornflakes and milk in reverence. There's a natural abundance that comes from farming. Always, there is extra. In the US, over 30% of produce is left to rot in the field. The only difference between my grandpa's time and now, is that most farms are much farther from cities and larger. Large means too much, too far, means needing semis and factories to distribute food, instead of a farmer just noticing his hungry neighbor kid. Remember all the stories of millions of pounds of food, including pigs and chickens, that were just buried early on in the pandemic

because the farm's institutional buyers had closed?
American farmers overproduce, yet the void of hunger and
debt never fills.

Much later, my friends come and lounge on the tailgate
behind me. I talk to them in between customers and send
them home with free vegetables. My next-door vendor
brings me a carrot cupcake she made with our carrots. Her
dented green van blasts Paul McCartney and Cat Stevens.
An NRA sticker and an Eat Organic one are peeling off the
tailgate. I go home and feed the crate of carrot tops to our
chickens.



*“bee butt and apple blossoms”
photo by denise deSpirito*

A Grounding Herbal Body Oil Practice

denise deSpirito

I started my journey learning about plants while living in a city and tried to grow my relationship with them daily in a myriad of ways. I drank them as tea, grew them on fire escapes, learned to identify the ones growing in abandoned lots, and I rubbed them on my feet nightly. I used herbal body oils each evening before sleep to help ground and calm myself within the chaos of my life in the city. When I left the city to begin farming this practice was still invaluable after long days working in the fields as a way to massage and thank my sore muscles. Reclaiming time to connect to our bodies in the capitalist paradigm we currently live in is an important act of resistance. This is just one practice of the many out there to help do that.



how to make an herbal body oil

Some herbally infused oils will be more potent if fresh plants are used but this isn't always possible for a variety of reasons; proximity to nature or farms, cost etc. Don't be afraid to just go for it using dried plants if that's what you have. Using dried plants will also help you reduce the risk of mold growing in your oil as you are making it.

You need:

a carrier oil*

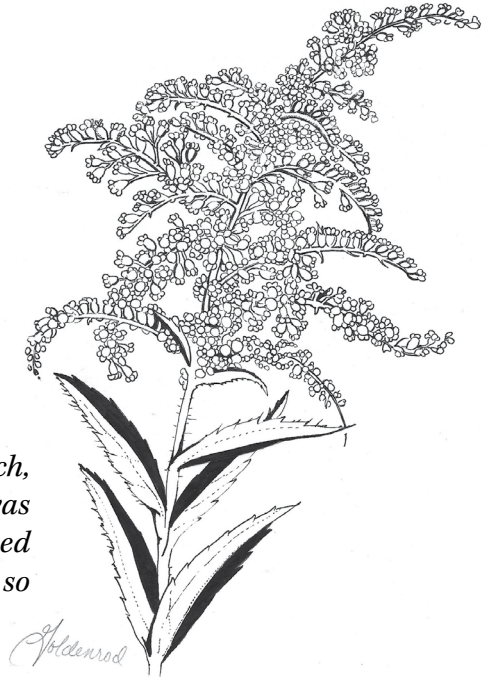
some plant material

a jar

cheesecloth

a sunny window

**I use organic olive oil which, for my Italian ancestors, was a medicine in itself and used topically (and internally) in so many ways for healing.*



1. Fill a mason jar with your plant material then cover it with oil. When doing this make sure none of your plant material is poking out above the oil.

2. Loosely cover the jar with its lid or place some cheesecloth over the top and put it on a sunny windowsill. Be sure to label it with the ingredients and date. Some folks leave it for one lunar cycle but I usually leave it for six weeks (there are many ways to make plant medicines!)

3. Check on it and shake it frequently, again making sure the plant material doesn't poke up from beneath the oil after you put

it back on your windowsill because that is how it can grow mold on top which you don't want!

4. After your oil has infused for some time, strain it through cheesecloth or a mesh sieve into a clean jar and compost the plant material. Your oil is ready to use!

There are so many plants to choose from to make your oil with. Goldenrod grows abundantly by me and used topically is great for sore muscles and achy bodies. Yarrow, a plant that grows in so many places, is a strong protector of our boundaries and makes a great oil especially for city folks who's boundaries are so often tested daily. I love using different varieties of evergreen needles which impart a beautiful fragrance. Classic skin herbs that grow easily like Calendula or Comfrey are great for folks with dry and cracked feet. You can blend your oils together or even make them into a salve which uses beeswax to make it a more solid preparation.

for a grounding bedtime practice

I usually keep some herbally infused oil next to my bed in a small bottle and do this practice to reconnect to my body and calm myself before going to sleep. I pour a small amount of oil in my palm and then apply it to my feet giving them a good rub, between each toe, down the top, the sides, every part, all the while thanking them for carrying me throughout the day. I try to pull the energy down from my overthinking mind that may try to keep me up at night, into my feet and then out of my body. This practice can be adapted to other body parts, used on your whole body, and can be applied by a helper, a friend or lover anytime as a way to connect and nurture yourself. I hope it is supportive to you!

*You can find more from denise at @ofthespirit and ofthespiritherbals.com
illustrations by Elise Kauffmann @rough.magic.tattoo*



*“mullein towering over farm field”
photo by denise deSpirito*

Relationship Advice: On Being a Good Guest

Pi Palomo

I am the granddaughter of two Indigenous Chamoru immigrants from the island of Guåhan also referred to as Guam. Guåhan is a US colony whose people are and have always been in active resistance to colonization. My grandparents lived under 3 different occupations: Spain, US and Japan. Throughout their lifetime they endured military schools which taught them only shame of their language and culture, they survived the bloody and unthinkably brutal Japanese occupation and US internment camps. They were starved, beaten, imprisoned. Torture, rape and beheadings were common during the Japanese occupation which lasted 4 years during WWII while the US military couldn't be bothered to stop these atrocities from happening on the island they had claimed as a military outpost.

However, I didn't know any of this growing up. The war was never spoken of and life on Guåhan was rarely mentioned. We almost never referred to ourselves as Chamoru and the word indigenous was never mentioned. When I would ask questions about Guåhan I would be summarily dismissed and told to go play. This experience is very common for diasporic Chamorus. The removal from land and the destruction of their small but ancient and powerful island is too much, too painful to talk about.

In fact, the only advice I can remember my grandparents giving us, advice that was emphasized over and over again amidst the silence imposed by colonial violence was: Buy Land.

I remember it being broken down to me as a child. "Money in the bank, money in your hand, the house you live in and the car you drive, it can all be taken away. Someone can come and take it all away and there will be nothing you can do to stop it. But if you are able to hold onto your land, if you can find a way to return then you will be okay. If that land is fertile and has fresh water you can grow food for your family. If you can grow food, you will be okay."

25 years later, I bought land in New Orleans; a large, blighted family style home and the lot next door. It was not a decision I took lightly. As a non-black person buying the land of a displaced black family in a city defined by environmental racism in so many ways, I had to honestly consider what I was doing there on that land. I had to consider who isn't there anymore, why those people aren't there anymore and what is my responsibility to this community. My relationship with this land has been a long and difficult journey. My intention when acquiring this land was to provide free and low cost housing to New Orleanians because I was tired of seeing my loved ones struggle every day to keep their heads and hearts and mental health above water due to constant displacement

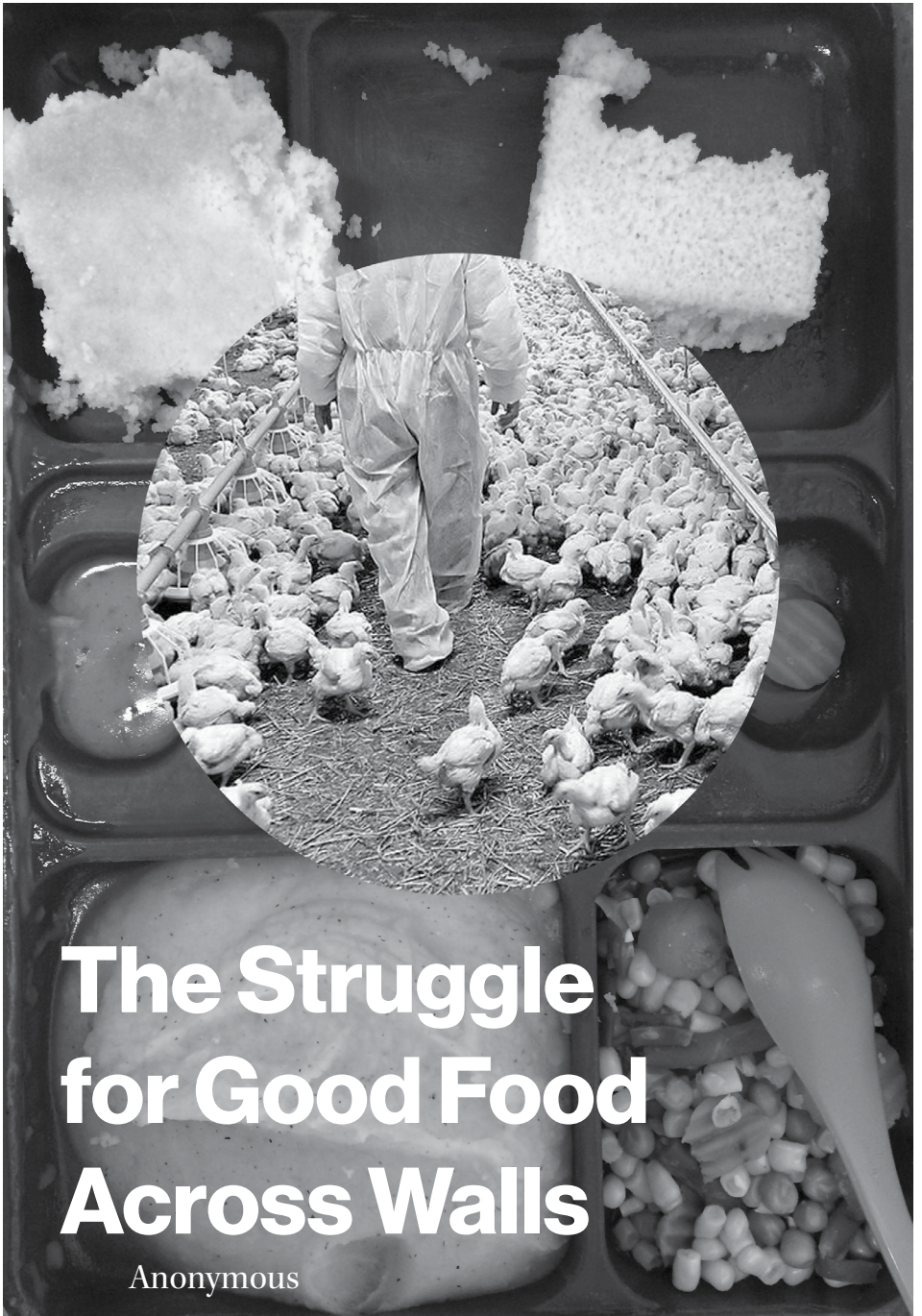
among other systemic oppressions. I wanted something for us... my black, brown, indigenous, trans, queer family. Something that couldn't be taken away from us. And not just some sub par, inadequate housing that doesn't hold our growth and healing. I wanted land. I wanted us to thrive. I wanted trees and vegetables and flowers. I wanted to usher in the seasons and create space for love, for celebration, for grief, for scheming, for growing and healing because this is what we deserve. Several years into stewarding this land and all the struggles and healing she and I have experienced together, I was out in the garden, digging into earth when I suddenly remembered the advice my grandparents had given me when I was a child. "Buy land, land is the only real wealth, if you have land, you and your family will be okay." Without realizing it, I had embarked on the most ambitious endeavor of my life thus far, following wisdom passed down from my indigenous ancestors. That's how powerful our relationship to the land is. Land will bring us back to ourselves.

Stewarding this land has ushered me into a long journey of healing together with this stolen and wounded land. It has completely changed my feelings from land ownership to land stewardship and what a huge honor and responsibility that is. Relationship to land is quintessential. You cannot own her, you must be in a relationship that honors her past, her traumas, her grief as well as her power, her changing seasons, her wisdom and her needs that might not match up with your own. You will learn things about yourself, you will process a lot of pain, the pain you knew about and the pain you didn't know you have. Together you and the land will begin to heal, you will change and you will find joy like you've never known. It will not be easy, you will eat humble pie everyday and you will be asked to dismantle your capitalist assumptions around ownership and the centering of yourself as an individual. You will be nourished and loved and challenged.

Remember above all else: wherever you go you are on indigenous land, you are a guest on this land and it is your responsibility to understand what being a good guest means. The original indigenous stewards of this land are still here and still resisting their own cultural genocide at the hands of American greed. They are still being displaced and forcibly removed from their family, the land. Always ask yourself, how can you be an ally in the fight for black liberation and indigenous sovereignty. If you acquire land in order to amass your own wealth or dictate the movement of black and indigenous people on “your land” you are an active participant in colonization. Relationship to land is a commitment to love and life and responsibility to the whole of your environment. Conduct yourself consciously.

Bulbancha 2021





The Struggle for Good Food Across Walls

Anonymous

The prison is the quintessential physical manifestation of the state's war against Black, Brown, and poor people, those deemed surplus or threatening to capital. This American landmark of social control and the state's monopoly on violence weaponizes every part of people's existence, from connections to family, to the need for rest and sustenance, in its project of disciplining and containing the bodies and imaginations of its targets. As we struggle for food sovereignty outside prison, build projects of land reparation, and try to take back the autonomous self-provision of our own lives, we cannot forget the struggles of our incarcerated comrades against the food war deployed within the carceral war.

For folks inside, food can be a form of punishment. Withholding food, fucking with food, and serving shitty food are all ways the state and its agents try to degrade and harass our incarcerated community. Our kidnapped siblings, however, wage asymmetrical warfare through everything from DIY cell cooking hacks to hunger strikes to reclaim autonomy over their own bodies as sites of struggle and joy.

The prison food system relies heavily on industrial agriculture, forming a key part of the capitalist food regime that seeks to maximize profits by exploiting the captive market of exclusive prison contracts. Aramark and Trinity have come to service almost a thousand prisons and jails nationwide, giving them free reign to provide shit service at the cheapest rate with no oversight. Since prison meal programs don't provide any real food, most people survive on commissary, a \$1.6 billion industry capitalizing on incarcerated people's state designed hunger.

