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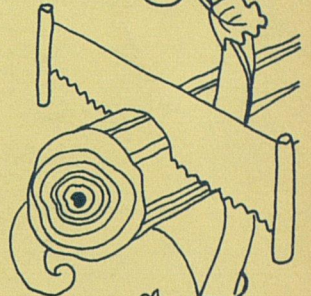
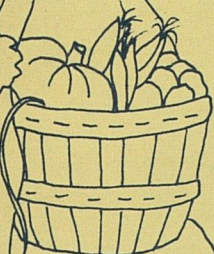
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Spirituality

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COUNTRY
WOMEN

ISSUE 10





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The spiritual is a dimension of a person that is just as real as the physical dimension, but it shows itself to us in different ways.

The expression of the spiritual dimension is in religious feelings and experiences of awe, serenity, reverence, joy, love, hope, acceptance, etc., and in knowledge of unity.

Dreams are an individual expression of the spiritual dimension. - messages of our deepest wisdom in a metaphorical style -like poems from another culture.

Myths are a collective expression of the same deep wisdom, using people, animals, and events to evoke feelings which are true of our deepest cultural experiences.

The universe is more than we usually experience. We are taught to ignore most of what is happening and come to feel uncomfortable (insane) to notice what others do not.

What we notice and respond to makes a difference in our lives - a major difference. Women are now noticing and responding to different events in the universe. This is a revolution in women's consciousness.

Some women are categorizing their new experiences as spiritual and religious - they are noticing their dreams, their day dreams, their impulses, their intuitions, and reading books about women's societies long ago to find similar experiences described.

Other women are categorizing their new experiences as political and they are noticing their daily life experiences in a new way, noting their experiences with power and justice, and developing philosophies to systematize their conclusions.

These two streams are developing in women's consciousness - a political and a spiritual stream. Since women are noticing different parts of their experiences and categorizing them in terms used by the patriarchal culture, they feel suspicious of each other.

To "political" women, "spiritual" means institutions and philosophies which have immobilized practical changes and have channeled women's energies into serving others to their own detriment. To "spiritual" women, "political" means institutions and philosophies which deny the unity of people and have channeled women's creativity into destroying and fighting each other. But each stream is trying to examine deeply the human experience - on the material and on the non-material levels. Women are revolutionizing their consciousness in both directions and challenging the patriarchal ideas and institutions of religion and government by holding to their own women's experience of life.

In both the political and spiritual spheres of life, women's experiences have not been part of the officially agreed upon events to be noticed. There have been women religious leaders, but they are often considered minor and eccentric (Mary Baker Eddy, Madam Blavatsky, Mother Anna Lee), while men leaders are called messiahs and gurus. Women political leaders are considered figureheads or not truly womanly (Joan d'Arc, Queen Elizabeth, Golda Meir), while men political leaders are considered more manly for their power and leadership.

Now women are turning to the reality of their own unnoticed, unvalued experience, and determinedly insisting that it be the basis for their beliefs and actions. We women have learned from consciousness-raising that the private experiences we have hidden because they deviate from the patriarchal norm, are usually shared by many women, often by nearly all. Personal events characteristic of a class are politically significant.

We are sharing the hidden, private, unconfirmed experiences of our spiritual search in the belief that they too are shared by many women, and are significant.

letter from a

Quaker woman)...

Feminism and spirituality are the two most important parts of my life.

I am a Quaker woman. I've been living in various Quaker communities in the country for three years now. They've been good places for me in general, giving me a peace and steadiness in my life. In the silence I shared each day with my household, I felt a quiet constant spirit and a strength and settling in my soul. But always there were men speaking the power they felt, which some of them called Christ. It seemed to be something very clear and definite to them. My own experience wasn't at all like that - it was more constant and barely perceptible. As men stood in meeting for worship and spoke of "Thus saith the Lord" type tones and spoke of their many powerful and moving spiritual experiences, I sat saying nothing and all the while wondering what was wrong with me that I never felt those things. I wanted to have those experiences I was hearing of, and belittled the soft movings in my soul as being nothing.

At the same time, feminism and my sisters were becoming more and more important to me. I felt a need to see how other women had joined Quakerism and feminism in their lives. My reading of Quaker history began to be more exclusively the journals and writings of Quaker women. I felt an especial closeness to Lucretia Mott and Sarah and Angelina Grimke as Quaker feminists. Discovering roots in those women who have gone before me, I sensed them very close to me as I read their letters and sat in the silence in the meetinghouses where they had also sat. I began taking up traditional Quaker plain dress - wearing long brown and grey dresses and almost a bonnet.

