



Vol. 2 WE FEED EACH OTHER



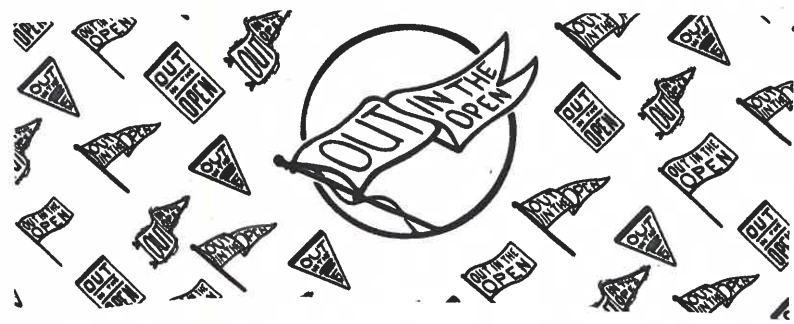
Out in the Open connects rural LGBTQ people to build community, visibility, knowledge, and power.

We envision a resilient community of communities that works toward the transformation of our economic, social, and political relationships. We are building a multi-issue social justice movement of rural LGBTQ people.

For more information about Out in the Open- visit, weareoutintheopen.org.

Vol. 2 Summer 2021

RURAL LGBTQ+ FOOD TRADITIONS



Our movements towards social justice are fueled by food, stories, stories shared around food and more. For our Rural LGBTQ+ community connecting around food and stories is healing, joyful, and is a place for us to share together, and to feed each other, both our bodies and our movement.

Out in the Open traditionally hosts Pride Family Cookout during June. Now we have a new tradition. Welcome to the second volume of the 'We Feed Each Other- Rural LGBTQ+ Food Traditions' zine. Although we could not come together in person during the Pandemic we want to share our stories, memories, and favorite recipes with our rural LGBTQ+ community.

Our history of liberation, healing, and fueling each other is led by Black Trans women. We are part of our history, led by those fueling those in and off the streets with nourishing, healing foods and stories.

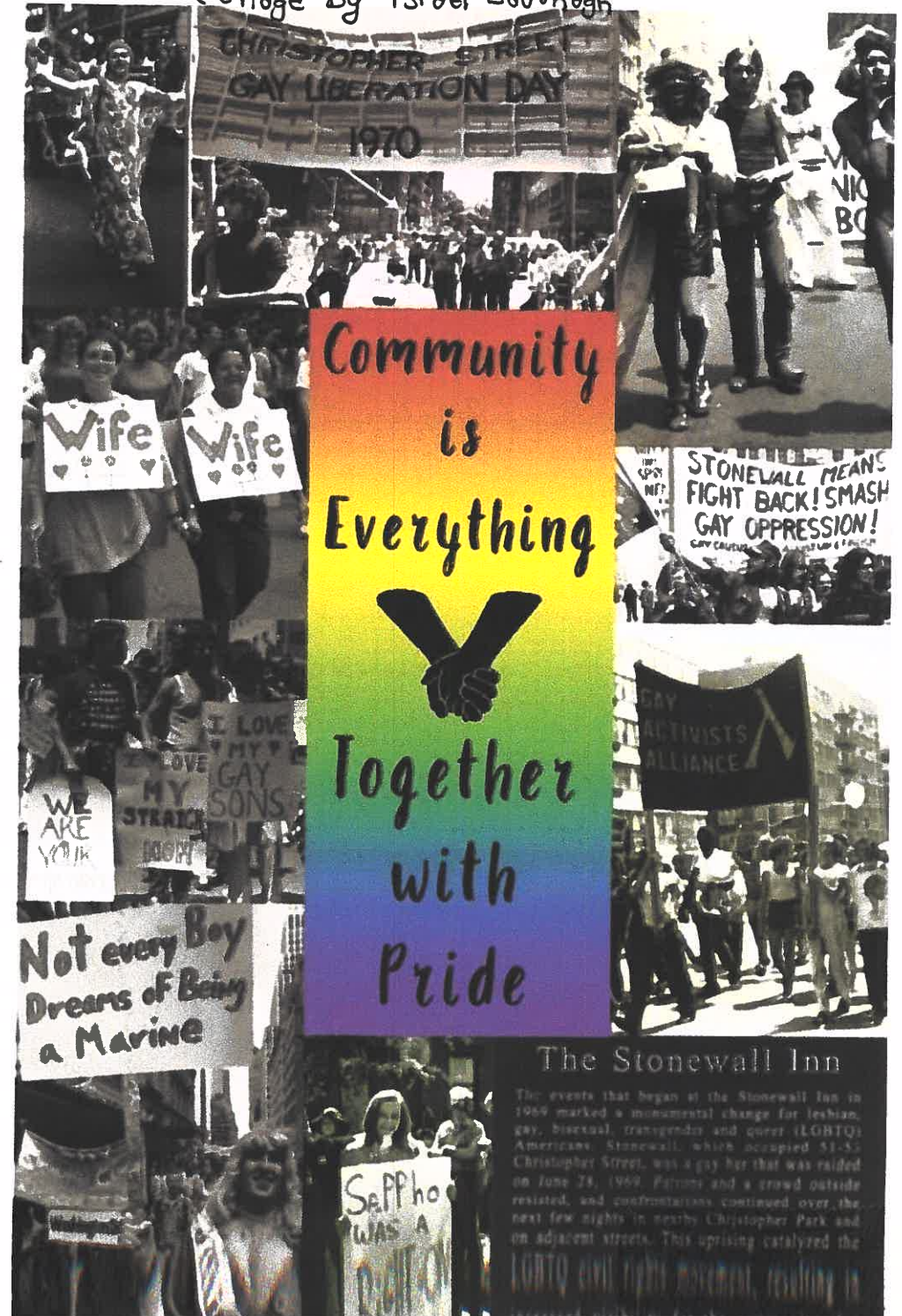
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Collage by Israel Cavanagh