The industrial agriculture machine has not only captured prisons as a market, but also as a site of production. In every single state, there are "correctional industries" used to produce

commodities for sale to other state agencies and often also on the private market. With extensive access to arable land and a captive workforce (ie. slaves), prison farms (ie. plantations) are able to produce massive quantities of just about every agricultural product in North America. At the same time as they are saving the state billions and making billions for private enterprise, prison farms are also billed as “humanitarian” reforms, as ways of “reducing aggression” and recidivism and making prison life more “meaningful.” As George Jackson says, the most apt definition of fascism is reform.

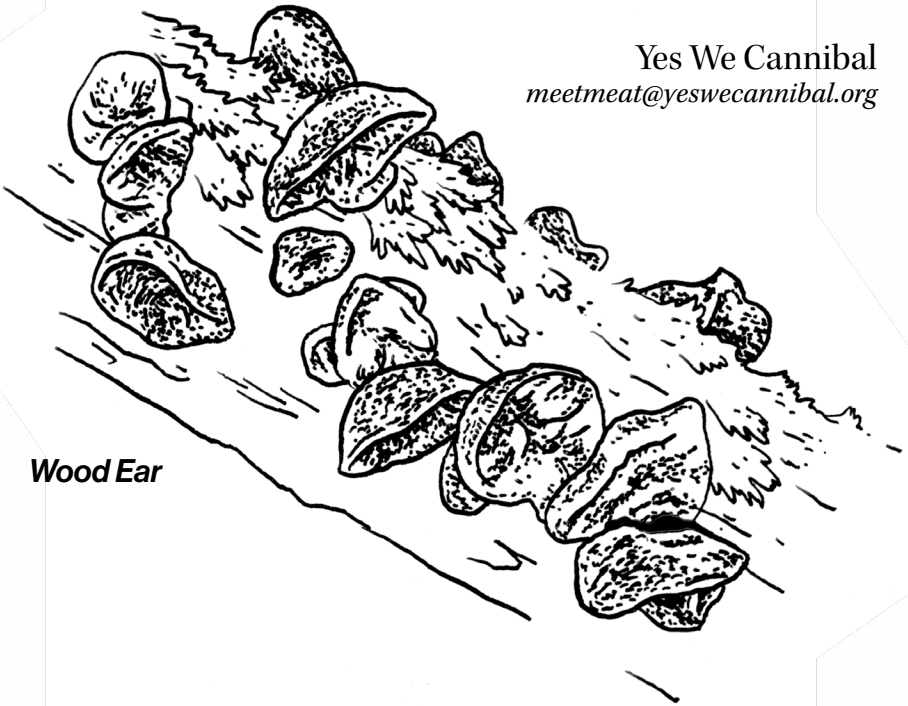
Strikingly but not surprisingly, there is no legally mandated number of meals, calories, or nutritional value that prisons must provide to their captives each day. Prisons are in charge of regulating themselves when it comes to food, and the Eighth Amendment against cruel and unusual punishment requires a high threshold of “proven” intent in cases of abuse related to food. Prisoners have almost no legal recourse against the daily genocide that prisons enact through food (or lack thereof).

And yet, prisoners continue to resist the state’s attempts to dominate their bodies and beings. As all other forms of resistance are stripped away, by refusing food, an incarcerated person’s can stake their self-determination against the state’s project to control all life. From the historic 2011 and 2013 hunger strikes in California, to the nationwide prison strikes in 2016 and 2018 involving work stoppages, meal refusal, and commissary boycotts, incarcerated people teach us the ways that the prison abolition and food sovereignty movements must work together because the carceral state and the corporate food regime form two sides of the same coin. We will never achieve food sovereignty in our communities as long as food is still deployed within prisons as a weapon. We will never achieve prison abolition without the abolition of the corporate food regime that preys upon and manages the lives and livelihoods of those inside and out. Towards a more free world!



Foraging Wild Mushrooms

Yes We Cannibal
meetmeat@yeswecannibal.org



Wood Ear

So you want to forage wild mushrooms?

Congratulations and welcome to the secret society!

Probably you've recently begun to notice something about their magical alien being. Maybe it was something you saw yourself that piqued your curiosity. Maybe it was a Terrence McKenna lecture or a Paul Stamets book, or something else altogether.

It doesn't matter.

What does matter is this: you deserve mad respect for your willingness to question that old imperialist naturalist bullshit which would sooner alienate you from our earthbound alien brethren than reassure you the natural world can always be worked with in reverence, respect and good faith.

Most of us live in a culture that's irrationally scared of mushrooms – haunted by a disembodied authoritarian voice who simply loves to condescend that this alien world is too dangerous to explore, at least without a bunch of so-called experts in tow.

Nonsense.

Proper mushroom foraging is not, in and of itself, dangerous.

Period.

Now it absolutely can involve great risk. But risk, unlike danger, is a choice and one that can be neutralized with intelligence, self-awareness, intuition and a modest degree of reverence for the earth and its elements.



Chanterelle

First, here's the bad news: foraging wild mushrooms is unlikely to make much of a substantial contribution to building food autonomy. Mushrooms do have a very important role there, but that has more to do with cultivation than foraging.

Second, here's the great news: should you now go forth, you are about to become an important ecological witness - recognizing and participating in deeply important earthbound relationships which remain invisible to all but those, like us, for whom this becomes an inalienable obsession.

Now if you simply want to try out collecting a few edible mushrooms in the woods sometime, it is almost a guarantee that you can do this, no matter where you live, without ever putting yourself at risk.



Lion's Mane

Granted, it will mean limiting yourself to certain specimens, but this also promises almost foolproof protection. Specimens like morels, chanterelles, oysters, wood ears, lion's mane are a great place to start. Plus, all are delicious, and most would be ludicrously expensive in stores.

This beginning approach is also the perfect way to gain confidence, allowing you, if you choose, to soon pass through that larger portal into the vast, thrilling and forever fascinating alien world which awaits.

You are more than competent enough to learn to navigate it.

So, start looking around you.

Edible mushrooms probably grow near your home. Mid-sized municipal parks and forests are always a great bet, usually year-round.

Rules of Thumb

1. Focus on morphology – learn every possible detail associated with a given mushroom and its impostors. Use books and read them word for word.

2. Touch and smell mushrooms for information, even deadly ones. Almost zero of the deadly neurotoxins found in poisonous mushrooms are absorbed through the skin.

3. If you're in the Gulf Coast, you're going to encounter pit vipers. In order to dig around the logs and gullies you're going to explore, you're going to get close to them even if you don't see them. Watch where you put your hands, get some snake boots and learn to recognize them and how to deal with them if they surprise you. They're not going to bother you 99% of the time but be prepared to play it cool.

4. Mushrooms are the fruiting bodies of hidden organisms. If you find a patch that you think others are also hitting, by all means, leave some. But this isn't berry picking. You have to make the call, but odds are good that what you leave behind is just going to rot fast.

5. Because many mushrooms are underground organisms, you're going to begin to notice they recur in the same spots cyclically. We know of no better way to cultivate a deep relationship with the woods.

6. As soon as you disrupt mushrooms, you're sending millions of spores to travel in the air and on your clothes. There's a myth that you need a mesh bag or basket with holes to spread spores from your collection. It's nonsense.

7. Use paper bags, not plastic. If something might be toxic,



isolate it. You're going to wash what you cook so this is mostly a precaution, but you'd hate for something toxic to break off and get mixed in with your beautiful clump of oysters.

8. Learn to spore print. This works best with younger specimens that haven't dropped all their spores yet. Cut the stem, leaving only the cap and place on a clear sheet of rigid plastic overnight. If you want, you can use an eyedropper to put a few drops of water on the cap to encourage release and/or cover with a bowl or cup. By using rigid plastic, you can put different color paper underneath to get a better sense of spore color.

9. Photograph everything (mushroom before harvesting, mushroom from multiple angles, spore print, etc.). Take good note of where you find things (slope, direction, near which trees, etc.)

10. Get used to that part of your mind which will trick you into believing you've found something just because you want to find it. This is probably the most common and most treacherous danger zone.

11. Believe in mystical intuition. Let it guide you. 99% of cultures before us did. You can rediscover it. It's one of your biggest friends. We truly can't count the number of times we've been in the woods and suddenly just known – “wait a minute, they're right around here,” before stumbling on a patch. The more time you spend in the woods, the more this will just happen naturally. Some folks believe micro-dosing psilocybin helps too.

Stuff you'll want

Basic spore-printing materials
Collection basket
Paper bags
Mushroom brush
Time / Patience
Intuition / Self-Awareness
Snake boots

Good references

Mushrooms Demystified book
Mushrooms of the Gulf Coast book
Boletes of Eastern North America book
LearnYourLand.com
Champignouf.com
MushroomObserver.org

Anonymous



Recipe for 2 gallon bucket of substrate *(adjustable for containers between 1-5 gallons)*

- Ingredients**
- 1 gallon bag of spent coffee grounds
 - 1 gallon-ish of straw*
 - 1-2 cups sawdust or grain oyster spawn
 - 2 gallon plastic bucket
 - Rubbing alcohol for cleaning

** Coffee/straw ratios are entirely flexible. If you don't have straw, cardboard slats can be put in between coffee layers to prevent the mass from compacting too much.*

1. Make coffee and enjoy. Strain the used grounds and get them into a gallon zip-bag in the freezer within 24 hours after brewing. It's OK to include filters as well if that's how you brew. The brewing process will pasteurize the grounds making them suitable for inoculation.

2. Repeat step 1 until you have filled the gallon bag with spent grounds. Note that used tea leaves also make great substrate which you can substitute or mix in!

3. Once you have lined up your other supplies and filled the freezer bag, take it out to thaw for several hours.

4. When the coffee is thawed, its time to pasteurize the straw. Put the straw in a large pot and cover with water. Bring it to a boil and simmer for 15-30 minutes. Then strain the straw in a colander and let it cool.

5. Drill 4-6 holes 1/2-inch holes evenly spread around the sidewall of the bucket. This is where the mushrooms will emerge.

6. Wipe out the bucket with alcohol let it dry. Same goes for your hands, workspace and other tools contacting the substrate/ spawn.

7. Add coffee grounds to the bucket about 1-2 inches deep. Mix about 1/4 cup of spawn into these grounds, then cover with about the same amount of straw and mix that up a bit.

8. Repeat step 7 until you have filled the bucket and used up your ingredients. Put a lid on the bucket put it in a shady corner of a room for 4-6 weeks.

9. By this point, the mycelium should have run through all the substrate which will be visibly white and fuzzy looking. Within the next few weeks mushrooms should start “pinning” through the drilled holes. When this starts happening, mist around holes with water spray bottle a few times a day.

10. Oysters grow quick! They’re ready to harvest when they stop doubling in size daily and some of the larger caps start turning up around the edges. Harvest a cluster by cutting with a knife close to the fruiting hole.

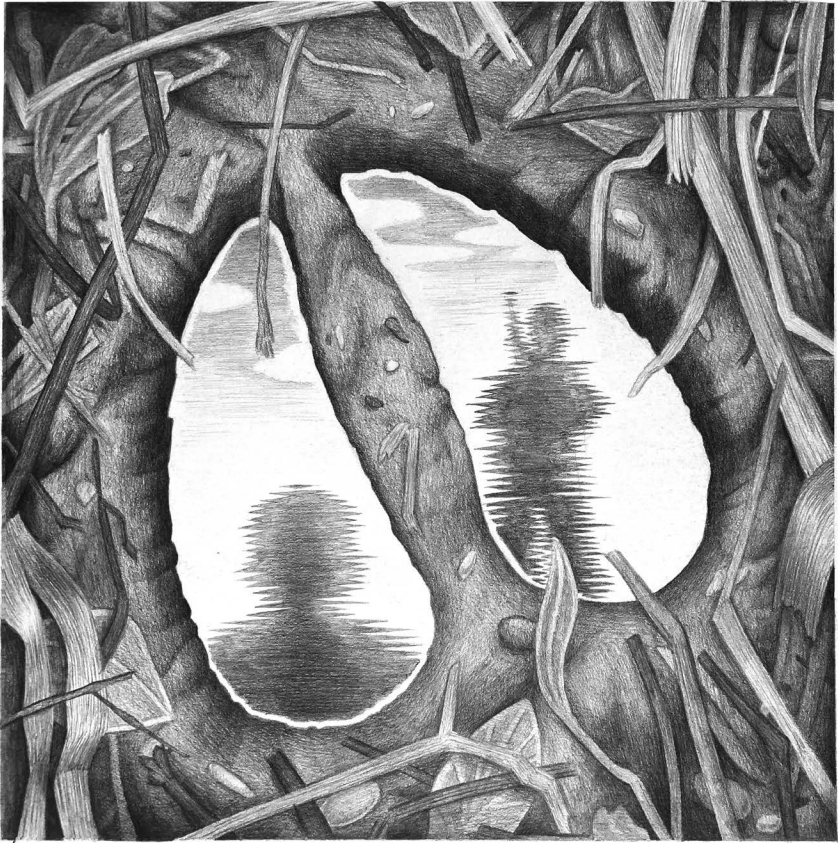
11. After the first flush, leave the bucket alone for a few weeks. When it starts pinning again, mist and harvest accordingly. When you’re sure no more mushrooms are coming, compost bins love used mushroom substrate.

Hunting for a Way Back into the Wild

Jim Boney

By early afternoon, I've followed the elk tracks for five hours and as many miles. I grew up in the foothills of these mountains and have hunted here for years, but in a few hours the elk have shown me places and paths between them that I wouldn't have found in another 50 years on my own. They've led me down into steep gulches where the sun rarely shines but where springs pool liquid water between iced-over banks. They've led me to hidden clearings in the timber where they've nosed still-green clumps of grass from under the snow. Rub trees, where bulls strip the velvet from their antlers in preparation for the rut and combat, mark these places and the ways between them like sign posts — some fresh and dripping sap, some old and gray.

The number of hunters in the United States has declined rapidly in recent years and with it the number of people who know anyone who hunts. Many people who might be interested in hunting if given the chance have been cut off from the land, tools, knowledge and culture of hunting. Other non-hunters are righteously opposed to the practice and celebrate its decline.