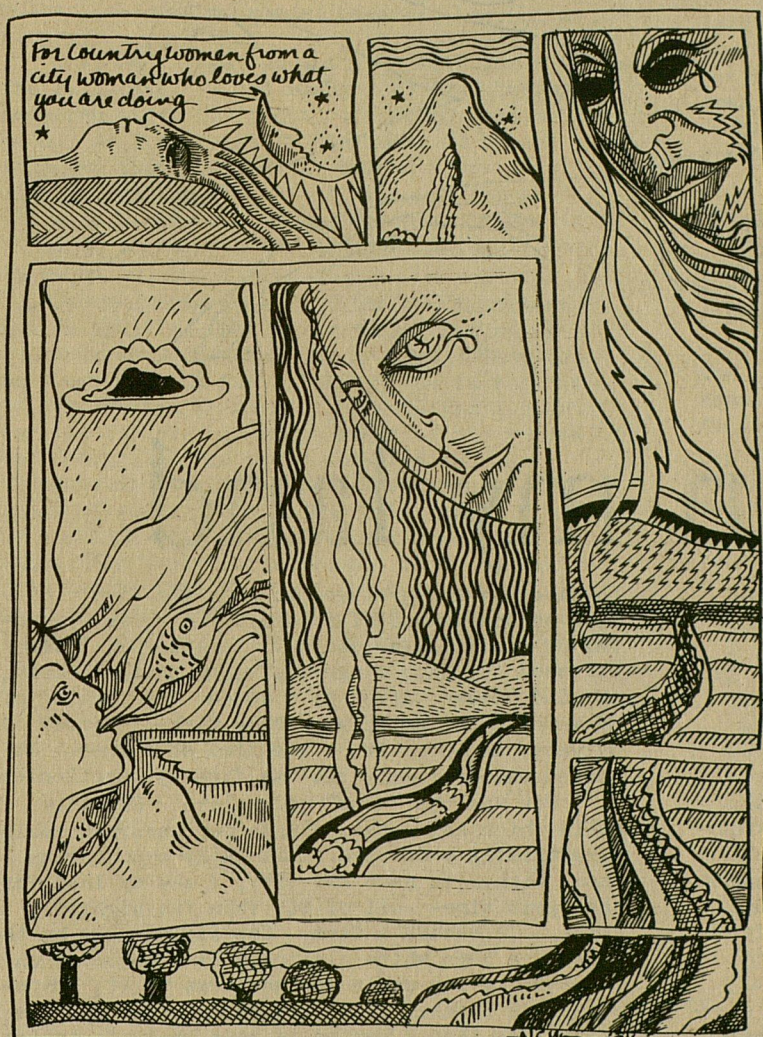
But there was still a disconnectedness between my spiritual life and my feminism, though I had come to accept my own different sort of spiritual experience as valid and right for me. I felt my strength in myself as a woman draining away in my relationships with men to whom I thought I was religiously very close. After feeling that way intensely for a few weeks, I went to a Quaker conference and met a woman who was quite sure that the spirit/god she felt was female. She said she couldn't relate at all to the male god of power and vengeance that so many men were speaking of, and she didn't want to because she had a fine relationship with the Mother spirit which was one of love and nurture. It seemed like the answer to almost all my spiritual conflicts - explaining the different quality of my own experiences and my uncomfortableness with the Christ-centered messages of many of my male friends. It seemed to be the perfect combination

of my feminism and my spiritual life.

When I got home from the conference, however, it just didn't quite work. Whenever I sat down in the silence and began to direct my thoughts and prayers to the Mother, suddenly all I could think of was everything I'd always been taught about God being jealous and the worst thing anyone could do was to worship another god. And I'd be so scared that I'd just stop and couldn't do anything or go anywhere from there. More than being scared of thunderbolts striking me, I was scared that if the little I'd felt spiritually really was the jealous Christian God, I would be cut off from whatever relationship with god I'd had. So I stopped defining what I felt in any way, and tried to let the feelings and experiences be there without putting them in words. I knew I couldn't think of god in masculine terms anymore. When I'd come across a "he" in a hymn, or something I was reading, or someone talking about god, everything inside of me would slam into a stone wall and it'd take me a little while to recover and be able to listen again to whatever was being said, (and by that time another "he" would usually come along). So I began using "she's" and words like "the spirit," which are non-masculine.

Since then, over the past few months I've been becoming more sure and comfortable in my spiritual life, as the turmoil and fears in me have settled and faded. I feel the presence and the gift of fullness in the silence. I sense a rightness and an order to the universe - feel some things to be in keeping with the basic harmonies (vegetarianism, caring for the earth, leaving time in my life for silence), and feel other things to be in violation of those ancient harmonies. I've been joyfully discovering our matriarchal woman history and have felt a spiritual strength gradually growing in my life. I find myself going more and more toward seeing the spirit I feel as the Mother Goddess. My life becomes so full of womaness and everything begins to fit together. I feel a slow progress though there's still a struggle in me.

Quakerism is also still very important to me. I've continued reading Lucretia Mott's letters and she is almost a close friend to me in many ways. Quaker women are beginning to share with each other, and together we are discovering our many strong Quaker foremothers. We are forming committees and speaking up and confronting the sexism in our meetings. Quaker ways and traditions feel very comfortable to me and there seems to be room in Quakerism for my feminist spiritual life. ♀



I have dedicated my body
To the goddess
Now I must wait
To learn what will be,
To know, to know.

I am here, Mother,
Listening.
Wind through the branches,
Shadows of grasses,
Sun burning through leaves,
Stained glass of leaves.

What am I to do Mother?
In your abundant pleasure
In your bountiful grace, I am.
You are my lover and my friend
I am your dancer.

I am your singer
I am your poet
I am your musician.
I will bring through my words
Your message
Your message; your voice
Into a woman's world.

You are and I am
We are one
Part of the dance
Part of the music
My impossible brick words
Are part of your singing.

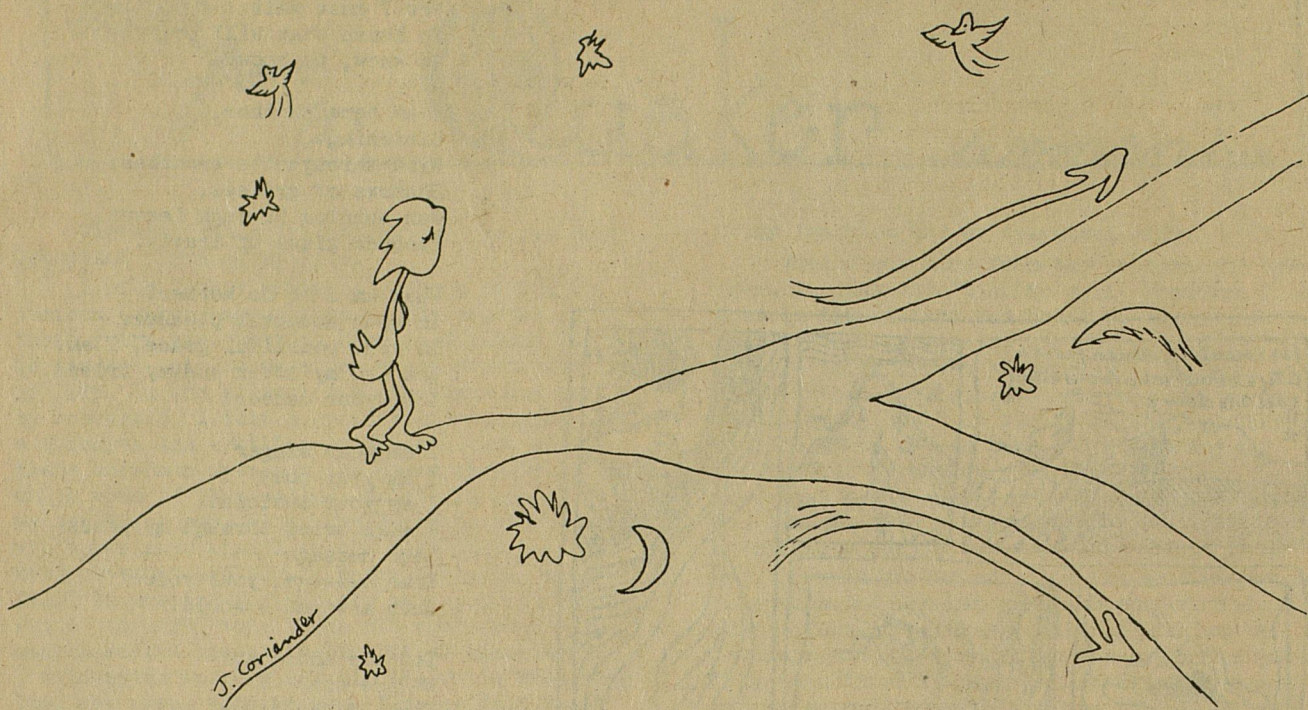
As my desire is
As my body is
As my mind is
As my heart is
I am and you are.