The Stonewall Inn
 The events that began at the Stonewall Inn in 1969 marked a monumental change for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (LGBTQ) Americans. Stonewall, which occupied 51-53 Christopher Street, was a gay bar that was raided on June 28, 1969. Patrons and a crowd outside resisted, and confrontations continued over the next few nights in nearby Christopher Park and on adjacent streets. This uprising catalyzed the

Pride Month

Israel Cavanagh, She/Her, Saxtons River

Pride month is an amazing time of year for me, as I think it is for many. For me, Pride is a time of history, of protest, of truth. Being ourselves without apologizing. Remembering our roots, celebrating the achievements we've made, and honoring those who never got to see the fruits of their efforts and sacrifices come to pass. It's also a time of community.

Community is, in my opinion, the most powerful thing we have. It was community that helped educate me when I was young and unaware of the true diversity of human experience, community that held space for me while I began the questioning and self discovery process, and community that welcomed me through it all and validated my experiences. Community told me "You are good as you are, you are right, and you are wanted and loved."

Every Pride Month, especially, I feel the LGBTQ+ community around me, and more recently I have felt my local community through Out in the Open around me as we have connected through the difficult past year. Our community has made me feel stronger in these challenging times, and reminded me that we are never alone in our experiences. There is always someone out there who is willing to stand with you, hold space for you, and support you as best they can. And for our community, I am so thankful.

It was all of this that inspired my collage. Pictures of this history of our community, coming together in celebration and protest to drive change and support one another. Together, we are unstoppable. Happy

Pride everyone all year long

Green Mountain Crossroads Lucy Webb (she/they) Keene, NH

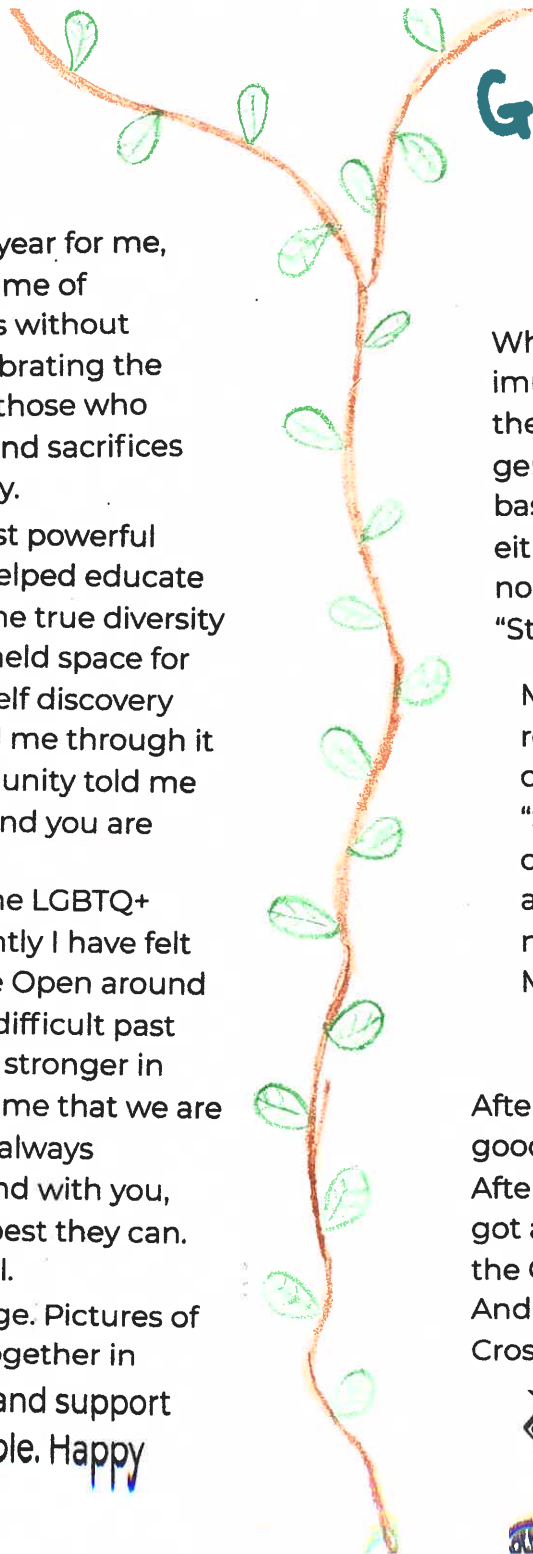
When I first found this recipe, my queer self made it immediately for my queer partner and his queer then-roommate, who I'd met doing a play about gender and mental health, like you do. The name of the base recipe was "Slutty Brownies," and that name was either too shamey or too cutesy, but either way, made no sense for this utterly perfect dessert. We renamed it "Stoner Heaven."

