

The Farm House 'Zine



2011-12

Carleton College
Northfield, MN

The Farm House 'Zine

Assembled by the residents of Farm House,
2011-2012.

Written, photographed, sung,
danced, cooked, etc.,
by current and former Farm House residents.

June 2012



Carleton College
Northfield, MN

Welcome Home!

We made this 'zine because we love Farm House. Hopefully you're reading it because you love Farm House, too. In this little publication, you'll find pictures and recipes, poems and songs, myths, histories, lies, illustrations, and maybe even a few pie charts. We make no claim to be exhaustive, and there's bound to be some stories missing (is the taxidermy really hiding in the walls?), but we hope you see yourself and your time in Farm reflected in this small sampling of experiences. So read on, get nostalgic, and, who knows, maybe write a letter to an old housemate you haven't heard from in a while.



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Some credit where credit's due:

It's hard to say when exactly we started talking about making a Farm 'zine, but we're pretty sure that it was in the kitchen, and we're pretty sure that it was well past midnight. There may have been biscuits involved. Usually, ideas like that end up in the great compost bin of Farm ideas that never were. But that particular night, whenever it was, was different. And it was different because Ben Hellerstein '12 was there. Not only does Ben have a genius for sneaky sarcasm, but he can also organize like no other. This 'zine is a testament to that. Ben managed to get us all to write for this publication, and to send in our pictures, and to spend beautiful summer days laying it out. And it wasn't just inspiration – anyone can do that. He also dealt with the admins, he got us money to print it, he contacted alumni, and he made a whole lot of spreadsheets to make sure that everything that was supposed to be done got done right. Next year, Ben is going to go out and organize politics and save the world. After organizing 80+ pages of Farmies, that should be a breeze.

History

Farm House was built in the 1920s to house students who worked on the Carleton College farm. Once the farm ceased operating, the house sat vacant for several years until 1971, when a group of students persuaded the college to let them move in. The theme of their community was natural history. Although the interests of Farm House residents have changed somewhat over time, the spirit of the community has pretty much stayed the same. Here are some stories about how Farm House got started.

Before Farm: A Year in Evans D Column

By John Osgood '73

The Farmhouse did not spring full-grown from the head of Zeus. It had an incubation year in school year '70-'71 in Section D of Evans Hall. After the tumultuous spring of 1970, with the college's shutting down due to the anti-war fervor and ferocity (it was a very heady time; normalcy was not an option) and major (national) emphases in a number of areas on the environmental/ecological front, plus dormitories' being allowed to go co-ed, a group of students expressed a desire to form what was then referred to as an eco-group which would live together. The college said fine, and gave us the Evans D dorm section to live in and do our thing.

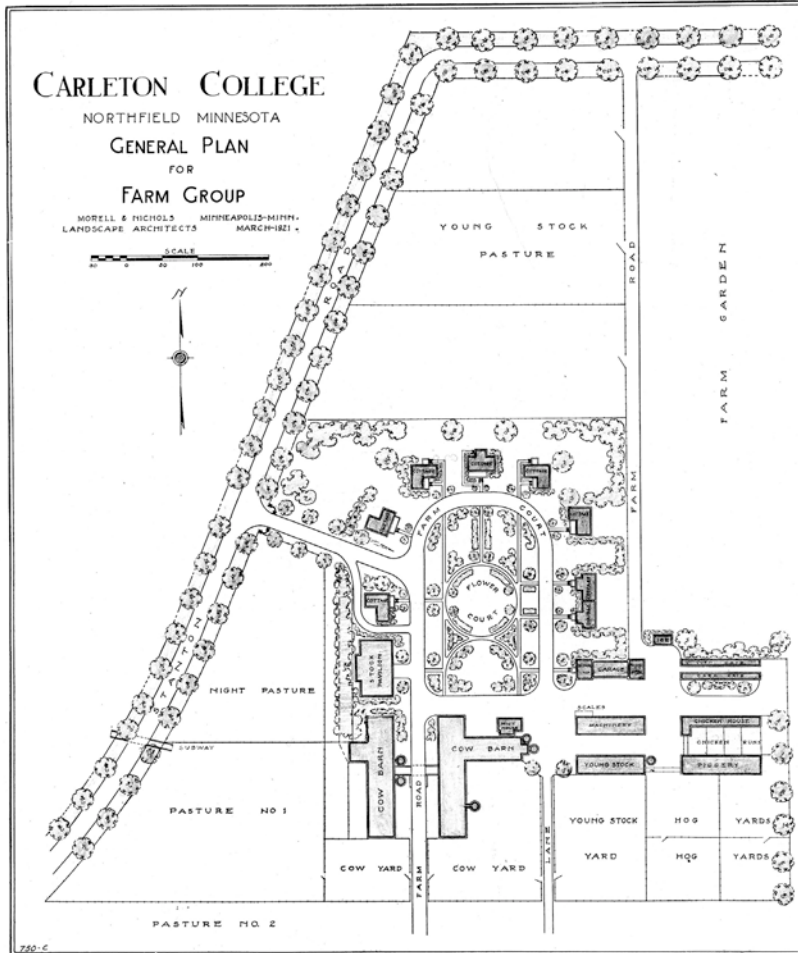
There was some sneering and mild scorn directed to the group from other parts of the campus, but overall people allowed us to do what we wanted to do, which was to focus on things environmental and outdoorsy. Joe Foran '71 was the RA for the group, and I want to say there were about nine of us total

in that section. We were not able to totally fill the Evans D section with eco-type people, so Jeff Koffler '71 (I believe he was a history or philosophy major) was also living with us in a single room on the second floor across from John Hart '72 and me in the double. Others in the section that I remember were Terese Butler '73 (now Terese Butler Hart), Wendy Schneible, Louise Flemer, Joe Foran, Nancy Onkka and a couple of others I am not remembering. This was the genesis of what became the Farmhouse group.

The first year of the group's living in the actual farm house was school year '71-'72. I was gone that year on a term off and then the Costa Rica Studies program, so I was not there for the first year in the farm house proper. My senior year at the college was '72-'73, and I did live at the farm house that year. We were a much larger group by that time.



**Farm
and Parr
Houses
in 1977.
(Photo:
Carleton
College
Archives.)**



ABOVE: A plan for the Carleton farm from 1921, never realized, proposed to construct eight cottages and an assortment of farm buildings around a central “flower court.”



ABOVE: Parr House in 1922. Note the front porch, which has since disappeared.

BELOW: An aerial view of the Carleton farm, 1923.



ABOVE: The Carleton farm in 1923. Farm House and Parr House are visible on the right side of the photograph. (All images this page: Carleton College Archives.)

The Birth of Prairie and Wood Natural History Club

By Bruce Ambuel '74

I was Resident Assistant at the Farm House during the 1974-75 academic year. That spring I started dreaming about running a natural history school for children during the summer using the Farm House and Arboretum as the classroom. Craig Sargent soon joined the effort—I still remember Craig's enthusiastic response as we discussed the day camp while walking past Lyman Lakes, Goodhue and Lilac Hill on our way to the Farm House. Craig and I divided tasks. I approached Frank Wright, the college treasurer, and we soon had permission to turn the first floor of Farm House into our classroom and live in the second floor of the farm house, rent free. Craig approached the Biology and Geology Departments to borrow an array of lab and field equipment—microscopes, binoculars, hand lenses, seine nets, insect nets, specimen jars, aquaria, a stream table—as well as specimens to supplement the natural history museum at the Farm House.

Many people at Carleton made our dream possible, but several stand out in our memory. Frank Wright, Biology professors Paul Jensen, Gary Wagenbach and Gerry Hill, lab facilities manager Russ Ferlin, geology professor Ed Buchwald and Ed's wife Cynnie played a critical role in creating institutional enthusiasm and obtaining equipment. Lona Sepessy, another Farm House member, soon joined our efforts, and a fourth counselor, Edie Bergeson, the sister of a friend, traveled from Maine to spend the summer with Prairie and Wood.

We planned a natural history club that consisted of two four-week sessions, each including a morning program for children 5-7, an afternoon program for children 8-12, and independent study for children older than 12. The curriculum focused on increasing levels of ecological complexity—individual animals and plants and their adaptations; animal and plant

interactions and relationships; the earth and geologic history; natural cycles of water and energy; ecological communities; and people's role in the natural world. We set goals for the process of learning: we determined that Prairie and Wood children would have fun, experience adventure exploring the natural world, enjoy time together while also having time for small group and individual work, and soak up something from their experience that influenced their daily lives. To enroll campers we produced a brochure and personally recruited faculty and staff with children while also asking them to share the opportunity with other Northfield families.

Prairie and Wood was a tremendous success. Here are some of our favorite memories:

We immediately felt overwhelmed—seven hours of class with a one-hour break for lunch and afternoon set-up, evenings to debrief and plan the next day. To manage the workload we worked in changing teams of two which planned each day's curriculum.

Children spent time on individual projects. Craig excelled at engaging children outdoors in designing and exploring their own natural history projects, and Lona ran a fabric workshop teaching children to card wool, spin yarn with a spinning wheel, and dye yarn using natural dyes.

After our first field trip to the arboretum one camper was frightened to find a tick crawling on her leg. We initiated daily tick-checks and started a "tick jar" where children deposited any tick found on their body, thus turning the discovery of a tick from frightening to exciting.

We explored people's relationship to the earth in the Farm House kitchen. With recipes hand-printed on large sheets of drawing paper, so children could follow them with minimal supervision, campers made their own corn bread, muffins and carrot cake using whole wheat, corn and rice grain which they ground by hand.

The Farm House filled with terrariums populated by plants, toads, frogs, insects and snakes. Caring and feeding this collection became part of our daily routine.

We added a clean-up time at the end of each session so we could survive and the children could help share in community responsibility.

We cooled insects, frogs, toads, salamanders and snakes in the refrigerator to slow them down so that even young children could hold them and inspect

them closely.

After Craig and I started planning Prairie and Wood we received a grant from the University of Minnesota Natural History Museum to study the behavior of redwing blackbirds. Unfortunately our early morning to late night schedule with the Prairie and Wood was so demanding that we couldn't finish the research and we returned the entire grant at the summer's end.

Other highlights included exploring Sibley Marsh, McKnight Prairie, Hill of Three Oaks, and the Cannon River Valley; using a stream table to study water's action on landscapes then racing popsicle stick boats down Spring Creek; exploring clues to historical geology in the modern landscape by learning about the marine environments in Minnesota when sandstone (beach), shale (lagoon), and limestone (deeper water) were deposited; making our own fossils then hunting fossils at Weng's corner and a Highway 52 road-cut; building carnivore and herbivore "adaptations" for obtaining food out of toothpicks, potatoes, sticks, wire, string, glue and other common materials; building birdhouses; candle making; and building a turtle pond.

We finished the summer of 1975 having tasted a little bit of eternity—Prairie and Wood Natural History Club campers and counselors had a blast, deepened their relationships, and absorbed the spirit, excitement and mystery of the natural world. The following summer Craig, then a graduate student at Stony Brook, returned to help with year two of Prairie and Wood Natural History Club, which was run by counselors Camille Parrish, Bill Witte, Bonnie Heidl and Sarah Shoemaker. Craig and I are gratified to know that the Prairie and Wood Natural History Club continues today, 37 years later, thanks to the dreams and hard work of many Farm House members and other Carls.

For both Craig and me Prairie and Wood Natural History Club ranks among the most significant, impactful contributions on our resumes. My dream is that Carleton will one day expand its commitment to a sustainable earth by building a community environmental education center on the border of the arboretum, named, perhaps, the Prairie

and Wood Natural History Club.

Acknowledgements: I thank each of the campers who participated in Prairie and Wood Natural History Club over the last 37 years. I thank Craig Sargent for his feedback and input on this essay, and Lona Sepessy because I have drawn upon a paper written by Lona in the fall of 1975 describing the first year of Prairie and Wood. I thank the camper's families, the counselors, Northfield's YMCA, and Carleton folks who have perpetuated the dream of Prairie and Wood. This doesn't happen by accident. I am responsible for any factual errors or failure of memory.

Illegal Computing

By Michelle Stolow '88

I lived in Farm House in the Fall of 1985, Winter and Spring of 1986, unofficially during the Winter of 1987 and officially during the Spring of 1987.

While I lived there, the first floor room was a quad! Upstairs were 1 single, 3 doubles (small, middle and big) and one triple. The small downstairs room across the hall from the kitchen was the Natural History museum. In the closet in the back of the museum there was a computer terminal that was illegally hooked up to the college mainframe computer.



Farm House and Parr House, 1923. (Photo: Carleton College Archives.)



LEFT: Cheers as Res Life re-approves the interest house, 2011.



BOTTOM LEFT: A portion of the “family tree” on the second floor of Farm House.



BOTTOM RIGHT: There was a goat at this 1977 potluck.



(Goat and bedroom photos: Carleton College Archives.)

Initiation

When you first walked through the front door. Your first Farm dinner. The time you spent three hours washing dishes after your first Farm party. The first time you stayed up until 2 a.m. talking with your housemates and you realized that this is the place you were meant to be. Farm House is a place to escape from the never-ending stress of campus, to eat good and wholesome food, to sing and dance without worrying that anyone will judge you, to discover a welcoming community of like-minded people. But not even the most flanneled and acoustic among us was born between these venerable walls. You have to grow into the house. These are our conversion stories.

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First View: Finding a Home Out in the Snow

By Karen Noyce '75

In preparation for going to Carleton in 1971, I bought myself 4 things: a pair of Maine Guide snowshoes and a black watch plaid shirt from L.L. Bean, a brown leather fleece-lined (as in wooly fleece) winter linesman's jacket, and a pair of men's galoshes from Goodwill to fill with multiple layers of socks when winter came around. With these, I packed my father's long johns and Navy blues, long buried in the 1945 steamer trunk in the attic. I was leaving the city and the East at last, on my own life's adventure, going to where the winds blew free and the snow didn't melt, and the North Star burned bright.

The snowshoes and jacket, shirt, and galoshes stood idle in my 4th Myers closet throughout the fall term, set aside as I plowed into books and papers and Carleton social life. Thanksgiving and Christmas

came and went. Then one January day the sky dawned gray, the cold settled in, and snow blew in from the prairie. It blew and blew and snowed all day, into the evening, huddling students into the warmth of their dorm kitchens to bake and study and make merry against the winter outside.

I was restless. I went to my room, pulled on the long johns and heavy wool Navy trousers, layered up my socks and donned the galoshes, put on the black watch plaid and leather jacket, turned up the collar, tucked the snowshoes under my arm, and slipped out into the night. I think I knew already where I was headed, drawn as by a flicker in the distance. I had recently met a fellow student who lived in a communal house called the Farmhouse, beyond the bounds of the campus proper, somewhere out behind Goodhue. The sound of it intrigued me and I got the sense that I might find others there who would understand my tangible longing for the natural world, and my need to escape the dorm on this dark night.

It was wild and wooly when I stepped outside. I was utterly alone and free. I made my way around Myers and Evans, dropped down the Evans hill, crossed the bridge by Goodhue, and swoosh, swooshed up to the rugby field and Hill of Three Oaks. I crossed



The wooden gateway over the path leading from the Rec Center parking lot to Farm House. Note: if you do have a problem with ghosts, please don't call us.

the then-empty field beyond the rugby pitch, dark and wonderful. Then, from behind the old sheds, the Farmhouse came into view, windows lit from within. I moved in under the huge old trees as close as I dared – too shy a freshman to knock on the door where all these cool people lived, the original farmies. I circled the house slowly, close enough to glimpse the people and props that defined the rich life going on inside – the love, the fun, the sense of adventure and community. I stood and watched, anonymous voyeur. I returned to my dorm and to my studies. I don't remember telling anyone of my secret sojourn that night.

It was another year and a half before I officially lived at the Farmhouse, but on that first night in the storm, the Farmhouse had become my true home at Carleton. It gave me dear friends and mentors, a family, quiet respite from campus stress, music, play, projects, compatriots in natural history studies, and my husband. It delivered through my window late summer thunderstorms and swirling fall leaves, a cozy

home in winter, and always the rejuvenating prairie breeze in the spring. It's as sweet to remember now as it was to live there then, and I can't imagine my years at Carleton without it.



Alex Korsunsky '12 arrived by chance, but by the end of senior year he thought he was engaged in ayni (Andean spiritual and material reciprocity) with the physical structure. He seemed happy about it.



The collection of bumper stickers on the front door of Farm House: environmental issues, peace and love, and frisbee.

You asked for my conversion story.

By Iris Cutler '13

"No Atlantis is too underwater or fictional!"
— Zach Anner

Last term, Farm House cradled me into a new Atlantis.

Four months earlier, a weirdly cultish, beautifully intentioned, and aggressively encouraging dance program birthed me from the loins of, "IF YOU REALLY WANT IT, YOU CAN HAVE IT." I was let loose into the world, travelling to three and a half continents, with an intense over-confidence in my ability to adhere to a brand new set of values without a familiar support network. I stumbled from homestay to loving homestay, most memorably witnessing the internationality of a mother's tender sacrifice and stubborn stoicism along the way. I emerged from the program with a short return home marked by familiar family dinners and a new puppy that resembles Baxter from Anchorman.

More notably, though, I was amped to hit winter term running. Sophomore year left me with an aftertaste of apprehension after I let it trample me slowly with metal cleats. BUT, I had just eaten a fat burger of self-belief and honed interests. I felt like, after being hit by a semi, I had slowly risen to my feet, trained on a treadmill, and let a huge hand of blind passion pick me up with my legs still pumping, ready to be placed back on rough terrain.

I had a solid six days of sprinting around campus when I heard unexpected news that my homie back in Seattle passed away on his second day of study-abroad. The semi came back to side-

swipe me, and I didn't see it coming.
(Farm House enters stage right.)

Introduced briefly to farm's glory by Ms. Texas 2012, sweet-tooth, and generally wonderful human being (a.k.a. Brooke Granowski), I began gradually unveiling Farm House dinner by dinner. I was a mopey lump of sad largely colored by attributes that don't fit the typical Farmie stereotype: I don't play an instrument, I greet people with, "Yo, homie, what's good," I shower(ed) fairly regularly, and I had never eaten beans outside of Chipotle. But, that didn't matter. Farm House had what I needed: warm, unquestioning hugs and effortless encouragement to be the most of everything that is you.

I went to Farm House, ordered a vegetarian kid's meal with some existential conversations and variety of baked goods super-sized on the side and slowly ate my way back to another Atlantis. But this time, up here, there are no semis or linear sprinting. There aren't any metal cleats or even treadmills. Farm House is where love goes to sleep at night, and, if you want (or are too high to go home), you can spoon it on a couch in the living room. Up here, you'll find hugs, and you'll find beans, and you'll find music. F*ckin' ideal.

Initiation



ABOVE: A print by Allison Nist '75 that still hangs in the living room.

RIGHT: Ben Hellerstein '12 and Jasmine Cutter '13 rock their Farm House t-shirts before the spring 2012 triathlon.

BELOW: (left to right) Brooke Granowski '13, Alex Korsunsky '12, and Iris Cutler '13.



People

At any given time, seventeen students call the Farm House community home: thirteen in Farm House itself, and four in the adjacent Parr House. The students who choose to live here are an eclectic bunch, as this year's residents demonstrate. We hail from Alaska and Texas, Maine and California; we're majoring in English, math, physics, studio art, religion, chemistry, religion, and religion; and we own only 2.53 flannel shirts per capita, contrary to what the rest of campus might believe. The people of Farm House are what makes this community so special, and we're glad to share some of their true (and not-so-true) stories with you.

The Ballad of Ramblin' Jon Walsh

By Alex Korsunsky '12

Little is known of the early life of country legend Ramblin' Jon Walsh, and the few facts that do exist are so embroidered by retelling that it is difficult to establish with any certainty where the firm ground of truth gives way to the mires of myth.

A descendent of the notorious Irish mobsters of the Walsh gang, Jon was raised in the far northern woods and wilds of Maine, where it is believed that he spent his childhood keeping the moose off the dooryard. But the first stirrings of the ramblin' urge had already taken hold, and as soon as he was old enough to leave home, Jon lit out for Minnesota, where he took up residence in a little commune founded on the three pillars of folk music, fresh biscuits, and flannel.

One fine summer night, sleeping out on the lawn beneath the big old oak – Ramblin' Jon never

did set much store by beds – he woke to an immense pain and the sound of a bass drum beating in his head. When the panic subsided, it was discovered that a small beetle had crept inside his ear canal and was pounding against his ear drum. The beetle was extracted, although this relic has since been lost to history. However, it is now believed that the beetle – so close to his brain – left an indelible mark on Jon.

He began to spend hours playing guitar and singing about heartbreak with a fixed, blissful expression on his face, as if he was watching something beyond what was visible to those around him. He forgot to eat, forgot to sleep, immersed himself in arcane mystical tomes, and made far too many bad puns.

Late one night at a lonely crossroads, carrying nothing but his trusty guitar, Jon met the devil and sold his soul for a bottle of Old Crow whiskey and the ability to play any Bob Dylan tune Joan Baez ever covered. Perhaps it was as a result of this encounter, but at that time Jon took the controversial decision to go electric, a move that shocked many of his fans.

Traveling with Groove, Jon began to tour extensively. Once, Jon stopped into a small-town pub to eat. The group at the next table was noisy, but Jon didn't pay them any mind until suddenly the lights went down, loud dance music began, and the whole



Joh Walsh '12 and Brooke Granowski '13 play a fiercely competitive game of backgammon in the Farm House backyard. The two kept a running tally of their matches throughout the year, and their rivalry for backgammon dominance nearly tore the house apart.

group got up on the bar and started dancing, and he realized that all of them were midgets.