I have not grown
I have not nursed at your breast
Mother. I have been woman
Now I am child and woman,
Now I am open, seeking
Hold me in your gentleness

You surround me with sound
Mother of waterfalls
Mother of beavers
Mother of flaming birds
Mother of rising moons

Hold me in your fierceness
Mother of beaver and mountain lion
Mother of porcupine and deer
Mother of roaring rivers
Mother of swamps
Mother of trees and woodpeckers

I circle you with my arms
I press you close
I give you myself
My body, my passion
I kiss your breast
Mother of all.



alone on my land

I had owned my land for over a year. But since I was still living in the city and simply played on the land with friends on weekends, I had not yet spent any length of time there. It felt right that I should go there alone to get to know who I was at the time. I didn't know what this trip was going to be, but I did know that I had to take it.

Preparing for the journey was ceremonial. I knew that I would be my sole keeper for twenty-four hours or more, with no shelter, in late winter, on land where there were no other humans for several miles. Though my greatest lessons in survival were to be mental, it was absolutely necessary to make preparations for my physical comfort. I took fruit and cheese for food, sensing that my system would need to ingest something simple. I could sleep in my car in case of rain, as I unfortunately had no other, more natural form of shelter and was not yet comfortable enough on the land to create my own. Plenty of fallen wood on the land would provide for my warmth.

I awoke very early on the morning of the trip and made the three-hour drive into Mendocino county, to the land. As soon as I arrived, I began preparing my homes: one for fair weather and one for foul. The first was on my favorite place in the entire 90 acres, a knoll covered with gnarled and bemossed scrub oaks, looking out over the surrounding farm valley. I laid down a pad

to sleep on and prepared an area for fire. Sitting on the ground, I absorbed the recent greening of the hills around me. Looking up, I was caressed by lace fingers of moss hair. Slowly, my mind became jarred by a sound: the ticking of my watch. The noise was wrong there. I took off my watch and hung it on the limb of a tree. It looked uncomfortable but was finally functionless.

Now was the "time" to explore. Suddenly, the hills which had previously seemed unsurmountable, were totally seductive. Literally bounding up them, higher to each new view, I saw my land for the first time— all of it, from its highest point. It became a farm. Cornfields grew by the stream, a huge white clapboard barn sprouted on the flat, a log cabin emerged next to it, grape-vineyards blanketed the slopes. I knew for the first time that I wanted to make these fantasies real.

Naked, I touched myself in the newly emerging March sun. The heat baked my body, streamed in between my thighs. My orgasm welled up from the body of earth and screamed out, shattering the silence. As I lay watching the clouds begin again to cover the sun, the wind resumed its soft stream, cooling the day into twilight.

Walking carefully, softly trotting, bolting loose, turning somersaults back down the hills: the land spread itself open before me, with that glow of new familiarity after lovemaking.

As I got back to my camp, the last glow of

twilight was being swallowed up by a thick bank of clouds. The warm memory of the sun was being chased away by the growing presence of night. The trip began to change. My faith in myself and my protector, the land, was to be tested. One by one, some dark objects began to make their presence known around me. I was surrounded. I could not make out my guards. My fear welled up like tight fists pounding on my stomach. As my eyes became adjusted to the darkness, I realized I was sharing my home with a herd of cattle. It was not in my nature at that point to question their origin, so I accepted them in my space. Their constant belly-roars shattered my peace, however, leaving me uneasy.

Just as I began to look for wood for a fire, the rain came. I had brought no axe, having remembered there was plenty of fallen wood on the land. As I searched in the rain, it became apparent that most of the downed limbs were soaked from the winter's continuous deluge. The playful day of fantasy and romp began, in my mind, to take on the dramatic struggle for survival.

