

EVERYDAY GOOD COOKING

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Hi David

By the way - since you know everyone and what's going on with everyone, maybe you know some one in Marin or San Francisco who needs a cook - someone who can't be bothered any more with shopping + cooking + wants to eat well. I come to their home once or twice a week and cook one hot meal + one or 2 meals to heat up later. or whatever people want. I specialize in good home cooking, + regional American specialties, rather like Tamale Pie, rather than trying to ape greens or the usual Bay Area fancy restaurant styles.

I need work, and am having a hard time reaching the people who may need me. Do you know anyone?

Fr

or people who would like to buy some breakfast, non-Asian style.

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- who built the Lincoln log compost stacks, 6'-7' hi, up by the shop?
I can ~~not~~ visualize the man, but --- who?
- where was E.L. Hazelwood from?
where did he grow up?

Questions

What I don't know + maybe you do -

- the ~~year~~ Peter Schneider fell in the bathes and got a concussion + went back to S.F. for the rest of the training period + wasn't director any more. ?
 - who was director - when Peter was gone?
 - who invented the "rock strainer" ?
 - should "heavy wire netting" read as "heavy duty hardware cloth" ? Is that the proper name for that stuff?
 - what was the name of the Toyota ?
Some kind of designation, like "SUV", ~~or~~ only not ?
The Toyota that one of the ~~workers~~ kitchen tilers stole and drove up the road to escape and ran into a ditch - or some such ?
(Another food story - "How the kitchen was built.")
- "67
Land
Cruiser
I used to cook ~~those~~ big bacon, egg, toast, coffee + potatoes breakfasts in the dining room for those men who came to lay tiles on the kitchen walls.

Annals of Tzsszjzaw
How the Lower Garden was made

One day Suzuki Roshie walked out among the blooming lupines growing on the hot dry & stony ground just below the rocky slope of Fleg Mt., and he said to me "This is a good place for a garden. Let's plant ~~us~~ sweet potatoes." We were just upstream from the swimming pool, in front of the row of lower cabins along the creek. This place caught the winter sun earlier than anywhere else in the canyon. Us Zen students used to sit up on the hill in the sun, to thaw ourselves out in the winter.

No sooner said than done — we started, anyway. We knew Suzuki Roshie was fond of sweet potatoes. I was head gardener at the time, spring — — — —, I think. I dug

More stray thoughts of Fran Thompson

one of the best questions I ~~was~~ ever heard
anyone ask Suzuki Roshi (after a lecture
at old Sokoji) was — "what should we
do between morning and evening zazen?"
we were all new Zen students and were
engulfed in the practice. Nothing else
seemed of much importance. Don't remember
what Suzuki Roshi answered. That
question has been a great life koan for me
all these years.

Some stay thoughts of Fran Thompson

E.L. Hazelwood, from the South, had a very gracious and courtly manner with women.

During a break from our Tassajara training, I was at Pzse St. for a few days, and so was he. One evening we took a walk together along Grant Ave., where the restaurant and grocery deliveries were just dumped on the sidewalk; boxes piled up. We passed a stack of slat-sided boxes of vegetables, with a box of bok-choi at about eye-level. Some of those little yellow flowers poked out between the slats, among the dark green leaves. So E.L. stopped, picked a stem of tiny flowers, turned and presented it to me with a bow, as if he were giving a bouquet of roses to a queen. I received it as such. Too bad the flowers didn't last! I would have kept it. All I have is this recollection.

This happened maybe circa '69?

Fran Thompson 2008