John Horning, executive director of the environmental nonprofit WildEarth Guardians, put it this way in a recent blog post: “There was a time when our nation’s conservation of species and habitat was actually led by hunters. But wildlife policy should no longer be driven by the needs of hunters. Not when more Americans, in urban and rural communities, want to coexist with wildlife — because we believe they are sentient beings with whom we share this planet.” The implication, of course, is that hunters don’t see animals this way, that no one could possibly both respect wild animals and want to kill and eat them. Horning congratulates the increasing number of

Americans who participate in “wildlife watching” instead of hunting.

Horning’s argument draws from an influential tradition of Euro-American wilderness thought that sees humans as fundamentally separate from “wildlife” and sees our proper role in the wild as “watching.” This viewpoint also implies, of course, the existence of another, very unwild world full of restaurants you can retreat to when you finish watching and where someone else, having seen to the requisite killing, will bring you your supper.

Meanwhile, much of the rest of the Left has become fixated on climate change to the point of obliviousness to other environmental problems. What disturbs many climate activists, it seems, is that climate change threatens our ability to go on living as we do. It’s possible to imagine a future in which companies offer technical fixes, that can feed our appetite for energy without fossil fuels, and go on digging up for resources what little is left of wild land, save a few parks where we can go on the weekends to watch.

Both these trends in modern environmentalism look for salvation, for the wild and for us, in retreat. Retreat from direct participation in the natural world, from the animal in ourselves. Neither strikes at the root of habitat destruction and climate change, which is planted in what the Indian ecologist Vandana Shiva calls “the illusion of humans as separate from nature.” The only real way out from these crises lies in finding a way to undo this illusion.

Not that hunting accomplishes this, not on its own. But it positions humans in a fundamentally different relationship to the natural world — not wreckers, not watchers, but participants. Hunting is one way we can start to look for our path back into the wild, to start to see it as our home, too, and defend it not as some thing outside of ourselves but as a whole in which we play a part and without which

we would not want to live anymore. And could not, anyway.

And this brings us to the level of economics — for hunting is fundamentally an economic activity. By which I do not mean that it creates jobs or boosts the Dow-Jones Industrial. Hunting is economic in the older, truer meaning of that word — “household management.” Specifically, hunting is a way I manage to get meat inside my household. Of course, it’s not the only way. I can, and sometimes do, wash other people’s dishes or drive their fence posts or edit their articles. Come pay day, I can go to the store and trade those working hours for some ground cow or pig shrink wrapped to a styrofoam plate. It’s a complicated and unpleasant way to get meat, especially for the cow or pig. One of the primary joys of hunting is undercutting that bigger, nastier kind of economy and taking part of your living from outside the market. For me and many of my fellow hunters, taking meat on the commons — along with berries, mushrooms, firewood — is a small counterblow in what Ivan Illych called “the 10,000 year war against subsistence,” which property owners have waged against us all.

It’s a tangled history that put me here on the tracks of these elk — histories usually are. Through all of it, in spite of it and because of it, the elk have made their home here in these mountains. No doubt they have changed over time, adjusted to us newcomers and our highways, our arbitrary squares of ownership and straight lines of barbed wire. No doubt, too, they remember some of the unstraight older lines which are the real shape of the country, drawn by time not cattle companies or act of Congress. Today the elk have been my guides, if unwittingly, along these lines and through the halls of this great home of theirs, as I try to find my own way home, too.





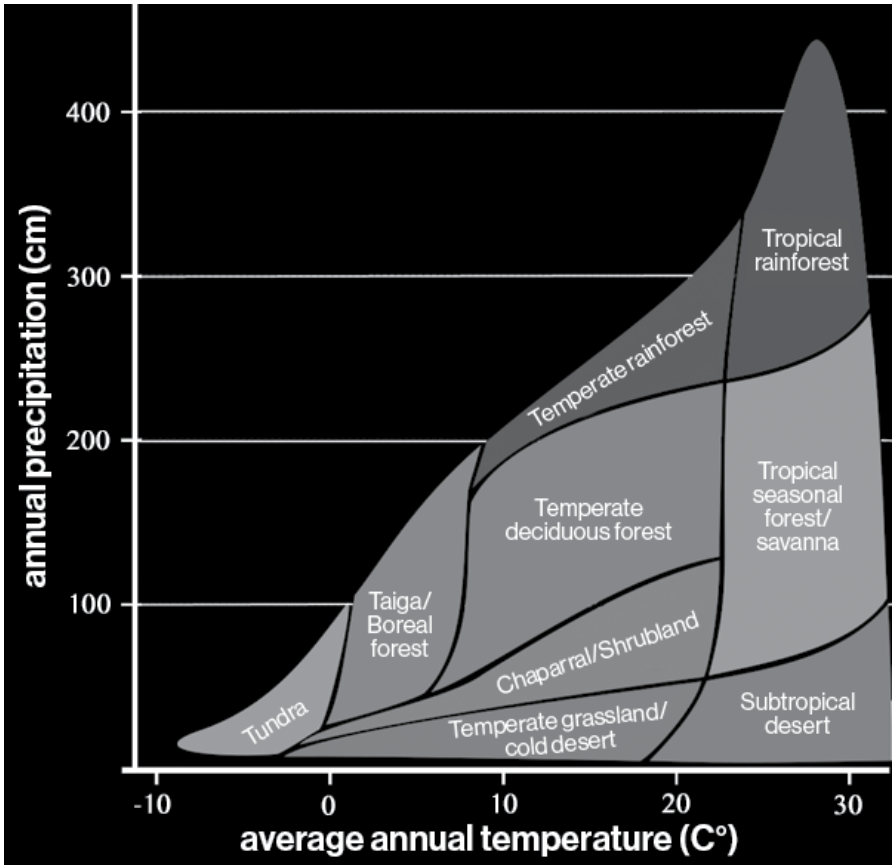
Bananarchy

Anonymous

Cloning a banana plant is less of an operation that it sounds like. The banana is busy cloning itself anyways - left to its devices, one plant will form a circular clump, spreading year after year. Baby banana plants are called pups. A sharp shovel is used to separate them from the larger clump. As long as one or two roots stay connected to the pup, success rates are very high. A little math: start with 10 banana plants. Take 5 clones or “pups” from each per year. At the end of year 5, you’ve got...77,760 banana plants.

Banana cultivation is currently possible in a narrow band along the US coast of the Gulf of Mexico. This band is growing. The Gulf South region of the US is becoming subtropical. At some point in our lifetimes, large parts of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama & Georgia will experience freezing temperatures for the last time.

In 2011, a NASA computer model predicted that by 2100, 40 percent of land ecosystems would shift “from one major ecological community type — such as forest, grassland or tundra — toward another,” while essentially ALL land ecosystems will undergo significant changes in plant communities.



Climate change will force ecosystems to shift to the right on this graph, with increasing temperature, and either up or down according to its impacts on precipitation. But critically, the precipitation in a given place is not determined solely by global weather patterns. As is well known, the high rainfall in the Amazon basin is due to evapotranspiration from the exhalations of the rainforest. In other words, the difference between a hot tropical desert and a tropical rainforest can be nothing more than the trees themselves.

Plants do migrate naturally, but at varied rates. Without assistance, the slow ones, particularly trees, will disappear instead. That means we're the ones who will decide whether our homes become deserts or forests. In this catastrophic era, the category of invasive species will be less relevant than that of refugee species.

We can imagine future solidarities that might develop. People in the mountains of a Caribbean island rush to gather seeds and cuttings from the jungle before the season of mudslides and hurricanes begins, sending them in care of migrants who sail past abandoned deepwater platforms in the Gulf and are welcomed at the shore by the keepers of another doomed forest. Mangroves sinking beneath the waves in the Yucatan go to the salt-sick ancient cypress swamps of the Atchafalaya Basin of Louisiana. Cypress seedlings are sent up the Mississippi to populate former corn fields in its expanded floodplain.

Our task is not to reconstruct the ancient forest nor to “design” the forests of the next century, but rather to support both native and migratory species as they adopt their own strategies for navigating this shift. Nor can a few specialist ecologists or state-run initiatives succeed in such a massive undertaking; it will only be possible if tree planting and forest stewardship become part of everyday life for millions of people. The process of planting the forest is also the process of becoming the people who live in the forest.

This brings us back to the banana, which presents itself as an ideal messenger species and vanguard of the coming subtropical forest. Its popularity is such that banana propagation could become a commonly held skill, and many varieties are cold hardy enough to survive freezing temperatures. In the hills of Georgia or the Piney Woods of East TX and western Louisiana, for example, banana plants grow well but don't usually fruit due to winter freezes. Increasingly popular as ornamentals, their eventual fruits will bear undeniable truths about climate change.

The old adage “money doesn't grow on trees” begs the question (since fruit does grow on trees) why isn't fruit free? We could answer this question on many levels - historical, economic, cultural, spiritual. For our purposes, we'll just point out that some of the world's fruits are still free, going right from tree to mouth without ever becoming a commodity. For most people

for most of history, food and other necessities have mostly been provided by the “ecological base” and not by a money economy. Those of us living inside the economy tend to treasure the few fragments of this lifestyle we have: blackberries gathered by the roadside, deer meat in the freezer from a family hunting trip, sweet potatoes from the garden.

One way of looking at assisted migration of subtropical plants is as a way of cultivating a strong ecological base for ourselves and our descendants. To this end, we have been growing banana plants and gifting pups to anyone in the region who agrees to continue propagating and sharing them. Our goal to produce as many human-banana-plant interactions as possible and decentralize production to the extent that it is within everyone’s reach.

Follow our efforts online under the hashtags #Bananarchy and #DestituteDole. You can also contact any of these participating organizations to join the effort by receiving a free banana pup!

*Lobelia Commons: lobeliacommons@protonmail.com,
@lobeliacommons on Twitter & Instagram*

*Indian Bayou Food Forest: indianbayoufarm@protonmail.com,
@bayou_foodforest on Instagram*

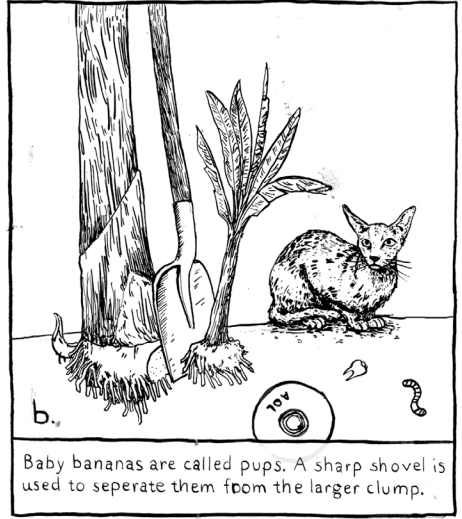
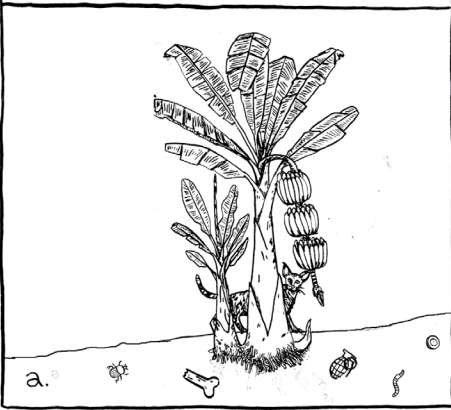
*Food Forest Network: nacfoodforest@gmail.com,
@FoodForestNetwk on Twitter*



DESTITUTE DOLE

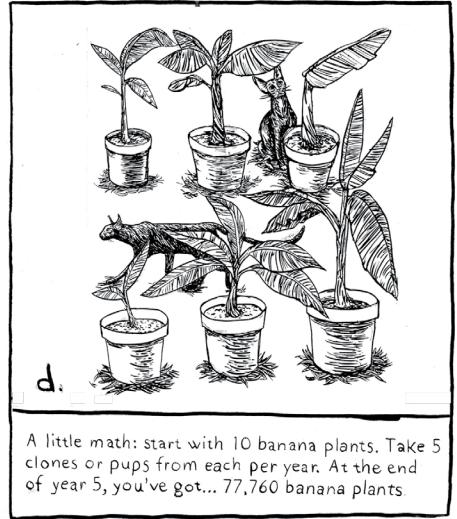
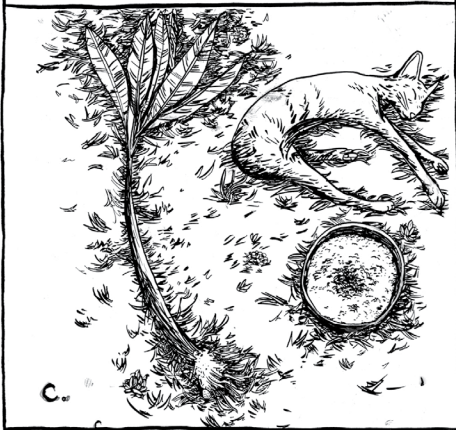
BANANA PROPAGATION

Cloning a banana plant is less of an operation than it sounds like. The banana is busy cloning itself anyway - left to its devices, one plant will form a circular clump, spreading year after year.



Baby bananas are called pups. A sharp shovel is used to separate them from the larger clump.

As long as one or two roots stay connected to the pup, success rates are very high.



A little math: start with 10 banana plants. Take 5 clones or pups from each per year. At the end of year 5, you've got... 77,760 banana plants

We Sent Dandelions

Cristian Reeves

Fieldnotes from some near-past

I'm tending a garden between two thickets in an out of the way patch of some tract of conserved nature on land known as Teejop. One of a few sites for a garden-based mutual aid project I was fortunate to help start and manage, focused on Black diasporic crops and seeds. We are five months into a generational plague and we somehow don't yet know how bad it will be; we are two months into a flourishing of historic uprisings against state violence and foundational, geologic trauma that threads through these lands inside and out. The world is becoming something else that can't quite be seen yet, tectonic plates are shifting and cracking, and I am growing food and fielding anxious texts about the weeds and writing a thesis, of all things, but writing is also a form of gardening. The storm never ends and we're all a part of it.

In the delightful mess of a growing space, a number of forces, actors, and materials work together to produce and reproduce the site on an ongoing basis. The work done by humans and the work done by plants function in conjunction with soil microbes, decomposers, pollinators, clay, silt, sand, microaggregates, solar energy, detritus from past seasons and projects, and weed seed banks already in the soil, all working with and against each other to bring the site into being. The emergent properties of life and non-life encountering and colliding.