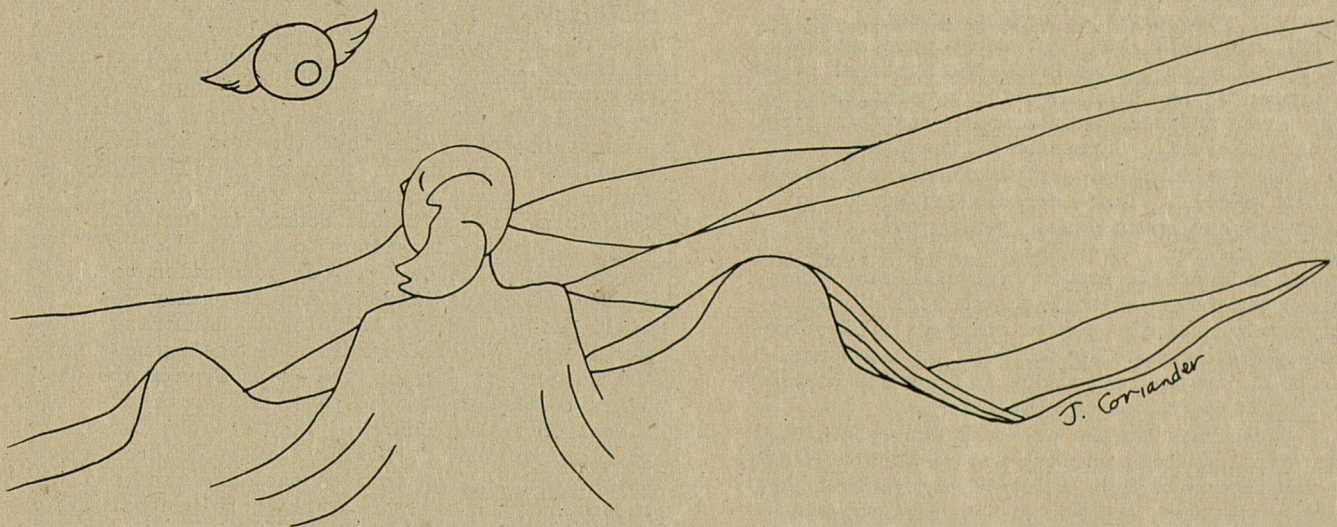
Suddenly the voices of the two important men in my life, that of my father and of my ex-manfriend, grew loud in my head. They told me where to look for dry wood, how to tell if it was rotten, which kind of wood would start burning faster. I became aware of the voices and recognized the power they had over my thoughts and actions. Even though physically I had moved far from each of these men, I had to admit to myself my continued dependence on them. Yet their words brought me no comfort. This had to come from me. At that moment, in the cold March rain, on the soil of my own land, I began to open myself to my own voice. Though

quiet, there was indeed a stream of words, full of confidence and comfort, encouraging me in this potentially scary situation. I listened to the support I was receiving from somewhere deep inside myself, and the voice grew louder. The words which would sing themselves to me throughout the night and beyond, made themselves heard in my whole being; "I am alone and I am free."

Feeling light, newly released from chains of my past, I began to build my fire. It took what seemed like an hour to bring me warmth. But as the fire grew, the rain began to subside enough for me to look again at this magnificent country around me. My noisy friends had moved off into the distance. The clouds dispersed in parts of the sky to allow glimpses of the barrage of stars. Just as quickly as their entrance onto the stage of night was their replacement with pitch blackness. I was no longer afraid.

Suddenly, exhaustion from the day overwhelmed me. My spirit, still encouraged by the occasional strips of clear sky, tried in vain to pull my tired body back to play. I crawled into the back of my V.W., the home I regretfully had to choose in light of the constant threat of rain.

As I curled into my sleeping bag and lit the lantern, a tiny object fell from somewhere seemingly into my hand. I reached to touch: my fountain pen. A reminder of my desire to recreate the day on paper. As I attempted to write it down, though, words seemed totally inadequate and inaccurate. So I simply played with them, as I lay in the bath of emerging stars. Soon slipping deep into their glow, I curled around myself and fell asleep. ♀



Religious freakism

I have always been leery of religious systems that provide "answers", especially when part of the answer is to separate and oppose the "saved" from the "damned". Recently the resurgence of Christianity in the form of "religious freakism" is appealing to and converting many of us who have, usually through pain and struggle, begun to formulate our own spiritual guidelines apart from any organized religion. The Jesus freaks are appealing because they seem to offer a structure that incorporates many of the values we relate to healthful living, love of others, peace, and harmony - while at the same time continuing the familiar Christian traditions many of us grew up with. Only now the dogma is updated, slickly aimed at world-weary youth: instead of heaven we have the astral and other planes of existence; instead of saints we have a history of enlightened "teachers" (Buddha, Jesus, Meher Baba, etc.); instead of hell-fire and damnation we have karma and the threat of many earth-lives of suffering if we are not good enough; and instead of one authority or sacred text we have a range of science fiction/occult teachings ranging from ancient folklore to "voices" from other planets. Every source of authority is acknowledged except the basic one, the self. I believe that the developing structure of Jesus-freakism presages a new church hierarchy for the Aquarian Age, and that such a development is dangerous, particularly to feminists and especially to lesbians.

The dominant theme for women in these religious groups is "surrender" - sacrifice for the good of the whole, surrender to the unimaginable power and wisdom of the beings of other planes, serve your family and your community with never a thought of self. This is all very well, but what women need now is not surrender but strength. The mystical power of surrender has been used for generations to keep women and poor people down, and this time is no different. Surrender to the other is the opposite of finding strength and wholeness within oneself. The other side of surrender is power, and among Jesus freaks power comes through the men. Even the Second Coming of Christ will bring, not the fulfillment of the unique humanness and holiness of each of us, but a vision of the perfect family: this time Jesus will choose a Bride. The most a woman can do is try to be perfect so that she might be chosen by the perfect male!

Conversion to the new religion relieves one of all doubts, guilts, and responsibilities. If you happen to have a lot of money, then you have good karma, and you are perfectly justified in spending it on your new-found circle

or intimates. The fantasy of being a secret, saintly family, like the early Christian groups are supposed to have been, is perpetuated by rituals and ceremonies, terminology and initiations offered only to the converted. In the new family the highest male and the written teaching provide a substitute for the father and, of course, monogamous heterosexuality is the only acceptable sexual form.

The most dangerous aspects of the new religion are its self-righteousness and its consciousness of the power of group psychology. They are very threatened by doubters and deviants: if you are not a potential convert, then you are eternally damned. And women who prefer to find their own spiritual answers to life, particularly those who find them in association with other women, are not potential converts. I once mentioned, in a casual conversation with two Jesus-women, a woman whom I described as a "witchy" person. Instantly the conversation stopped, and the only comments were "Witches - down on 'em - black magic". I explained that I had meant that my friend was a beautiful, magical person, and not that she was into black magic, but the danger was spoken and I was afraid for my friend, myself, and other sisters. Hierarchies inevitably lead to inquisitions, and it seems that this time, again, witches are to be the enemy.