Touring took Jon to Arizona, where he survived a week stranded in the desert with his girlfriend and nothing to drink but twelve bottles of red wine. While in the southwest, his mystical knowledge served him well in evading skinwalker witches and demonic owls as he scoured the hills for lost treasure, but he eventually got tired of living in a cramped trailer with a refrigerator full of bear shit. Too much civilization, he said simply, and moved on.

He found his way to Egypt, where his musical abilities won him the friendship of the city's musical taxi drivers, who swapped free rides for jam sessions, and who became so distracted by their dashboard drumming that they nearly crashed into the sphinx. Returning to America, Jon spent a time studying with punks and anarchists before heading south, all the way to Tennessee, where he took up residence in an Appalachian shack and dedicated himself to old-time

bluegrass, learning under the tutelage of the hobos of the Knoxville quarry.

Jon continued to return frequently to his little commune at the edge of the prairie, where he assumed the role of spiritual leader, looking out at the yard from the porch where he lived, the house shotgun laid across his lap, refusing to sleep for fear of missing a late-night debate. He took to organizing orgiastic concerts in which frenzied crowds painted themselves green and danced to acid rock performed on banjo all night long. Unfortunately, these nights of revelry attracted the hostile attention of the local authorities, and he was frequently called upon to stand his ground in the

face of unreasonable police officers who, among other indignities, refused to allow him to put on his shoes and once forced him to show them his ukulele.

Profoundly disaffected, Ramblin' Jon rambled on. It is believed that after leaving the commune he headed south in search of Caroline, a girl he'd met in Tennessee, but after that, little is known. Some say he hopped a riverboat to Tupelo and was shot down in a dive bar as his own songs played on the jukebox. Others say he reached a state of ecstatic existentiality and annihilated his ego consciousness, while his worldly shell lives on, cared for by the yogis of New Orleans.

But we know the truth: that Ramblin' Jon, he's still out there somewhere, and any minute now he'll come bursting back through that front door, guitar in hand. And when he does, he'll have one hell of a story to tell.



Match the Farm House Residents to Their Spirit Animals!

(ANSWER KEY ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE)

By Alex Lai '13

Meg Holladay
Jon Walsh
Alex Korsunsky
Brooke Granowski
Caley Shannon
Aurora Roth
Geoffrey Goddard
Marty Schwarz
Lauren Young
Pete Kerns
Roy Wiggins

Jenny Piela
Jasmine Cutter
Zach Stewart
Guthrie Cunningham
Casey Markenson
Sarah Stadler
Ben Hellerstein
Ellen Drews
Chloe Zelkha
Alex Lai

One Saturday Night after the Sweat Lodge

By Alice Cascorbi '88

I have loved Farmhouse since my Freshman year, when my sometime "hometown honey" Michael Schwartz first showed me the place on an Arb walk. After years as a frequent visitor, and after living and working at Farmhouse as a Prairie and Wood camp

counselor during the summer of 1984, I was accepted as a resident my senior year, 1987-88. (At that time, as I'm sure you've heard, the first-floor room was a quad. My year, the residents included Bill Caplan and Rachel Lekrone, who were best friends at the time, and have since gone on to date, marry, and raise two of the neatest daughters ever in Madison, WI. I still remember Rachel letting me use her rather über stereo system to copy a lot of her vinyl rock & roll records onto cassette tapes — state-of-the-art at the time.)

But the story I'd like to offer is from the renaissance of the Carleton Druids, in which I and many other members of the Farmhouse community

had a hand. In the summer of 1987, several Carleton Pagans, among them Jan Schlampp and, I believe, Heiko Koester, attended the Pagan Spirit Gathering. They brought back the idea of the Sweat Lodge, and techniques for building and operating one. After that, simple, “non-traditional” (not Native American ritual) Sweat Lodges became a regular part of Pagan activity at Carleton—at least, for the year 1987-88. Heiko would usually build the lodge, often with help from Brandon Schield, Paul “Gretch” whose-name-I-can’t-remember, and/or Joe Banks (who, as I recall, has a Native American family background.) They would harvest saplings of invasive trees out of the Arb (often, quaking aspen and young green ash that were crowding our favorite old burr oaks), bending the young trees into a rounded lodge structure, perhaps eight feet in diameter, which they then covered with an assortment of old blankets and ruined sleeping bags that we kept in the Farmhouse basement for this purpose. A fire would be lit outside the Lodge, and hot rocks taken from it to the pit in the middle of the Lodge, where the rocks provided heat, and energy to make steam, for the night-time ritual sauna.

Anyway, the Sweat Lodge was a wonderful, meditative ritual, which usually left participants both peaceful and joyous. We’d also tend to be covered in mud and grass, as the Lodge was usually built on the Farmhouse front lawn, and it was close quarters inside as water splashed into the dirt where the hot rocks lay and people moved around the circle to let participants in or out. The Sweat Lodge was normally co-ed, and conducted “skyklad” (in the nude), although occasionally newcomers preferred to wear a bathing suit. Anyway, due to the mud, a shower after the ritual was a natural, and, as most of us were close friends and had just spent two hours chanting and sweating together, more than once the whole group of us trooped back to Farmhouse and into the upstairs shower, together, to clean up.

One memorable time, we were a group of six, laughing and joking as we washed off the sweat and the mud. The shower was a little more crowded than the sweat lodge, but it worked OK if we took turns under the water. One or two people usually had to circulate out into the bathroom during the process, and we were the only ones upstairs when the phone in the hall began to ring. At that time, before cell phones, “hall phones” were the rule throughout Carleton.

It was kind of fun, fostering quick community as you’d answer the phone and call for the hallmate or housemate to whom the call was directed. Typically, picking up the phone, you’d identify the place where the phone was, like “third ‘Hue” or “Farmhouse.”

This night, it was maybe 10 pm on a Saturday night, and, as the call came in, somebody said, “We should all answer together and say, ‘Six naked Pagans!’” We all laughed and ran for the phone. A guy whom I’ll call Rand (because I’m no longer in touch with him, and therefore don’t have his permission to give his real name) took the lead and lifted the receiver. “Six naked Pagans!!” we all shouted merrily. The caller hung up. After a gust of laughter (and a little guilt) over that among us — we didn’t want to have scared off a legitimate caller — the phone rang AGAIN. We figured it was the same person calling back, having recovered, and once again saluted them with a giddy chorus of, “Six naked Pagans!” Rand held the receiver so we could all hear. There was a long pause on the other end. Then, a drunken male voice said, slurringly, “Is this a GAY house???” It was one of the prank calls Farmhouse sometimes got from jock-types on campus and maybe at St. Olaf. We’d occasionally get these, looking to harass the hippies, we suspected. Just the caller’s luck that he’d hit something even weirder than he expected!

“Is this a GAY house?” he’d demanded. Rand took a serious tone and told him, “We are all VERY happy here.” The caller hung up, then called back once again, but his would-be homophobic harassment was lost in our gales of laughter.

Spirit Animal Game: Answer Key (see preceding page)

Meg Holladay : quetzal	Jenny Piela : panther, chameleon
Jon Walsh : mutt dog	Jasmine Cutter : sabertooth
Alex Korsunsky : disgruntled alpaca	Zach Stewart : glow-in-the-dark mushroom
Brooke Granowski : raccoon, hummingbird	Guthrie Cunningham : porcupine, bat
Caley Shannon : lynx	Casey Markenson : titi (peaceful)
Aurora Roth : seal	Sarah Stadler : majestic dhole
Geoffrey Goddard : goat	Ben Hellerstein : party walrus
Marty Schwarz : raccoon, koala	Ellen Drews : bird of paradise
Lauren Young : poison dart frog	Chloe Zekha : roley poley
Pete Kerns : maltese tiger, woolly mammoth centaur	Alex Lai : pudu
Roy Wiggins : blue spotted newt, salamander	

Portraits of Two Quintessential Farmies

Submitted by Chloe Zelkha '13

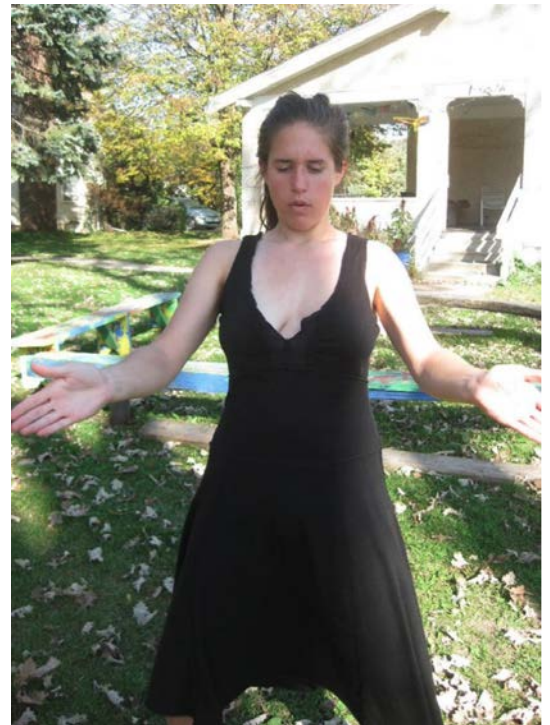
“Anything that doesn’t fit in a pamphlet isn’t worth reading.”

– Jane Stitt



“Stop being such a capitalist! You’re being such a capitalist right now!”

– Jane Stitt



“And I hope that every one of you motherf*ers gets laid tonight!”**

– Colette Meller, Hobbit Party

Learning to Live and Play Together

By Valerie Weiss '92

I lived in Farm House from fall term 1989 through spring term 1991. While I was at Carleton, Farm House was the "Natural History Interest House," a vegetarian house with shared duties and chores: bread baking twice a week, granola making once a week, two grocery excursions each week (this was a two person chore, and it was a hoot to see the looks we got as we rolled two carts through the store -- clearly shopping for a big "family"), and more that I can't remember. We took turns (in pairs) cooking dinner for the house Sunday through Friday. I loved our spice cabinet which some previous Farmie had creatively labeled (the only one I remember was the Thyme, whose label read, "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary...")

Living in Farm House was both challenging and wonderful. I sometimes wish my 42-year-old-self could return to that time and learn even more from my housemates and the experiences there... The lessons in cooperative living have served me well in my adult life (I sometimes long for chore charts and instructional signs in the kitchen!), and I value the friendships that developed during my time there.



TOP: Sandy Turbes, Dave Diehl, Jon Nauert, and Rachel Leckrone during dinner in fall 1989.

MIDDLE: Gina Campbell, David Heiser, Marshall ?, and Andrew Guilford during dinner in fall 1989.

LEFT: Steve Curtis and David Heiser playing at Farmstock, spring 1989.

(All photos courtesy Valerie Weiss '92.)



Contra dance, 1989. (Photos: Valerie Weiss '92.)



Observing the lekking behavior of prairie chickens and sharp-tailed grouse in North Dakota: Wendy Keyser, Dave Bylsma, Crystie Ballard, and Andrew Guilford.

Setting Out on Adventures

By Joan Gasperow Harn '74

The Farmhouse wasn't my first introduction to natural history. That happened at the ACM Wilderness Field Station in the BWCA, the summer after my freshman year. I looked for more and found it with an invitation to the Farmhouse from a Geology class friend. By spring of sophomore year, I finally was able to move in and I continued to live and thrive there until I moved out to spend winter of senior year at the Bermuda Biology Station. But, I continued to hang out at the Farm once I returned to campus for my final spring term.

When I discovered the Farmhouse, my entire Carleton experience shifted to a place for group study, learning, and adventure. The adventures stand out in my memory, including early morning trips to the McKnight Prairie to check traplines for mice (I think it was for someone's ecology project); weekend hitch-hike trips to Belle Creek and Nerstrand to better understand fluvial geomorphology; canoe trips on the Cannon all the way through the lake and lock to the

Mississippi backwaters near Wabasha; and a spring break drive in the back of a truck full of Farm-cured sheepskins to hike in Grand Canyon National Park.

Almost 40 years from my first introduction to the Farmhouse, I still draw on those formative experiences, and continue to seek adventures and strong partnerships in my work on river conservation with the National Park Service, and with my family and friends.



The first Farm House graduates, 1972.

(Photo: Joan Gasperow Harn '74.)

From One Farm House to Another

By Eric Plaksin '96

In the fall of 1993 I moved into Farm House along with 12 others to start a year of communal living and cooking. I knew Rachel Bynum, one of my new housemates, a little bit from the year before, and we both signed up to cook one of the first group meals of the year. I didn't know much about cooking, but Rachel knew a lot, and she taught me how to cook lasagna from scratch. I remember her moving quickly to catch the juice from the tomatoes before it seeped off a cutting board, like the juice was something really important. A few months later I took my bicycle to town to get some ingredients for another house meal when a big thunderstorm came up. While Rachel worried about me out in the storm, I was actually stopping at a friend's room to wait out the storm. When I finally came home, a little wet but perfectly safe, Rachel hugged me in a way that let me know she really cared that I was all right.

We got to know each other better over the course of many Farm House meals, and many evenings playing catch with Frisbees in the yard, and by the following May we were falling in love! We both spent the summer in Northfield, with Rachel working the Prairie & Wood Nature Camp in Farm House and me working part-time on the first year of the Farm Club garden and part-time in the carpentry shop. The following year Rachel lived off-campus while I stayed in Farm House again. She used to bring her house compost to add to our pile, and "taking out the compost" became a euphemism for going out in the evening for a little hugging and kissing.

After we each graduated, Rachel in 1995 and me in 1996, we both worked on a vegetable farm in Virginia, exploring the interest in farming that had started in Farm House. We both found we enjoyed

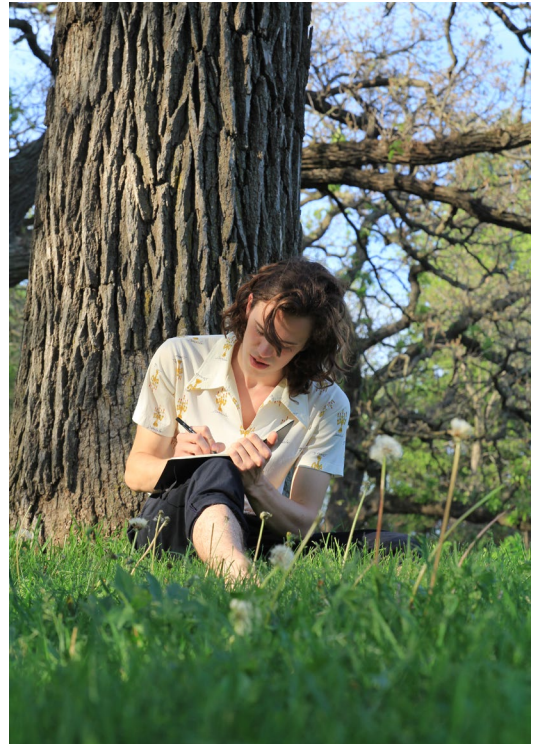
the daily work of farming as well as being part of a larger movement toward sustainability, and started to see ourselves farming for a living one day. In 1999, we found an opportunity to start our own farm on leased land, moving to the small town of Sperryville, VA that November to start Waterpenny Farm.

We are now in our 13th year making our living growing 8 acres of organic vegetables & flowers. We sell 100 CSA shares, go to three farmer's markets, and have a stand on the farm. In 2002 we were married on the farm, with many Farm House and other Carleton alumni there with us. Our two boys (Nicholas is 7 and Isaac is 4) are growing up in the country, learning firsthand about all the joys and burdens of making a living from the land.

Back when we were living in Farm House in that fall of 1993 I don't think either of us could have ever imagined that six years later we'd be starting our own farm together, but now that we're here it's hard to imagine doing anything else. It's also hard to imagine how we would have ended up here without having the chance to get to know each other in Farm House, and explore all the possibilities that living in Farm House exposed us to. We both have many fond memories of the house and all its residents, and Farm House will always be a part of our history.



Casey Markenson '12 and Iris Cutler '13 at a Farm House party. Iris was the winner of the coveted Silver Mustache prize for artistic achievement.



Guthrie Cunningham '14 as the character Will Ladislaw from the novel *Middlemarch*. Taken by Kelly O'Brien '12 and Casey Markenson '12 for a joint assignment for an English class on the Victorian novel and a CAMS class on portraiture.



**ABOVE: Chloe Zelkha '13 and Callie Millington '12
LEFT: Geoffrey Goddard '14**

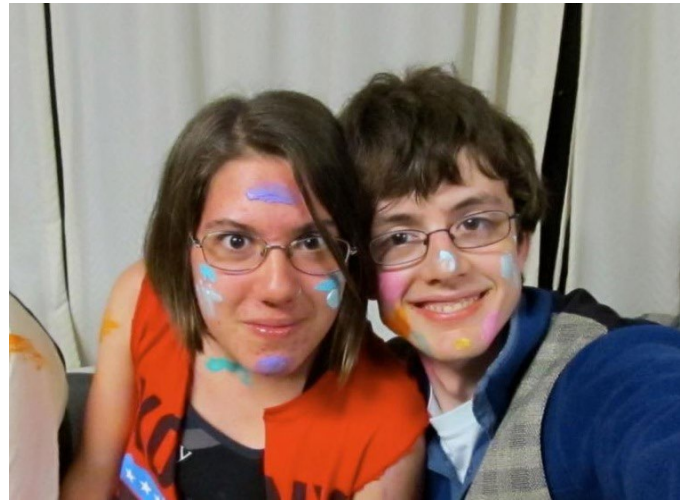


LEFT: Farm House residents, 1989. (Photo: Carleton College Archives.)

MIDDLE RIGHT: Meg Holladay '14 and Roy Wiggins '13.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Dylan Fresco '97 and Brian Levy '97 emptied the contents of Brian's bedroom onto the Farm House lawn for a "Material World" exercise. (Photo: Brian Levy.)

BELOW: Lauren Young '14 digs up the Farm House lawn.



Food

(i.e., Cabbage, Lentils, Tofu, Rice)

Cooking at Farm House is all about figuring out how to turn a wilted cabbage and some quinoa into a meal for 20. It's about knowing ten different egg substitutes for baking, and cooking recipes with only half the ingredients. Farm is about picking your own vegetables and eating them five minutes later for lunch. It's about abundant potlucks and biscuits at three in the morning. It is about devouring three fresh-baked loaves of bread in 15 minutes. Farm is Farm because we all eat together.

////////////////////////////////////

A Good Friend is Like Kale: A Farm Ethnography

By Colette Meller '12

Farm House is surrounded by a student farm and is occupied by three males and thirteen females ranging from sophomores to seniors. Their affiliation with food cultivation, combined with a heightened awareness of the human diet's severe impact on ecosystems, makes Farm House a community where food affects everything. Food determines social interaction at Farm House by designating time and spaces where residents convene, driving discussions, and by escalating or alleviating social tensions.

Food is a shared knowledge base that all can discuss. This common knowledge, or "prior text," combined with each person's strong identity with food, creates many patterns of behavior, including preferred spaces of socialization and the topic of conversation between residents. As A. L. Becker suggests, a community's linguistic focus reveals the scope in which the community views the world. Every page of my notes has something about the harvesting, preparation, taste, and sustainability of food, while small

facetious signs taped on various doorways and cupboards, remnants of especially amusing conversations, all have to do with diet or food of some sort. I recorded one comment of Clarissa comparing WWOOFing to indentured servitude, joking that "you might eat eventually!" and at one point during my field notes I missed a conversation transition when the discussion shifted from the superiority of St. Olaf's farm to the personification of raisins.

Earlier in the term three or four of the only meat consuming residents started a tradition of preparing a meat entrée for their own exclusive Friday night dinner, showing solidarity where the group identified with their diet. Veganism also has a strong identity, as is evident in a conversation between Stillman and Sadie. Stillman asked Sadie how many vegans were in the house, to which she responded, "Beatrice is the only real vegan, but Jackson doesn't eat animal products because of his lactose intolerance." Beatrice, by choosing veganism, can be identified as a vegan, while Jackson merely follows a prescribed diet for his health, an ambivalent choice he wouldn't identify with. The vast majority of Farm House residents are vegetarian, and their identification with this diet manifests in what Becker calls a "silence" within a community's language, where meat is not mentioned once despite the saturation of food speak within my notes. This lack of discussion is as significant as the presence of vegetarian/vegan talk, showing that most people with-

in Farm House identify with vegetarianism and have no need to speak of other types of diets.

This identification and familiarization with food-speak affects the daily habits of the house. Most significant is the preference of socialization in the cramped, often dirty kitchen. Despite the adjacent living room's copious space, comfortable couches, and plethora of musical instruments, the majority of the students' interaction is spent in the kitchen. When enough people are absent from dinner people will always choose to eat together in the kitchen, happily squished onto wooden benches and often even sitting on counters and buckets. I note this preference nearly every dinner, where cooks and others argue whether or not there are few enough people to be able to host dinner in the kitchen. For example, the resident Miranda exclaimed "Yes! There are only eight people here tonight! Let's eat around the kitchen table!" to which the response was resounding agreement and smiles. The desire to linger in the kitchen reached a point where cooks preparing meals coined a term for those who take up space in the kitchen while others are cooking communal meals, called "boiling her lamp."

Food both escalates and relieves social tensions between subjects. Passion about diet and its sustainability leads to many conflicts. Most involve issues of doing chores either shopping for, preparing, or cleaning food. For example, the resident Laurel complained about the state of dishwashing. She spent many weeks arguing with residents to improve their washing habits until she finally divorced herself of the entire dish experience together, as shown in the following quote:

"It's disgusting! The sponges are overused and crusty and people use the same dishwater forever! I

brought my own camping dishes and rinse them myself. There's no way I'll eat food from Farm communal dishware."