There's a historical resonance with the material things that humans leave behind; bits of twine, lost trellis clips, broken stakes among the live seed and root mass hanging out in the soil. This could be seed produced by wild plants from previous seasons: the milkweed among the amaranth; as well as that produced by cultivated plants whose seed

was lost in small amounts during harvest and processing: the potatoes forming an accidental border for the collards. A natural archive, these volunteers come of their own accord as a reminder of what grew in seasons past, in place where they were not intended or wanted. Notes through time to be reckoned with and cared for, making themselves known and laboring in the garden with everyone else.



Fieldnotes from some future-present

We're tending a garden from a different world that you may think of as 'after' the 'end' of yours, but we don't. We want you to know that this isn't an apocalypse. Some of us headed towards catastrophe and collapse, yes, but some simply changed their minds. We did other things and left certain worlds behind. Call them lateral ruins if you want. Vestigial, tangential worlds that almost were.

This idea of the field is interesting to us, we don't quite get what it is or where it begins. Some of us became the field. Some were relegated to sustenance and production, and theirs was the yield upon which other lives got made. They were the otherwise of the grand project and also its most basic components. The leftovers and the ingredients. Now they move through the dirt like water striders, they are humus and topsoil and fungi.

We found the seeds you left behind. Left on the ground, forgotten in pantries, swept off the seed room floor with dust and debris. The storm dropped them off and we used the chaff and dead skin and bits of bugs and hair as fertilizer. We formed cooperatives of seeds, starts, and harvests; mutually assured instruction. We let the earth do its work.

We found that gardening was also a form of writing. We found that sometimes, when we planted seeds, instead of up and forward they grew down and back; through time. We wanted to nourish the ancestors, and thought this may work just as well. We sent some dandelions; did you get them? We sent plantain. We hope you can read this.

We aren't bitter. We don't seek retribution or response or return from/for this ruined world. We want you to know that we're okay. We don't know how much longer we have but neither do you. We haven't turned our backs, only our heads. To each other.



illustration on page 46 by Beau Romeo





photo by Laura Borealis

Tierra Anonimo

Zauache III

Tell me, or better yet, tell yourself that I might better hear you...how do you legitimize communion? Is it something we do? Is it something that happens to you? Is it easily categorized and where does it live in your body? I will not be proposing any perfection of methodology here. The devastation that is Imperialism and the American colonial project has worked tirelessly to physically and psychically divorce BIPOC (Black/Indigenous/People Of Color) from traditional practices of union: with land, with kin, and consequently ourselves. There have been several ways in which I have begun the undoing of this inherited, incarnate hurt: not first and not last (this isn't orderly work) is reconnecting with the land of which I am ancestrally wrought. The circumstances that led to my first spring on a budding farm are as simple as friends needing a reliable hand. The dynamics complicated by implied power and ownership. It must be said; white land owners - you need to actualize more in terms of decolonization. You need to atone for implicit harm and actively dismantle internalized patriarchal hierarchies that occur within diverse collaborative work. You need to cede land back to BIPOC. Still, the complexities of this relationship persist. I am happy to be learning and growing within a greater collective that includes a diverse population of plants,

animals, and organisms. To find myself living and working land in the place where my ancestors have traversed and lived and loved and bled and weeped, has shaken fruit from my limbs and without a thought, seeds are sown into that heroic history.

What I am continuing to grasp from months of reintegration of myself into the colectivo ultimo¹ is an unrefined understanding of organic connectivity. I am here to destroy the manufactured borders that separate my humanity and the rest of the natural world. Immutable social ideologies and oppressive governments have burdened and corralled human dynamism; that which situates us within living does the diabolical work to sever us from the syncopated rhythm of the universe. The entire universe is singing a song both for and because of itself. Not unlike a choir that requires many voices, and humanity is one of them. There is no calculating where to join in, there is only to start. The how of that beginning is not to be dictated, there is only sharing within it. As a detribalized Indigenous person, I am winging it. I don't have a traditional healer. I have to seek guidance in many; my family, friends, the land, and the collection of histories that reside within me. I am creating ceremony, intuiting initiation, and developing an internal ear for the eternal 'I'. This is something anyone can do and everyone deserves, you need only follow that desire. (p.s. You don't need to borrow from any other culture - trust/create your own!)

Having made contact has lead me to ask, 'how can I be a babe in the woods, provoke my own instinctive wonder, and develop that practice as a method of resistance?' Not against methodology, against an accepted standard of reality that works to secure the boundary between humanity and nature. I want to see what we are raising,

1 Spanish for "ultimate/final collective"

be it plants or livestock, for the first time, as often as I can manage, as a practice to enliven the sense of existing; 'inhabiting'. When seeds germinate, trees shed leaves, fungi grows, that is all part of an on going conversation that is constantly happening around us. It is very important we realize this conversation includes us, in fact, it desires our participation. As our climate changes with increasing severity, so we too must mirror that intensity in the pursuit of every avenue that puts humanity back into a participatory role. My ambition here, towards a slow and intimate reintroduction to that which is so precious it should remain unnamed. The beauty of this inhabiting is in its very nature untamed, boundless, and faceless but unlike a mystery.

As for systems of stewardship leading to a certain level of success (whatever the goal is) of course there is rhyme, reason, and important calculations to be made. But, bear with me here, there was a time before said systems. There was a before time of unknowing; the accumulation of the knowledge that has created the bases of land stewardship is the result of ancestral missteps and corrections. We literally had to watch, feel, fall in love, fail, and begin again and again and again to be here. Moments of apprehension -"Ah-ha!"- within an experimental practice breed a certain hunger necessary for endurance. There is sustainable joy to be accessed within those moments. We need to learn to love watching paint dry. Dedicate the attention and presence it takes to have a deeply understood grasp on the different factors that effect whatever we are cultivating to the point of intuiting needs. Then beyond intuition to the point of becoming; where in the needs of the land are experienced as our own, because they literally are. This is not a suggestion of abandoning valuable collected knowledge, it is an appeal towards the embodiment of euphoria within it. Euphoria as a consequential reality of stewardship. As particular renewable bliss in belonging

to and with the land. This euphoria has all at once mocked, courted, and comforted me during this time of rehabilitation. It facilitates wonder and desire beyond the property line, and beyond the corporeal.

The exhausted efforts of qualifying and quantifying where humanity ends and 'the environment' begins serve as a function of disconnect. Its demands our environment represent itself to us, suggesting there is something we need proven to us. I have been asking what does it look like to actively rewrite that narrative? Can we lean into the expectation that some necessary characteristics of the nature of existence endure only in formlessness, and cherish that? Something I keep returning to is how when I try REALLY hard to hear some sound, of an unknown source, I end up kind of sabotaging my ability to listen.

In my mind it resembles double-dutch. Maybe it's been years, a decade, a lifetime, generations even, since I've remembered my body can do such things. Maybe you don't know what double dutch is. I don't mean to argue it's simple to learn, or an effortless jump into such a cadence. I will suggest the simple joy and exhilaration that is observed when one does (even for a moment), without calculation and with passive observation, find that rhythm -it is worth every attempt that precedes it. It animates the spirit and we make take heart in having the experience. To seek this connectivity with land, animals, comrades, is to seek something outside of colonial banality for me. It is a part of reclaiming a history that was stolen from me, that my family hid from me, and first hid from themselves as a method of survival. My survival is rooted in something else.



An Exhortation to the FJ Ofay

J.g.”J.

Dust “settles.” The most toxic non-native invasive is far from a “settler.” There is no word to capture (enslave?) the devastation wrought by the European. Christianizing, commodifying, occupying, gentrifying, aggressively playing every possible “-cide” while committing the most violations (but never called on it, since the ref is on the take). The white man’s cloven hoofprint is much more than the plantain and the feral pig (which plagues the southern wild on four legs, and third-world New Afrikan colonies on two). The original “illegal” righted with might his immigration status to “cracker,” but now his offspring are too soft with fashionable “wokeness” to appreciate the unseemliness of their inheritance (wanting, all the while, to have their gluten-free “Painful Cake” and eat it, too). What is an “ally” to do?

There is neither ethical consumption nor production under capitalism; All is “fruit of the poisonous tree”... no matter how big the smile or well the intention of the Caucasian that establishes a community garden in a Black neighborhood. The radlibbing of Western Civilization’s

lil' Columbases still stinks of rugged individualism, but this CAN lead to redemption... literally! Replace displacement with genuine discovery. Gather yourselves, like your ancestors did (before selling their culture for whiteness). Forage on our enemies! Own your role and make MORE holes! Tiny ones, though, left by the so-called "weeds" with which you can fill reusable Wholefoods bags! The Earth (in her unfathomable patience) packs her wounds with dandelions, wood sorrel, chickweed, lamb's quarters, amaranth, purslane, garlic mustard, stinging nettles and many other edible progenitors of future forests. She needs not your efforts of misguided arrogance to heal the trauma you cause her. Medicines and building materials, too, await those that leave the poverty of the academy for the richness of the primitive. Your "savage" foremothers knew the plants; their names and their magic. There is great variety in such a diet... in finding, in listening, in following... in keeping it moving! Your roots have been used to hang us for too long. Deer, geese, rabbits, pigeons, pythons, nutria, carp and the aforementioned hogs abound to satisfy your lust for blood as you collect acorns for flour. We need nomads, not accomplices... Be like your Jesus, instead of a saviour, and do not afflict us with your permanence. You don't have to give your life, just your way of life. Put your morality where your mouth is, and see to it the poison of your grandfather's industry in our lead-sweet soil doesn't make it to the berry...

J.g."J. is a New Afrikan Anarchist veteran of the food justice "movement".

Gâteau de figue

Anonymous

An old-fashioned Cajun syrup cake recipe featuring fresh figs and pecans from the tree. Inspired by climbing, picking, cracking, and harvesting in southern Louisiana for my Paw Paw to create in the kitchen. Works for preserves year round.

- Ingredients**
- 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup all purpose flour
 - 1/3 cup light brown sugar
 - 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking soda
 - 1 tsp cinnamon
 - 1 tsp nutmeg
 - 1 tsp allspice
 - 1 pinch salt
 - 1 cup Steen's cane syrup
 - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttermilk
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable oil
 - 1 tsp vanilla
 - 2 large eggs
 - 2 cups fresh figs in syrup drained (or very ripe) and mashed
 - 1 cup chopped pecans
- Optional toppings: fig preserves, powdered sugar, or vanilla ice cream

1. Preheat oven to 350 F
2. Grease a bundt or tube pan well with butter and light coat of flour.
3. In mixing bowl, combine and thoroughly mix dry ingredients (besides pecans). Blend in vegetable oil and cane syrup.
4. In another mixing bowl, whisk eggs. Add to mixture and beat until blended.
5. Add buttermilk and vanilla to mixture and beat until smooth.
6. Fold in figs then pecans, mixing by hand.
7. Pour mix into pan, and bake for 55-60 minutes. After baking, let cool completely in pan.
8. Flip onto cake pan or plate, and coat with the topping of your choice. Also delicious as is!



*illustration by Elise Kauffmann
@rough.magic.tattoo*

Are We Really “Feeding Ourselves”?

Gabriel Eisen

tokenism- the practice of pretending small or symbolic shifts are representative of systems change

Nearly every community garden, small farm, and radical agricultural project claims to be “feeding people.” Such claims are generally taken at face value and celebrated: “Our CSA feeds 50 families,” “Our community garden provides food for the neighborhood,” “Students in our urban agricultural program are learning how to feed themselves.” But I find reason to investigate this language critically. While it is technically true that all local food initiatives produce some amount of food that some people do eat, I find that the language and discourse around local food paints an overly optimistic picture of our ability to be food-autonomous and obscures how reliant we continue to be on big agriculture.

As it stands, only a fraction of our food needs can be met by even the most highly productive local farms. This is in part because there are still not enough of them. More significantly, it is because small organic agricultural practices focus on producing nutritionally dense, rather than calorically dense, crops. While all bodies of course benefit from the nutrients in fruits and vegetable, most of our energy comes from foods that have a lot of calories per serving. With the exception of crops like Irish and sweet potatoes, and to a lesser extent the production of meat, dairy, and eggs, most local food resources are poured

into growing greens, roots, and fruiting vegetables. While these foods are healthy and provide us with necessary vitamins and micronutrients, they leave us reliant on big ag for our energy. Wheat, rice, soy, nuts, corn, sugar and the other staples we all use for the plurality of our calories continue to be produced almost exclusively by big corporations.¹

Most local ag projects are not for-profit farms and aren't nearly as focused on maximizing their yield. Nor should they be! These projects, such as community gardens, school urban agriculture programs, and non-profit farms, work to educate, build community, and provide healthy outdoor activity for folx, in addition to growing food. Consequently, they tend to produce even less food than their for-profit farmer peers while maintaining the same focus on nutritional, rather than caloric, crops. Participants may get a salad here, or some tomatoes there, but they are not cutting down on their grocery bill in any meaningful way.

It is my observation that the limits on our ability to substantively feed ourselves with local food systems go unacknowledged by many of the players in the local food world. In fact, it sometimes feels we are actively working to build the illusion—through our discourse—that we can meet more of our food needs locally than we actually can. As Azhar and I help folx without experience set up vegetable gardens here in Atlanta, we notice that people have been sold this strange conspiracy; we have the unfortunate task of explaining that one or two raised garden beds will be but a token effort in achieving food sovereignty.

I do not want to disparage the amazing work being done by

1 Why? Mainly because the amount of land necessary to grow these staple crops—and the equipment necessary to process them—makes their production not worthwhile for most small operations. Local agriculture could (and I argue, should) reengage with staples, though tackling this long-neglected terrain will take substantial new learning and experimentation.



comrades across the country to reclaim food for ourselves. I have dedicated my own heart and hands to this effort. But I also urge everyone to be frank about the limits of what we have built so far, to not get caught up in the fluffing up of reality for marketing purposes, in the ways that neoliberal capitalism and non-profit industrial complex culture encourage us to do. It does us no favors to have farm-inexperienced-but-starry-eyed radicals believing that when capitalism falls tomorrow we will easily be able fill our stomachs.

I call loudly for us all to do a better job of actually “feeding ourselves” by putting more resources into growing caloric foods. Growing the filling things should no longer be left to the fringes of YouTube survival gardeners. If global food supplies do collapse, we will not be able to survive on our broccoli and collard greens. We can start with the easy—the dried beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, nuts, and fruit trees—and work towards the hard:



grains, soy, nuts, and dairy.