Those of us who call ourselves witches do so in recognition of our heritage - a heritage of independent women who dared to go against the hierarchies of their times. The only true "black magic" is evil wished into the world, bad vibes aimed at others. Women, particularly country women, who have been consciously living and working out their spiritual lives, have found that it is not always easy to live together: To create a new culture, a new concept of family, a new relationship to the earth, is an enormous task. It can be accomplished only by remaining constantly open, by living in the present moment, aware that the next moment may bring new knowledge or destroy old illusions. Women have begun speaking of the "Goddess", describing the unnamable Source in feminine terms not as a competitor to a male "God", but to emphasize her and our connection to cycles, self-fulfillment, and eternally renewing life. We are learning to harmonize our lives. We are learning the uselessness and the dangers of dogma. The Jesus freaks are the heirs of the wealth and power of the traditional Christian church. They are the latest popular movement following flower-children and weatherpeople, and as such they are the most recent example of men's attempt to control the ideas that women create. ♀



Catholic Girlhood

Until I was eighteen I was a believer in the Roman Catholic Church. I believed every thing they taught. Surprisingly some of the concepts and practices did lead me to God. But as I grew up I began to see the divinity in all things; forests, women's eyes, fires, the ocean.

I could no longer believe in the principle of the "one and only true way." Also many of the Catholic doctrines led me to a conscience fraught with guilt and fear. The angry God was always watching me. My four years of high school were spent at a Catholic boarding school. I've tried to capture my religious experiences of these years in three incidents.



Sunday was always the worst day of the week. It began too early. Still sleepy, we struggled into white pleated skirts and middy tops and white shoes dusted with chalk bags. Then when I was pure white enough to go before God, I went into the chapel. The Mass was endless, my stomach all the while aching for the breakfast I could smell wafting up from the kitchen below. And every time I stood up I wondered if there was a spot of blood on my clean white skirt. Finally to breakfast where a disappointing platter of cold fried eggs and a bowl of lumpy oatmeal awaited. The cook never anticipated the length of the sermon.

Sunday just dragged on in this dreary way. We had to wear special uniforms and act quiet and passive. Many girls went out with their families but I usually stayed at school feeling bored and lonely. Even ice cream at lunch was depressing. The dining room which was usually so warm and full of noise, was cold and silent (the tables and silverware seemed greasy and the air stale with old food smells).

The afternoon finally ended as girls began to return. They brought back boxes of cookies and new stories. Everyone back together and Sunday was over for another week.

I was happy then to go to chapel for evening Benediction. The candles reflected on the colors of the stained glass windows, and the incense spiraled toward heaven. We said loud and sure in our chorus:

PRAISED BE GOD, ALMIGHTY FATHER;

PRAISED BE CHRIST, HIS SON, OUR LORD.

I sang until I lost my self consciousness and no longer heard the words. I merged with the song. The priest held up a sun made of hammered gold rays and the center was the host. In reality a wafer of bread, but to me, then, it was It. I became one with the space beyond the object.

A bell rang in the silence three times. I shouted my joy in the final hymn and then we went down to dinner.

"Bless me Father for I have sinned."

The patriarchy and guilt in that single phrase, one I repeated week after week during my Catholic girlhood, are exquisite. Succinct. Every week I walked into the school chapel, dipped my first two fingers into a basin of water, tapped myself on forehead, chest and each shoulder and knelt quickly in a small bow to the altar. I found a seat and knelt on the hard wood before me, enjoying the soreness of my knees and how I was pleasing God by hurting myself. I shut my eyes tight and began to examine my conscience.

Find out the sins. Can't find any?

Impossible! Do you think you're God?

Look harder! Oh yes - well maybe it was a sin when I masturbated that time - but it felt good - but I should feel guilty.

LORD HAVE MERCY - CHRIST HAVE MERCY

So I went dutifully into the confessional and whispered into the black screen that I had sinned. And he, Father, said "Go you are absolved."

And I left, feeling truly lighter, cleaner and now ready to receive God at communion the next day. It is amazing that I kept on admitting the same sins week after week and never wondered at why, exactly, they were considered wrong. I certainly never wondered why I had to kneel down before a man and ask pardon. Confession is the holy way for keeping you in your place - penitent before OUR FATHER. The endless cycle of sin - guilt - absolution ended after the first time I made love with a woman. It felt so good I couldn't feel guilty and knew suddenly it was all a hoax.



Study hall after dinner was two hours of silence. A hundred girls in the hall, all absolutely quiet except for note passing and giggles. At the end of it was the call for night rosary in the chapel. I usually went because it was a good transition from the silence to the chaos of before-bed playing in the halls. The chapel was dark at night, maybe a candle or two at the altar. We knelt before the small side altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary and pulled out our beads from the pockets of our gingham uniforms. Fingering the first bead, those in the front row began "Hail Mary Mother of God, Blessed Art Thou among Women." Now I can hear the words. Then it was just a chant to repeat over and over until there were no words, no people, no chapel. Now I can hear that we were saying a prayer to the Goddess. The Mother of God was before God; She is the Mother of all things. Mary worship in the Catholic Church is the people's religion. The Church fathers concentrate on Jesus and his apostles but the people continue to see visions of Mary. As far as I know, most of the apparitions from heaven to Catholic believers have been of Mary. She is more compassionate and approachable than the thundering God-Father.

continued

continued

And so we prayed to her. The back row of girls continued the prayer "Holy Mary, Mother of God have mercy on Us". During the fifty repetitions of the prayer I was floating in the womb of the universe unaware of all around me. The shuffling and scraping of wood as girls got up to leave brought me to my senses but the tranquility lasted well into the night♀

Color Meditation

All life radiates color. Color is the divisional fragmentation of the vibration of light. Color perception is based on a complicated set of theories on light presence, absorption and reflection. Because color can be perceived, it influences both the physical and the higher senses, and can heal the physical and higher consciousness.

There are seven visible colors of the spectrum. The vibration of these colors corresponds to the seven notes of the scale which directly affects the seven subtle bodies which surround and interpenetrate the physical body. There are three sets of color sensitive nerves in the eye: yellow, blue and red - the primary colors. The color white stimulates all the nerves equally.