Food is also used, however, to alleviate tensions. In passionate debates, subjects often turn to talk of food, a comforting base that elicits pleasure and a more neutral topic of discussion. For example, when Izzy witnessed a passionate discussion between two students on the need for psychiatric drugs, she attempted to redirect the discussion by commenting on the taste of the bread at the kitchen table. Other tensions, such as uncomfortable silences, are always followed with either requests for food or comments about food. Food dictates most of the social interaction within Farm House. It controlled much of the conversation, directed the flow of social traffic, and even provided both conflict and resolution between residents.

(All names used are pseudonyms, in accordance with AAA guidelines.)



Honestly, I'm not really sure what this is about, but it seems like a pretty straightforward Farmy thing to do. Katie Blanchard '10 (lower right) seems like the most likely culprit.

A Farm House Dinner

By Geoffrey Goddard '14

Rusted springs stretch on screen doors to let
in
breeze, news, a day's worth of dirt,
loud sighs and greetings amidst record player jive
scurrying into burrows where floors creak under
dropped loads
emerging as warm vibrations who step down stairs.

Kitchen phone rings as knives clack through soft
cucumbers,
Big rippling water pot lifted by broken handles over
to stovetop rice smoking
within messy country music out of tune with jiving
record player
loosening lounging slouchers and bringing butterflies
to curved spines.

Screen doors flap as wind brushes past bodies that
steal out to
sunlight that washes dishes left by a photographer
who takes burnt pictures of
a guitar player on a piano bench, joyful and dream
strumming to the
knock knock knocking of onion husks into compost.

Meanwhile, spider webs tire in old light
banjo strings fray
tea left undrunk...

cling clang dong cling clang!

Intuitively, flat feet press into standing sunset bod-
ies
to get in line and scoop out curried stew-mash
to squish raisin feet beneath
butt cheeks on couches
to arch over crowded bowls.

To be lit up
and lean back
into loud laughter.



ABOVE: The Farm kitchen, looking unusually tidy and well-stocked.

BELOW: A beaming Casey Markenson '12, who is almost certainly to thank for this unlikely cleanliness.





Aesthetic Wednesdays

By Bob Nieman '84

I was a resident of Farm House from the summer of 1981 through spring semester 1984, missing only fall semester 1983 when I was in California for the marine biology program. In the summers of 1981, 1982 and 1984 I was part of Prairie and Wood Natural History Day Camp at the house and in 1983 I slept in the basement (illegally) while doing research with Paul Jensen after my promised Arb Caretaker job fell through.

It will be hard to find anybody who lived there longer, I imagine, and I can't imagine having lived anywhere else. It was the perfect place for me at Carleton.

I was and am a student of natural history, the "interest" of the house at the time, but learning how to cook was probably one of the most important things I learned while at Carleton in the Farm House kitchen. Cooking meals for your housemates and guests every night is not on the curriculum for those stuck in the dorms. Sharing food and stories around the living room with your friends was a wonderful way to start each evening.

Since I was new to the art of vegetarian cooking for twenty plus, the Wednesday nights of my first semester at Farm House featured spaghetti for the first several weeks. Dave Gros and I later branched out into an experimental cuisine we called "Aesthetic Wednesday", where we took whatever we could find in the kitchen and tried to make it look good, even if we couldn't make it taste good. Why I invited guests on those nights I will never know...

With 13 mouths to feed, you bake a lot of bread. We generally made it twice a week, 8-12 loaves at a time. Kneading such a mass of mostly whole grain dough is excellent exercise. It was my turn that first fall semester and I got a late start, maybe 8 pm. I believe that I placed the bread pans in the oven around midnight and I went into the living room to wait for the finished product. At 6am I awoke from the couch with a start and ran to the kitchen to save my poor bread. Alas, I was not in time, and I found that I had instead made Bread Bricks. The crust was very thick-the very inner core was edible, but there wasn't enough to share and besides, you needed a saw to get to it. One Bread Brick was given to a friend with a hamster to gnaw on and one was suspended from a light on the ceiling. The story of Bread Bricks became a required suppertime tale for the next three years (I am not kidding), whenever someone new was joining us for supper. I baked many wonderful loaves of bread after that, but I can't get away from my Bread Bricks.

I am happy to say that I am a much better cook now, totally unafraid to try something new and different.

My favorite bread recipe from my Farm House Days: Pebble-top Oatmeal Bread

- 1 package active dry yeast
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 1/2 cups rolled oats, divided
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 4 1/2 to 5 cups flour (any type/combo)
- 3 tbsp. milk



Photo by Roy Wiggins '13. Roy has been the house photographer this year, and if you see a good picture in this 'zine, it's probably his work. Go Roy!

In a small bowl, combine the yeast, warm water and one tablespoon molasses. Let stand until bubbly (about 15 minutes).

In a large bowl combine butter, remaining molasses, salt, sugar, 2 cups of the oats and boiling water. Stir until the butter melts. Add cold water and yeast mixture. Mix in 4 cups of flour, 1 cup at a time.

Turn dough out onto a floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic (10-20 minutes), adding flour as necessary to prevent sticking.

Turn dough over in a greased bowl; cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled (about 1 hour).

Punch dough down and knead briefly on a lightly floured surface to release air.

Divide in half and shape each half into a loaf. Place in greased 9x5 loaf pans. Soften remaining oats in milk and then place oats on top of loaves for "pebbles."

Cover loaves and let rise in a warm place until doubled (45 minutes or so).

Bake loaves in a 350 degree oven for about one hour (not six) or until the bread sounds hollow when tapped. Turn out on a rack to cool and enjoy.

Recipe: Farm Biscuits

By Geoffrey Goddard '14

2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons of baking powder; a bit of salt; one stick of butter (4oz) cut into little pieces and mixed in; 2/3 cup milk

Bake for 12 minutes at 400 degrees.



A potluck in 1977-78. Look at all those barefoot hippies! Also, did we used to have a barn? Because that's what it looks like. Photo: Carleton College Archives

No-Knead Bread

(NO NEED TO WORRY BREAD)



- In a large bowl, add:

- 3 C. unbleached white flour (or any combination of flours adding up to about 3C)
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ t. yeast
- 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ C. room temp/body temp water

→ Before adding water, be creative w/ additions: add a little less
 fars - herbes de provence, roasted garlic, gargon, wasala, raisins 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ C.]

H₂O

- Cover and let sit 15-18 hrs.
- Uncover and let fall onto floured counter
- Stretch and fold twice or thrice and form into a ball, let sit 2 hrs. in cotton towel coated w/oats, wheat bran, or flour.
- Preheat oven to 450-500° with covered heavy pot in oven while preheating
- Bake, in covered, preheated pot for 30 min.
- Uncover, bake 10-15 min longer
- Enjoy

PK '12

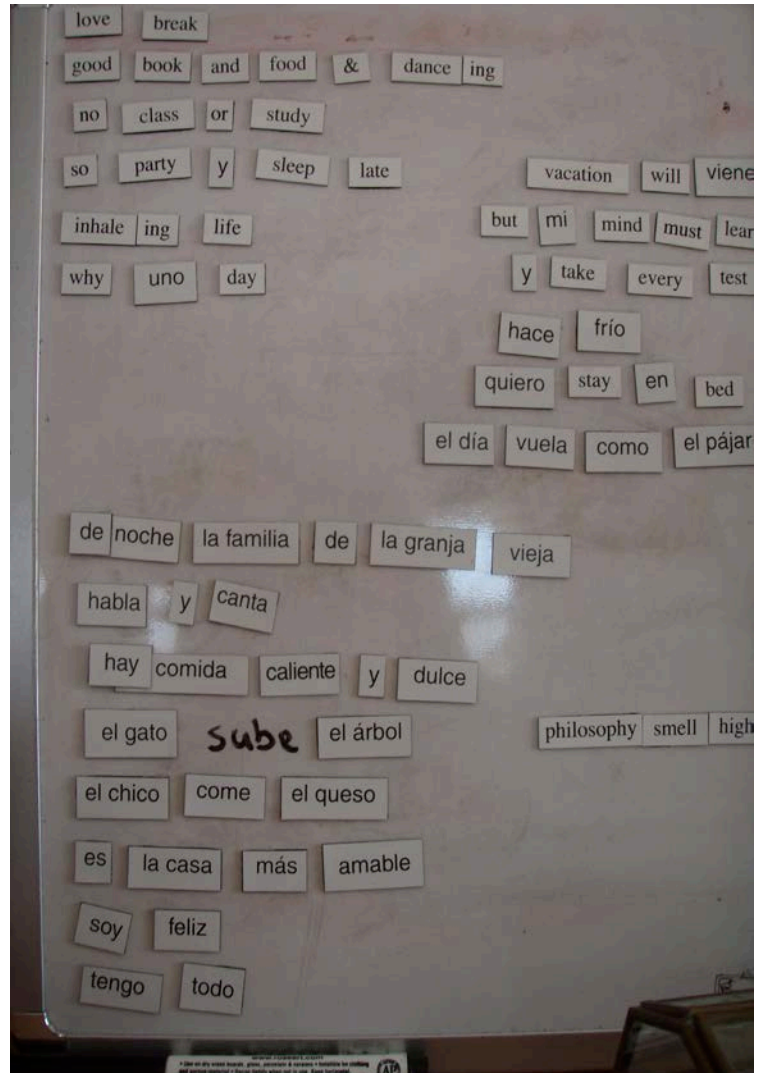
The Kitchen Syndrome

By Annie Triest '10

For my sophomore spring (2008) Introduction to Anthropology class, I did a field study project on "Kitchen Syndrome" at Farmhouse. It was widely acknowledged by us residents at the time that the Farmhouse kitchen was a dangerous place to enter if you needed to be productive, because you were guaranteed to spend longer than you meant to hanging out in there. Here are some key excerpts from the paper I turned in, drawn from extensive fieldnotes from my observation sessions during periods of informal social activity in the kitchen:

"...The label of "productive" is applied to differentiate the leisure and distraction of the kitchen from the work done outside of it, even though many activities engaged in while hanging out in the kitchen accomplish something in a concrete way. Residents do work in the kitchen while socializing, but it is not viewed as real work because it is not schoolwork. While hanging out in the kitchen, residents would wash vast amounts of dishes, cook food, clean out the fridge, make granola, bake bread, and discuss solutions for fixing the washing machine and stove. As soon as the task of recreating the granola bar (our row of jars containing granola toppings) was suggested, it was pounced upon and carried out with enthusiasm, by a resident who had just complained about the amount of schoolwork she had to do and her lack of productivity..."

"...Aside from the relatively few schoolwork-related conversations and greater amount of straightforwardly productive activities, the social world of the kitchen is mostly one where fun, silly, creative and crazy behavior is encouraged and celebrated. Residents draw each other into such behavior. Different groups of people hanging out in the kitchen played indoor volleyball, made and consumed cookie dough, drew with crayons on construction paper, and stuck their legs up on the table to compare their leg hair. Each of these except volleyball



Fridge magnet poetry by Annie Triest '10 and Anne "Anneli" Doering '10.

happened on more than one occasion just during the times I observed. The kitchen also spawned group trips to play on the slack line (a kind of low tightrope set up outside) and run around in a thunderstorm...."

"...Residents also commonly make plans together or share their plans for future creative or fun projects. Sleeping outside and catching carp were planned seriously by small groups, and individuals asked for ideas on how to can food and build a composting toilet. A recurring conversation was planning the production of a new farmhouse calendar in the style of the old one (naked students posing with vegetables) and the asking everyone in the room what vegetable they would pose with..."

The Eat Local Challenge

By Lauren Young '14

Objectives include, "shopping locally when possible, weighing the impacts of various food options and educating ourselves about where our food and other products come from... We aim to continue to eat more seasonally and as locally as possible, starting from the soil in our very own yard"

- Farm House Application

The Experiment

I decided that I would define local as any product grown or produced within 100 miles of Northfield and I would eat only local products, with the exception of salt, for one week. Furthermore, I would have two phases of the challenge. In the first phase I would eat only the foods that Farm House already regularly purchased that qualified as local. In the second phase I would expand my diet to include any local products that I could find.

The Preparation

After scouring the pantry, the cupboards, and the refrigerator, and seeing waves of California products, I found five products that were from Minnesota or neighboring states. I then dug further to verify that the MN town names labeling these items were within 100 miles of Northfield. My housemate and fellow local food challenge partner, Meg, and I compiled the location and distances of each potential item:

- eggs (Owatonna, MN 28 miles)
- butter (Hope, MN 35 miles)
- Monterey Jack cheese (Hastings, MN 20 miles)
- honey (Dennison, MN 10 miles)
- red potatoes (Moorhead, MN 240 miles)

The potatoes obviously did not fit under the 100 mile definition but I decided to make a concession. It looked like slim pickings. Armed with this knowledge, I set off ready to start the first phase of the Eat Local Food Challenge.

The Kickoff

March 30th, the first day of the challenge, I came to recognize as Potato Day. During Potato Day I ate potatoes. Butter on potatoes, cheese on potatoes,

potatoes baked, and potatoes fried. Predictably, after Potato Day I quit phase one--eating only local foods that were found regularly in Farm House-- and decided it was time to move on to phase two--selecting local foods in Northfield.

The Second Phase

I imagined that the Co-op would be an oasis of local foods in the midst of the Midwestern quilt of industrial cornfield and soybean patches, and compared with other stores in Northfield and surrounding areas it certainly offers more produce from local farmers. However, I found the experience much more difficult than I had imagined.

The first reason was that defining "local" was much more complicated than I expected. Unlike my 100 mile definition of local, the Co-op had labeled items as local if they came from within our five state region (MN, WI, IA, ND, SD). Therefore I had to disregard their bright local labeling and examine each product individually.

The second reason that the shopping expedition to the Co-op was difficult was that there was a small selection of items that was limited further by prices.

[cont. on page 32]



Zach Stewart '12 has a loud laugh that he uses as often as possible.

Quick Pasta-Based Lunch for When You're Rushing to Class and There Aren't Any

Leftovers

pasta
tofu
butter
curry powder
salt
raisins

Cook the pasta (on the "Quick Boil" burner). While it's cooking, cut up some tofu in little cubes. Drain the pasta; mix in a little butter (so it can melt), then the tofu, raisins, and some salt and curry powder. Everything should be yellow. I like it a lot, but I can't guarantee that you will.

Delicious Asparagus (or any other green vegetable)

Sauté some onions and garlic in oil or butter, then add asparagus (medium heat) and sauté until bright green and tender, with a classy-looking almost-burnt patch on one side.

I also really like asparagus steamed.

QUESTION FOR ALUMS: There is a very small asparagus patch in our garden/yard near the main path and next to the large wooden above-ground planter boxes. Is it wild or cultivated? How long has it been there? If cultivated, who planted it?



PHOTO: Pete Kerns '12 doesn't do things often, but when he does, he does them really well.

KITCHEN NOTES: Meg Holladay '14.

A Selection of Titles from our Bookshelf

Rodale's All-New Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening
Tam-Lin

What Bird Is That?

Fodor's Costa Rica, Belize, Guatemala

The Guide to Getting It On

The Book of Laughter and Forgetting

Vegetarian Cooking for Everyone

Win at Backgammon

A Farm House Cookbook (2002)

Egypt After Mubarak

Your Own Book of Campercraft

Mother Earth Spirituality

The Norton Anthology of English Literature

American Catholics

The Emergence of the German Dye Industry

Birds of Iowa

Foods of Tuscany

Antigone

The Banjo Player's Songbook

Groundwork of the Metaphysics of Morals

Sexing the Groove

Too Far

300 Herbs: A Materia Medica & Repertory

The Giving Tree

Nuclear Dilemma

Woman, Culture, and Society

Women, Art, and Society

Reptilicus

Propositional Calculus

The American Alpine Journal, 33:65, 1991

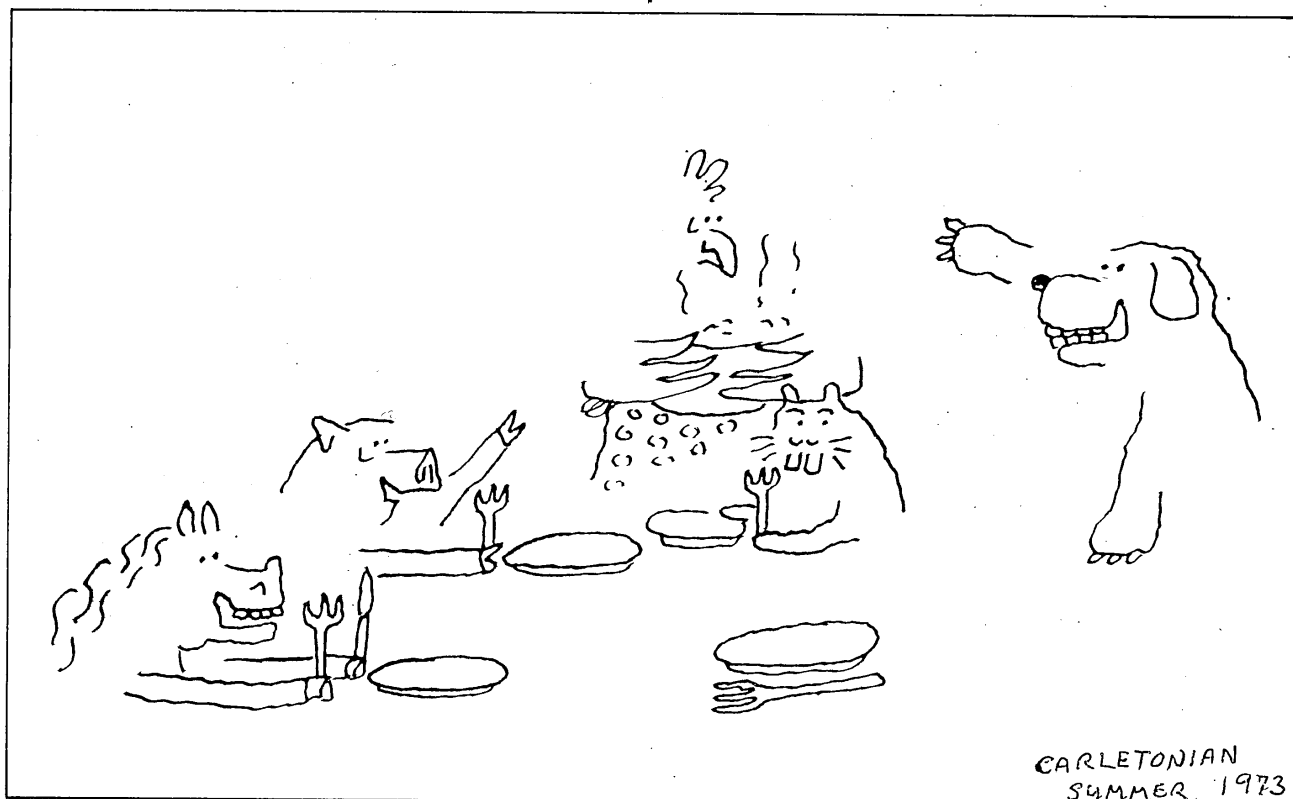
Fun With String Figures

[cont. from page 30] At this time of the year, most of the fall and winter storage produce is gone, yet no new crops have started producing. This makes it one of the worst times of the year to eat locally in Minnesota. I thought about how much easier and tastier the experience would be if I had done this challenge in the fall or the summertime with the fresh Swiss chard and crispy apples that I could pick up at Saturday's farmers' market. But alas, it is April.

Meg and I walked around the store filling our shopping cart with many local items, probing employees' knowledge for insight on products' origins, and using their computer to do research about where other items were grown. For some products we blindly guessed at how far such-and-such town in Western Wisconsin was and purchased the item anyways and often we skipped over the locally hydroponic items, agreeing that the cost was too high. After upwards of two hours in the store, we sailed away with the following items (which we later did further research to record as many exact distances from Northfield as we could find):

- red onions (Western Wisconsin)
- milk (New Prague, MN: 20 miles)
- mozzarella cheese (produced from milk from many MN/WI farms)
- cheddar cheese (Darlington, WI: 197 mi)
- honey (Dennison, MN: 10 miles)
- hydroponic lettuce and arugula (Faribault, MN: 12 miles)
- parsnips (Northfield)
- hi lysine cornmeal (Welcome, MN: 87 miles)
- buckwheat (Welcome, MN: 87 miles)
- spelt flour (Welcome, MN: 87 miles)
- white potatoes (Antigo, WI: 200 miles)
- oats (Welcome, MN: 87 miles)
- mushrooms (Wisconsin)

Meg calculated that we each spent around \$35 for the groceries. However this figure did not include some of the staples that Farm House had already purchased, namely butter, honey, and potatoes. When we measured the price per pound of many of the local versus non-local items that we would typically buy in Farm House instead (oats and flour for example), the



Invitations to specific and widely advertised gatherings at the farm house effectively undermine the hesitancy and uncertainty which non-residents may feel. Visitors soon enjoy "stopping by anytime"

local items were consistently more expensive.

Eating local also takes a lot of preparation time. The only local things that were possible to eat without preparation were a glass of milk, a chunk of cheese, or a leaf of lettuce. The fact that only Meg and I were eating a strict local diet increased the amount of time that each of us spent cooking because there were only two of us, as opposed to the 17-person cooking rotation that often produces many leftovers.

I am not knowledgeable about nutrition and instead assume that eating a little protein, many different fruits and vegetables, and some grains every day will serve me alright. However, I felt deprived of vegetables, mostly dark greens like kale and chard, fruits, and proteins like nuts and beans, that I would have normally eaten on a daily basis. At the tail-end of the challenge Meg and I both wound up ill, although whether or not this was related to the diet is unclear. I also noticed my dependence on certain non-essential items, noticeably caffeinated beverages and spices. After divorcing myself from the items I learned how much I loved the art of simply adding a dash of cumin or oregano to a dish. In the same vein, I realized how easing into the day with a cup of black tea or coffee adds a bit of the charm to life.