Finally, we should celebrate and advertise the fact that our work is about far, far more than growing food and eating it. We do this work to get our hands in the dirt, to have the sun on our faces, to be in touch with our ancestors, to use our bodies, to build relationships with people, to be in control of our own lives, to work collectively, to be amazed by plants, and to feel alive. This is the part of “feeding people” we are already good at, and it is half the picture of food sovereignty.



Gabriel Eisen is cofounder of Atplanta, a sliding scale vegetable garden installer in Atlanta, GA. These reflections are the product of conversation with Atplanta cofounder Azhar Khanmohamed.

All Land to the Growers!

The global fight for Food Sovereignty and Agroecology

Connor Burbridge

At a rural agricultural school, students are brought around a tarp full of bean pods drying in the sun. A student picks up a handful of the pods and lets them gently fall back on the tarp. The bean pods are part of a new project of the students to create a new community managed seed bank. Students, teachers and neighbors from the surrounding rural towns arrive bringing traditional seeds and local varieties, which the students will grow, preserve, and then redistribute to local communities. The agricultural school sits on a settlement of land that was occupied ten years earlier by landless workers from a nearby city. The land is now collectively controlled and owned by them. The students understand their work as resistance to the global capitalist agricultural system and begin to talk about ways that industrial agriculture destroys rural communities. Their teachers give a quick lesson around the tarp on Agroecology and Food Sovereignty concepts. They respect their students as equals using popular education techniques.

While this kind of place seems far off to many of us in the U.S., this is the reality for MST activists in the state of Pará in Brazil. For over 40 years, the Landless Workers' Movement (MST, Movimento dos Trabalhadores Sem Terra) has been organizing occupations on under-used agricultural land owned by large landowners and fighting for collective control of those lands. The occupations can take years, with constant harassment from police and landowners' hired mercenaries. Still, the MST has brought thousands of acres into the collective control of landless workers throughout Brazil. Their work is grounded in Agroecology and the larger movement for Food Sovereignty.

Created in part with the MST, Food Sovereignty is a global movement of people fighting for democratic control of the food system and resisting neoliberal capitalist changes in agriculture. It describes the right of people to healthy and culturally appropriate food that is democratically and autonomously produced through ecologically sound and sustainable methods.



Food Sovereignty was created by La Vía Campesina, which connects over 200 million peasants, small food producers and activists, including MST members, to organize globally for changes to the current food system. Through Food Sovereignty, La Vía Campesina pushes for Agrarian Reform, fighting for land and agricultural resource redistribution and more democratic control for growers and eaters in the food system.

Agroecology is viewed by many global social movements as a technology for the social, economic, cultural, political and ecological transformation of communities and territories. Agroecology combines the science of ecology with the traditional farming systems and spiritual beliefs of indigenous and peasant peoples. Agroecology is a science, a practice, and a social movement. Agroecology is similar to permaculture, except it is a bit more technical and overall is more engaged with modern ecology science and indigenous farmers and peasants. Agroecology shows that a truly ecological Food System would be made of diverse small to medium sized farms.

Within many anti-capitalist movements, urban spaces and issues tend to be centered. Developing proposals, though, to organize in the countryside, to address issues there, and connect those movements to urban spaces will be a critical aspect of the struggles ahead. During COVID, the MST communities have built new links between the city and countryside. MST communities have been organizing farmer's markets in cities, providing people with healthy agroecological food that they grow at little to no cost. Groups of urban workers in exchange provide specialized skills for the MST communities like graphic design, car repair, garment work, and metalworking. At markets like this, the MST can connect with landless people, who may want to join a new occupation in the countryside. The urban workers meet regularly with the MST farmers in collective assemblies to talk about each other's needs and organize political actions. This mutual aid network is robust and complex and relies on products and resources that the workers and farmers produce themselves.



In order to provide for our communities and movements, we will need to have control of large amounts of land. Although land redistribution and agrarian reform struggles are not as developed in the U.S, they aren't completely missing either, from demands of "40 acres and a mule" as reparations for freed slaves, to demands of "all land for the tillers" from 1900's Oklahoman farmers who built the largest socialist party chapter in the U.S., to indigenous peoples demands of sovereignty over their territories. Currently, most rural anti-capitalist projects rely on a mix grants, crowd funding, connections to older rural farmers, and younger small-scale rural farmers, to share control over small amounts of land. Are their openings to expand our food production by thousands of acres through rural land occupations, like the ones the MST leads? Are there anyway these ideas and strategies can grow from within our current work?

The MST, Food Sovereignty and Agroecology, ultimately ask us to turn our attention to the land and our relationship to it. Who has control over it, how it is managed, how it can be

taken. The MST shows what is possible when an anti-capitalist movement gains control of large swathes of rural land and the types of networks that can be build from that base of land. They also show possible strategies for occupying and maintaining control over the land. The importance of land here is everything, control over it, and control over growing food, gives us control over our lives and communities.

Further Reading:

Agroecology and Organized Anarchism: An Interview With the Anarchist Federation of Rio de Janeiro (FARJ) by Black Rose NYC

Agroecology: The Ecology of Sustainable Food Systems, Third Edition by Stephen R. Gliessman

A Foodie's Guide to Capitalism: Understanding the Political Economy of What We Eat by Eric Holt-Giménez

Land and Freedom :The MST, the Zapatistas and Peasant Alternatives to Neoliberalism by Leandro Vergara-Camus

Agrarian Socialism in America: Marx, Jefferson, and Jesus in the Oklahoma Countryside, 1904–1920 by Jim Bissett

If you want to connect or are interested in starting a reading/discussion group, you can e-mail Conor at nutsandboltsnursery@gmail.com.



“Our sickles never respected the fences that prevented us from having access to food and land, this is a black, indigenous and popular alliance. We want freedom and that’s why we plant food.”, said Neto Oniré.



Mariana Cruz

At the dawn of October of a difficult year, the scorching sun did not prevent the meeting, work and reflection. Dozens of peasants from MST settlements and camps gathered for the 1st Pre-Journey of Agroecology in Paulo Jackson, one of the 7 areas of Agrarian Reform that make up the Ojefferson Brigade, in the cocoa-growing microregion of Bahia. It was a time to consolidate the alliance between the Brigade and the Web of The People. Under our feet, three common tasks for the revolution: conquest of land, construction of territory and food sovereignty. On the

horizon, the possibility of not only escaping the misery of the end of the world, but of rebuilding another one with plenty, with dignity, with hope and with a good deal of love. In this text, we record some of the richness of that meeting.

To understand the difficulty to face it

Part of the day was devoted to studying the current situation, always in contrast to what happened in the past. For Crislane Santos de Jesus, state leader of the MST and settled in Paulo Jackson, “it is important to understand the difficulty to face it; it is important to know the role of the peoples and the land in this system to challenge it”.

In this part of the world, intensive cocoa production has filled the pockets of a few landowners for almost the entire 20th century. To give you an idea, the export of the fruit accounted for about 60% of the State’s GDP in the 1970s, with the municipality of Ibirapitanga, where Paulo Jackson Settlement is located, being one of the 10 largest production centers in the State. What has been advertised as a success, however, has been sustained by a huge set of injustices. The region’s cocoa farms survived thanks to the exploitation of nature and workers.

There, all crop management – from planting to harvest – was carried out by people subjected to degrading work situations, many of them without even access to wages. “Contractors”, for example, were responsible for opening the Atlantic forest and planting cocoa trees. In return, they did not receive salaries, only the promise that, after fulfilling the “Contract”, they would receive for the improvements made. Needless to say, this “direct negotiation” ended in the farmer’s failure to fulfill his commitment – if not in threat and persecution if workers dared to demand their rights. Situations like that have repercussions today, in different ways. Even today, there is news of work analogous to slavery on farms in the region, for example.

In addition, the constant need to increase profits made farmers intensify their crops, despite the ecological effects that this policy could cause. Especially from the 1970s onwards, the Atlantic forest that offered shade to the cacao trees was simply devastated, in order to increase the number of cacao trees per hectare, or was replaced by exotic shading species such as those of the genus *Eritrina*, for example. The witches' broom and brown rot plagues came to collect the bill: for at least 30 years the recovery of the forest and soil have been on the agenda for those who live in the region.

To complete this scenario, it is also important to draw attention to one last point: the question of land ownership. Unlike other regions in Brazil, the size of each cocoa farm does not account for around 1,000 hectares. This did not, however, shake the poignant inequality in access to land. Many of the owners own several properties in the region. This is the case of the Canta Galo farm – today the Paulo Jackson settlement. Its former owner, former banker Ângelo Calmon de Sá, boasts 15 rural properties in the state of Bahia alone. In addition, many of the lands where cocoa “thrived” are the fruit of doubtful transactions, to say the least. The fences that demarcate the limits of several of these farms carry in their history the theft of small family properties and the expulsion of indigenous peoples from their traditional territories.

This is definitely not a portrayal of the abundance that indigenous people, quilombolas and peasants know how to manage. About 20 years ago, the destiny of that territory changed radically: the occupation undertaken by MST broke through the fences of the Canta Galo farm – as it did repeatedly in the cocoa-growing region. Men, women, young and old people came together to react to the destruction and oppression perpetrated by agribusiness, dreaming of building abundance and freedom on a piece of ground. “The revolution is made with simple things”, Mestre Joelson Ferreira, from the Web of the People, never tires of repeating. But he was also the one who remembered, quoting Neto Onirê, coordinator of the Ojefferson

Brigade, that the fight begins with the dispute over land:

“It’s like Neto says, ‘if an armadillo show with two tails, we plucked one out’. We only left it with one, because nature gave armadillos only one tail. The “armadillos” we were talking about at that time were the landowners who came to face us. So, now is the time that a wild jaguar appears and we have to organize ourselves as catitus to overcome the jaguar. And if we don’t face that moment now, it could be the last moment of humanity on earth. If we don’t face imperialism, if we don’t face capitalism and if we don’t face this government, we probably won’t have much time here on earth”.



Black, indigenous and popular alliance

What has been done in the past 30 years to guarantee minimally democratic access to land now needs to be expanded. After retaking land, it was necessary to rebuild a different way of inhabiting it; one where the freedom of humans and of the land meet. In Crislane’s analysis, once the scenario is understood, it is possible to perceive the similarities between communities that are often thought of separately:

“The first landless people were blacks. If we look at our territories, we are quilombos indeed. Our territories are true quilombos. It’s a fact. It’s resistance”.

Quilombos are one of the concrete faces of insubmission to the racist and colonialist power of the State; they are territories for the construction of a full, autonomous and free life. It is the same in the 7 areas of the Ojefferson Brigade, where people and lands are allied to face the wrath of the estate, the racist State, and capitalism. On that day of October, people gathered there did not hear empty promises like those from candidates for the city hall or the city council, typical on this time of the year. What they heard, the possibility of building, with their own hands, autonomy and food sovereignty:

“Our sickles never respected the fences that prevented us from having access to food and land, this is a black, indigenous and popular alliance. We want freedom and that’s why we plant food”, said Neto Onirê.

The words of Joelson, Neto and Crislane are not metaphors. In the capitalist system, the peoples and the land had their wealth expropriated. The health, economic and ecological crisis that emerges as a result of this system will lead us to collapse and genocide. Therefore, it is up to the black, indigenous and popular alliance to resume, in fact, the possibility of building another present and another future, “before the world ends”. Thus Joelson reaffirmed the purpose of the dialogue proposed in that meeting:

“We are building the Web of the People, it is not a movement. It is siding with MST, it is siding with the quilombolas, it is siding with the peasants, it is siding with all the people, it is siding with the people on the periphery, to the people of Reaja ou Será Morto (React or You Will Be Killed), who are the black people who is there on the outskirts of Salvador, on the outskirts of Rio de Janeiro, on the outskirts of São Paulo, everywhere, being murdered by the police”.










Good seed

Building the confluence between peoples, territories and demands is not a task for words and denunciation alone. The alliance is concretely woven, insofar as it promotes freedom with concrete evidences of it. The ability to produce abundance is what will allow for true independence. With a full table, it is not necessary for the peoples to submit themselves to those who, in exchange for daily bread, demand votes and subservience to a political agenda that does not benefit them and their territories. With diverse and abundant farms, all living beings are satisfied: people, animals and the land itself. It is even possible to weave true solidarity and self-defense. An example of this is the tons of food donated by peasants from Brigade Ojerffesson, from Camp Carlos Marighella (Ipiaú-BA), to the black people on the outskirts of Salvador, during the covid-19 pandemic.

Therefore, to the speeches and analyzes carried out in the 1st Pre-Journey, seeds and seedlings were added. There were 650 seedlings of cocoa, 500 of açaí, creole seeds of rice, corn, beans, cowpeas and pumpkin – all cultivated and reproduced in territories of the Web of the People. Each of the 7 agrarian reform areas present in the meeting chose two people who will be guardians of the seeds. Nelma, from the Mariana Settlement, in the municipality of Camamu, celebrates: “this is a unique moment for us. Rescuing creole seeds is a very important step, since it is difficult to produce with good seeds”. She will have the task of planting them and watching over the crops so that they can safely multiply and thus be distributed to the entire community. The 1st Pre-Journey of the Ojefferson Brigade is just a moment among many who weave a wide, broad and historic alliance – one in which catitus are no longer just jaguar food. Among their weapons is the exact ability to produce food. Thus, the conquest of food sovereignty is the cornerstone of revolution – one that takes place collectively and in the hot and humid weather of the earth’s womb.