My partner then moved in with another queer roommate who I'd met through the same play, like you do, and we kept making this dessert, and decided that "Stoner Heaven" had the same amount of shame or cutesiness or both and still didn't actually mean anything. This dessert defies meaning, does not want a name that means anything. And so we called it "Green Mountain Crossroads," which made us giggle.

After a little while, I stopped making the dessert for no good reason.

After a little while longer, its namesake organization got a better name, one that meant something: Out in the Open.

And now the only thing named Green Mountain Crossroads is this dessert.



Cont. GMC

Ingredients:

- Cookie dough
- Brownie Batter
- Something else

Instructions: Get a square or rectangular pan and line it with parchment paper.

Put a layer of cookie dough in the bottom (however fancy you want; I just use store-bought chocolate chip cookie dough, but you might be a better, less hurried baker than I am).

Put a layer of something else on top of that (I have tried Oreos and both square and mini twist pretzels, but you are queer and creative; put in what you want. Pop Tarts? I don't know.).

Top that with a layer of brownie batter (I just use a mix, but you can use your queer great-aunt's recipe if you want).

Bake at 350 for as long as it takes for a toothpick to come out clean. That's supposedly 35-45 minutes if you use a 9x13 pan.

Let cool, then lift the whole slab out of the pan with the parchment paper and slice.

Cont. Tasty risotto

Instructions: 1. Gather all ingredients. This is important; you won't have a lot of downtime during the cook. Chop up your mix-ins, if any.

2. Mix up your stock and put it on the stove to heat up.

3. While that's heating, peel and dice the shallots.

4. Melt a hunk of butter (~1tbsp) in a big skillet, medium heat. Dump in them shallots. Give them a stir and let them go 'til they turn transparent.

5. Plop in the rest of your butter, cutting it up if there's a lot. Get it mostly melted, and then pour in all your rice on top. Stir, stir, stir: coat the rice with the butter as it toasts in the pan. Toasting rice is kind of weird; the grains turn a little translucent around the edges and start to smell kind of nutty and really nice. It takes maybe three minutes? Keep stirring, don't let them stick to the pan.

6. Optional deglaze! Scrape your rice/onion/butter stuff away from the center of the pan and pour in your alcohol, which should sizzle satisfyingly as it unsticks all the stuck bits! Scrape those lil bits up and stir again, get the pan all smooth on the bottom. I use a wooden rice paddle for optimum scrape-and-stir.

7. Pour in 1/2c-1c of your stock, enough to float the rice just a little, and stir! Lower the heat a touch. Now comes the fun part: cooking the rice in the stock, over a pan, means stirring A LOT. For the rice to cook evenly, it has to not clump up, and every grain needs a chance to be surrounded by liquid. It doesn't need to be constant, but you do need to stir thoroughly about every other minute as the stock bubbles away. When you start to see the pan as you stir, then it's time to add more stock! This will take 20-30 minutes and use up your stock, so keep it hot and ready.

8. Optional mix-ins! In between stirs, heat up another pan and fry up your mix-ins. My recommendation: render some chopped bacon and throw some mushrooms on top. Meat needs to be fully cooked before it goes in. Mushrooms and greens can be partially done.

9. At about 20 minutes, start tasting your rice. If it crunch, it's not done! It's best when there's just a little bite to it.

10. Once your rice puffs up and tastes tasty, fold in your mix-ins, stir, add one last 1/2c of stock, stir, and take it off the heat.

11. You thought I forgot the cheese!? I DID NOT. THIS is where you dump all that cheese in and stir WELL. Stir until it's all melted and stringy and you just can't stand it anymore.

12. Scoop into a bowl and then put your face in it.

Recipe Name: Tasty risotto for n+1 hungry folks!

Where is this recipe from: I mathed this one out from five or six "Genuine Italian Risotto" recipes on generic cooking websites with bad sourcing. And then I made it about twenty times and altered it along the way.