The Last Leg

I was lamenting to a housemate about how limited the food selection was when she offered, "Why not take a look in the garden here?" How ironic that the most obvious of all avenues--the produce from the farm at Farm House--had been overlooked. It turned out that as a result of the mild winter, several kale plants had wintered over and had new leaves growing from them. In addition to the kale, Meg and I harvested garlic shoots, chives, and lamb's quarters. That evening for dinner, riding on a wave of new culinary energy, I prepared an entirely local dish for all of Farm House with roasted onions, parsnips, potatoes, garlic, butter and chives tossed together and some baked kale with garlic and butter. This was by far the most enjoyable culinary moment of the week, primarily because it felt like I was finally reconnecting the local foods trial back to Farm House. It made me realize that over the course of the local week I seemed to have shifted my focus from the original purpose of assessing Farm House's food choices within the framework of Northfield's local food options, to instead trying to

creatively exist on what local choices existed. This is perhaps best displayed by the fact that the local products that Meg and I purchased and prepared were all labeled as our own and the consumption of these foods from our housemates was limited because we had only small amounts of these items.

Farm House's Very Best Vegan Pasta Sauce

By Kaitlin Justin '10

Anne Triest and I made this sauce based on some alfredo recipes we both had and she wanted me to write it down, so here goes. Suggestions for a better name are welcome.

Serves 17 (!)

4 medium white onions, chopped
8 cloves of garlic
2 handfuls of walnuts
2-4 cups of unsweetened soy milk
4 tbsp of Earth Balance
A splash of soy sauce to taste
3 packets of tempeh, cubed
12 fresh basil leaves
1 tsp oregano
1 tsp black pepper
1 tsp paprika

In a large saucepan, sauté onions, garlic, and tempeh until the onions are starting to brown. Mix with other ingredients in a blender. Add soy milk if the mixture is too thick. This is excellent with cooked vegetables (seasoned with salt and pepper) or just with pasta. Sometime I want to try it with mushrooms.

The proportions aren't exact. We had a little accident with the food processor so things got out of whack. The bloody thing started overflowing because I filled it up too high and when we tried to pour some off into a bowl, we realized there was a hole in it. Fail. Actually, the sauce tasted really good by itself without the pasta.

2001: a Farm Thanksgiving

By Ruth Erickson '04

It was my first semester living at Farmhouse in the fall of 2001, and we decided to have a Farmie Thanksgiving meal together before leaving for winter break. By some process of consensus, we decided what each of us would contribute and spent the better part of Friday and Saturday preparing. People buzzed around the kitchen in shifts, stirring and mixing, sometimes measuring, listening to music, and sharing our very full oven. Cookbooks laid open and vegetables carefully diced on our worn cutting board. It is amazing the skills acquired over the years in that kitchen. I learned how to bake bread and make yogurt, to replace eggs with applesauce, and to cook for lots of people. I remember having to re-train myself after graduating to cut just one or two onions rather than a dozen. The kitchen was Farmhouse's hearth, the place where we came together to sustain and to nurture our community and ourselves. And "Farmie Thanksgiving" sticks in my mind as one of the most beautiful meals of my three years living at Farmhouse.

For me, winter break was going to lead into a semester abroad in Mali and thus time away from Farmhouse. I had decided I wanted to live at Farm before the first day of my freshman year. My pre-frosh trip leader Sahir Kalim, '02 (who is now my partner of 10 years, a farmie love story) was a resident and talked about the house during our hike in northern Minnesota. On the first weekend of fall semester, he invited us to a Farmhouse party that

started with an enormous pot of soup, followed by live music, dancing, and drinking out of any available vessel—bowls, tupperware, vases—so as to not use disposable cups. It was a great scene, and the deal was sealed: I wanted to live at Farmhouse. I spent my freshman year in Goodhue dreaming of what lie beyond the rec center and through the fields. Farmie Thanksgiving was, therefore, kind of bittersweet because while excited about my trimester in Mali, I had mixed feelings about being away from the place I was just starting to call home.

While some of us made last minute touches to the wheat berry salad, stuffing, falafel patties, soup, and apple cider, others rolled the large spool tables into a patch of late-afternoon sun in the yard and dragged the porch cushions onto the grass. The table was set with a colorful quilt, wildflowers, and an odd collection of drinking vessels. It was a gorgeous spread of carefully prepared, thoughtful food and a dozen thankful Farmies with long hair and knit caps. While the sun set lower and lower in the sky, we ate slowly and talked, laughing and telling stories. Great



Photos of Farmsgiving 2001 provided by Ruth Erickson.

food and company always came so easy at Farmhouse.

That spring we collected some of our favorite recipes in a Farmhouse cookbook, or “wookbook” (“wook” being a word for “hippie”). While I rarely make lilac soap anymore, I still reference the “wookbook” when cooking garlic soup or Grandma Holmes’ molasses cookies, two staples in my house. The recipes bring back many sweet memories of our Thanksgiving meal. And instead of having to read about how to make “Stuffing adapted by Sach from the Joy of Cooking,” I can just turn to Sahir next to me in the kitchen and ask him how.



Sweet + Sour Red Cabbage
(purple)

~4 c. shredded (~~thinly~~ sized) purple cabbage
 2 tbsp butter
 1 apple, sliced
 small onion, sliced
 1/4 c. vinegar (cider?)
 2-4 tbsp sugar/honey
 1/2 c water if necessary
 flour (optional)

Cook butter, apple + onion together until soft. Add cabbage, sweetening and vinegar, and cook until the cabbage is tender. If it's not cooking fast enough, add the water to partly steam it. If you want it to be thicker, add a tbsp or two of flour. Add other ingredients or varying proportions of existing ones until tastes good. Serve with verve.

Fully Cooked (!!!) ^{and also deliciously roasted} Winter Squash or Root Vegetables

Cut up your difficult-to-cook vegetable in smallish chunks,

1" to 2" probably. Place in large baking pan and coat in oil with a little salt and pepper. Stick in the oven at 450° or 475° for a while. If they're getting brown but not cooked all the way through, pour in a bunch of water so that they start to steam as well as roast (and cover with foil if you want them to steam faster). Wait a little longer. It's not ~~o~~ guaranteed, but usually works.

Curried Lentils and Carrots

When you make a big pot of lentils, you pretty much have to give up on set proportions...
 green or brown lentils

water
 carrots
 onions
 garlic
 raisins (optional)
 curry powder
 salt
 butter (optional)

Start a big pot of lentils with enough water to cook them but hopefully not enough so it gets soupy. Chop onions and garlic and add as the lentils cook. Slice carrots ^(as many as you want) and also add, along with several handfuls of raisins if you want. Add enough salt to bring the flavor out, and curry

powder until you can taste it. Melt some butter into it if you want it to be yummier. Cook until the lentils are done, then ring the dinner bell.

Sweetish Muffins

1 egg
 1 1/2 c. flour ^(some whole wheat if you want)
 1/2 c. milk
 1/2 c. sugar
 1/4 c. oil ^(veg.)
 2 tsp baking powder
 1/2 tsp salt

Heat oven to 400°. Grease some muffin cups (12 for small muffins, fewer for large). Beat egg; stir in milk and oil. Mix in remaining ingredients just until flour is moistened (batter should be lumpy). Fill muffin cups 2/3 or more full. Bake 20-25 min. or until golden brown.

→ Add extra yummys. Frozen berries, fresh berries, chocolate chips, chopped nuts, raisins, cranberries, cinnamon/nutmeg, ~~apples~~ chopped apple, orange zest, whatever seems good.

Fruit Pies! appropriate for all occasions

Crust: basic proportions: 1 c. flour / 1/3 c. shortening / 1/2 tsp. salt
 For 2-crust pie: 2 c. flour, 2/3 c. shortening, 1 tsp salt (1-crust pie: 1 1/2 c. flour, 1/2 c. shortening, 1/2 tsp salt)
 Mix flour + salt, crumble in shortening lightly with your fingers (keep it flaky!). Add enough cold water to make dough just hold together, stirring w/a fork. If 2-crust pie, divide 3/4 to 1/4, make each into ball, and roll out into circles. Bigger circle is the bottom crust, obviously. Should be ~1 1/2" larger diameter than upside-down pie pan. Line greased pie pan w/ bottom crust, add fruit filling and then cover w/top crust. Crimp edges together, slice slits in top. Bake @ 375° ~1/2 hr.

Filling: 1 quart berries or ~6 apples (peeled, sliced thinly). Toss fruit with enough sugar just to coat it, plus ~1/3 c. flour and cinnamon if desired. ♥

Recipes from Meg, with love and seasonings

STUFFING

Enough to fill a turkey (which is apparently dangerous) (multiply x at least 7 for Farm)
 ~1/2 loaf bread (can be old bread, but fresh is very delicious)

- 1 stick butter
- 2 stalks celery, including leaves
- 1 onion
- 1 tsp dried sage

Dice the bread in 1/2" to 1" dice. Chop the celery and the onion. Melt the butter and simmer with the onions and celery until the onion is soft and translucent but not brown, over medium heat. Pour over the bread and mix. The bread should all be moist but not saturated. Add the sage and stuff it in the turkey, or bake it plain at

~325° - 350°. You can add some white wine or broth if it isn't moist enough.

SAFFRON EASTER BREAD

Makes 2 loaves. For Farm, double it at least, but it depends how much saffron you have.

For bread

- 2 cups (+ a little more) milk
- 2/3 cup butter
- 3/4 cup + 1 tsp sugar (+ a tiny bit more)
- 2 tsp salt
- 4 1/2 tsp yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp saffron (or a little less)
- 7 cups flour
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp almond extract
- 2/3 cup golden raisins

For coating

- 1 egg, beaten
- ~~sugar~~
- ~~Lots of~~ Lots of chopped almonds (as much as you want)

Bake all the way through in the middle). Let rise again for a while. Coat with beaten egg and sprinkle on sugar and sliced/chopped almonds liberally. Bake at 375° ~35 min. or until done. Try to keep it golden brown, not dark; turn oven down if necessary. ENJOY.

Bring 2 c. milk, the butter, the salt and 3/4 c. sugar to a boil. Let cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, combine yeast, 1 tsp sugar, and water, and let stand (to make sure it foams). Pound the saffron in a mortar and pestle (or small bowl and whisk handle) with a little sugar until pretty well ground; pour in a little bit of milk. Beat 2 c. of flour into the milk mixture. Add yeast mixture and saffron mixture (you can rinse out the saffron bowl again w/ a little milk to make sure you get all the saffron). Beat well. Add other ingredients and the rest of the flour; dough should be soft. Knead. Place in a large buttered or oiled pot or bowl, cover w/ plastic wrap or damp towel and let rise (warm places work well) until double. Shape into two loaves; I like to make rings (round loaves sometimes don't

CHOCOLATE CAKE

makes 2 layers, ish

- 1 1/2 c. flour
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/3 c. cocoa powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1/3 c. vegetable oil
- 1 tbsp vinegar
- 1 tsp vanilla

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease 2 9" round layer pans. Mix dry ingredients together in a bowl, then add wet ingredients and stir until no more lumps. Bake 30 to 35 minutes.



Farmies in fall 2010, making a scene as usual, those dirty anarchist radicals.



As early as 1977-78, Farm residents were already engaged in the venerable tradition of eating lots of food outside.

A Delicious Dessert Recipe from Brooke "Diabetic Mermaid" Granowski '13

4 tbsp butter
 1 bag sweetened coconut
 food process 1/3 bag coconut w/ butter, mix in the rest of the coconut by hand, mush into pre pan, leaving edges fluffy. cover edges with foil, bake @ 350° until bottom is lig brown, remove foil, bake 5 more minutes

boil 1 1/4 cups cream, (barely), pour over 1 cup semisweet chocolate chips. let stand 10 mins. mix up until even, pour into coconut shell.

refrigerate until set.



Brooke

Music

When I came downstairs this morning, there was a banjo on the kitchen table. There was a tambourine, too. There were guitars in the living room, bongos on the front porch, and a drum set on the back. There's bluegrass in the morning, punk in the afternoons, folk sing-alongs after dinner, and psychedelic jams at night. Living with a live soundtrack can be pretty great.

A Farm House Party Playlist

By Matthew Jabaily '04

After arriving at Carleton in 2000, it didn't take me long to know that I wanted to live in Farmhouse. My pre-frosh backpacking trip leaders were Jaimi Johnson, a former Farmie, and Sahir Kalim, a Farmie and the single coolest person I had ever met. Equally impressed by our leaders was Ruthie Erickson, my housemate for three years and deepest Farmhouse friend. On a beautiful spring evening a few years later we would celebrate her engagement to Sahir in the Farmhouse kitchen, but that's another story.

A couple of weeks later Sahir invited our backpacking group to a Farmhouse party, and I knew I needed to live there. Farmhouse wasn't just a "party house," contrary to the beliefs of some on campus, but the parties were something special. The evening started with a delicious potluck, and there was live music and dancing late into the night. Everyone was invited, and the beer was always free (but had to be consumed from reusable containers).

A year later I was living in Farmhouse, unbelievably excited yet nervous about how I would fit in. In preparation for the first party of the year, we decided to make a CD of party music to play before the live music started. The first song, Bob Marley's "Slave Driver," had come to Sahir in a dream the night before. Bob Marley suited him: dreadlocked, laid back, and revolutionary. "La Femme d'Argent" by Air was suggested by Lev Rickards, who perfectly personified the song's serene groove. Phish's cover of "Reggae Woman" was the contribution of Devin O'Connor;

he drummed and lived with the same freedom and all-out intensity. Loren Holmes, playfully irreverent as always, insisted on Dan Bern's "Tiger Woods" as the last song. I contributed "Misinformed" by Soul Coughing and a computer capable of burning CDs (advanced technology at the time).

The full playlist was:

- Slave Driver by Bob Marley
- La Femme d'Argent by Air
- Fu-Gee-La [Refugee Camp Remix] by The Fugees
- Also Sprach Zarathustra (Theme from 2001: A Space Odyssey) by Deodato
- Born on the Wrong Planet by String Cheese Incident
- Rumpwinder by Karl Denson
- Misinformed by Soul Coughing
- Slavery Days by Burning Spear
- Raining Revolution by Arrested Development
- Chan Chan by Buena Vista Social Club
- Reggae Woman by Phish
- Once Again (Here to Kick One for You) by Handsome Boy Modeling School
- 54-46 Was My Number by Toots & the Maytals
- Tiger Woods by Dan Bern

Although I was never as unimaginably cool as those Farmies I revered, I did eventually take my place as a Farmhouse elder statesmen. I was well known for my love of simple carbohydrates, my complex activity announcement emails, and for always having time to listen to a friend and offer advice. And although I always loved the parties, my favorite times were after the library had closed: coming home to the Farmhouse kitchen, listening to Gillian Welch, and eating fresh-baked bread with my housemates.

You can listen to the Farmhouse Party Playlist online at <http://8tracks.com/jabailym/farmhouse-party>.

Farm Standards: Songs for Fun, Festivities, and Protests

All You Fascists – Woody Guthrie

(A) I'm gonna tell all you fascists you may be surprised

The people in this world are getting organized

(D) You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to
(A) lose

(A) Race hatred cannot stop us, this one thing
I know

Your poll tax and Jim Crow greed have got to
go

(D) You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to
(A) lose

(E) *All you fascists bound to
lose, you fascists bound
to lose All you fascists
bound to lose You're
bound to lose! You fas-
cists! Bound to (A) lose!*

(A) People of every color
marching side by
side

Marching 'cross these
fields where a mil-
lion fascists died (D)
You're bound to lose,
you fascists bound to
(A) lose

(A) I'm going into this
battle take my union
gun

We'll end this world of
slavery before this
battle's won (D)
You're bound to lose,
you fascists bound to
(A) lose.



Colette “Punk as Fuck” Meller ’12 drums for Prom Queef at the fall punk show. She learned to drum just for this band. Colette is hardcore.



After the Flood plays at a protest in Bridge Square in 2011. From left to right: Aurora Roth ’13, Shao Min Tan ’12, Chloe Zelkha ’13, Jane Stitt ’11, Jon Walsh ’12.

Union Maid - Woodie Guthrie

C
There once was a union maid
F
She never was afraid
G C
Of goons and ginks and company finks
D G
And the deputy sheriffs who made the raid
C
She went to the union hall
F C
When a meeting it was called
G C
And when the company boys came round
F G C
She always stood her ground

Chorus:

F C
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the
union

G
C
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to
the union

F
C
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the
union

G C
I'm sticking to the union till the day I die

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of company spies
She couldn't be fooled by a company stools
She'd always organize the guys
She'd always get her way
When she struck for higher pay
She'd show her card to the National Guard
And this is what she'd say

You women who want to be free
Just take a little tip from me
Break out of that mold we've all been sold
You got a fighting history
The fight for women's rights
With workers must unite
Like Mother Jones, bestir them bones
To the front of every fight



ABOVE: Jane Stitt '11 and Rose Cherneff '13 laugh on the Woodie Guthrie-mobile.

BELOW: An unknown, shirtless fiddle player.



South band train Summer 2011

date
place

It's the
feels just
long writing
you feel
my song
I'm not what
really.

I'm just
the sidekick Gus
of a twist
overed in mist

a Southband train
they used to cry about it but it's ^{not} the same
there used to be the sunshine
now it's just the rain
and still I just can't help but wonder when
I'll ever see your pretty eyes again

the fields run wide
colliding with the trees along the mountain side
divided by the river
~~Exp. Kall? still~~ these tears we cried
~~my mind but still I~~ just can't help but think about
the way it feels when the ~~light~~ only out

I'll find my way
Wander through the night fall and the ^{break} of day
Find a road to take me ~~where~~
where these trees ^{went} ~~stay~~
a rail road car to take me down the line
another chance for making up my mind

I don't know why
the sunrise looks so pretty in that woken sky
~~at~~ ^{but} when I leave this city I won't say goodbye
I guess that's just the way it goes ^{and} ~~and~~
but someday I might pass this way again

This song, and those on the following pages, are written by Jon Walsh '12, and topped the Farm charts during winter 2012, when they were requested (and sometimes just demanded) at nightly after-dinner shows.

2

"Caroline" July/August

2011

→ recorded this song at
campsite deep in the
Smoky mountains, on my
way to Boone, NC. The start
of an incredible weekend.

Caroline

I think your dancing is mighty fine
I think your love is ~~just right~~ alright
won't you give it to me

Caroline I'm not you

I know ~~you're not my~~ kind

But I swear I'll love you
better than them

and I feel it in my bones
when I'm walking home alone
and I see it in the sky

I don't know

Oh Caroline, I don't mind

~~cause~~ ~~at~~ something in your eyes
is calling me out

there's something in there for me to see
for me to see

Caroline

~~you know~~ your music fills up my mind

~~you know you're not my~~ ~~kind~~ ~~but~~ ~~you've got me~~ ~~smiling~~ ~~every~~

you've got me smiling every
time

~~that's all my~~ ~~highway~~ ~~to~~

~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~to~~ ~~Tennessee~~

Music

memo

Caroline

that's not what I call you

still I'd ^{could} call you ^{if you}if ^{only} you ^{could} give me a second timeif ^{only} you ^{could} give me another try

but

there's not much to say

when the world breaks through

and there's not much that I could do for you

still I sit and wonder why

you ^{just} ~~want~~ ^{laugh} ~~talk~~ when I cry

you know

baby

and I'm lying wide awake all through the night

and I just want to know what's right

Caroline

Caroline

~~I know you'll never be mine~~

your eyes are greenest in the summertime

oh baby I just gotta speak my mind

Caroline

Caroline

the garden's looking better in the spring

and I didn't even do a god damn thing

it was you

Caroline



ABOVE: (left to right) Chloe Zelkha '13, Ellen Drews '13, and Guthrie Cunningham '14, who channels Lady Gaga when he dances.



LEFT: Jane Stitt '11, Isabel Gregerson '12, Haley Golz '12, and Milli Harris '12.



LEFT: (left to right) Callie Millington '12, Jon Walsh '12, Chloe Zelkha '13, Aurora Roth '13, Ellen Drews '13.

BELOW: Jon and Chloe give their nightly post-dinner concert.



Desperation and Creativity

Sometimes at Farm House, we run out of milk or eggs. Sometimes the hot water heater is broken. Sometimes the bread that we just spent five hours baking comes out of the oven hard as a rock. And sometimes all of those things happen on the same day. But the creative spirit of Farm House residents is indomitable, and somehow we'll find a way to make do with what we have. This section is for the wild and wacky acts of creativity that often come out of the most desperate times.