***The Web of the Peoples (Teia dos Povos)** is a dialogue between communities, territories, peoples and political organizations, both rural and urban. To learn more go to teiadospovos.org.*

March

<i>"I really do think the weather is starting to get downright weird."</i>								DAY OF MONTH MOON SUN-RISE SUNSET SOLAR NOON TIME SOLAR NOON ANGLE DAY-LIGHT HOURS	Martha Stewart convicted of felony obstructing justice.
All data specific to New Orleans, LA									
								1  6:25am 5:59pm 12:12pm 53° 11h34m	March 5, 2004
								5  6:21am 6:02pm 12:11pm 54° 11h41m	
								12  6:13am 6:06pm 12:09pm 57° 11h54m	
								15  7:09am 7:08pm 1:09pm 58° 11h59m	
								20  7:03am 7:11pm 1:07pm 60° 12h8m EQUINOX	
								21  7:02am 7:12pm 1:07pm 61° 12h10m	
								28  6:54am 7:16pm 1:05pm 63° 12h23m	
TREE OF THE MONTH		Chestnut							
JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT				Pleistocene rewilding					
During the week of March 11th - 18th we... Potted up young PLANTS of: <i>Temperate Tulsi (Ocimum africanum, seeded 1-27-20 & 2-4-20)</i> <i>Blue Vervain (Verbena hastata, seeded 10-1-19)</i> <i>Prospera Basil (seeded 1-14-20)</i> <i>Krishna Shyama Tulsi (Ocimum tenuiflorum, seeded 2-4-20)</i> <i>Bee Balm (Monarda fistulosa, seeded 11-19-19)</i> Transplanted young PLANTS of: <i>Gotu Kola (Centella asiatica) into patch in shade corner</i> <i>Maypop into corner by truck gate</i> <i>Temperate Tulsi (Ocimum africanum, seeded 2-4-20)</i> <i>Mugwort (Artemisia vulgaris) into spots below Peach tree</i> <i>Cucumber (Mini Me fl, Green Finger, and h-19 Little Leaf seeded 2-4-20)</i> <i>Salanova Lettuce (seeded 2-4-20 + 1-27-20)</i>				Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA					
				<i>Self Heal (Prunella vulgaris) into shade corner</i> Planted SEED in trays for: <i>Temperate Tulsi (Ocimum africanum)</i> <i>Spilanthes (Acmella oleracea)</i> <i>Bunching Onions (Deep Purple & Nabechan fl)</i> <i>Marigold (Lemon Gem Signet, Tangerine Gem Signet, & Fantastic Golden Yellow)</i> <i>African & Vedic Ashwagandha (Withania somnifera)</i> <i>Salanova Lettuce</i> <i>Tres Fine Endive</i> Planted SEED directly in ground for: <i>Calypto Cilantro</i> <i>Gobo Burdock (Arctium lappa)</i> Noticed: <i>first PawPaw tree blossoms</i> <i>wild Primroses are all open</i> <i>Lyre Leaf Sages are blooming at Bayou Sauvage</i>					

April

Between its creation in 1931 and 2015, the Bonnet Carré Spillway was open for 415 days. Since then it was open for 194 days.

 All data specific to New Orleans, LA	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS	Bread riot in Confederate Richmond, VA April 2, 1863 Gen. Lee tells Jefferson Davis to evacuate Richmond. April 2, 1865
	1		6:49am	7:19pm	1:03pm	65°	12h30m	
	3		6:46am	7:20pm	1:03pm	66°	12h33m	
	11		6:37am	7:25pm	1:01pm	68°	12h47m	
	15		6:33am	7:27pm	1:00pm	70°	12h54m	
	19		6:28am	7:30pm	12:59pm	71°	13h1m	
	26		6:21am	7:34pm	12:58pm	74°	13h12m	

TREE OF THE MONTH Willow

JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT Air layering

<p>During the week of April 1-9, 2020 we...</p> <p>Potted up young PLANTS of: <i>Ashwagandha (Withania somnifera, seeded 2-13-20)</i> <i>Roselle (Hibiscus sabdariffa, seeded 1-28-20)</i> <i>Prospera Basil (seeded 1-14-20)</i> <i>Broadleaf plantain (Plantago major, seeded 11-19-19)</i></p> <p>Transplanted young PLANTS of: <i>Prospera basil (seeded 1-14-20)</i> <i>Temperate Tulsi (seeded 1-27-20)</i> <i>Frost Weed above Gotu Kola patch</i> <i>Star Anise (Illicium floridanum) into shade corner</i> <i>Hot Peppers (Fatalli, Leutschauer Paprika, Jimmy Nardello from TooTallFarms)</i> <i>Marigolds (Tangerine & Lemon Gem Signet)</i> <i>Louisiana Mugwort (Artemisia ludoviciana) next to Bay Leaf Tree</i> <i>Self Heal (Prunella vulgaris) in shade of terra-cotta tile</i> <i>Bunching onions (Deep Purple &</i></p>	<p><i>Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA</i></p>	<p><i>Nabechan, seeded 3-12-20)</i> <i>Sumac Tree sapling (from Blaise) into shade corner</i> <i>Eggplants (Poa Moa and Louisiana Long Green)</i></p> <p>Planted SEED in trays for: <i>Salanova Lettuce</i> <i>Tres Fine Endive</i></p> <p>Planted SEED directly in ground for: <i>Yarrow (Achillea Millefolium)</i> <i>Okra (Bowling Red & Clemson Spineless)</i> <i>Turmeric (from Jackie's garden) and Ginger (purchased) in patch in front of Papaya trees and behind Persimmon.</i></p> <p>Noticed: <i>the Yarrow patch we harvested heavily in February is fully regrown</i></p>
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May

Around 555 tornadoes touched down in May 2019, more than double the average between 1991-2010.



All data specific to
New Orleans, LA

DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS
1		6:17am	7:37pm	12:57pm	75°	13h21m
3		6:15am	7:38pm	12:57pm	76°	13h23m
11		6:09am	7:44pm	12:56pm	78°	13h35m
15		6:06am	7:46pm	12:56pm	79°	13h40m
19		6:04am	7:49pm	12:56pm	80°	13h44m
26		6:01am	7:53pm	12:57pm	81°	13h52m

Bonnie and Clyde are
gunned down by police
in Black Lake, LA.

May 23,
1934

TREE OF THE MONTH

Moringa oleifera

JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT

How many pigs did it take to make the movie Babe

During the week of May 12-20, 2020 we...

Transplanted young PLANTS of:

Plantain & Coreopsis (seeded 1-19-20)
into clay bed

Cassia "Trees" & Baptisias into flower bed
in front of young Tulip Poplar tree

Sweet Potato slips

Sweet Annie (*Artemisia annua*, seeded
3-29-20)

Rudbeckia from Mississippi (seeded 1-19-
20)

Indigo (*Persicaria tinctoria*)

Rue

Zinnias

Roselle (seeded 4-24-20) into fading
Calendula bed

Hot Peppers (*Fatalii*, Scotch Bonnet,
Georgia Flame, Congo Trinidad Giant
Yellow, Bahamian Goat, from too tall
farms)

**Planted SEED in trays for:
nothing!!**

**Planted SEED directly in ground
for:**

Buckwheat cover crop

White Sweetclover ("hubam") cover crop
in double rows around Tulsi

Warm Season Soil Builder cover crop

Lark Partridge Peas

Yard Long Beans (*Liana Asparagus Bean*
and *Chinese Red Noodle Asparagus*
Bean)

Noticed:

Cicadas

first Bee Balm blossoms (*Monarda*
 fistulosa & *M. didyma*)

first Echinacea bloom

Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA

June

"summer storms getting crazy so yuh definitely"



DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS
1		5:59am	7:59pm	12:58pm	82°	14h0m
9		5:58am	8:00pm	12:59pm	83°	14h2m
15		5:58am	8:02pm	1:00pm	83°	14h4m
17		5:59am	8:03pm	1:01pm	83°	14h4m
20		5:59am	8:04pm	1:01pm	83°	14h5m
24		6:00am	8:04pm	1:02pm	83°	14h4m

All data specific to New Orleans, LA

George Wallace shot while campaigning for president.

May 15, 1972

SOLSTICE

TREE OF THE MONTH

Mulberry

JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT

Bokashi composting

June 5, 1967

Tierra Amarilla, NM Courthouse Raid



June 1910

"Louisiana Lumber War" begins with the organizing of the Southern District of the Forest & Lumber Workers Industrial Union (IWW). Lasting until 1913, the Louisiana Lumber War was notable for events like integrating union locals during Jim Crow, the Grabow Riot and the "Merryville Commune".

During the week of June 12 - 23, 2020 we...

Potted up young PLANTS of:

Gboma (*Solanum macrocarpon*, seeded 5-22-20), 10

Aji Dulce Peppers (seeded 5-22-20), 12

Giant Coral & Yellow Zinnia (seeded 5-22-20)

Transplanted young PLANTS of:

Maypop (*Passiflora* sp.), seeded 12-8-19 by restoration group

Planted SEED in trays for:

nothing!

Planted SEED directly in ground for:

nothing!







Noticed:

Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA

bout to be hot

July

From 1996-1999, someone where I worked at Longhorn Steakhouse liberated about \$20 in food every day. Also didn't charge for drinks for a six month period.

 All data specific to New Orleans, LA	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS	Ida B. Wells born in Missouri.
	1		6:03am	8:05pm	1:03pm	83°	14h2m	
	9		6:06am	8:04pm	1:05pm	82°	13h59m	
	15		6:09am	8:02pm	1:06pm	81°	13h53m	
	16		6:10am	8:01pm	1:06pm	81°	13h51m	July 16, 1862
	23		6:14am	7:58pm	1:06pm	80°	13h44m	
TREE OF THE MONTH			Hazelnut					
JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT				Shiitake-Duck polycultures				
July 4, 1881			Tuskegee Institute founded					

During the week of July 5 - 12, 2020, we...

Transplanted young PLANTS of:
 Ashwagandha (*Withania somnifera*, seeded 3-12-20)

Aji Dulce Peppers (seeded 5-22-20)
 Rose Mallows & Leadplants (seeded 3-8-20) into bed with Maypops and behind Seminole Pumpkins
 Zinnias

Ggboma (*Solanum macrocarpon*, seeded 5-22-20)

Planted SEED in trays for:
 nothing!

Planted SEED directly in ground for:
 Summer cover crop mix into all summer fallow beds: Partridge Pea, Sorghum Sudangrass, Cowpea, Okra, Laredo Soybean, Pearl Millet, Sunn Hemp, Sunflower, Mung Bean, African Cabbage, Florida Broadleaf Mustard, Buckwheat, & Flax

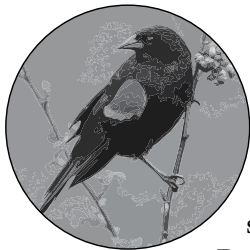
Noticed:
 season of the Grasses

Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA



HOROSCOPES Xiamara Chupaflor @chupaflordivination

2021



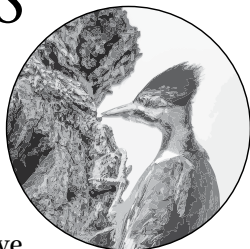
ARIES

Move towards your authentic self without fear.

Dress yourself in black and honor your grief. Lay to rest beliefs that limit your growth. Bury them and thank them for protecting you when you needed it the most. Initiating change takes time and you are still emerging, caught between who you once were and who you are becoming. Wake up, let go and lean into the unknown. Your confidence will be built in the ceremony of the present. Embrace that you don't have all the answers and that you will know what to do when you arrive. Protect your voice with elderberry, your heart with Hawthorne berries and your mind with Lemon balm.

TAURUS

Gratitude, patience and vision are key. You have everything you need to create the future you desire. Trust that what you have built will hold you. Trust your guts and feed yourself everything



you need. Trust that your body knows what it needs. Trust the future you are building in the present. Now is not the time to give up or start over but to be resilient. Finish what you start. Don't worry about what you're missing because what is meant for you will find you where you are going. Don't forget to drink water. Try to put your body in an ocean before the year is up and if you can't make it there, take salt baths with an ocean in your mind's eye.

GEMINI

Disappointment is inevitable but so is your resilience. Warm yourself beneath your own light. Remember, and write down everything you love about yourself on blue paper and carry it in your wallet. Pull it out when you need and remember that your confidence is your first line of protection. For everything else call on the spirit, ancestor, deities or whatever you believe to fortify your words. Initiate change even when it hurts. Shed what no longer serves you and feel anger and sadness leave on its own as you sit with it. Make space for novelty because you have not met



everyone you will love yet. Stand on your own two feet. Salt your entrances and exits. Make sure you are taking deep breaths.

CANCER



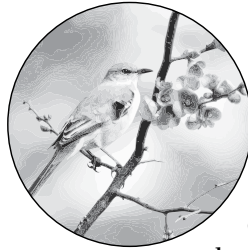
Your power will be found in still moments. Engage with activities of daily living as ritual.

Everything you do is a spell. Every action is an opportunity to create something bigger and better for the future. You are standing at the borders of creation; your vision is about to be born. Blockages have been removed. All that is left is for you to follow through and follow up and set your ship to sail. Don't fight change, usher it in with a celebration instead of fear. You may not get to control all of the circumstances of this upcoming cycle but you can control how you navigate them. Light orange candles for encouragement and yellow candles for conception. Ingest turmeric. And if you can't take it internally, grow it and if you can't grow it keep a fresh piece on your altar or in your pocket.

LEO

Let love dissipate any fear left behind from the past. Your heart is demanding an expansion. Your mind demands daydreams be your compass. Your greatest moments will not be found in the comforts of safety but in

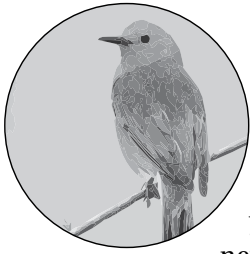
the risks taken to get more deeply acquainted with yourself. Buy yourself roses often. Trust like you have never been hurt and trust that you won't betray yourself. Trust the divinity of the present moment. Define your yes's and then build your future on it. You wished for joy so be available to it. Eat more hot meals that you prepare and share them with the people you love. Make fires for warmth not destruction.



VIRGO

The portal of potentiality is open. Change is knocking. ANSWER.

Let the depth of your feelings come to the surface and let truth be your sword. Change is knocking and clarity is on its way. Don't ignore joy. Joy is hidden in the ordinary. Joy is in dirt. Make space to get dirty and rinse yourself clean with salty water after. You have everything you need and everything you want is just an ask away. Ward off depression with decisive action. Choose care over anger. Reach out to everyone you love. Find wisdom in listening. Find wisdom in gratitude. Find wisdom in liberating yourself from the patterns of past wounds. You are rewriting your DNA and being born again.



LIBRA

Take inventory and choose wisely what you bring on this next cycle because

there is no turning back from where you are standing. Integrate emotional intelligence to dissolve the pain of regret. Write down everything you know how to do in black ink. Write down everything you want to do in blue ink. Blue vervain to open new portals of enlightenment. Rosemary in your pockets to protect you from haters and to draw admirers. Prioritize being your own muse. Seek solitude for inspiration. Never forget where you came from and keep moving forward.

SCORPIO

Move at the pace of care. Set your intentions for the future and establish good habits that will support the work you actually want to be doing. Set your alarm 30 minutes earlier. Wake up. A spoonful of honey in the morning to remind your tongue of sweetness and to balance your guts. Expand your horizons and your threshold.