Eli (they/them), Brattleboro, VT

Ingredients:

PER PERSON:

- 1 cup arborio rice
- 2 cups chicken/veggie stock (1 packet or 2 lil cubes or 2 tsp of the various bouillons)
- 1 shallot or small onion
- 1/2 stick butter (4 tbsp)
- 3/4 cup parmesan cheese

OPTIONAL:

- 1/4 cup white wine, sake, cooking wine, any kinda alcohol that'll do well with rice
- 1/4-1/2 pound mix-ins: bacons, green veggies, mushrooms, fiddleheads, or whatever ya got!

This recipe scales up and makes great leftovers! My usual method is to double the above: 2 cups rice, 4 cups stock, 2 shallots, a stick of butter, 1.5c parm. Last week I made this for two households with 4c rice, 8c stock, 4 shallots, 2 sticks of butter, 3c parm, a cup of sake, a half-pound each of bacon and shiitake mushrooms. That was my best yet.

Memory/Story: This is my go-to "let me make you dinner" recipe. It's about the same effort to make for two, four, or eight people. We made it at my first Out in the Open board retreat, and Emily did so much stirring. Last week I made that double-portion with mushrooms and drove out into the woods of west Bratt to deliver to friends.

"What can I do?" "I don't know, there's so much." "Okay. Can I make you dinner?"

• This is what I show up with.

Vegan Banana + Tofu Cheesecake

Where is the recipe from: This is from the Common Ground Dessert Cookbook, postcard edition.

Apple S., Brattleboro, VT

If you want to treat a vegan, this has been my go-to for years. This operates through its thrillingly smooth texture that lets the astringency and acid of the banana and orange come through slowly. Take care to measure and blend well and it will deliver. I've never made this for a date but I think it would be good for that.

I like desserts to be sensual and hit hard, and this delivers on both. I eat desserts either to celebrate life or for when life feels unbearably ugly and unjust. Compared to dairy cheesecake you can eat a lot of this and it won't make you nauseous.

I've never been able to improve the recipe in any way, so I'm presenting it unchanged. The exact quantity of tofu can vary by a couple ounces and the OJ concentrate and water can be subbed with fresh (pulp-free!) orange juice.

Instructions: Crumble the graham crackers, mix with the oil and honey, and spread evenly across the bottom of a 10 inch round springform pan. Blend all filling ingredients except for tahini together until smooth and light. Stir in the tahini by hand. Pour the tofu-tahini mixture slowly over the crust in order not to stir up crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees F for 45 minutes until lightly browned and firm. You can serve it with fruit or fruit syrup but IMO it stands very well on its own.

Vegan Cheesecake cont.

Ingredients:

Crust:

- 1 package graham crackers
- 1/4c. olive / vegetable oil
- 1T (or more) honey

Filling:

- 18 oz tofu
- 3 average-sized bananas (probably need to be ripe)
- 3/8c. maple syrup
- 3/8c. frozen orange juice concentrate
- 3/8c. water
- 1&1/2T. lemon juice
- 1T vanilla
- pinch of salt
- dash of nutmeg
- 1/2c. tahini

mmm
dairy free
cheese



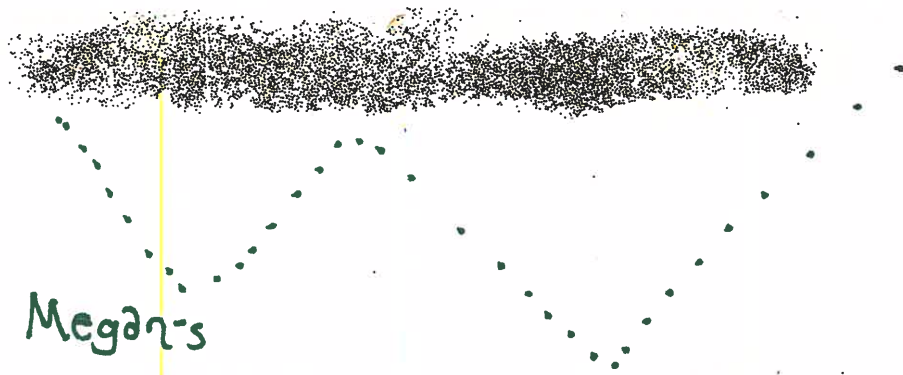
Yum!
= ♡

Veggie chickpea potato Soup cont.

Instructions:

1. Add 1/4 cup water or broth to pot and sauté both onion and garlic, cooking until golden. Add extra water if needed to keep from burning.
2. Add chopped tomato and stir, then add spices and herbs and mix again.
3. Add veggies, chickpeas, salt, non-dairy milk, water, and then stir.
4. Cover pot partially and leave to cook for 12-15 minutes or until potatoes are soft.
5. Add spinach and continue to simmer 2 minutes until cooked.
6. Garnish with pepper and/or lemon juice.
7. Enjoy!