Concentrating on the vibration of light in the form of color is a way of healing the self or others. Actually, self healing directly affects others by the very production of healing love vibrations which are sent out into the atmosphere during the process of this concentration. A state of meditation - a tuning inward to the seven subtle bodies, leading to a sense of Goddess/God center - can be a result of this concentration.

In the following simple concentration/meditation, I've used the concept of the light vibration in the color white, which I perceive as an accumulation of the vibration of all colors - the image color of the soul. Other colors can be used to directly affect color imbalance - illness - in specific areas or over-all areas of the bodies.

Organ	color	function	element	polarity
eyes	red	sight	fire	positive
tongue	orange	taste	water	negative
ears	blue	sound	ether	neuter
skin	violet	touch	air	neuter
nose	green	smell	earth	positive
circulation	yellow	heat	fire	positive
lymph	indigo	sanitation	water	negative

Sit on a chair (preferably wooden) with your spine straight, muscles relaxed, feet separated and flat on the ground, hands folded, eyes closed. Concentrate on the sound of your breathing until you've developed an easy, slow, relaxed cadence.

Imagine a six-sided star radiating white light ten feet over your head. On the inhala-

tion, bring beams of white light slowly down through the top of your head (crown chakra) and let it slowly fill your head, your neck, your shoulders, down your arms - let light stream out your fingertips. Inhale this light through your torso, down your legs, your feet, and let light stream out your toes.

Imagine every inhalation being white light filling your lungs and passing through your blood to every cell of your body. Let all your tension and anxiety out with every exhalation. It can then be again transformed to white light. Think of this white light cleaning and purifying every cell of your body as it passes through.

In the mind's eye, bring beams of white light ten feet into the ground and push the light two feet around you so that you are surrounded in a cone of purifying, cleansing, healing light. Relax, holding this state of concentration, reaching a state of meditation - total protection and bliss.

When you are ready, slowly lift the beam of white light on the inhalation, back up through the feet, the legs, the torso, the hands, the arms, shoulders, neck - purifying as it goes - up through the top of the head and back to the star. Let every exhalation release any remaining negativity or tension.

Give thanks, if you wish, to the Goddess and Gods. This is a good time for prayer and/or creative release in the arts, science and/or healing as you have cleanse and grounded the physical, as well as tuned into the seven subtle bodies, and are ready to work on a higher vibration.

This star is with you always, carried in your God/Goddess center - your love center - and can be projected out through you when you lose awareness of your center. Your feeling off-center creates a color imbalance in the body. This imbalance can manifest itself in paranoia, depression, tension, disease, vulnerability to negative projections of others in the form of bad vibes, anger and/or pain, even physical harm as you are no longer emanating a sense of personal security and strength.

Color meditation is a way of helping prevent or restore a conscious/unconscious, yin/yang energy color imbalance. By the very heightening of thought - color - energy vibration can be used daily as an act of self love which is the same as self healing♀



feminism and the Aquarian Age

Astrologically, the planet earth stands at the cusp between the ages of Pisces and Aquarius. The chaos of our world is the death of the old forms washing away. Pisces contains duality; the contradiction between spirit and matter, the social classes, male and female. Aquarius is the whole, the highest point of evolution of the cycle, where the new universal individual comes to exist. The earth today is moving out of the age of Piscean restriction and limitation into an age in which spiritual rebirth and universal harmony can become manifest.

Part of our struggle is to break out of the cultural sex roles which keep us imprisoned in the old age of duality and to let the whole god light shine forth.

One of the most important tools for our work is consciousness raising (not at all the exclusive tool of women). Personal experiences in women's consciousness raising groups show evidence of an important aspect of Aquarian age work -- that of seeking unity both within oneself and in group activity. Within the women's movement there is a great deal of openness to examining old ways of relating and exploring new and perhaps better ways. In these groups we can come to an understanding of the patterns and restrictions that culture has placed on us and can begin as a group and as individuals to learn to break out of these patterns when they are self destructive and to reach for new and clearer ways to grow. There is much honesty in this work. The group tries to function without

a leader allowing each woman to find her space in the circle and make her offerings to it. The growth is often painful but the changes within women, the feelings of inner strength that are emerging are, to me, evidence of inner rebirth.

The breakdown of nuclear families, the evolution of communal alternatives, the reaching of women towards women, are examples of ways that people are beginning to change from separatist to universal ideals. There is a growing consciousness among women about sharing childcare responsibility so that the total load does not fall on one woman.

Many women have remarked on how easy it is to talk closely in groups with each other, how much more smoothly work projects flow. There is a willingness of sisters to teach one another new skills in a comparatively egoless way that is considerate of personal feelings.

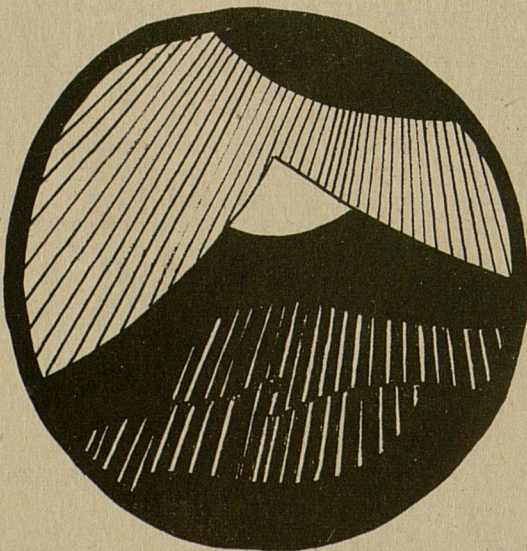
One of the aspects of consciousness raising is to create a reality separate from the polarizing influence of male dominated culture, where women can come out of their female selves and grow into whole people. The nature and direction of separatism is confusing to many people. In women's groups, festivals and living situations it exists as an important aspect of the women's movement.