Fresh start, fresh attitude. Make a wish and set your life up for that wish



to come true. Define your boundaries. Organize your desk. Inspiration will come when it does, best be ready ahead of time. Initiate change or be dragged by it.



SAGITTARIUS

Rebel against your own status quo. Prioritize sustainable love. The relationships you have built will grow without too much tending. Be just as intentional with yourself as you are with others. The efforts you have invested are in return. If your return is small, try again. If your return is big, share. Your deepest bonds will be created through joy. Your strength will be in choosing joy. Your strength will be in remembering you always have a choice. Choose food that is pleasurable. Make a pie for every season. Know the joy of choosing instead of being chosen.

CAPRICORN

Make peace with yourself and the past. Make peace with the process because you can't opt out of your purpose. Take a walk down a different street and find your solutions within

the novelty. The future isn't fixed, however, what you do and what you focus on will grow into the future so be deliberate.



Feel your deepest most difficult feelings, there is potent information in the depth of your emotion. Walk your talk. Live through example not judgement. Guard your immune system through routine, especially the lungs and the bladder. Do breath work, stay hydrated and moisturized (seriously) and keep your body's systems flowing so you can more easily move through everything.



AQUARIUS

Challenges met are an invitation to integrate fortitude. Embody courage. Let your choices and actions be your voice. Choose to respond instead of reacting. Respond to one thing at a time. You are being initiated into the bones of your strength. Show up without your armor and watch the world gently unfurl at your feet.

Medicine looks like being quick on your feet and remembering to reward yourself with acknowledgement. Your power is believing in your ability to arrive at each moment prepared. Choose peace. Choose people who hold up the mirror of love. Make it a priority to inhale lavender often. Be here now and surrender. Establish who you are while you are resting so you know what to do in a crisis.



PISCES

Cultivate tolerance and skills to handle the mundane. Let your spirit be reinvigorated by the prosperity of responsibility. Sit on the Earth, root down deep and grow up from there. Actually, let painful cycles end. Take care of business and tend gently to the edges of your life that are frayed with intention. Take up as much space as you want as long as you aren't crowding someone else out. Don't shrink. Accept apologies and apologize. The more people you have in your corner the more Earth you can move. Space is being made to step back into your power. Drink less. Add cinnamon to your spell work and if you are not a witch, find a reason to cook with it.

August

“The trees of the month are just random trees we like.”



All data specific to
New Orleans, LA

DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS
1	☾	6:19am	7:53pm	1:06pm	78°	13h34m
8	☀	6:23am	7:47pm	1:05pm	76°	13h24m
15	☾	6:27am	7:40pm	1:04pm	74°	13h13m
22	☾	6:31am	7:33pm	1:03pm	71°	13h2m
29	☉	6:35am	7:25pm	1:01pm	70°	12h50m

Uprising in Watts
area of Los Angeles,
CA.

August
11-16,
1965

TREE OF THE MONTH

Ficus Carica

JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT

Chinampas

“An unusually strong ridge of high pressure during mid-August across the western contiguous US drove the record heat seen across much of the Southwest.”

“Significant sea ice melt across the Chukchi Sea occurred, leaving the waters 99% open.”

“Above-average precipitation was observed from the central Gulf Coast to the mid-Atlantic... below-average precipitation stretched from the Southwest to the Midwest and the Northwest to the western Gulf Coast.”

Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA

During the entire month of August we...

Potted up young PLANTS of:
nothing!

Transplanted young PLANTS of:
nothing!

Planted SEED in trays for:
nothing!


Planted SEED directly in ground for:
nothing!

Noticed:


who is blooming in the garden still at end of August? Spotted Bee Balm (*M. punctata*), Partridge Peas, Bidens, Cosmos, Zinnias...

For real,
chill out, it's
hot af-
go swimming.

September








<i>"No snow was reported at Fairbanks during September. This is the third consecutive year with no September snowfall."</i>							Massive wave of strikes in US prisons.				
	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE		DAY-LIGHT HOURS			
	1	☉	6:37am	7:22pm	1:00pm	68°	12h45m				
	6	☀	6:40am	7:16pm	12:58pm	66°	12h36m				
	13	☽	6:43am	7:07pm	12:56pm	63°	12h24m				
	15	☾	6:45am	7:05pm	12:55pm	63°	12h20m				
	20	☽	6:47am	6:58pm	12:53pm	61°	12h11m				
	22	☽	6:48am	6:56pm	12:52pm	60°	12h8m				
	28	☾	6:52am	6:48pm	12:50pm	58°	11h56m				
All data specific to New Orleans, LA								<i>Late August-Early September 2018</i>			
TREE OF THE MONTH			Paw Paw								
JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT				Living fence							
<p>During the week of September 12 - 23, 2020 we...</p> <p>Potted up young PLANTS of: nothing!</p> <p>Planted SEED in trays for: Salanova Lettuce Tres Fine Endive Kale (Nero di Toscana lacinato, Red Russian, White Russian, Beedi's Camden, Rainbow Lacinato, & Dwarf Blue Curled Scotch) Collards (Vates & Champion) Extracta Sage (Salvia officinalis) Stinging Nettles (Urtica dioica) Bodegold Chamomile (Matricaria recutita) Spilanthes (Acmella oleracea) Mugwort (Artemisia vulgaris) Wood Betony (Stachys officinalis) Milk Thistle Blue flag (Iris versicolor) Nasturtium, varied blue indigo (Baptisia australis) Sochan (Rudbeckia laciniata)</p>				<p><i>Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA</i></p>				<p><i>Italiko Rosso Chicory</i> <i>Sweet Annie Wormwood (Artemisia annua)</i> <i>Yarrow (Achillea millefolium)</i> <i>Purple Coneflower (Echinacea purpurea)</i> <i>Zinnia (Carousel and Golden)</i> <i>Double Click Cosmos</i> <i>Bachelors Buttons (Blue Boys & Polka Dot Blend)</i> <i>Dianthus (Lace Perfume & Electron Mix)</i> <i>Spurred Snap Dragons (Northern Lights mix)</i> <i>Marigolds</i> <i>calendula (Maya Orange, Pink Surprise, Alpha og)</i> <i>Mexican marigold (Tagetes minuta)</i></p> <p>Noticed: <i>Hummingbirds</i> <i>Late Flowering Thoroughwort (Eupatorium serotinum) is blooming on the West Bank and the North Shore</i> <i>Obsessively cawing Crows in huge numbers</i></p>			

October

<i>"If this upcoming pattern were to manifest again in January, it would be an icebox almost everywhere, similar to Dec 1983 or Dec/Jan 1984/85."</i>							Farmworkers in the sugar cane plantations of Louisiana join the Knights of Labor and strike for higher wages. The strike was a loss but wages were increased a year later.				
	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE		DAY-LIGHT HOURS			
	1	☉	6:53am	6:45pm	12:49pm	57°		11h52m			
	6	☀	6:56am	6:39pm	12:48pm	55°		11h43m			
	12	☾	7:00am	6:32pm	12:46pm	52°		11h32m			
	15	☾	7:02am	6:29pm	12:45pm	51°		11h27m			
	20	☽	7:05am	6:23pm	12:44pm	50°		11h18m			
	28	☾	7:11am	6:16pm	12:44pm	47°	11h5m				
TREE OF THE MONTH		Persimmon									
JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT				Covercropping							
October 6, 1917		Fannie Lou Hamer born									
<p>During the week of September 29 - October 5 we...</p> <p>Transplanted young PLANTS of: Lacinato Kale</p> <p>Planted SEED in trays for: Mastic Thyme (<i>Thymus mastichina</i>) Elecampagne (<i>Inula helenium</i>) Afina Cutting Celery Motherwort (<i>Leonurus cardiaca</i>) Globe Artichoke (<i>Cynara scolymus</i>) Mountain Mint (<i>Pycnanthemum virginicum</i>) Sweetleaf Bee Balm (<i>Monarda fistulosa</i>) Yarrow (<i>Achillea millefolium</i>) Rue (<i>Ruta graveolens</i>) Sorrel (<i>Rumex acetosa</i>) Buttonbush (wild-collected seed) Put 1 bag Dwarf Wax Myrtle seed through sand paper scarification, then into cold moist stratification for next few months Spilanthes (<i>Acmella oleracea</i>) Self Heal (<i>Prunella vulgaris</i>)</p>				Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA				<p>Planted SEED directly in ground for: Hakurei Turnips Bouquet Dill Watermelon Radishes Crimson Clover & Dwarf Alyssum around Kale beds Bell Beans around Collard bed</p> <p>Noticed: Bird fervor Dragonflies are mating first Cosmo bloom from late summer planting Mistflower (<i>Conoclinium coelestinum</i>) starting to bloom Hempvine, <i>Pluchea odorata</i>, & Goldenrod in bloom at Audubon Nature Center Baccharis in full bloom on the North Shore</p>			

November

"Above-average November temperatures were observed across most of the Lower 48."

 All data specific to New Orleans, LA	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN- RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY- LIGHT HOURS	"Overall, November will bring mild- er-than-normal temperatures from central New England southward through Georgia." -Old Farmers Almanac
	1		7:14am	6:12pm	12:43pm	45°	10h58m	
	4		7:16am	6:10pm	12:43pm	44°	10h54m	
	11		6:22am	5:06pm	11:44pm	42°	10h44m	
	15		6:25am	5:04pm	11:44pm	41°	10h39m	
	18		6:28am	5:02pm	11:45pm	40°	10h34m	
	27		6:35am	5:00pm	11:48pm	39°	10h25m	

TREE OF THE MONTH

Shagbark Hickory

JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT

Milpa system

During the week of November 15 - 23, 2020 we...

Transplanted young PLANTS of:
 Red Russian Kales & Collards (seeded 9-27-20)

Pea Shoots

Mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*, seeded 9-16-20)

Purple Coneflower (*Echinacea purpurea*)

Salanova Lettuce

Tres Fine Endive

Horehound (from Hot Plants)

Giant Italian Parsley (seeded 9-27-20)

Boneset (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*, seeded 9-27-20)

Lemon Balm (seeded 9-27-20)

Planted SEED in trays for:

Catnip (*Nepeta cataria*)

Blue Vervain (*Verbena hastata*)

Dwarf Wax Myrtle (seed scarified, cold moist stratified 2 months prior)

Cardinal Flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*)

Giant Ironweed (garden saved seed)

Blanketflower (*Gaillardia sp.*, garden saved seed)

Lobelia (Lobelia inflata)

Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA

Wormwood (Artemisia absinthium)

Common Fennel Grosfruchtiger

White Horehound (Marrubium vulgare)

Lemon Balm (Melissa officinalis)

Bodegold Chamomile (Matricaria recutita)

Redstem Wormwood (Artemisia scoparia)

Wild Dandelion (Taraxacum officinalis)

Planted SEED directly in ground for:

Purple Vetch, Annual Rye, and

Mycorrhizal Mix cover crops

California Poppy (Escholzia californica)

Mammoth Dill down middle of Kale bed









Bouquet Dill

Calendula (garden saved seed)

Noticed:

first freeze

December


<i>"Below-average temperatures were present in portions of the Four Corners region, Lower Mississippi Valley and Southeast during December."</i>											
	DAY OF MONTH	MOON	SUN-RISE	SUNSET	SOLAR NOON TIME	SOLAR NOON ANGLE	DAY-LIGHT HOURS				
All data specific to New Orleans, LA	1		6:38am	5:00pm	11:49pm	38°	10h21m				
	3		6:40am	5:00pm	11:50pm	38°	10h20m				
	10		6:45am	5:01pm	11:53pm	37°	10h15m				
	15		6:48am	5:02pm	11:55pm	37°	10h14m				
	18		6:50am	5:03pm	11:57pm	36°	10h13m				
	21		6:51am	5:04pm	11:58pm	37°	10h13m	SOLSTICE			
	26		6:54am	5:07pm	12:01pm	36°	10h13m				
TREE OF THE MONTH		Butternut									
JUST FUCKING GOOGLE IT				Air pruning beds							
December 30, 1868		The Ogeechee Insurrection begins									
<i>"Alaska ranked in the warmest third of the December record with a statewide average temperature of 10.6°F, 6.9°F above the longterm average. The warmest departures from average occurred across much of the Panhandle and portions of Northern Alaska."</i>											
<p>During the week of December 1 - 8, 2020, we...</p> <p>Transplanted young PLANTS of: Elecampane (<i>Inula helenium</i>, seeded 10-29-20)</p> <p>Planted SEED in trays for: Maypop (<i>Passiflora</i> sp., fruits wild-collected from Bayou Sauvage)</p> <p>Planted SEED directly in ground for: nothing!</p> <p>Noticed: Elderberries are ripe again some Yarrows blooming first Chickweed and Cleavers creep forth</p>				Notes from Speak Easy Farm, New Orleans, LA				<p>Since 2015, Speak Easy Farm is alleyn evans, eleanor warner, & many interwoven communities in collaboration. "Seasonal Records" was excerpted and compiled by eleanor from the farm's planting & observation records.</p> <p>Get in touch! speakeasyfarmers@gmail.com</p>			
<i>All monthly illustrations by Elise Kauffmann @rough.magic.tattoo</i>											

Quick'n DIRTY

HOW TO: PROPAGATE



YOU KNOW THAT FIG TREE ACROSS TOWN WITH THE MOST DELICIOUS PURPLE FIGS? WHAT IF THERE COULD BE MORE OF THAT SAME DELICIOUS TREE!? GUESS WHAT, THERE CAN BE.

LET'S  PROPAGATE!

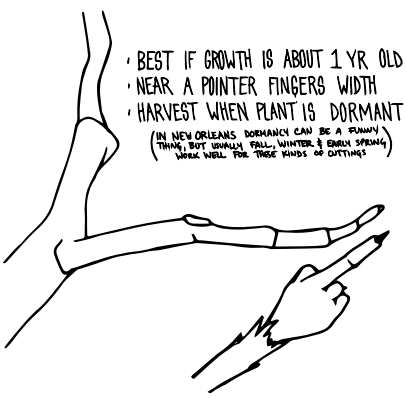


PROPAGATION IS A WAY PLANTS (AND OTHER ORGANISMS) INCREASE IN NUMBERS. LEARNING PROPAGATION ALLOWS US TO MAKE NEW PLANTS FROM A PLANT THAT IS ALREADY ADAPTED AND THRIVING IN A SPECIFIC ECOREGION. THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT METHODS OF PROPAGATION, ONE WAY IS BY TAKING CUTTINGS.