Note: Original recipe is for an instant pot, but I have included the recipe here using the saucepan instructions!



Food Memory/Story:

One of the best parts of being gay for me has been creating a found family in the queer community and being able to share love and belonging with such special people! Cooking together and sharing

food has been a huge part of that and was a way that I felt particularly connected to my friend group/community in college - having little dinner parties and eating together was always so fun and a great way to welcome anyone new into the group! This soup was a hit with my friends/chosen family so I wanted to share! We found it online but it is super easy to personalize with whatever veggies you have on-hand, plus it's dairy free and so delicious! :-)

Recipe Name: Veggie Chickpea Potato Soup

Where is the recipe from:

<https://www.veganricha.com/veggie-chickpea-potato-soup-in-instant-pot/>

Megan, she/her/hers, White River Junction, VT

Ingredients:

- 1/4 cup water or broth
- 1/2 onion chopped
- 3 cloves of garlic
- 1/2 cup chopped tomato
- 1/8 tsp fennel seeds
- 1/2 tsp onion powder
- 1/4 tsp garlic powder
- 1/8 to 1/4 tsp cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp oregano
- 1/2 tsp thyme or 1 tsp fresh rosemary
- 1 large potato cubed small
- 3/4 cup carrots
- 1/2 cup other veggies (peppers, mushrooms, zucchini, broccoli, cauliflower)
- 1 15 oz can chickpeas drained
- 1/2 to 3/4 tsp salt
- 1.5 cups water
- 1 cup non-dairy milk
- 2 cups fresh spinach
- freshly ground black pepper for garnish, lemon juice (optional)



Vege-queeridnism

Blair Watson (they/them), Eden, VT

My father was a meat-cutter at a grocery store in Kentucky when I was a child, which is not quite the same thing as a butcher but similar. A meat-cutter receives meat portions that are already cut down to packageable chunks and then basically slices, dices, and packs the meat for the store shelves whereas a butcher receives a whole or half of a cow and cuts it down from there. My father is no longer a meat-cutter. The grocery store chain he worked for closed all of its stores save a handful of locations in its native state of Florida.

My father hates queerness. I'm not out to him. Or my mother. Or anyone in my immediate family of origin. They still think I'm a straight cis firstborn son - heir to the legacy or whatever. I'd like to be out but it doesn't feel safe, worthy, or reasonable to the amount of vitriolic abuse I'd have to endure for my vulnerability. For example, my father, unprompted in conversation by anything other than his own macho rage, still angrily laments the time he couldn't find a hotel room in Nashville three years ago because it was Pride weekend and all the [queers] had taking up all the rooms for all their [queer] [activities]. He's definitely called me a [queer] for years for wearing sandals in the summer. We're talking about Chaco's here. Imagine if he could see the skirt and sparkling rainbow sandals with a heel that I'm wearing this very moment. No thanks.

Vege-queerianism cont.

Anyway, I'm supposed to be talking about food right now. Okay, so he was a meat-cutter at a shitty grocery store that put itself out of business. As you might imagine, they didn't pay him that much money to further cut down already cut up meat, but he was allowed to bring home unsold meat that exceeded the sell-by dates. About once per week he brought home a large cardboard box full of meat in various stages of freshness, which my mother then inspected for smell and color before cooking or freezing.

We ate red meat almost every night of the week accompanied by some potato product and "salad" which consisted of cheap iceberg lettuce and store-brand light ranch dressing. In hindsight, no one apparently knew how to cook well. Eating red meat that father brings home was, of course, regarded as manly and essential and remains so to this day.

After leaving home and going to college as a first-generation student, later meeting my current partner and her well-traveled epicurean family, I've been fortunate enough to discover a world of infinite flavors and deliciousness that I never knew existed. Sweet potatoes come to mind. As does Indian food, egg rolls, blue cheese, brussel sprouts, olives with pits instead of red pimentos, carrot cake, goose, duck, farm fresh salads with proper greens, Green Goddess salad dressing, humus, tzatziki and falafel, fiddleheads, salmon, lobster, Reuben sandwiches, kimchi, kombucha... I could go on and on.

7

Cont. not artisanal Sourdough

15. Bake 20 minutes or so with the lid on, and then reduce the heat in your oven to around 375-400 degrees F. Remove the lid at the 20-30 minute mark, and keep baking until the crust reaches a color you like. Perhaps it is a sin in the baking world, but I like my loaves a little blonde! So I leave my lid on for near 30 minutes, and only go

5-10 more without it. If you're super nervous, you can temp-check with a thermometer through one of the scoring slashes. Generally, 190-210 is a good temp to pull this loaf out. It keeps cooking a little bit before it cools.

16. Cool on a wire rack for a crispy crust, or cool wrapped in a clean dish towel for a chewier crust. Cool entirely before cutting!