The growth of "Country Women", for example, is a reaching out towards our sisters to help us share with them our growth and changes. The personal becomes the universal as one woman's inner strength becomes all our strength ♀

land: four views

It's hard for me to share my understanding of spirituality through words. Not just because spirituality is intangible but because each person's understanding and knowledge is unique, an individual tuning in to the symbiotic universal parts of themselves. The most important key to this for me has been through my land. I am the guardian and protectress of a sacred place. To be by the pond - fish swimming, trees and clouds reflected, icy deep overlooking the ocean; the windbreak line of 70-year old cypress, with wild daffodils encroaching on its dark green; open grassy meadow; steep canyon; the old apple orchard hung with spanish moss; hidden springs on the hillside located only by the telltale wild purple iris.... To spend time on this land, to know it through the rhythmic waxing and waning of the moon, to just think of it and smile at the magic secrets it holds for anyone who really looks, is to know myself to a depth and strength and beauty I did not see before.

So words are inadequate; at best I can only tell you to spend time on the land, and to be open to the rhythms and cycles and teachings that come every day in the country.***



Living in the country has enabled me to drop so many protective shields that I had developed in the city. I am beginning to feel life, not just be aware of the years slipping by. I've discovered I am a living, breathing organism which is not afloat alone but is a part of everything. I'm beginning to understand myself and my needs through the opening of my inner self. I owe this to the country which has given me life and freedom.

I stand in my garden feeling my feet sink deep into the earth, as if they are taking root. I am warmed by the sun dancing around me, for here I too am a plant. Energy surrounds me and regenerates me. I have learned that life must wither and die at times but it will always be ready to rise again, if only in some other form.

As I walk over my land this moonlit night even our geese seem merely extensions of the shining moon, two glowing white earthbound stars. All that surrounds me has taken on the warm vibrating feeling that all is beautiful and alive.

My land and nature have given me a security inside myself, because I am a part of this universe. I am strong as the wind and trees, continually moving as the ocean currents, beautiful as my plants, full of vibrance as the moon, and always alive and changing as does my land. ****

Yesterday I walked to the sea, all downhill and of course all uphill on the way back. It was good to be able to do, to feel that I had that much strength and endurance.

The walk, especially as I came in view of the wide sky and ocean, opened up my spirit, uncramped my mind. The sunset - the sun's reflection a streak of red - spread its colors all across the rippling sea. The wind was cold.

The walk back up the rise was a challenge. Coming across a gulley in need of a bridge, I saw huge old black logs from the seventeen-year-old clearcutting, young pine trees, lilac bushes all up one hill - straight up and down it feels.

This land of ravines and clearcut steep hills, of rushing streams; this land of meandering deer trails and animal holes; this land is a challenge to the body and the spirit. I need this land as much as I need food. It pulls in the back of my calves, it challenges the soles of my boots, it tests my endurance. This land stretches me. ~~~~~



This happened to me a few weeks ago when I was visiting a woman friend in Arizona. We were talking about auras, and I told her that I can sometimes see people's auras. The conversation turned to other forms of energy. We were walking the earth in her backyard - dry, desert earth with desert carpet just beginning to spread its ground-hugging vines and quarter inch magenta flowers.

Betty talked of the special feeling she has for her land, a feeling that comes from the specialness of the land itself. She said she can see/feel the energy of it in certain spots. We moved farther into the yard, and she asked me if I could find the big energy spot there. I half squinted and unfocused my eyes and did what I call opening my skin, making myself as receptive as possible. I began to get a sense of an area. Yes, this is where once the earth has seemed to shimmer for her. We located force/energy lines by feel and carefully stood on some of them. I felt my feet begin to tingle and gradually the energy spread so that my half-cupped hands seemed to be holding a static-y substance. In another minute I felt lightheaded and "overcharged," so I moved each foot a few inches to the left and off the lines. The flowing stopped and I shook myself to get rid of some of the tension.

We began walking back to the house but stopped at a spot where an apricot tree had grown. Once grown, one-half of it had died. The tree was no more but its circular watering well was. We talked of how too much energy (magnetism?) can burn out vegetation. Which side of the tree had burned out? Could I tell by standing in the well? I walked slowly around the circle and felt the line where the energy change came. Then I stood on just one side of the well. No feeling but that of solid earth. I changed to the other side - immediately a sense of surging. This side had burned out.

The earth is alive. It pulsates with life energy, changing in intensity through its space. Its power is much greater than ours. We deface the surface but the life force remains underneath. There is much to learn.

On the way back to the house we talked of women we both know who have a feeling for the land, and I felt a belonging to another community - a community of people who take the earth reverently (not mystically) and seriously. Though awed I felt very solid and connected. ~~~~~

Country as a Spiritual Speedway

everyone recognizes the feelings of uplift and purification that come from communing with nature. even a walk or picnic in the park can be instant elevation. taking this further, developed into a life that is totally immersed in country cycles, we are finding a clearer understanding of our own lives. the country can be a remarkable tool for spiritual growth. it is a religion without a deity, an external place that is a living reminder of internal truths, giving us the job of keeping attuned to her constant lessons.

spiritual growth is a path to a deeper understanding of the unity of being and a dissolving of that powerful sensory trick of separateness. it is possible for the senses themselves to get involved in this recognition --- feeling the wind in the leaves as in one's own hair, the hot sun on the garden plants as on one's own back, a goat's thirst as one's own, a hawk's flight as one's own dream of flying. we find ourselves learning compassion when a tree is to be cut or an animal culled. observing nature's creations, her impartiality, her constant changes and her being always in the present, we then begin to look for the beauty in all things and to gain respect for all life, giving each form equal value. we begin to concentrate on clearing the mind to receive the present. it seems that getting away from external pollution and into the natural physical world has an intrinsic clarity. in the country, things are set out right as they come from the earth and sky. there are no interferences to original sights and sounds and smells and tastes and touches. it is quiet and inspires silence. things take time, move slowly, so it is easier to follow every step. one can watch the cycles and see them revolving in oneself.

a country environment allows us more receptivity to the finer tunes of the universe until one day we may become transmitters of the same energy. on a walk or run over the hills or in hard, ego-losing labor or when dancing under a vast open sky, one gets enmeshed in all-encompassing creation; just as making love can be a physical path into a glimpse of the spirit world.