////////////////////////////////////

These are the Times that Try Farm's Souls

AN EPIC POEM

By Casey Markenson '12

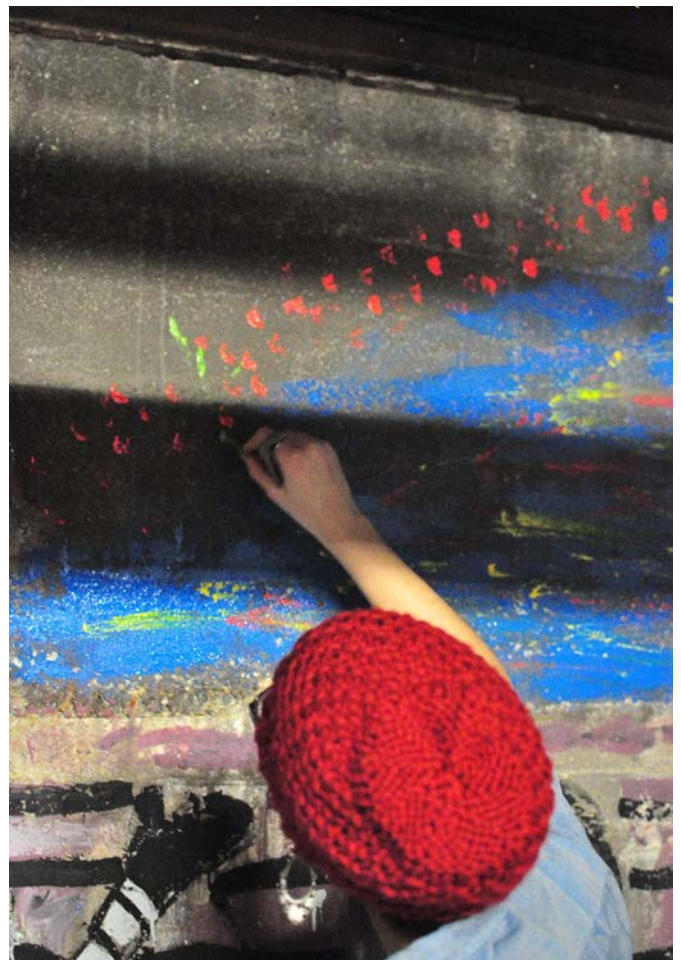
[Editor's Note: This poem was composed and sent to the Farm House e-mail list during a week when our kitchen was exceptionally dirty. We kept our unwashed dishes in a blue crate in the kitchen.]

Canto I

I write to you, dear muse of the house of farm
About an issue that is doing us all harm
It relates to the status of our beloved kitchen
That suffers from the lack of sufficient dishin'
Since the dawn of time, dishes are the bane
Of all joy in our absurd domestic game
They're nasty, gross, and grimy, they really suck
But if we want to live in harmony, we are out of
luck.*

Canto II

Today, a stressful Monday, I cooked dinner



Sarah Stadler '12 paints walls in Farm House's basement

With Ben and Guthrie, two sure winners
 Yet even with our newfound counter space
 There was no room to chop onions in the whole
 entire place.
 Usually, I look forward to feeding seventeen hungry
 mouths
 All day long while I'm on campus, which is due
 south**
 Cooking relieves the daily stress
 Of Carleton life, which is always an enormous mess
 But today, when I came home to a kitchen strewn
 In vile plates, moldy pans, twin sink lagoons
 It fueled my anxiety ridden heart
 Made me feel lost, and not sure where to start.
 I'm sure I'm not the only one whose inner being
 Is shaped by the status of my home, from what I'm
 seeing -
 So when the kitchen is out of control SO AM I

I go a little crazy and start to cry.

Canto III

It is easy to slack at home when we're in overdrive
 Ninth week, yo, I barely feel alive.
 Yet when things beneath our roof are all in order
 I promise you, it makes me think a whole lot
 smarter***
 And then I can be a better student,
 A happier person, and hella prudent.
 So the moral behind the importance of cleaning
 Is that it we can help each other find enlightened
 meaning.****

Canto IV

Last week, only thirteen names lined on the
 bathroom door
 To cook house dinner, which is a weekly chore.



Brooke Granowski (left) '13, Iris Cutler '13, and Guthrie Cunningham '14 in the Parr House Post-post Modern Art Gallery reception

And though times are hard, one hour and a half
Really isn't much, if you do the math.
And if you can't make it, please inform your co-chefs
Who count on you to help us avoid death
By eating good food, then hearing Chloe and Jon
Serenade us after dinner with soulful folksy songs.

Canto V

Pete is creating his Carleton legacy
In this here kitchen, for all of us to see.
Roy swing dances all our blues away,
Ellen plays the banjo, screams CUNT aloud all day!
Lauren's silver cyclist guards the living room
Brooke's silly voices ward off winter gloom,
Meg saves all of the endangered languages
Alex I's bread rids my carb depletion of anguish(es)
Geoff's clothing swap was a real huge hit
Alex K teaches us important things about tourist(s)
Sarah runs the house, keeps us in line,
Jaz builds community through fun soccer timez
'Rora reminds us to make beautiful ART
And has been doing all the dishes right from the
start*****

Canto VI

Dear house, I love you all a whole damn lot
I hope this email isn't as angry as
you might have thought.
Just one last thing, before I sign
off
THE BLUE CRATE MUST die,
I KID YOU NOT!
I think these improvements are
within our parameters,
Enough already, I'm sick of
writing in iambic pentameter.

*(oh, f***!)

**actually, it's not.

***slant rhymes are a thing, promise!
even though this probably isn't one.

****Admittedly, I am not an authority
on this subject. Please consult one of
the twelve house religion majors who
actually probably know real things about
enlightenment.

*****of this poem. And she did them on
Sunday. And she's wearing a gortex cast!



The venerable Farm House nude calendar.



Callie Millington '12 (left), Jon Walsh '12, and Aurora Roth '13 pose with their cardboard fortress / Occupy Farm House encampment.

Bread Bricks: A Story of Kitchen Ingenuity

By Ann DeLong Greenberg '83

It was finals week, at the end of winter term 1982. Farm House was unusually quiet and deserted as many of the residents were camped out studying in the "Libe" or in other classrooms or labs on campus.

As an off-campus house dedicated to sustainability and communal living, Farm House residents cooked and shared wholesome vegetarian meals together on a daily basis. Amongst the 16 Farmies in the house, we divided up the weekly chores so that two people cooked together each night, Sunday through Friday (Saturday was on your own), two people baked bread, and two people did the weekly shopping.

Bob and I were responsible for baking bread that week. Usually we baked about 16 loaves at a time, the idea being that each person would consume roughly the equivalent of one loaf during the course of the week. Some people made sandwiches for lunch to take to campus daily, others ate toasted bread for breakfast, some ate bread with dinner, and others only ate it when it was freshly baked. One or two loaves were usually consumed warm out of the oven by whomever was home at the time of baking, so by the end of the week, we were often out of bread.

Bread baking was the most time-consuming of the weekly chores. We mixed the dough by hand, using wooden spoons to combine flour, water and yeast; let it rise; punched it down; let it rise again; punched it down again; then kneaded each loaf; finally letting it rise one more time in individual loaf pans before putting it into the oven to bake. This task required staying close to home for the better part of a day to watch over each step of the process, so it was usually done on Saturdays or Sundays.

As Bob and I were both busy studying for exams that week, we had put off bread baking as long as possible. The other Farmies were starting to wonder when they might get some fresh bread to fuel their exam-driven appetites. On Monday night, Bob and I finally bit the bullet and decided that we would

pull an all-nighter studying and baking bread. We mixed the dough and let it rise, setting an alarm so that we would know when to check it at each stage of the process. Then we punched it down and let it rise again. Finally, at about 2:00 a.m., we kneaded it and put it into the greased loaf pans, covered them with towels and waited for them to rise one last time before baking them in the oven.

The oven was preheated to 350 degrees and the loaves were loaded in. We closed the oven door and set the alarm again for about 4:00 a.m. At that point both of us were exhausted and a little punchy from studying. Bob finally gave up, saying he would take a quick nap and wake up to take the bread out of the oven. I inadvertently fell asleep as well and, as it turns out, the alarm never went off. At about 6:00 a.m., one of our fellow Farmies woke up and roused us to check on the bread in the oven.

The oven door was temperamental and had to be lifted up and set down in straight to close properly. That had not been done and so the oven door had stayed ajar the whole time the bread was baking. As a result, the loaves had been slow-cooked for several hours at a lower temperature, causing them to be baked brown all the way through. They came out hard as rock! We dubbed them "Bread Bricks".

Not wanting to waste all of the ingredients we had used to bake them, we devised a number of uses for the Bread Bricks. They were too hard to be sliced with a knife, so we were reduced to wrapping them in a towel and taking a hammer to them on the concrete stoop outside the back door to break them apart. We used the breadcrumbs as soup toppings, as croutons on salads, mixed them with lentils and cooked them as veggie burgers, and mixed them in broccoli-cheese casserole. Several of the remaining Bread Bricks were donated to the birds.

In remembrance of the episode, we drilled a hole through one of the Bread Bricks and hung it on a string from the ceiling light in the kitchen as ornamentation. It remained there through the end of the academic year!



The CANOE House Breakfast Potlatch

By Alex Korsunsky '12

As a Kwakiutl man once said to the anthropologist Franz Boas, "The time of fighting is past... We do not fight now with weapons: we fight with property." The usual Kwakiutl word for potlatch was p!Esa, meaning to flatten (as when one flattens a rival under a pile of blankets), and the prospect of being given a large gift engendered real fear. Still, the Kwakiutl seemed to prefer the new "war of wealth" to the old "war of blood."

Although the Farm-CANOE prank war had been quiet for two years, the unhappy news of Res Life's failure to renew CANOE for the coming year created a general feeling that Farm really ought to prank them just one more time, for old time's sake. And so, at precisely 5:10 on the morning of Thursday, May 24, 2012, we set out.

The morning was warm and muggy, the

sun just beginning to brighten, and when we arrived at CANOE we began to disrobe on the dewy grass. Silently, we entered the dark kitchen and went into action. Biscuits were baked, potatoes fried, pancakes cooked, and fruit sliced for fruit salad, all by fifteen industrious nudes wearing nothing more than aprons (or in some cases Brazilian flags or towels). Since we were a few ingredients short, we also went through CANOE's freezers and pantry, gawking at their decadent frozen pizzas and fresh pineapples as if we had recently returned from months starving in the wilderness.

When the moment came, shortly before 6 a.m., the band was assembled at the foot of the stairs: Ellen



The victorious band of Farmies celebrates outside of CANOE House.

and Lauren on banjo, Chloe on ukulele, Casey with the dinner bell, and – the piece de resistance – Guthrie, a metal drummer, on snare and cymbals. The signal was given – and we launched into glorious song, a slight rewrite of Woody Guthrie’s “Union Maid”. Although CANOE’s slothful residents tried to stay asleep, the Farm band played on, and one by one the CANOE House residents stumbled down into the kitchen for a breakfast so delicious that they soon cheered up and even, inexplicably, started shotgunning beers.

Once we had firmly established our victory by taking a group portrait on the front step of the rivals we had conquered through our overwhelming gift-giving and nakedness, we made a graceful exit, stopping only for a little skinny-dipping in the Cannon before returning to Farm to finish our night’s sleep.

Origins of the Farm–CANOE Prank War

By Irene Hussey ’12
and Kate Trenerry ’11

It Begins

Farm House residents found themselves with an abundance of rotten tomatoes, which they decided to share. They left them in a heart shaped mound on the Canoe porch to express the eternal love between the two houses.

CANOE Takes it the Wrong Way

CANOE assumed that the toms were deposited out of spite, completely ignoring the affectionate undertones of the display. They responded by callously absconding with the entire shoe population of Farm house. The missing footwear was later found floating in a canoe in the middle of Lyman Lakes. One heroic Farmy commandeered an inflatable boat, and paddled out to liberate the prisoners, to

the amusement of passersby.

Farm Retaliates in Defense of Their Wounded Honor

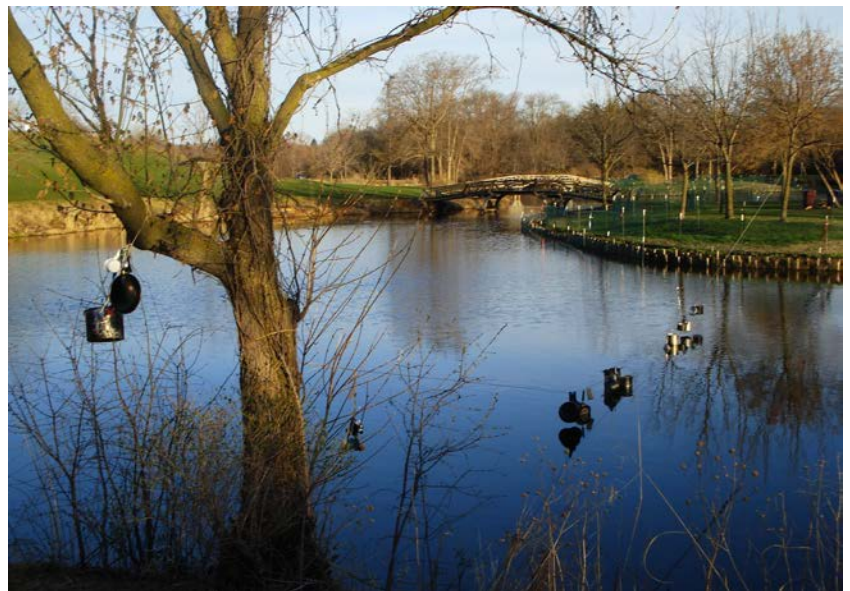
An intrepid band of Farmies organized an expedition into the Cannon River to collect aquatic creatures for a CANOE aquarium. In addition to the expected mussels and clams, several small fish were caught. Later that night these were transferred into a canoe with the intention to relocate said canoe into the CANOE house living room. Unfortunately, due to some miscalculations regarding the house door size, and an ambush by two large, unidentified hominids, the mission was aborted, and the boat remained on the house porch. The fate of its inhabitants is still unknown.

CANOE Escalates the Hostilities

Farm House awoke one morning to find a table chained across their front porch, making the process of exiting the house quite uncomfortable. They followed a series of clues on a scavenger hunt to find a combination for the lock. The prank was not particularly interesting, until one clue led the scouting party through a small dark tunnel involved in the Carleton drainage system, which was discovered to contain a large dead raccoon. Have they no decency?

Farm Suffers From Apathy Among the Troops:

One Farm general woke for an early morning



campaign, and found herself alone in attempting to sabotage the CANOE house refrigerators. This was very clearly a multi-person job, so CANOE only experienced a minor inconvenience when they woke to find a very loose chain locked around their fridges. Adding insult to injury, the lone mercenary was nearly discovered when a CANOE resident returned home from a late night on the town.

CANOE Weaponizes Pink Goop

Farm House's inability to clean their kitchen became particularly disadvantageous when CANOE deposited copious amounts of pink oobleck on the Farm House kitchen table. On the other hand, it was pretty fun to play with. On the third hand, it oozed down into the cracks in the table and onto the floor, where it remained indefinitely. At around the same time the Farm House oven began making unusual high pitched squeaking noises whenever it was turned on. Many residents attributed this to an additional Canoe prank, but this claim has never been verified.

Farm Sows the Seeds of the Garden of Life

One dark night, several Farmies rode their bicycles in stealth-mode to CANOE and, through a series of difficult and risky maneuvers, gained entry to the kitchen. Because of careful scouting, they knew exactly what to do. Emptying the silverware drawer, they made their way outside once more and knelt in the fertile earth. The farmies carefully and lovingly

planted CANOE's silverware in neat and well-labeled rows, so that they might reproduce and provide more cutlery for their dirty friends, but also so they would not have any silverware in the meantime.

CANOE Attacks Where it Doesn't Hurt

After months of neglect the Farm House shower had a visitor, who was unfortunate enough to discover the bouillon cubes that CANOE had placed in the shower head. Had this been a vegetable bouillon the victim could have turned the situation around, and gotten a decent soup out of the experience, but in a vegetarian household the beef stock was not appreciated.

Farm Pulls off a Feat of Engineering

Two diligent roommates in Farm drafted an extraordinary plan, inspired by whisky. After a week of careful preparation, almost the whole house gathered in the kitchen at 4am to apply black paint to their faces and march into the night. There was a light drizzle as the forces of righteousness advanced on CANOE house. Undeterred, the Farmies split into their assigned groups wordlessly. It was their finest and most unexpected organizational success. One group collected CANOE's pots, pans, and kitchen utensils while the two roommates advanced to Lyman Lakes and revealed the genius of their plan to fish, whispering reeds and the silent sky. One rowed out onto the lake in an inflatable raft while the other

attached a thick rope to a tree on Mai Fete. Working together, they guided the rope between the shore and the island. The other contingent arrived triumphantly and the group began to string the pots, pans and kitchen utensils onto the rope and into the lake. The simple, yet brilliant plan was finished before dawn, and a glorious banner which read FARM: 1 CANOE: 0 staked in a nearby bush for all of campus to see. Canoe house awoke to an empty kitchen. The pots, pans, and kitchen utensils were recovered by day's end, but not before the whole campus was abuzz with Farm's amazing success.



CANOE's Prank Backfires

Though they thought that they were being clever, CANOE inadvertently cleaned the remaining oobleck out of Farm's kitchen table when they took it apart and reassembled it on the Bald Spot. To be fair, it did take Farm a considerable amount of time to track down the appropriate tools to reverse the process.

It Ends

Ultimately, Farm House realized the senselessness of war, and decided to end it. As a gesture of good will, Farm threw an impromptu tea party in the CANOE living room. At first CANOE resisted the peace offering, barring the door and bombarding the approaching Farmies with water balloons. Eventually, though, the peace delegation gained admittance to the building, and the two parties successfully brokered an agreement to chill out. Nobody held hands or sang Kumbaya.



ABOVE: Farmies pose with Schiller in 1996. (Photo: Brian Levy '97.)

TOP RIGHT: Aurora Roth '13 at Farm's Art Fest, which she deserves mad props for organizing.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Sarah Stadler '12, 2011-12 house manager, up to no good.



Special Events

Some Carls are curious or disoriented enough to discover Farm House simply by rambling on over one sunny afternoon, but most of us are converted by going to some kind of event, accompanying a friend out of kindness or obligation. Names, themes, times of day, and organization of events are always different, but inevitably, all Farm gatherings have that magical combination of food, music, laughs, and general merriment and frolicking. Here's an assortment of events throughout the years.

Pumpkin Milkshakes: Halloween at Farm House

**By Becca Louisell '96
and Rachel Bynum '95**

One really charming thing we did while at Farm House was have a non-alcoholic Halloween party. This must have been fall of 1993. I believe Rachel Bynum was in large part behind this.

Basically, we decorated the place, came up with costumes, and I distinctly remember Rachel wanting to make pumpkin milkshakes. We even got funding through the school. So we made a ton of pumpkin milkshakes!

I don't remember who was DJ-ing, but the party was kickin' (not a word we used then I don't think) and a ton of people came. Jocks would come from across campus, stumble in already drunk, and ask, "Where's the beer?" I believe Eric Plaksin, Rachel, and the others would respond, "We don't have beer, would you like a pumpkin milkshake?"

To me, that was the essence of Farm House.

Willing to go our own way and have a great, infectious time doing it. And of course, incorporating yummy food into the mix!

- Becca Louisell

I do remember making pumpkin milkshakes!! I agree that food was the common denominator for Farm House — and having fun doing whatever struck our fancy, at any time. There was mandatory Frisbee practice at midnight. I think that was with Geoff Ruth.

Remember when we were the Water Cycle for Halloween — you were a punk rocker, and I was a river, Eric a tree, Kate a cloud, Mike Gaud snow, Abigail the ocean, Jacob a glacier, etc. It was excellent!

It's a busy life right now, but full, with farming, kids and all. Busy and fun. I can't believe I haven't yet made it to a Carleton reunion. It seems so recent in some ways — always right there in the back of my mind.

Love, Rachel



Halloween 1994 and Farm House. Back row: Aimee Burant '95 as Starry Night; Jacob Hathaway '96 as Iceberg; Kate Jesdale '95 as Cloud. Second row: Mike Gaud '95 as Snowstorm; Eric Plaksin '96 as Tree; Abigail Traktman Stricoff '95 as Ocean; Rachel Bynum '95 as River. Kneeling: Becca Louisell '96 as Punk Rocker. (Photo: Becca Louisell '96.)

The First Farmsgiving

By Irene Hussey '12

To understand the circumstances that led to the first Farmsgiving, we should probably first revisit the ancient Farmhouse creation myth. I first heard the story in my second term in Farmhouse, when we youngsters asked our house manager why our bank account was called "Outhouse". She grumbled something about Reslife not paying her enough to put up with our stupid questions, and told us that if we had enough free time on our hands to pester her, then why the hell didn't we have time to clean up our dishes? From across the room I caught the eye of the dude who had been living in a truck in our driveway.

He was a former Farmie named Devon, or Darryl, or something like that, but we all just called him Old Neighbor. One gnarled claw slithered out from the sleeve of his oversized mechanic's jumpsuit, and he beckoned us over.

"A long time ago," he began, "before the seniors who were freshman when the seniors who were freshmen when the seniors who were around when I was a freshman were even prospies, there was a single interest house on campus. They called it Outhouse, and it was truly a paradise on earth. Makers Mark flowed straight from the taps, there was a bottomless jar of chocolate chips in the kitchen, and a machine took all of the dirty dishes and made them clean. Nobody ever even fought over who got to live in a single, because they all just slept in one big room filled with pillows and blankets and puppies.

But such undiluted joy could never last forever. One afternoon as the house manager was looking over the term's banking statements, he realized that the house really couldn't afford all of the special little indulgences they had enjoyed thus far. A house meeting was called together, and the dilemma was laid before

the residents: "We can either continue to purchase barrels of ice cream, or we can afford vegetables, but we simply cannot do both."

To some the choice was clear. Cries of, "Give me a family sized tub of mint chocolate chip or give me death!" rang out from one corner of the room. Others responded with an equally resounding, "I'll give you my spinach when you pry it from my cold, dead hands!" A few in the room tried to compromise with homemade beet ice cream, but it was too late. The ice cream folks allied themselves with the school's powerful outdoor club, and together overthrew and colonized a house on the east end of campus. The veggie eaters retreated into the woods and built a new home on the top of Mt. Farm.¹ The moderates were left with Outhouse itself, but one of them had a killer draw number that year, and they all drew into a townhouse. And that's how Farm House

and CANOE house came to be. We keep the bank account in the name of our ancestral house to remind us of our roots.”