When I first made this loaf, I was super frustrated with my failed attempts at sourdough after watching a million youtube videos and following schedules perfectly and downloading PDF checklists and and and- I finally just, winged it. And it turned out! And this method has gotten me reliable loaves almost every time I've tried it since. But that first time, I was so proud of myself. It was a good loaf, perfect for sandwiches and grilled cheese or just eating with some butter, herbs, and salt. Learning to make bread without following a specific recipe or measuring everything exactly gave me so much more confidence. People like to say that "baking" is exact and "cooking" has leeway, but I really think that yeast breads are more forgiving than people give them credit for. That confidence boost spurred more baking and experiments (for better or worse) that led me out of one of the darker mental health periods in my life recently. I recommend experimentation in the kitchen all the time. One of my favorite connections of food and sexuality is that I enjoy a lot of southern cooking and eating, and I get to show that southern folks aren't a monolith of ideas or identities.

20

Cont. 'not artisanal Sourdough'

6. Pre-shape your loaves (however you like, and there are plenty of visual aids online!) and let them rest on the counter, seam-side down, for 5-10 minutes while you prepare your baskets/bowls.
7. Prepare your banneton/basket/bowl by lining it with a linen bread cloth or clean dish towel and sprinkling generously and evenly with flour. Rice flour is excellent for lining sourdough, but regular flour will do.
8. Move your loaves into their vessels, now seam-side *up.* They should have at least an inch or two to rise vertically.
9. Pinch the seams shut to seal them further.
10. Dust the bottoms lightly with rice flour and cover with a dry towel. A sheet of parchment paper/plastic wrap over the towel doesn't hurt!
11. Leave it alone again for 24 hours! Same rules as step 4. If you want to, you can put it in the fridge an hour before you plan to bake. This firms it up and makes it a bit easier to handle, but isn't necessary! You can also rise in the fridge from the start for a very long time, even a few days. Depending on your rising vessel, your loaves may grow vertically by an inch or so.
12. I like using my dutch oven, but if you don't have one, cast iron or any pan will do. Preheat your oven to around 450-500 degrees F, with the pan/lid inside as you are able. You don't have to preheat for an hour, just be reasonably sure that your oven is *actually* up to temperature. This is easy if you have an oven thermometer!
13. I like to create a "base" of parchment paper with "handles" to make moving the loaf into a hot pan as easy as possible. Cut a piece of parchment paper a little bigger than the base of your risen loaves, but leave thick long side pieces to lift by. Flip your loaf gently onto this, lift, and place in the hot pan. Score it however you like, with a razor, a lame, a sharp knife, or even scissors.
14. Spray or sprinkle generously with water and return the lid. If you're not baking with a lid, put a baking tray with a handful of ice in the oven under your loaf.

Vege-queerianism cont.

Last year, though, I took a huge step in my personal development, in claiming my space in this world, in claiming my independence from a family that never will give it to me. Well, I took several steps in doing that actually. But the one I'm thinking of now is that I became a vegetarian with vegan aspirations. I had wanted to eat vegetarian for years and I let the echoes of their shaming bullying xenophobic anti-diversity voices stop me again and again. But last year I decided I'd had enough. I blocked all of them from all my social media and became a vegetarian. I mean if I'm going to cover my cock with panties and dresses and paint my nails and be happier than I've ever been then why the hell shouldn't I eat what the hell I want to eat?

So, I don't eat meat any more. And it wasn't even difficult to switch. Like, NOT. AT. ALL. My body is much happier now. I think my body never wanted all that meat. I think my body always knew a lot of things that they prevented me from understanding for way too fucking long. I love being a proud transgender bisexual vegetarian and you better believe every piece of meat I decline gives me a goddamn thrill and sense of self empowerment.

So here's my little recipe. I think I'll call it Fuck You Tofu.

~~FUCK YOU TOFU~~ 8

Recipe Name: Fuck You Tofu
Where it came from: Made it up
Ingredients: Tofu, tamari
Instructions: Fuck You Tofu


from
Blair W.

Get a block of tofu.
Slice it into whatever fucking shape you like. I like big rectangles like bread slices because it's fast and easy. Put tofu in a baking dish or pan.
Douse it with Tamari. However much you damn well please.
Bake in the oven at 400 degrees until whenever the hell it looks done to you.

I like it crunchy so I slice the tofu thin and finish the bake by broiling on high heat.
If you like it soft, slice it thick and bake it on 375.

Serve on a plate with whatever condiment you like.
Lately I've been having bar-b-que Fuck You Tofu with sugar-free bar-b-que sauce.

I eat the hell out of Fuck You Tofu and it makes me smile every time because it's mine, it's me, and I know none of them would even touch the stuff. Some people think tofu tastes like nothing, but to me it tastes like self-liberation - my favorite flavor.



Recipe Name: Not Artisanal Sourdough
Where it came from: My own experimenting!
Bee, they/them, North Carolina
Ingredients: Bread Flour, Water, Salt, Manteca, mature sourdough starter, any oil and rice flour if possible!