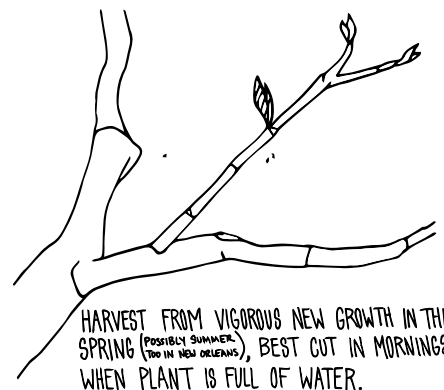
THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF CUTTINGS THAT CAN BE HARVESTED FROM THE FIG TREE; HARDWOOD OR SOFTWOOD. WHILE BOTH SHOULD BE CUT BELOW A NODE, BETWEEN 6-10" IN LENGTH AND THE BRANCH SHOULD BE STIFF ENOUGH THAT IF BENT WILL SNAP. ONE IS HARVESTED IN A STAGE OF DORMANCY AND THE OTHER VIGOROUS GROWTH!

HARDWOOD

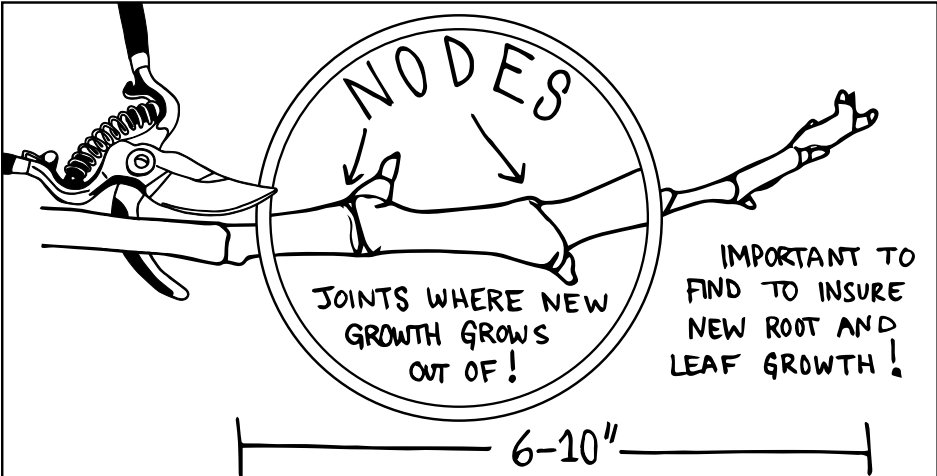


- BEST IF GROWTH IS ABOUT 1 YR OLD
 - NEAR A POINTER FINGERS WIDTH
 - HARVEST WHEN PLANT IS DORMANT
- (IN NEW ORLEANS, DORMANCY CAN BE A FUNNY THING, BUT USUALLY FALL, WINTER, & EARLY SPRING WORK WELL FOR THESE KINDS OF CUTTINGS)

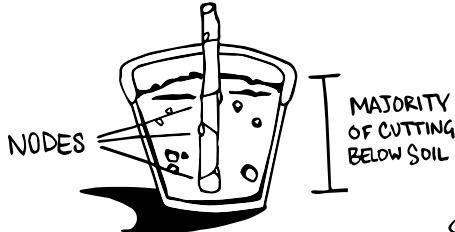
SOFTWOOD



HARVEST FROM VIGOROUS NEW GROWTH IN THE SPRING (POSSIBLY SUMMER, TOO IN NEW ORLEANS), BEST CUT IN MORNINGS WHEN PLANT IS FULL OF WATER.



AFTER COLLECTING THE CUTTINGS PUT THEM INTO POTTED SOIL OR WATER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, DON'T LET THEM DRY OUT. MAKE SURE MORE OF THE CUTTING IS BELOW THE SOIL. THIS WILL DEDICATE MORE AREA TO ROOT GROWTH AND KEEP THE PLANT FROM DRYING OUT. IT IS BEST TO HAVE BALANCED SUN AND SHADE, SO THEY DON'T DRY OUT OR ROT.



WHEN PROPAGATING IT IS ALSO ADVANTAGEOUS TO THINK ABOUT THE PLANT YOU ARE CUTTING FROM. START A CONVERSATION WITH WHOEVER LIVES THERE, MAYBE THE TREE HAS HISTORY! HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH THE TREE (ALOUD OR IN YOUR HEAD, WHATEVER FEELS BEST), LET IT KNOW YOU'D LIKE TO HARVEST CUTTINGS, BRING IT COMPOST OR MULCH, PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF THE CUTTINGS AS BEST YOU CAN, LISTEN, THANK IT. IN BUILDING RELATIONSHIPS WITH PLANTS, WE DISRUPT AND DECONSTRUCT COLONIAL AND CAPITALISTIC ECOLOGY PRACTICES, WHICH IS IMPERATIVE!



2021 **earthbound**

It's a Fine Day - **Opus III**

No Regreso - **Combo Chimbita**

Wake Up in the Sky - **Gucci Mane, Bruno Mars, Kodak Black**

Feel - **Xyla**

Dirt - **Florida Georgia Line**

George McCrae - **You Can Have It All**

Heatwave (feat. 6LACK) - **Mereba**

Minibelesh - **Hailu Mergia, Dahlak Band**

Hungry Hippo - **Tierra Whack**

Foggy Mountain Breakdown - **Flatt & Scruggs**

Seven Wonders - **Fleetwood Mac**

Come On Home - **Lijadu Sisters**

Heaven Is A Place On Earth - **Belinda Carlisle**

Hafi Deo - **Tabu Ley Rochereau**

Bad Moon Rising - **Creedence Clearwater Revival**

You Can Get It If You Really Want - **Desmond Dekker**

Another Land - **Medio Mutante**

Grazing In The Grass - **Hugh Masekela**

Western Union - **Ecco2k, Thaiboy Digital, Bladee**

Don't Let The Sunshine Fool Ya' - **Townes Van Zandt**

Trees and Flowers - **Strawberry Switchblade**

Day Dreamin' - **Ryan Wong**

Just a Cloud - **Lusine, Vilja Larjosto**

Paulette - **Balla Et Ses Balladins**

Photosynthesis - **Saba, Jean Deaux**

MIXTAPE

A Million Billion Stars - **Black Marble**

Range Life - **Pavement**

Plantasia - **Mort Garson**

Candle in the Garden - **Jared Fairfield**

Wildflowers - **Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris**

My Smartest Friend Has Lost His Mind - **The Good Ones**

Fruit Salad - **Tierra Whack**

Blueberry Hill - **Fats Domino**

Anything Could Happen - **The Clean**

Sunburn - **ATB**

Jesu Joy and Hope of Man - **Sir Victor Uwaifo**

Take Me Higher - **Diana Ross**

Islands In The Stream - **Dolly Parton, Kenny Rogers**

The Moon and the Sun - **William Onyeabor**

Still As The Night - **Sandford Clark**

Let The Mermaids Flirt With Me - **Mississippi John Hurt**

It Was A Good Day - **Ice Cube**

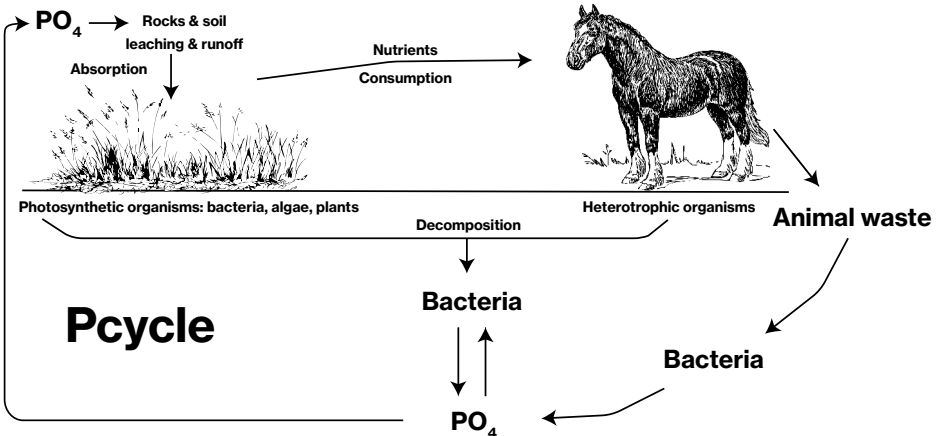
Riot - **Hugh Masekela**

Bridge over Troubled Water - **Aretha Franklin**








Essential Plant Nutrients

Nutrient	Ions Absorbed by Plants
Structural elements	
Carbon, C	CO_2
Hydrogen, H	H_2O
Oxygen, O	O_2
Primary nutrients	
Nitrogen, N	$\text{NO}_3^-; \text{NH}_4^+$
Phosphorus, P	$\text{H}_2\text{PO}_4^-; \text{HPO}_4^{-2}$
Potassium, K	K^+
Secondary nutrients	
Calcium, Ca	Ca^{+2}
Magnesium, MG	Mg^{+2}
Sulfur, S	SO_4^{-2}
Micronutrients	
Boron, B	H_2BO_3^-
Chlorine, Cl	Cl^-
Cobalt, Co	Co^{+2}
Copper, Cu	Cu^{+2}
Iron, Fe	$\text{Fe}^{+2}; \text{Fe}^{+3}$
Manganese, Mn	Mn^{+2}
Molybdenum, MO	MoO_4^{-2}
Zinc, Zn	Zn^{+2}





Typical nutrient content, moisture content, and weight of manure

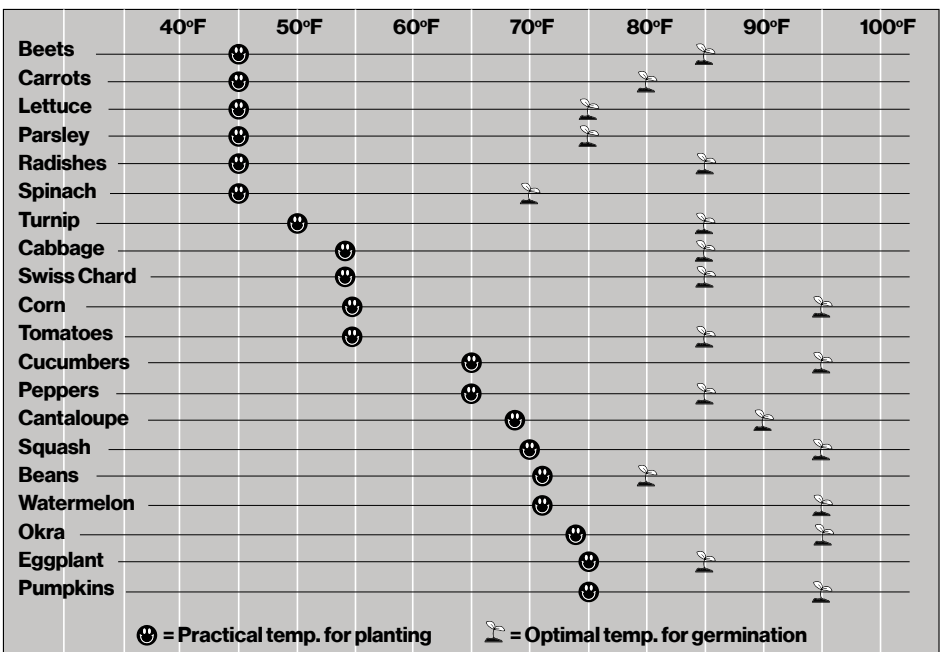
Type of Animal Manure	N	P ²	K	Moisture, percent	Weight, lb/cu yard
	lb per ton as is ^{1,2}				
Chicken with litter	73	28	55	30	900
Laying hen 	37	25	39	60	1,400
Sheep 	18	4.0	29	72	1,400
Rabbit 	15	4.2	12	75	1,400
Beef 	12	2.6	14	77	1,400
Horse 	9	2.6	13	63	1,400
Dry stack dairy	9	1.8	16	65	1,400
Separated dairy solids ³	5	0.9	2.4	81	1,100

¹ Manure analyses are usually reported in terms of P and K, while fertilizer labels are phosphate (P₂O₅) and potash (K₂O). To convert from P to P₂O₅, multiply P by 2.3. To convert from K to K₂O, multiply K by 1.2.

² These values assume that manure has been protected from rain.

³ Separated dairy solids are produced when dairy manure is pumped over a screen, separating the solids from the rest of the manure.

Soil Temperatures for Germination



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on the side of
nourishment
and care



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**More info:
trystereo.org**

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STAY SAFE WE LOVE YOU





It's Going Down is a digital community center for anarchist, anti-fascist, autonomous anti-capitalist and anti-colonial movements across so-called North America.

itsgoingdown.org

twitter: **@IGD_News**

instagram: **@its.going.down**



*A podcast resource for tree crops,
perennial vegetables and
insights from the people who breed them.*

Propagandabytheseed.com

We appreciate everyone who contributed to make this first issue of the Earthbound Farmers Almanac possible. We hope to make this an annual occurrence so if you're reading this and excited to contribute to future issues, send pitches to lobeliacommons@protonmail.com with "2022 Almanac:" and the pitch topic in the subject by October 1st, 2021.

If you'd like to learn more about Lobelia Commons and the projects we're working on, check out [@lobeliacommons](#) on instagram and twitter.







2021

EARTHBOUND FARMER'S ALMANAC

This is a Farmer's Almanac for the end of the world. Growing food used to be a lot more straight forward, when you'd plant your okra the same time every year like your grandpa did. Now we've got to be ready for anything – late Spring freezes, freak heat waves that bring plants out of dormancy too early, fire season longer every year, the polar vortex – and if that wasn't enough, we've also got to contend with the fallout from breakages in the global supply chain, when millions of gallons of milk get poured down the drain and mountains of potatoes are left to rot. It's a world that calls for a new kind of Farmer's Almanac.

Today's crisis has roots in the earliest moments of land theft against native peoples, a process that has continued alongside hundreds of years of slavery and colonization. The way forward, out of this mess, will mean grappling with the crimes of the past as well as charting a new course guided by black and indigenous knowledge, creative experimentation in food production and paying attention across generational and species divides.



Horoscopes

Historic Dates

Sunrise/Sunset and Moon Phases

Mushroom foraging and cultivation

Plant Propagation

Recipes

Hunting & Farming stories