But you were asking me about Farmsgiving, weren't you? Well, long story short, Farm House had some extra money a few years back, and thought, “What the heck, we have a long-established relationship with these CANOE folks, let's invite them over for a Thanksgiving dinner.” So we did, and it wasn't half bad. No ice cream was served at the event.

There is a common misperception that Farmhouse derives its name from its proximity and location to the garden, and that Mt. Farm takes its name from the house. In fact, the house draws its name from the mountain, which was named for Thaddeus Farm, the first man to successfully summit the peak without a bicycle.

A Turkey Story

By Meg Holladay '14

A few weeks before the planned Farmsgiving feast of 2011, one evening in the living room, Geoffrey brought up an idea. The house was officially vegetarian, of course, but many of us ate meat and were committed to ethical eating in other ways. “What if we got a free-range turkey for Farmsgiving and butchered it ourselves?”

Several of us, including me, enthusiastically signed on. I'd wanted to kill an animal for food for a long time, just to see what eating meat really meant. Geoffrey called and emailed around and found a local farmer who raised turkeys and was willing to sell us a live one, and she also sent us a link to a very useful blog post: “Butchering Day: Turkeys (Graphic Photo Documentary)”, from a place called Howling Duck Ranch. Everyone was pleased. We set the date of the turkey slaughter for the Sunday before the Thursday of Farmsgiving, and Geoffrey and I made lists of supplies and jobs, basing everything on the blog instructions. On Saturday, we went shopping, and got supplies like tarps, ice, trash bags and (since many of our knives were dull from chopping vegetables) a new knife.

Sunday morning, Geoffrey and I met our farmer in the parking lot of the Co-op, where she gave us the turkey, in a dog kennel that she asked that we return

later that afternoon. On the drive home, we talked to the turkey, and I reflected on what it meant that I was going to kill this warm, living bird.

We got the turkey home and tied a rope to a low tree branch. The instructions had told us that one of the easiest ways to kill a turkey is to slit its throat after hanging it upside down (by its feet), since it will be calmer in that case. We took the turkey from the kennel, thanked it for its life, and hung it from the tree.



I knelt and tried to cut the jugular.



I didn't really find it, though, and had only made a tiny cut in the turkey's neck. It was still very much alive. Somehow I had assumed that the knife would be so sharp I would hardly have to apply any pressure, but that wasn't true.



Geoffrey, Marty, Jillian and the others who were there encouraged me to go on. I tried to get Geoffrey to do it, but everyone agreed that I should try and finish it, since I had started. And so I did. It took more than one cut before I found the jugular, but I did find it.



Then the turkey got loose from the tree, and there were a chaotic few moments. And the turkey died quickly, although it felt like it took a long time.

Some of us took the turkey down and plunged it into a tub of hot water to loosen the feathers for plucking. I looked at the drops of blood on my shoes, and went inside to wash the blood from my hands. I felt serious, a little awed. But what I mostly felt was regret that I hadn't gotten it right with the first cut, wishing I could make that up to the turkey somehow. I didn't regret that I had killed it—it felt like the right way to do it, a whole way.

We plucked the turkey.



From then on, everyone was in a more cheerful mood. Butchering felt like a cool process, a skill, a craft. We cut off and de-skinned the neck, which would make good broth.



...and cut out the oil sac.



Then we found the various organs...



and separated out the edible ones - heart, liver - from those we couldn't eat.



We played with the feet...



...and our friend Jillian made them into a windchime, which she and I liked and everyone else found grotesque. It eventually found its way to CANOE House, and we haven't seen it since.



We bathed the cleaned turkey in ice water, then took it out and stored it for four days in the Parr House fridge. Pete cooked the heart and the liver for us.

We buried the parts of the turkey that we couldn't use by the edge of the yard, and Lauren made a beautiful gravestone for them.



On Thursday, we made buckets and buckets of food. The turkey roasted all day, and about fifty people eventually feasted on it. It was delicious. I think everyone who ate it thanked it.



Several months later, we heard rumors going around on campus that we had shot an eagle.

A Brief History of Vest-O-Fest

By Katie Blanchard '10

In the fall of 2007, a bounty of basil in the formerly bitsy & bedraggled backyard garden of Farm House inspired the post-social-probation house of fledgling Farmies to make incredible amounts of pesto. Thus, the first (annual?) Pesto Fest was declared -- BYOB (blender). The first autumn frost hit the night before, so oceans of pesto were made from mildly frost-burnt basil.

Thankfully, that is not the legacy left by that inaugural Pesto Fest. Rather, it was that event that inspired a flurry of event-name-brainstorming. Housecest-O-Fest (sometimes...) Undressed-O-Fest (always...) and...voila! Vest-O-Fest, which was at first a mere subtitle to the already well-established Farmgressive.

The original Vest-O-Fests included far more flaming beverages in the backyard, and actually very little vest-wearing. I am delighted by the current Farm House's full embrace of the latter tradition, and I certainly encourage a renewed appreciation of the former.



**A highlight of Vest-O-Fest, Spring 2012.
(Design: Ben Hellerstein '12.)**

"Gandalf, my old friend, this will be a night to remember."

~ Bilbo Baggins

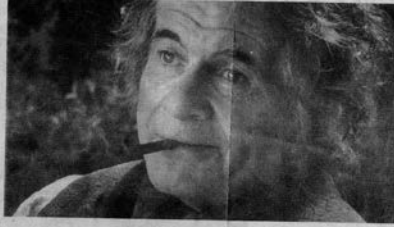
And indeed 'twas! Hobbits, elves, dwarves, and trolls came from the far corners of the Carleton campus (and Goodhue, that's on campus, right?) to celebrate and bear witness to the momentous event that was Bilbo Baggins' birthday! It was clear that the fair ladies present at this considerable occasion had donned their finest robes and each man, his grandest tunic. The decorum and grace displayed by each noble guest would have reduced even Galadriel, in all of her finery, to a state of complete humiliation. The atmosphere also left nothing to be desired, for no tree in Lothlorien nor any palace in Gondor could compare to the superiority of the venue that played host to this event (Farm House).

Just kidding. The collective class of that evening's partygoers would make JAVOWWW look like Princess Anastasia (I considered plugging in a Snooki reference here, but no one can out-trash that buxom babe). Still, this event was tame in comparison to the last party this journalist reviewed (I'm still terrified of Crack House). The overall vibe of the evening was decidedly "chill," what with the guitar playing and naturally laid-back feel of Farm House. Libations were also available for consumption, which obviously drew a majority of the crowd (but not me... I came for Bilbo), but there was very little competition to gain access to any of the handles—a good thing.

If Carleton parties are able to maintain this level of chillness intermingled with just the right amount of trashy, then I foresee a very good year ahead for our cherished hedonistic, party-going community.

Hobbitses, Damsels, and Dwarves

BY JAKE KRAMER



THE CARLTON SOCIETY | OCT. 7, 2011

**Fall 2011:
The Hobbit
Party draws
attention
and fanfare
on campus.**

Prof Dinner Guests

Kristin Bloomer (+ partner Joe?)
Cati Fortin, husband (Blake) + 10 year daughter (Pattcake)
Noah Salomon + Amel + Ayah (Aynan)
Terrance Wiley (Patt's father's friend)
Fred Hagstrom + S. Hagstrom
Dan Bruggeman
Nancy Braker
George V. (?)
Shana GIPPY
SAY MILK
Annie Bosacker
Kelly Connole
Susan J-M
Patt German
Nancy Cho + son (10 yrs)
Kelly Scheuerman
Pat Cavanaugh (maybe...)
Lori Pearson, Celia + Soren (kids)
Roger Jackson @ softball
Dan H + son?



**ABOVE: A multi-purpose
Professor Dinner guest
list and shopping list;
professors and students,
large and small, help
themselves to food.
(Photo: Roy Wiggins '13)**

**RIGHT: A scene from the
Farmstock outdoor music
festival, spring 1982.
(Photo: Scott Weber '82)**





Reflections

Some people arrive at Carleton knowing they'll live in Farm and others don't realize how badly they needed it until senior year. Some seek it out, some are brought by friends, some arrive by chance. But Farm offers all of us something special — not just a place to live, but a true community that connects Farmies across generations and roots all of us in the physical structure of house itself. So get ready: this section is for the tear-jerkers.

////////////////////////////////////

Natural History House

By Paul Martin '82

Farmhouse was and is, for those students that choose to make the daily trek back and forth to the main part of campus, a place to create a small community of like-minded students (well, not always), looking for an alternative to dorm life, in closer association with the Arb. Current and recent students need to remember that in the 1970s, there was no rec center, but instead, a walk past Goodhue onto a gravel road that passed between Lilac Hill and corn fields, where one then entered a little oasis of lawn, big Burr oaks, and pine trees sheltering Farmhouse and Parr House from the road. The maintenance department had a few long single story storage sheds, and of course the water tower. So the sense of leaving campus and going out into the country was stronger back then.

Arriving on campus in the fall of 1978, to a double in Musser, I quickly came to appreciate the Arb, the people at Farmhouse, and the Farmhouse atmosphere. Even with the good fortune of being placed with a great roommate, Ethan Bleifuss, dorm life was a challenge for me. At the time, Farmhouse was called the Natural History Interest house, with a focus on vegetarian

eating, natural foods, and providing opportunities for the rest of the Carleton community to experience nature. Farmies led events open to students and faculty, such as spring flower walks, birdwatching, gardening, cross-country skiing workshops, and more. We had a Sunday brunch every week, where one student each week was responsible for inviting a guest from the faculty, with a heavy emphasis on members of the geology and biology departments, but others as well. Two Farmies prepared dinner each night, so with 14 residents, one big meal a day was taken care of. Other chores included shopping, baking bread, making yogurt, and working at the food co-op. Backpacking food out of town was always a challenge, especially the 30 lb tubs of peanut butter from the food co-op. No matter when during the day or night, the 8 loaves of bread, twice a week, came out of the oven, a horde of Farmies swarmed into the kitchen, aroused by the wonderful smell of baked bread. In no time at all, 2 or 3 loaves of warm bread, smeared with butter, honey or jam, were consumed.

There were weekly house meetings to discuss various issues, to make chore and cooking assignments, and address whatever minor grievances might be festering. I remember sitting around in the living room during one such meeting, and the topic of eating meat came up. Scott Weber, who was on the cross country team, strongly stated that he needed meat, as the calories he was burning were high, and therefore his energy level and weight (he was a skinny guy to

begin with) were dropping. After some heated debate (may I say imploring by Scott), the group consensus was that he would need to eat some meals on campus in order to get his meat, and the house would remain vegetarian.

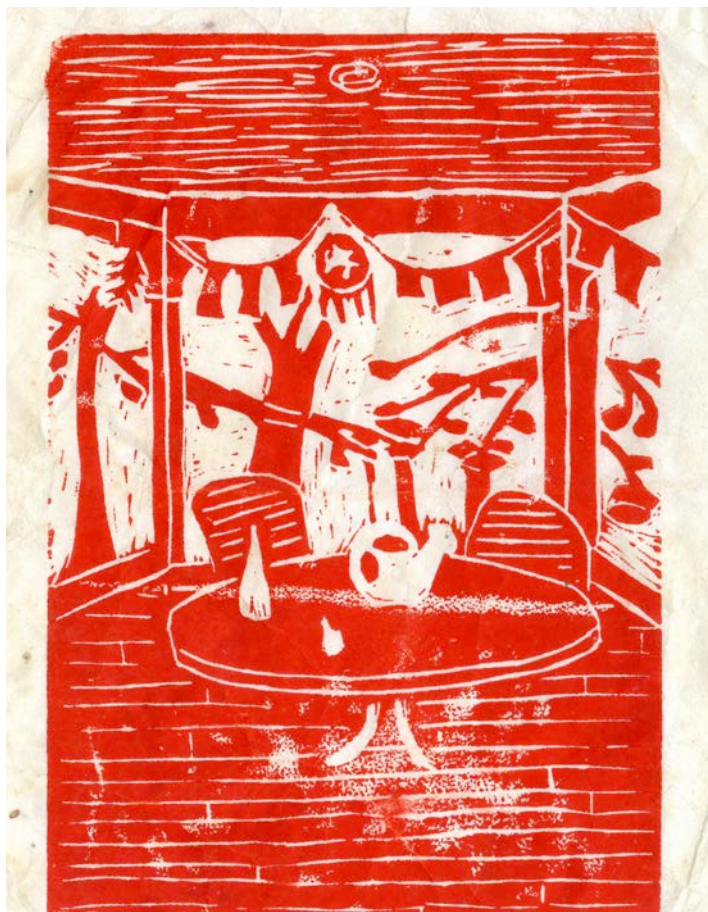
The house had a casual natural history museum in a small first floor room, where various stuffed carcasses of birds and small mammals, turtle shells, skeletons and bones, fungi, and other interesting things pulled out of the Arb were kept. I believe for part of my sophomore year at the house, Fred Harris chose this room to sleep in, I suppose getting some comfort from the number of organisms (albeit dead) co-habiting with him. Paul Conklin had a snake, whose name escapes me at the moment, but every once in a while when arriving back at the house from campus, there would be a note on the door, stating that the snake had gotten out of his cage, and we should all check under our pillows before climbing into bed. The living room had a stuffed great blue heron standing in one corner, an old upright piano, some pretty ratty looking furniture, bookshelves full of field guides, poetry books, writings by Aldo Leopold, John Muir, Rachel Carson, and a stuffed loon whose neck was loose so its head twirled around.

Each quarter, rooms were swapped, so that folks had a chance to mix it up. One quarter my junior year, Scott Weber, Becki Marty, Ben McLuckie and I lived in the first floor quad. Ben would hit his alarm snooze button repeatedly, until finally one of us found something heavy enough to throw at him that would get him up. Five minutes later you could look out the window and see Ben running across the lawn, wild red hair jumping around his head, books in one arm, stuffing some breakfast item in his mouth as he ran to class, with only minutes to spare.

Two particularly fond memories I have are the sweat lodge we built out of pilfered building materials laying around the maintenance buildings. It was quite a sight to see on a January Saturday night, when 6 or 8 naked people would pile out of the sweat lodge in a cloud of steam, and then jump around in the sub-freezing temperatures by the light of the moon. One such night was really livened up when someone dared Ben McLuckie to roll around in the two feet of snow covering the lawn. After a quick roll, he leapt to his feet, and after some animated howling, we all dashed into the kitchen for hot mulled cider and

cookies. Another winter time occurrence involved the unauthorized use of a three wheel Cushman cart, that had a dumpster. We found it in one of the sheds with the keys in it. After filling it up with a bunch of snowballs, several of us climbed in and someone drove. Other Farmies manned stations behind trees or corners of the house, also suitably armed with snowballs. We then drove the Cushman around in a wild snowball fight. We were always amazed that even with the tire tracks all over the yard in the foot or two of snow, the maintenance staff did not remove the keys for several more weeks. I think we used the cart until it ran out of gas.

So in closing, I know for me, Farmhouse, where I lived my sophomore and junior years, and spring semester senior year, was an essential and crucial part of my Carleton experience. The friendships I made remain with me now, and the memories are alive and well. So I hope that the college administration realizes the importance of having such a living space for those students that choose to live on the wild side of campus.





Proof for a Meaningful Life

**By Rose Cherneff '13
and Chloe Zelkha '13**

If I'm happier in strong communities
If I find meaning in shared purpose
If I gain satisfaction from working with my hands
If I feel inspired, humbled, and calm when I live
among awesome beauty
If I seek beauty in place, relationships, and self
If I need activities that let me shut off my brain and
flow
If I enjoy leisure and working at a slower pace, and
having space
If meaningful structure, routine, and rituals comfort
me
If I wish to be my best self...
Then...

Bulk Foods

By Ben Hellerstein '12

A pantry full of oats in gallon jugs,
Dried black beans, whole-wheat flour, short-grain
rice —
No matter how the world incessant tugs
Across the bitter fields of snow and ice,
To that half-hidden box of chocolate chips
We come again in laughter every night,
In love — till, imperceptibly, it slips.
We're gone for good to things banal and trite,
Pre-packaged jobs and human interactions,
The daily business of this living life,
That stale, off taste of processed satisfactions.
But memory cuts wrappings like a knife:
The dishes always doing, never done;
The sweeter taste of things from scratch begun.

In This House, I Am Home

By Simone Childs-Walker '12

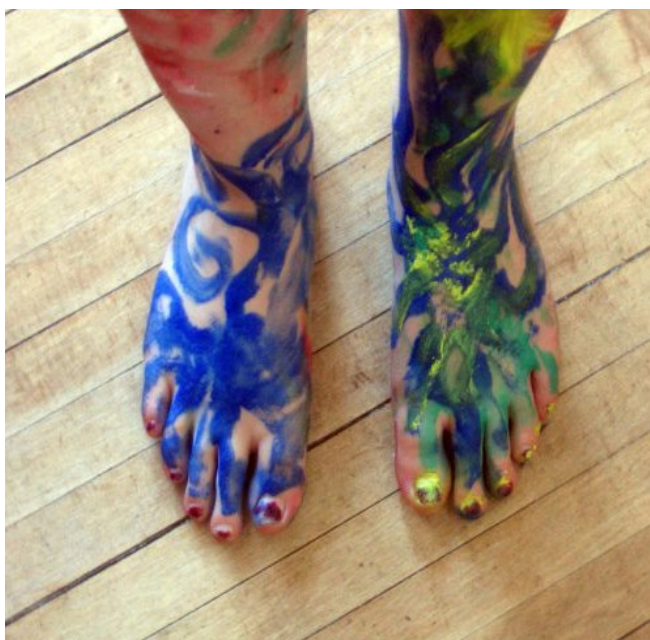
Farm House is a place I can call home: a place where I am comfortable to grow, a place that teaches me to live my dreams.

In this space, I have been viscerally, spiritually, nourished by the roll of bread dough beneath my palms. I have sung from my heart, in concert with other hearts (voices, banjos, accordions, guitars): the hammer of justice, the bell of freedom. I have sobbed, my heart ripped in two and tears spurting from the wound. I have dug into the gentle earth with my shovel and my bare toes and drawn, with all of you, new life into the sunlight.

In this community, I value and am valued, I am respected and respect. I find strength when, elsewhere, I don't know who or where I am.

There are dirty dishes; there are drunk people in my bathroom and rotten tomatoes in my basement – this is life.

But I am home. And life here teaches me to live my dreams.



**The 2011 Farmsgiving turkey's grave.
Rest in peace, sweet bird.**

Second Reading Day

**(THE DAY AFTER
FARMSGIVING)**

By Meg Holladay '14

From where I sit by my window
I can see the turkey's grave,
painted blue and green.
The thin sun of the coldening year
slants through gray afternoon clouds,
and chill comes in through the window.
Let us give thanks for our harvest
and our home, we sing
(the turkey bones are boiling to broth
downstairs).
I read all day but often
succumb to reverie instead.
Lord, gild my life,
like this sunlight,
like the love I've found
in this lonely land.
Econofoods and homemade beer,
twine and wire in the dying garden,
turkey blood like the
Haitian meat market, strength
in me biding its time, and the grand
arguments of Kant and Cone and a thousand
commentators:
it is all gold leaf.

Fondly, I Recall

By Emma Cohen '06

fondly, i recall

after dinner circle smoking a little pot on the porch at dusk outta glass & talking, just being together. listening to the barred owls holler across the woods. walking home through the prairie. the one time i saw 2 shooting stars & a deer on the path. dancing to the drum set in the basement. hanging sheets & skirts there to decorate for parties. shopping the co-op w/ patrick. buying/hating squash. wasting cash on the smoked string cheese. the farmgressives (my girls & i always served tequila shots w/salt & limes) -- one waking on the living room floor covered in body paint -- another we tried to streak our allied homes but the parties were elsewhere or downstairs. and we were a mess. eating hella kale cause that one tree kills everything but kale, & it was still sodexo, so. barefoot harvesting tomatoes into a big wood bowl. falling in deep friendship w/aj & andrew while we watched lord of the rings on a tiny screen in like 15-minute increments after dinner after getting high on the porch & in all the moments, all those other moments. talkin' previous farmies. rummaging. speculating. me & andrew getting freaked by a weird car in the parking lot, running upstairs. bling bling beling playing ornette on the piano for me again please. the big kitchen table. chase's big energy. mer's wisdom, cerulean. her hot chocolate that one time through the back door of the triple. making focaccia w/aj. sitting on the back stairs lookin' through the bathroom, the kitchen, the hallway. sunsets. sunrises. how one moment it was morning



Chloe "body-painter" Zelkha '13

on one side & sleepnight on the other.

with my stink eye, i remember us being scapegoated, not checked-in on. lacking heat. roving piss smells. folks not doing their dishes. folks eating seasonal & how suck that was. yogurt containers. folks only folks using farm as a place to isolate & hide, brew bad habits. the drying up of our kegs for some reason, like kegs were the problem instead'a something institutional, cultural, societal-at-large. people not knowing how to cook,

not knowing how... the smoke alarm waking the house at the drop of a proverbial hat.

fondly, i recall

that one time andrew & set off the small smoke alarm smoking pot and he sprayed the living room w/axe and nobody came any way.

fondly, i recall

once being handed an orange on the rightest moment of a mushroom trip, wearin' my blue dress. once i remember an old old farmie appearing just to see, just to recall it. fondly the big tree & the swing, jake's band playing wagon wheel for us inside, all of us dancing. making ice cream slow slow. cleaning the book shelves and discovering the books. the icy mice and the pricey device.

there used to be this carrot time, & andrew & i took it. & we keep it in our kitchens wherever we may go: crack house, the store, oakland CA. & aj comes over here in oakland & cooks me

boss meals & we drink wine, talk books, go to concerts: we are sweet old friends.