Instructions: This recipe is not so much a recipe as a method I taught myself, to make sourdough without measuring, folding, turning, following an intense schedule, or anything like that. Don't be intimidated by the length; I have a tendency to over-explain. This is a simple process with very little hands-on time. It makes a loaf that has a smaller crumb (so, not the artisanal, bubbly sourdough you see all over youtube) but personally, I like this better! When I eat bread, I want bread, not air. Measurements are only for reference, take them or leave them! This vague quantity of ingredients gets me two pretty big loaves. Lastly, your sourdough starter can be at almost any point in it's cycle. As long as it's alive, it's fine.

1. Loosen *about* 1/2-3/4 cup starter with *about* twice as much water.
2. Add bread flour in stages, using your hands to incorporate, and eventually knead. With the first addition, put in a couple teaspoons of salt and a couple tablespoons of manteca. There is no set amount of flour, but this is a "low hydration" dough. That means it isn't as wet as normal sourdough.
3. When you reach a consistency that is moist or "tacky," but not wet or sticky, begin kneading firmly for 5-10 minutes. Your dough should hold its form reasonably well without slumping. If it slumps quickly after you stop kneading, add a bit more flour and knead some more.
4. When you're satisfied with the kneading, put it in an oiled bowl at least twice as big as the dough. I like to cover my bowl with a damp towel and a dinner plate to keep the moisture in, but plastic wrap is fine! Now leave it alone in a mild-temperature area for 24 hours. If you're house is cold, go longer, if it's warm, go shorter! The dough will double or nearly double.
5. Split the dough into two, deflating it as little as possible.

Photo by Bee



this one is a gonna be a blonde boi



Recipe Name: Pride Krispie Treats

Where it came from: Trial and error with a classic cereal recipe

Lucy Webb, Keene, NH

Ingredients:

- Cooking spray
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 cups mini marshmallows
- 4 cups crisp rice cereal
- 2 cups fruity crisp rice cereal

Instructions:

- Coat a pan with cooking spray.
- Melt the butter and marshmallows together.
- Stir in the cereal
- Press into the pan.

Perfect for all pot lucks, not just Pride.

Cultivating queer food, queer gender Kit F. (they/them)

Hometown of Erie, PA

The first time I ever remember dreaming of a flat chest was in 2014 on a hike with my Girl Scout troop in North Carolina. We were hiking in North Carolina, in Appalachia, close to where my paternal grandfather had come down off the mountain to move north and become an accountant. Walking along the French Broad River, I dreamed of coming back when I was older, and while thruhiking the Appalachian Trail, casually stripping down to my underwear and taking a dip in the river with my flat chest, feeling the sun on myself while shirtless, and comfortable.

I first identified that daydream as a trans desire during the kick-off of my gender panic in 2019, but even well before then, I had some instinct that being in the woods, using my body to interact with the nonhuman world, was strengthening and calming to me. At the height of so much uncertainty in 2020, I decided to pick up some self-reliance skills for myself and my community by working on a farm near where I grew up.

Digging in the dirt to make space for seedlings, hauling irrigation equipment, pushing the wheelhoe, slinging crates of vegetables— it all had the exact effect I knew it would in my heart of hearts when I said yes to a season-long apprenticeship. I felt strong, I felt connected to my body. Seemingly, my intuition had led me to an easy masculinity, one based in strength and capability, and one that I felt affirmed in.

After a couple months of this exhilaration of easy embodiment, of being able to eat organic vegetables and to feel seen by the turnips and tomatoes in my gender, I gained a cis male coworker who tried to do tasks for me and wouldn't learn my name, instead calling me "girl" for weeks. Initially, feeling threatened, I became obsessed with responding to his misogynistic behavior and beliefs by showing him up at work, which wasn't necessarily hard since I was twenty years younger and didn't have decades of poverty, addiction, violence, and racism working against me.

I loved lox as a kid. I was always told it was 'smoked salmon' even though it's brined. Then one time my dad got a backyard smoker, and put a filet of salmon in it, and served me the results as 'smoked salmon, just like you like it.' It was a flat-grey cooked salmon and it tasted like ash.

Now I can make my own ~smoked salmon~, it tastes great, and it's bright pink. There's something lovely and vindicating about doing it right for myself.



Beet-Cured Salmon

Assembled haphazardly from three internet recipes + the gravlax recipe in the Commons.

Ell, Brattleboro

Ingredients:

- Raw salmon. A 2lb chunk is my go-to. Any part is fine as long as it's filleted. The more local to you the better.

CURING MIX:

- 1/3c each sugar and salt.
- A few lemons' zest. Or limes. Not the juice, that makes it ceviche.
- A bunch of dill.
- Two beets, boiled until soft, skinned, and mashed up with some horseradish. Or a quarter-cup of raw grated beets.