& in my fiction, in my play writes, there's an old house out in the woodspairie, old house called the ice box, & it's spooked out there, & walking all the way way way out to one of those parties is sure one helluva commitment.

Classic Farm

By Art Noyce '75

I lived at Farm House during my junior and senior years, and was “resident advisor” my senior year. I put that in quotes, as it was not exactly a tough job. We really were a group of co-equals with common (or at least overlapping) interests in the natural world. I recall meeting as a group occasionally in the living room, sitting on the floor or lounging on one of the many couches, mostly planning various outing events, Sunday potluck dinners (who to invite?) and how were we going to do a better job keeping the kitchen and “museum” room clean.

Speaking of couches, I especially fondly remember many nights spent sleeping on one end of the 20 foot long, five foot high wooden bed on the back porch that we hauled out (in one piece – how did we do it?) from my Myers 4th floor room. Most of the time, though, I shared the one-room quad with Steve LeClerq, Ed Swain and Jim Evans (and who else during those two years?). What great windows!

Food memories are strong, too, especially learning to make real Chai tea from scratch, which we made in bulk in the large coffee pots. I can't remember which of the more cosmopolitan Farmies had already been to India (and who knows where else) and learned to make chai and all those wonderful vegetarian far eastern dishes. Those many, many Sunday night potlucks with visitors, is a fond, if somewhat fuzzy memory.

Birdwatching in the Arb, jogging and skiing there, Frisbee in the backyard (pre-ultimate Frisbee; is that possible?), the incredible smell of lilacs everywhere.

As Karen Noyce ('75, also a Farmie) and I sit at our own farmhouse kitchen in northern Minnesota, almost 40 years later, we marvel at how much a part of us the Farmhouse still is. Nancy Nist's woodblock hangs on the wall and we feel lucky to still have close friends from there. Living as close to the outdoors as we can and getting our hands either in the garden dirt or out in the forest making trails, are the times that have always helped make us feel more whole.

I do believe that the friends and experiences of the Farm House, its welcoming ambience and the passions for caring for the earth and all its critters (including people – some of us were psychology and sociology majors – not just rock heads like me) helped guide my future life's journey. Knowing that Farm House has continued and expanded all these years, and has similarly been a home to so many people is an even better feeling.



In the fall, we harvest the food planted the previous school year, by friends who may not even be at Carleton anymore. In the spring, we plant ourselves. We swim in the Cannon. We spend whole days out on the porch or swinging on the tire swing. On the best days, we open all the doors and windows, and its hard to see the difference between the house at the yard.



Farm in 1990. Unfortunately, we are laying this out during reading days and can't fully research who is in every picture, but if you're curious or want to share, contact a current resident! The house manager for 2012-13 is Guthrie Cunningham.

The Mess and Clutter that I Came to Love

By David Wiesler '83

I was a Farm House resident my senior year 1982-83. Farm House was ostensibly the natural history interest house then, but I think it was reincarnating itself as the last bastion of hippie folkies on campus. In prior years there had been a real strong focus on natural history, and I'd gone with the club on field trips to Lake Pepin, to Sheyenne National Grassland to watch prairie chickens, and other places. But our year most of us were as interested in folk music, organic gardening, and vegetarian cooking as we were in prairie restoration, birding, or wildflower identification. When I read some time back that the house had become a sustainable living house, I thought, "Well, that was the trajectory it was on, for sure."

What was Farm House like then?

On my first visit to the house my junior year, I was treated to a meal of tuna lasagna with spinach noodles (they were still eating fish then), which we ate with chopsticks while sitting cross-legged on the living room floor, surrounded by venerable taxidermy projects from years past. Dinner conversation was far-reaching, but included the latest news of the prairie restoration, lots of foreign travel stories, and issues about modeling heat flow in houses, a difficult task for 1982-vintage computers.

Farm House's dining room had long since been turned into a museum of natural history objects. There were several old refrigerators at various times in the house, the freezers of which were usually filled with dead animals to be stuffed when time presented. Word was that the housekeeping staff was scared to come in and clean the place thoroughly, because it was all too easy to break the neck of some stuffed great blue heron or such while trying to dust or tidy up the considerable mess. Consequently, the house had a well-worn sheen of dust and cooking oil and

a tremendous amount of clutter that I gradually came to love, or at least not to notice.

I was hooked.

In my year there, I think we did less work in natural history than previous years. A handful of us got involved in prairie burns and plantings, clearing out the forest around some old burr oaks in the arb, impromptu birding trips to, e.g., Hawk Ridge to catch the fall hawk migration. And some of us stayed on during the summer to staff Prairie and Wood, the natural history day camp for kids. The focus of Farm House life, though, was undoubtedly the kitchen: fresh bread twice a week; trekking down to the co-op with backpacks to fetch produce and 50-lb bags of whole wheat flour; learning how to cook vegetarian meals for fourteen; and debating how to spice them (opinions ranging from “none” to “if I can’t see the cayenne in the food, it’s not enough”). A large cadre of us were also into folk music. Bill Staines and Stan Rogers sang for us as we cooked, we hosted regular Picking and Grinning song sessions at the house, and we put on a day-long outdoor folk music festival, FarmStock, in the spring. (I think our year was its second year. How long it continued after us I don’t know.)

My year at Farm House probably shaped my adult life more than any other year. There’s a certain intensity that comes from sharing space and meals with thirteen other people. It can be trying, as when you hear every alarm clock going off in the morning, or when dinner is late (one of mine was late by two hours!), or when you can only get privacy by pitching a tent in the Arb. It can be frustrating, as when you hold a house meeting and can’t reach any consensus for hours on some issue. But it can also be serendipitous, as when you come home late from working on your senior comps project to find someone has fired up the sweat lodge, so you can unwind with a sauna, a couple of rolls through the snow, and some hot cocoa around the kitchen table. And when you’re sharing the space with people who share so many of the values you have values about protecting and celebrating the earth, about living well, about learning, about service then it can be a true joy.

Finding Farm

By Tim Hampton '01

I didn’t even know Farm House existed until 3rd term freshman year when I met Andy, randomly, on the Hill of 3 Oaks, where big life changes had taken us both to reflect. He had decided to leave Carleton, but he was a Farmie and invited me over for tea. I loved the community and sharing that occurred there, and I ended up living there the following year. Not only did I learn to cook in new ways, have fun on room progressives, throw art parties, and use construction detritus for furnishings, but I took away a love for communal living as something that is painfully missing from American culture. Whenever possible, I’ve chosen to live in community since then, and 2 years ago my love and I started a new communal house in DC, where we are still living happily, now with a daughter, and very much inspired by the shared generosity of spirit that, for me, began at Farm House.

Farm Memories

By Chloe Zelkha '13

Overalls making in the sun in my underwear and banging pots barefoot in the rainstorm.
 My 20th birthday in Parr. Dancing hard and playing family.
 My Brainstorming Kit.
 “Take me for a ride in the car car!” on the Woody Guthrie mobile, ah-wooo-gah!
 “Long Shadows” and Dweeze in the deer suit. Playing with squash on the ground.
 Sitting across from Rose cross-legged on my bed. Eating peanut sauce pasta on Haley’s blanket under the tree.
 Josh Ritter bandemonium, a Dream Board, double dates shirts in a scramble, falling in love.
 Sunflower showering and screaming at the cold.
 Vestofests. Rap battles. Balancing on the spools. Lots of bodypaint. Story-telling. Being so proud at Alex’s comps.
 Singing with Jon every night after dinner. “Piece of My Heart,” “Old Man,” knowing “Helplessly Hoping” by the first chord, Jon always losing his pick and emptying out his pockets...
 Screaming Macy Gray in the kitchen and banging on the table late into the night
 Thursday nights, sitting in a tight circle, “The Messiah Will Come Again,” “Bramble and the Rose,” “Atlantis.” Writing Isabel’s comps. Collages. Laughing a lot.

Singing at the Door of the Moon

By Kaitlin Justin '10

Wednesday, May 14, 2008

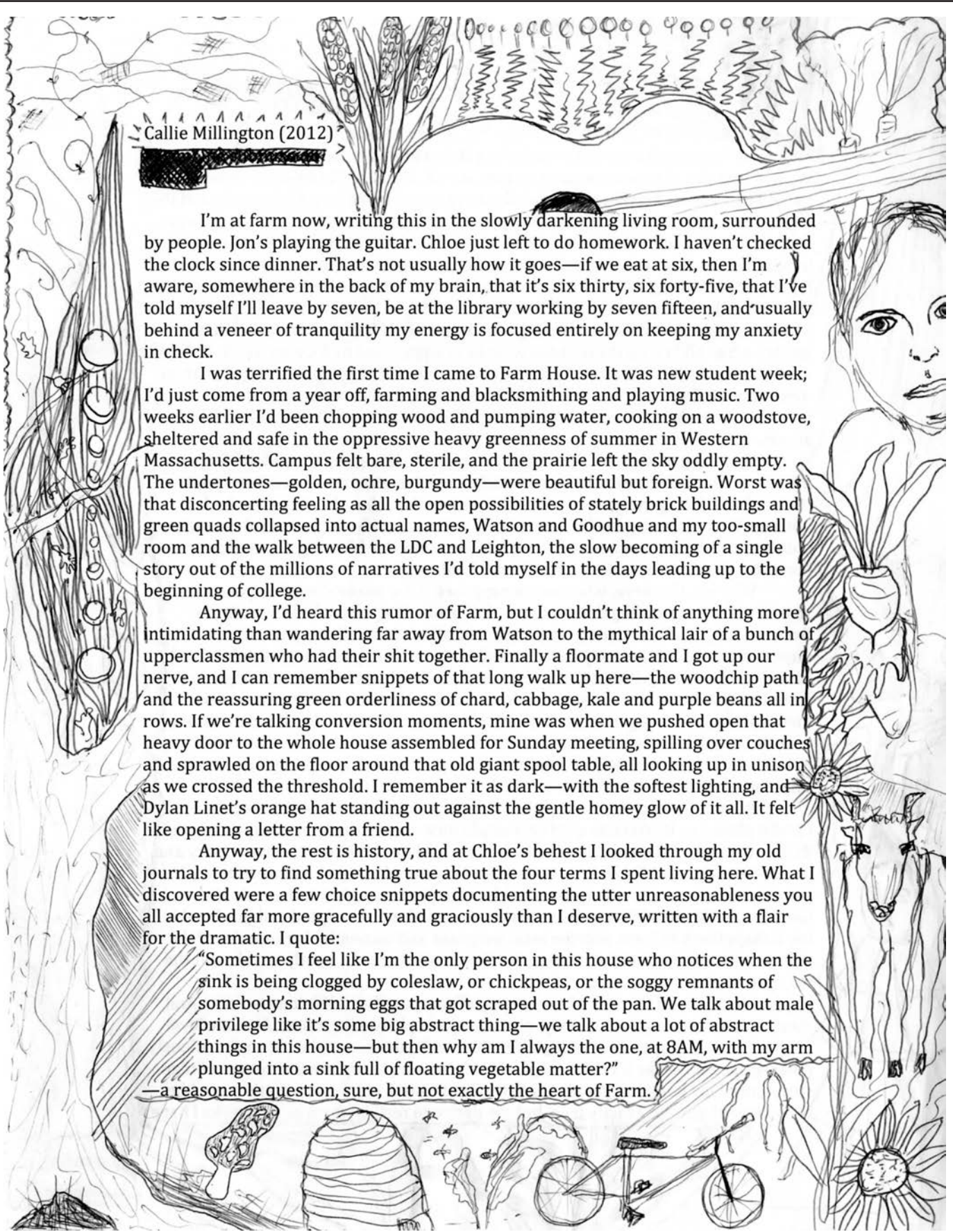
Sunset came and I decided it was better if I didn't think about time, just let go, even if it took a couple more hours to settle into the groove... I decided to let the stars tell me when it was time to come home. At the end of the forest there is a marsh, thick with dark blue mud, and at the end of the marsh there is a stand of red pines. I went through the pines, which cultivate a floor of cool dust beneath their needles, and saw the highway ahead. It was that twilight hour when you hold your breath for the light to leave you, but it disappears agonizingly slowly until it can slink away unnoticed. At trail's end I saw an old path leading towards the waters. It was barely visible but seemed dry enough. Down by the water the black tracks of opossums and raccoons are punched into the earth, the trees have been dead so long they have become nurseries, and the deer lower their fragile heads to sip. There is a gloomy, clayish smell that drapes the air with a kind of enchanted heaviness, like elves have been there. I followed two of them, taking care to become preoccupied with other things when my attention was too much for them to bear.

... Little paths made by little feet traced through the dark tangled locks of the forest. When I used to walk in the woods with my mother, we would sometimes glimpse the beginning of these paths when we were lost. "It's only a deer run," she would say when she realized they were not part of the main trail. I asked why we didn't follow them. "They don't lead anywhere." And it's true that many of them seem to trail off right as you think you're getting someplace, leaving you knee-deep in poison ivy or mud or thorns. But the paths always lead somewhere. They lead to places that are important to the deer, not to humans. The path I followed took me through the marsh into a thicket of tall shrubs with wispy arms. I know from my past experiences with deer that they have an enormous aesthetic sense, and a very particular one. They love delicate, silvery plants that are thickest just above their bodies, so that they

can move freely beneath the boughs but still remain hidden. These glades are often found in moist areas, secondary growth, and abandoned, lonely sites. I knew when I saw the fine leaves shivering under the first stars that this was one room in the deer-home. After emerging from the hallway, I came out under a high ceiling of sky vaulted with oak trees. The field was rich in marsh grasses so thick it was like walking on a bed of hay. It was completely open, but surrounded on two sides by the marsh and the river. An owl sentinel watched my appearance carefully, silently moving from gray tree to gray tree. I saw the yellow-white dead grass where the deer lay down to sleep, probably nearly every night. They were there again, three this time, watching me from the edge of the clearing. I let them go and enjoyed being utterly and completely lost... The halfmoon was rising and I had a luxurious four miles of walking to get back to my house.

Today I went to a poetry reading... After the reading we discussed the Chinese idiom "knock or push," which comes from a story about a poet who was debating the use of these two words in a poem. The monk knocked at the door of the moon or the monk pushed at the door of the moon? Q says that the word you prefer tells you something about your personality. To knock at the door means you expect someone to be inside. To push at the door means you expect the moon to be empty. I expect solitude. David said he preferred singing to knocking or pushing. The monk sang at the door of the moon.

I am very peaceful these days. Sometimes intense gratefulness comes upon me, followed by intense sadness. I am grateful because people in my life love and care for me. I am sad because I do not know who I am anymore, and this makes me feel like I am sharing the room of my soul with a wandering stranger. I would sit down and talk to her, but I worry she will make me cry if I try to comfort her. Tomorrow I will cook dinner for my house and write a bit more...



Callie Millington (2012)

I'm at farm now, writing this in the slowly darkening living room, surrounded by people. Jon's playing the guitar. Chloe just left to do homework. I haven't checked the clock since dinner. That's not usually how it goes—if we eat at six, then I'm aware, somewhere in the back of my brain, that it's six thirty, six forty-five, that I've told myself I'll leave by seven, be at the library working by seven fifteen, and usually behind a veneer of tranquility my energy is focused entirely on keeping my anxiety in check.

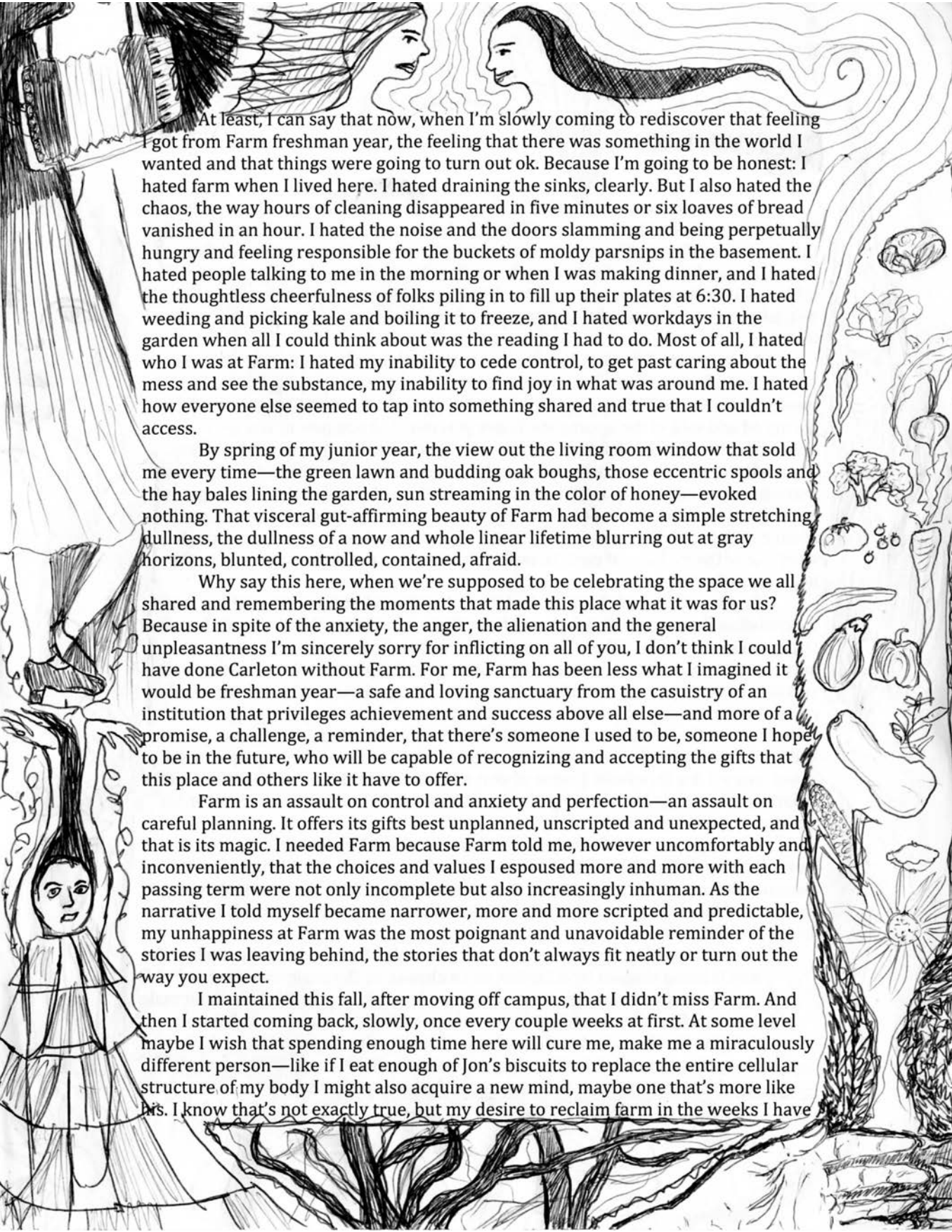
I was terrified the first time I came to Farm House. It was new student week; I'd just come from a year off, farming and blacksmithing and playing music. Two weeks earlier I'd been chopping wood and pumping water, cooking on a woodstove, sheltered and safe in the oppressive heavy greenness of summer in Western Massachusetts. Campus felt bare, sterile, and the prairie left the sky oddly empty. The undertones—golden, ochre, burgundy—were beautiful but foreign. Worst was that disconcerting feeling as all the open possibilities of stately brick buildings and green quads collapsed into actual names, Watson and Goodhue and my too-small room and the walk between the LDC and Leighton, the slow becoming of a single story out of the millions of narratives I'd told myself in the days leading up to the beginning of college.

Anyway, I'd heard this rumor of Farm, but I couldn't think of anything more intimidating than wandering far away from Watson to the mythical lair of a bunch of upperclassmen who had their shit together. Finally a floormate and I got up our nerve, and I can remember snippets of that long walk up here—the woodchip path and the reassuring green orderliness of chard, cabbage, kale and purple beans all in rows. If we're talking conversion moments, mine was when we pushed open that heavy door to the whole house assembled for Sunday meeting, spilling over couches and sprawled on the floor around that old giant spool table, all looking up in unison as we crossed the threshold. I remember it as dark—with the softest lighting, and Dylan Linet's orange hat standing out against the gentle homey glow of it all. It felt like opening a letter from a friend.

Anyway, the rest is history, and at Chloe's behest I looked through my old journals to try to find something true about the four terms I spent living here. What I discovered were a few choice snippets documenting the utter unreasonableness you all accepted far more gracefully and graciously than I deserve, written with a flair for the dramatic. I quote:

"Sometimes I feel like I'm the only person in this house who notices when the sink is being clogged by coleslaw, or chickpeas, or the soggy remnants of somebody's morning eggs that got scraped out of the pan. We talk about male privilege like it's some big abstract thing—we talk about a lot of abstract things in this house—but then why am I always the one, at 8AM, with my arm plunged into a sink full of floating vegetable matter?"

—a reasonable question, sure, but not exactly the heart of Farm.



At least, I can say that now, when I'm slowly coming to rediscover that feeling I got from Farm freshman year, the feeling that there was something in the world I wanted and that things were going to turn out ok. Because I'm going to be honest: I hated farm when I lived here. I hated draining the sinks, clearly. But I also hated the chaos, the way hours of cleaning disappeared in five minutes or six loaves of bread vanished in an hour. I hated the noise and the doors slamming and being perpetually hungry and feeling responsible for the buckets of moldy parsnips in the basement. I hated people talking to me in the morning or when I was making dinner, and I hated the thoughtless cheerfulness of folks piling in to fill up their plates at 6:30. I hated weeding and picking kale and boiling it to freeze, and I hated workdays in the garden when all I could think about was the reading I had to do. Most of all, I hated who I was at Farm: I hated my inability to cede control, to get past caring about the mess and see the substance, my inability to find joy in what was around me. I hated how everyone else seemed to tap into something shared and true that I couldn't access.

By spring of my junior year, the view out the living room window that sold me every time—the green lawn and budding oak boughs, those eccentric spools and the hay bales lining the garden, sun streaming in the color of honey—evoked nothing. That visceral gut-affirming beauty of Farm had become a simple stretching dullness, the dullness of a now and whole linear lifetime blurring out at gray horizons, blunted, controlled, contained, afraid.

Why say this here, when we're supposed to be celebrating the space we all shared and remembering the moments that made this place what it was for us? Because in spite of the anxiety, the anger, the alienation and the general unpleasantness I'm sincerely sorry for inflicting on all of you, I don't think I could have done Carleton without Farm. For me, Farm has been less what I imagined it would be freshman year—a safe and loving sanctuary from the casuistry of an institution that privileges achievement and success above all else—and more of a promise, a challenge, a reminder, that there's someone I used to be, someone I hope to be in the future, who will be capable of recognizing and accepting the gifts that this place and others like it have to offer.

Farm is an assault on control and anxiety and perfection—an assault on careful planning. It offers its gifts best unplanned, unscripted and unexpected, and that is its magic. I needed Farm because Farm told me, however uncomfortably and inconveniently, that the choices and values I espoused more and more with each passing term were not only incomplete but also increasingly inhuman. As the narrative I told myself became narrower, more and more scripted and predictable, my unhappiness at Farm was the most poignant and unavoidable reminder of the stories I was leaving behind, the stories that don't always fit neatly or turn out the way you expect.

I maintained this fall, after moving off campus, that I didn't miss Farm. And then I started coming back, slowly, once every couple weeks at first. At some level maybe I wish that spending enough time here will cure me, make me a miraculously different person—like if I eat enough of Jon's biscuits to replace the entire cellular structure of my body I might also acquire a new mind, maybe one that's more like his. I know that's not exactly true, but my desire to reclaim farm in the weeks I have

left is also a commitment to myself to cede control, to rediscover the parts of the story I've tuned out, to recover what pieces I can of the person I was before Carleton and to begin to fuse them into the person I hope to be.

It's slow and messy and not every night feels quite right, and it's hard for me to accept that my voyage back to you all won't be perfect. After all, letting go of a narrative is never easy. But I'm doing my best to listen to the stories Farm House has to tell me, while I'm still around to hear them.

And as I write these words and look up at the warm messy people in this warm messy living room, I know that this is enough: I'm still here, and I haven't checked the clock.



The Joys of a Good House Meeting

By Aaron Dorfman '92

It's been 20 years now since I lived in Farm House, and the memories are still strong. That place shaped me in wonderful ways and was the perfect way to spend my senior year at Carleton.

I remember the incredible sense of community and of common purpose. How the house was a center for social justice and environmental activism of all kinds.

I remember the division of chores. How each member of the house cooked with a partner once per week and also had one other significant task such as baking bread, making the soy milk or making the granola.

I remember the water-conserving, hand scribbled signs on the toilets: *If it's yellow let it mellow, if it's brown flush it down.*

I remember how we fed ourselves healthy, mostly organic food for \$20 per week per person by buying flour in 50 pound sacks and beans in 25 pound sacks that the coop delivered.

And with all the great memories, there are also memories that are funny, annoying and perhaps unique to Farm House. Who can forget the joy of a good house meeting? Our meetings would sometimes go on for hours and hours! Our commitment to good "process" sure took a lot of time.

There was one particular night I recall when we debated for at least three hours about whether or not it was acceptable to use a car to do the weekly shopping for fresh fruits and vegetables. I was more than willing to let any resident of the house borrow my car to do the shopping. But some members of the house earnestly felt that it was wrong to use any fossil fuels while shopping for the house. They didn't just think it was wrong for them, personally, to use the car. They felt it was

wrong for any member of our house to use the car while meeting the needs of the house. Instead, they wanted to insist that we all use a bicycle trailer—built by a member of the house—that could carry many bags of groceries. Our compromise, after hours of debate, was that it was up to the conscience of the person who was on shopping duty. If she or he wanted to use Simon's bicycle trailer, they were welcome to borrow it. And if she or he wanted to use my car and felt justified in doing so, it was allowed.

Debates like that seem crazy, and they are to some extent. Yet those kinds of debates were a way to learn to really hear differing points of view. Our desire for consensus, while not very efficient, taught me a new way of really seeing and respecting other viewpoints. Those skills have served me well throughout two decades of social justice activism. There are times for voting and times for hardball politicking. And there are also times when it is important to really work through the issues honestly felt by members of your community. Farm House was a great place to learn about those elements of democracy and community.



A gloriously bearded Farm resident from 1977-78. Truly, such facial hair is a credit to the house. (Photo: Carleton College Archives.)

Reflections



ABOVE: Henri Sandifer '15, a future Farmie.



LEFT: (top) Alex Lai '13, getting ready for Vestofest; (middle) I'm pretty sure someone just found this picture in the piano bench; (bottom) Early fall term, before the chronic food anxiety sets in.

BELOW: Sebastian Bouknight '14, another future resident.



The COLOR Pages

It turns out that printing in full color is pretty expensive. But Farm House is a really colorful place, so we couldn't let this publication go to press without at least a few full-color pages. Here you can find out the fastest way to get from campus to Farm House (the result of many months of painstaking research), learn how to build a tire swing, and enjoy some of the best photos from the past forty years of Farm House.

////////////////////////////////////



LEFT: The pantry.

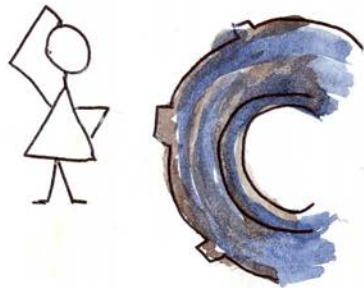
MIDDLE RIGHT: Farm House in the snow. (Photo: Brian Levy '97.)

BOTTOM RIGHT: A house party, 2012.

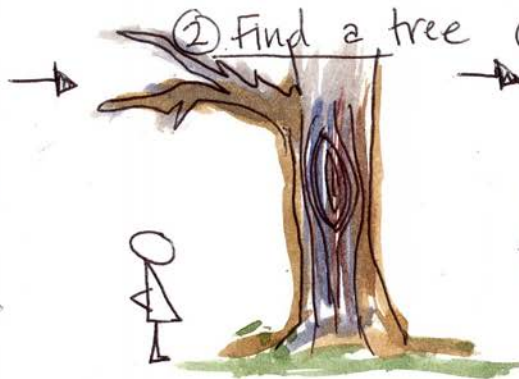


How to build a tire swing (TIME MACHINE!)

① Find a tire



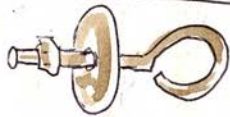
② Find a tree



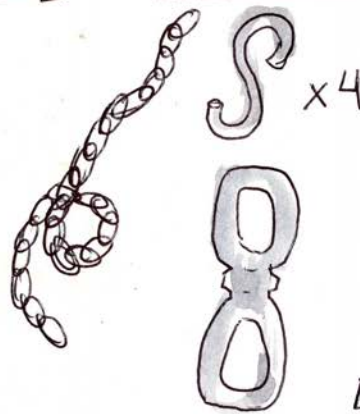
③ Drill 3 holes in tire



④ Put eye hooks and nuts into tire holes



⑤ Find chain, S hooks, and swivel



⑥ Assemble

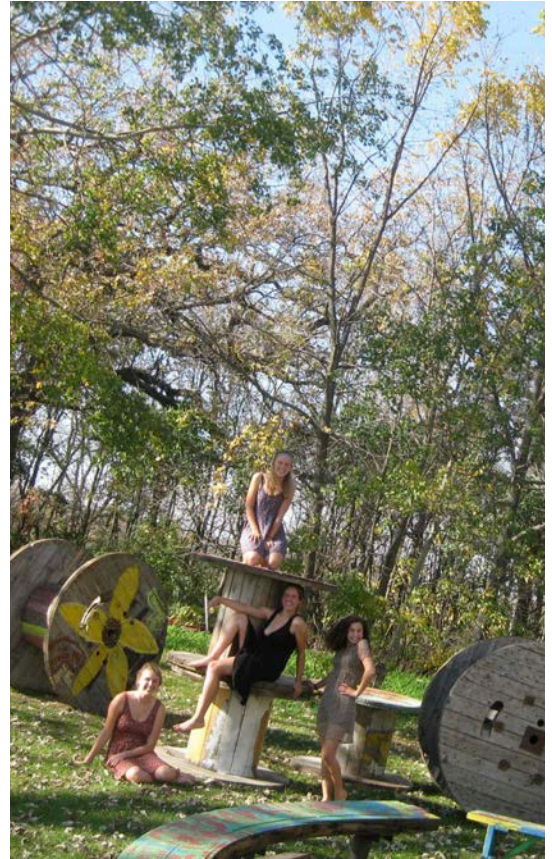


⑦ Enjoy.





Chloe Zelkha '13 and Rose Cherneff '13 with the squash harvest.



ABOVE: Farm House women pose with giant spools.

LEFT: Irene Hussey '12 with another giant spool.





**ABOVE: Farmstock 1982.
(Photo: Scott Weber '82.)**

**LEFT: Farm House residents,
1996. (Photo: Brian Levy
'97.)**



**ABOVE: Dressing up as the water
cycle for Halloween 1994. (Photo:
Becca Louisell '96.)**

**BELOW: Peter Pan Halloween
costumes, Fall 2010.**



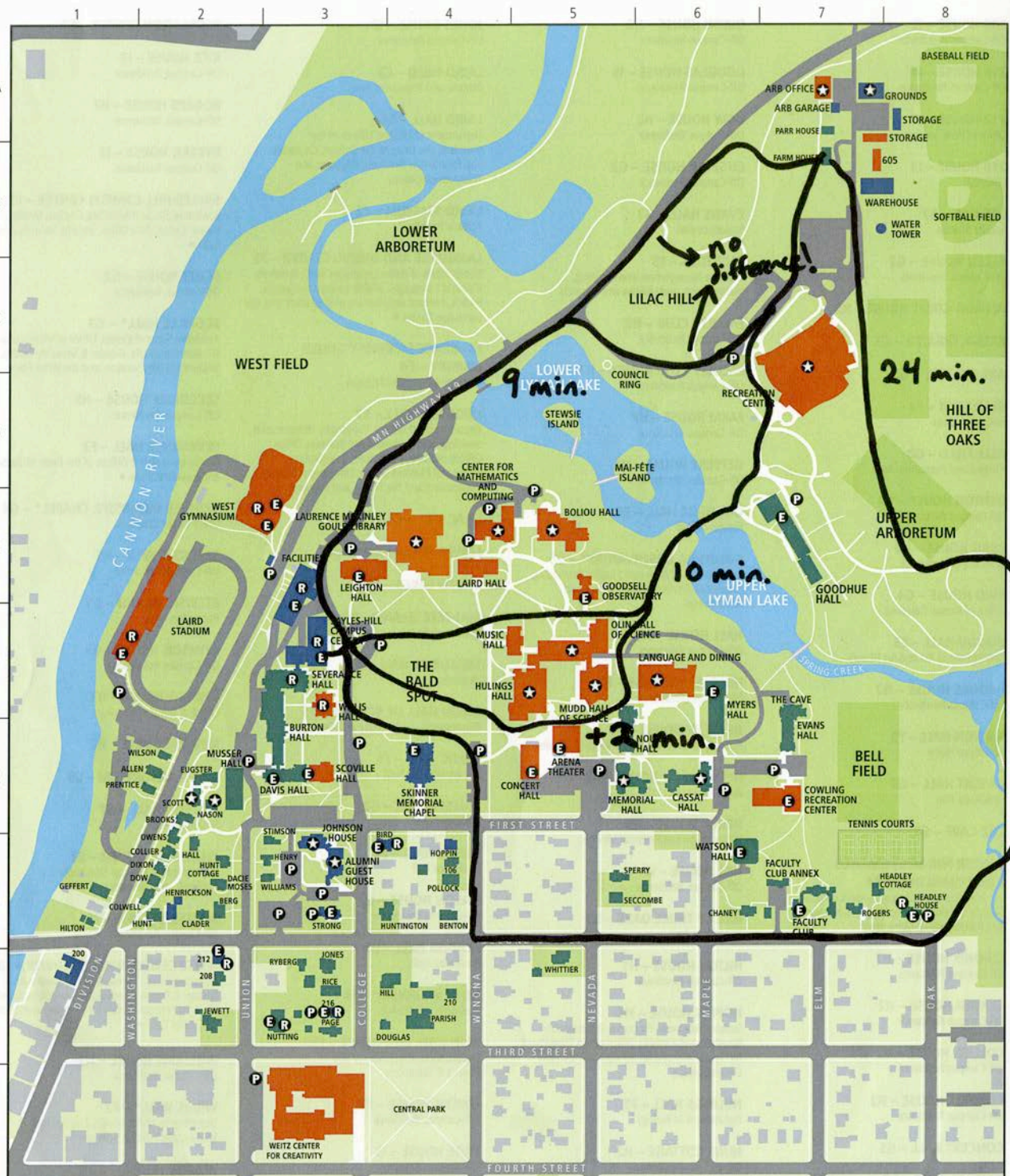
ABOVE: Farm House with kale, circa 2008.

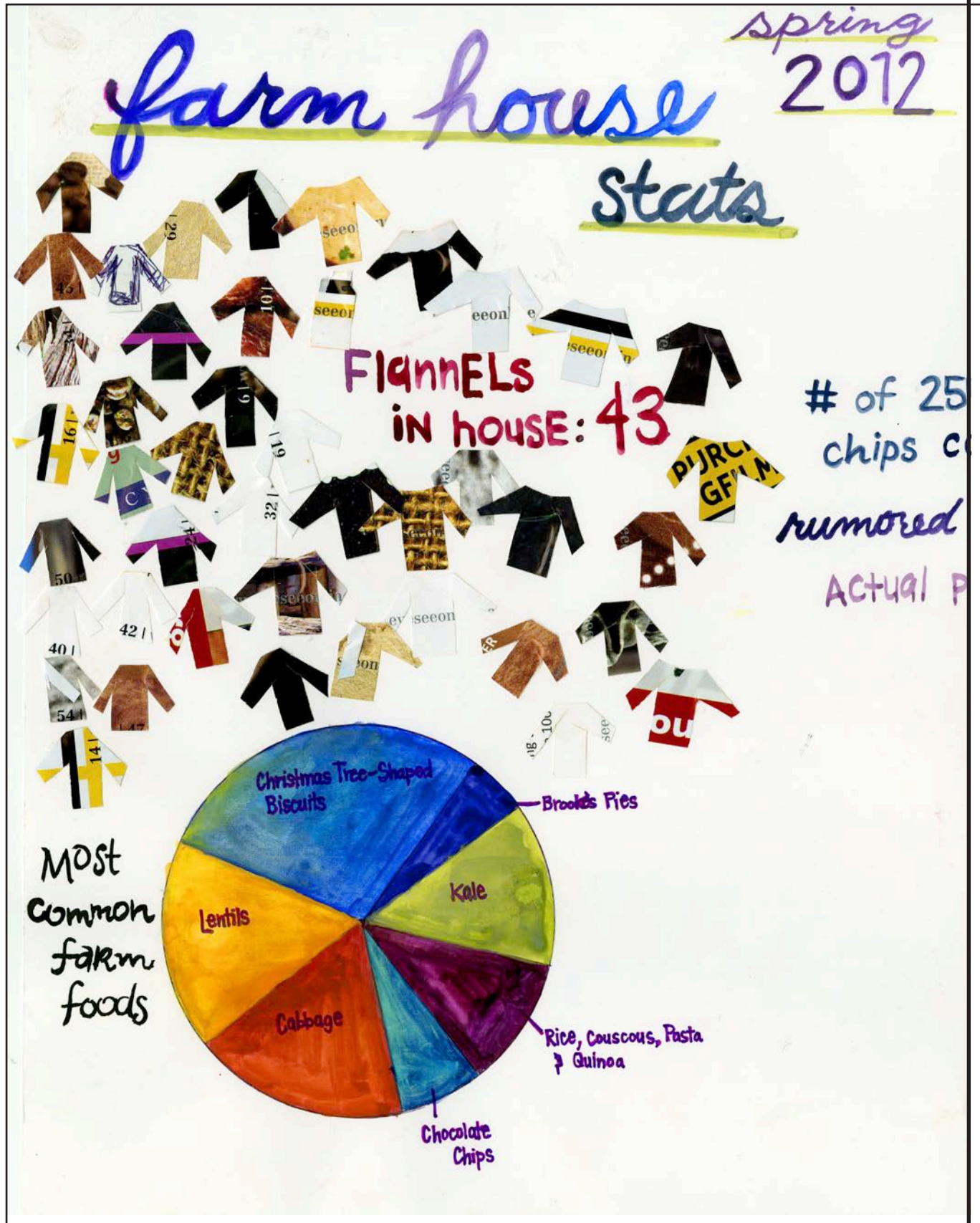


**ABOVE: Celebrating a successful prank against CA-
NOE House, Spring 2012.**

Carleton College *A very scientific study of how long it takes to get to farm.*

By Alex Korsunsky '12

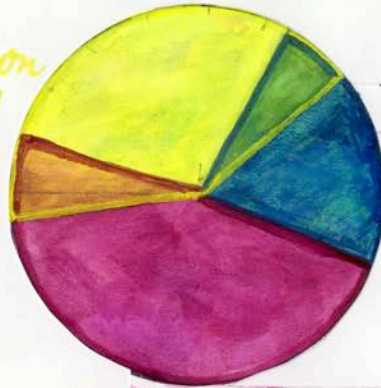




MAJORS

of Residents: 17

Religion 7



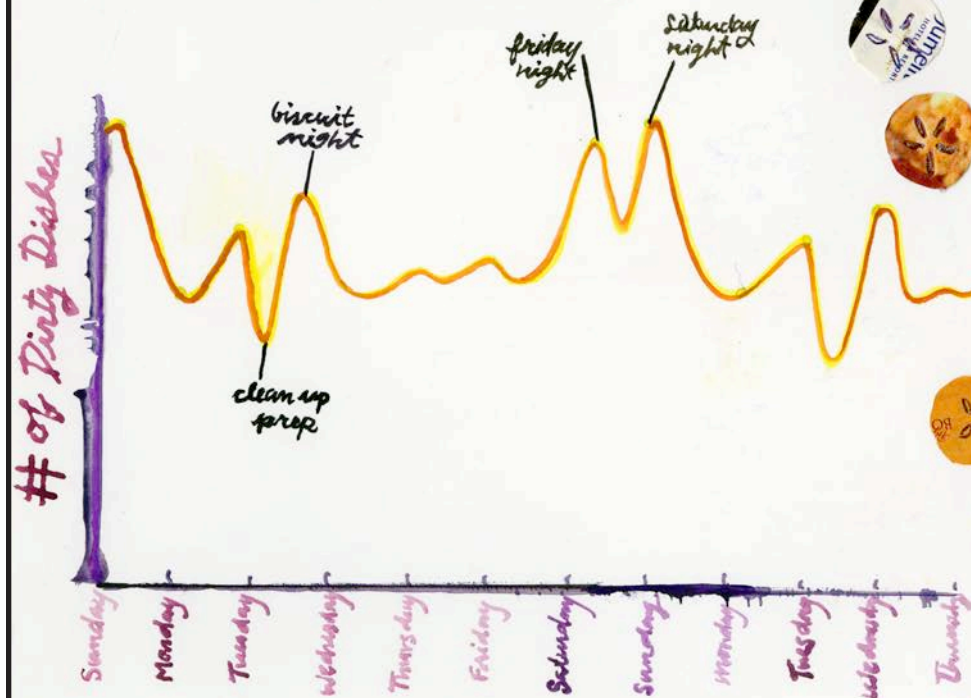
Environmental Studies 4

Other: English, Solm, Math, Physics, Biology, Am. Studies, Studio Art, Chemistry 7

Boxes of chocolate consumed/term: 2

price/box: \$350

price/box: \$110.03 w/ 10% discount



Pies at
farms
giving

(Thanks-giving at farm)

18

By Lauren Young '14



ABOVE: A birthday party, winter 2012.
TOP RIGHT: Ellen Drews '13 and Aurora Roth '13.
BOTTOM RIGHT: Yoga at sunset.



Family portrait at Vest-o-Fest, spring 2012 (with a few missing faces skillfully photo-shopped in).

Acknowledgments

First and foremost, we would like to thank the staff members of the Office of Alumni Relations (and especially Becky Zrimsek '89 and Naja Shabazz '05) for all of their invaluable assistance: putting us in touch with Farm House alums, helping us deal with all of the financial and technical logistics, and providing a number of useful suggestions as we developed our vision for this project. Thanks also to Nat Wilson in the Carleton College Archives for his help in locating and digging through the college's collections of old photos, blueprints, and audio recordings. And thank you to Nancy Braker '81 for being a wonderful house advisor and for sharing stories of Farm House days gone by.

A project of this scope wouldn't have been possible without the eager participation of many, many Farm House residents, who have contributed hours and hours of their time to creating, collecting, and editing submissions, contacting alums, talking to Printing and Mailing Services, and doing layout. Finally, we'd like to thank the Farm House alumni who responded so enthusiastically to our request for submissions. We find it inspiring to be part of such a long and rich Farm House tradition, and we hope this 'zine captures some small part of what it means to be a Farmie. Thank you.

FRONT COVER PHOTO: Farmstock, spring 1982. Courtesy Scott Weber '82.

PRINT ON TITLE PAGE AND BACK COVER: Allison Nist '75.



Farm reunion, anyone?