Instructions:

1. Mix your mix up!
2. Cut your salmon in half.
3. Coat each piece with your curing mix.
4. Sandwich the pieces together, skin sides out, and wrap 'em up in saran wrap!
5. Put them in a pie tin or cake pan, and put another tin / pan on top! If you have a HUEG hunk o'fish then use cookie sheets.
6. Put the WHOLE THING in the fridge and weigh that sucker down with something heavy! I used a full gallon jug.
7. Wait two days. Every twelve hours, ish, pull this setup out, pour out the fish oils and whatever else that has been pressed out (if doing BEETS this will look like a murder scene, you know how beets do,) and turn the fish sandwich over so it's getting pressed evenly. Do not unwrap.
8. TWO DAYS LATER: pull it out. Unwrap. Rinse off all the curing mix in the sink. Slap your bright pink fish slaps onto a cutting board and wiggle a good sharp knife thru to slice off the skin. Slice the gravlax on a bias and tupperware that tastiness.
9. Fry up the fish skins and eat 'em for a snack.



It was clear as day that my masculinity was based on privilege. While in the beginning of my journey it was so important for me to begin to trust my trans intuition, to give myself permission to go along with what felt right, I needed to face that I needed to move beyond intuition and construct a positive transmasculinity for myself instead of relying on the troublesome cismasculinity that had been passed on to me.

Just as I knew what tasks made me feel affirmed and embodied in my sense of gender, I knew exactly which task made me feel the opposite: the

greenhouse. Alone in the afternoons, I watered thousands of tiny seedlings in what felt like a giant womb. Nurturing in that way brought me into confrontation with a misapplied motherhood. How could I embrace giving care without feeling like I had to perform a gender that never fit me?

After a couple of weeks of driving an hour to market with my male boss, I eventually asked him if he knew the story behind the mile marker stones on the side of the highway. For a large stretch of the drive, there were pretty large stones with seemingly old carvings noting the mileage to the nearest towns. Despite having made the drive hundreds of times in his life, he told me he had never noticed the stones before.

The next day in the greenhouse, I noticed the zinnias were developing their first sets of true leaves. I noticed the Romas were ready to be hardened off and were competing too much for space. I noticed that my male boss had never noticed any of these things because he never came in here, he left it up to his wife to take care of. I noticed how my dad could never remember what salad dressing my mom likes after decades of marriage, I noticed how my brother could never tell when I got a haircut.

I noticed what my mom had noticed when I was under her eye: my greasy hair, the fat that gathered around my hips, I cried when the Estee Lauder rep tried to put eye shadow on me, I developed the same eating disorder as her.

I noticed that I could just notice that the chamomile was wilting. To be present with the wilting chamomile, to see it, witness it, consider it. Not to be disappointed or refuse it care because I couldn't see it needed it. Before any action, any comment, just to notice. Then, to water and move to shade. A nurturing that isn't about measuring against preconceived expectations, but a cultivation that starts with deep witness as a precondition for care. Forever living into the practice of being present, of noticing.

Forever understanding the binary and sowing a new place in it. Forever trusting that the act of sowing, under witness and then consequently under care, with time, leads to an abundance that will sustain us all.

If your gender was a food, what would it be?

- A hunger strike
- Gender, spicy curly fries
- Gender: potato. Sexuality: also potato?
- Asparagus
- oh, my gender is Mystery Brownies. (see We Feed Each Other vol1)
- Gender: potato. Sexuality: also potato?
- Cherry Garcia Ice Cream
- Peanut Butter because peanut butter is the best, most versatile, most always delicious food I know. It ALWAYS makes me happy as a dinner, as a dessert. It makes me happy just like my gender.
- Gender: mango
- Like the ripest wild black raspberry from deep in the woods.
- My gender would be a Bellagio style buffet all the food, treats, delicacies - eat until you're full then come back to find something you didn't see before.
- Gender... Pickles, Sexuality... Pickles, Consciousness... Pickles, Soul... Pickles. Just everything Pickles. PICKLES 🥒🥒🥒
- gender - sour gummi worms (with black eyeliner and glitter, somehow)
 - My gender and sexuality are both a well-fed sourdough starter.
- Pickled beets.
- definitely KUMQUAT (bc if the taste & texture, not bc of how its pronounced 🍊🍊🍊— altho the

Add yours here:

Gender:
Sexuality:

- Soft and chewy bread.
- My sexuality (you guessed it) a fig. Internal flower, pollinated by one special wasp. Today anyway.
- My sexuality tastes like grilled meat
- definitely be chocolate mousse!

If your sexuality was a food, what would it be?

- sexuality - rosemary potato chips
- Sexuality: tart cherries
- Sexuality, biscuits and gravy
- My sexuality is a veggie pizza with whatever toppings are available. I haven't met a pizza that I couldn't find something to desire about it. I like them all in every combination and every beautiful way they look and taste in their own right.