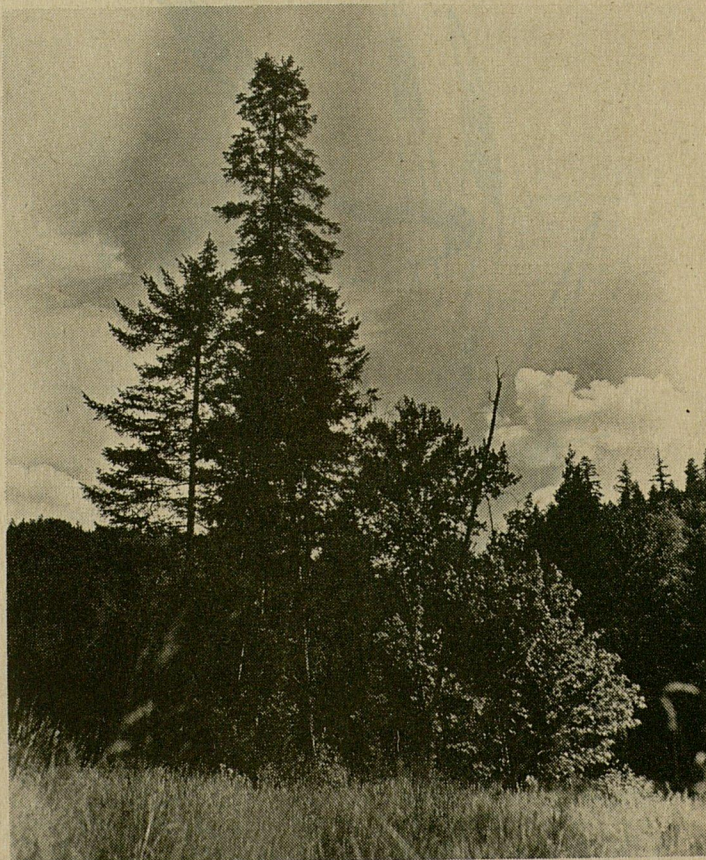
there are several words used in connection with spirituality, many of which are so over-used as to be meaningless. yet they can also be guides, like a stroke of the stick in zazen. one word is acceptance.* other words are pa-

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\*this word acceptance stimulates much discussion of the apparent conflict between feminism's party line and that of spirituality (a major topic in itself). politically thinking, acceptance does not mean take your oppression as what's happening, live with it and dig it. it means accept its existence, deal with it, don't deny it.

tience, quietude, truthfulness, humility, fearlessness, harmlessness, and generosity - meditate on the richness of what each represents and find how practicing them can lead to inner peace and clarity of mind. this is what the country says. the land challenges the spirit to understand these concepts. a tree dies, falls, decomposes and becomes earth naturally, acceptingly. the streams flow the way of least resistance, ever progressing. non-human forms don't lie, don't need to, giving one great inspiration to be truthful and open, thus freeing oneself.

on the working side of life, which is almost all the time in the country, spiritual concepts become grass-roots reality. our work projects, building a goat house, tending a garden, teach us lessons in concentration, perseverance, completion and strength. our country life involves us with the basic pro-



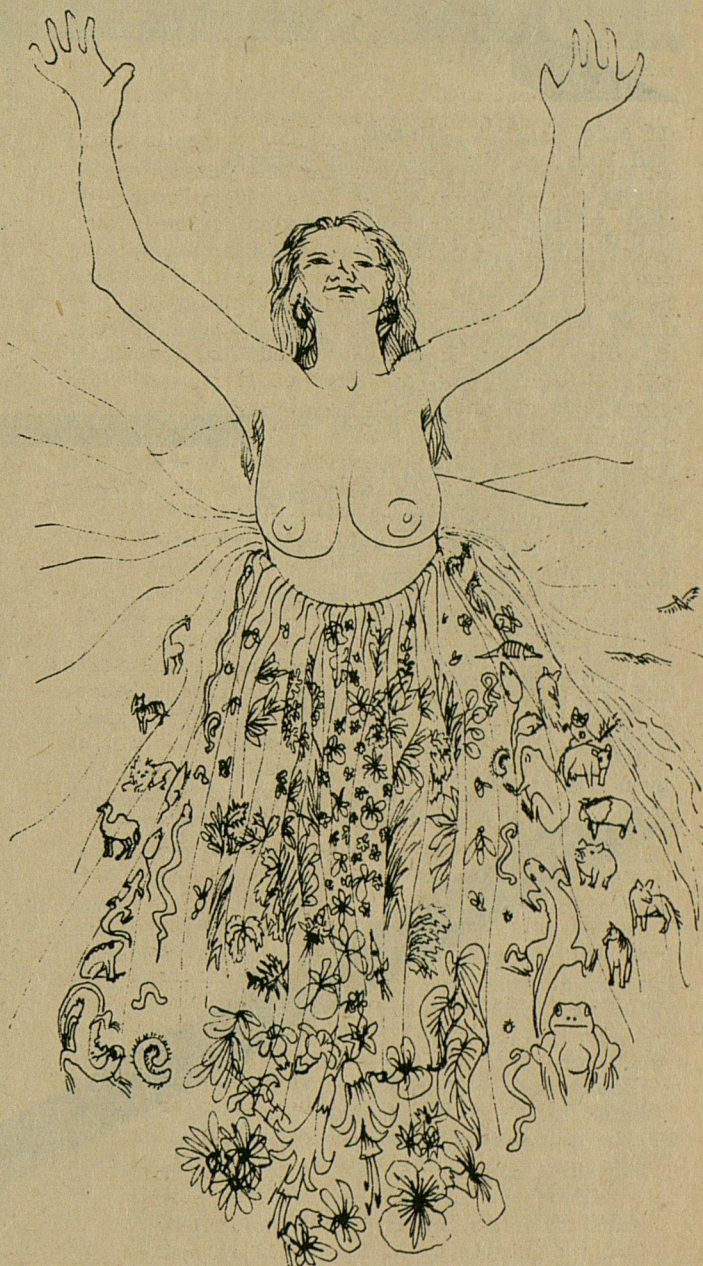


cesses of everything we use: chopping wood that will keep us warm and cook our food, planting and cultivating that food, finding, pumping and carrying the water we drink and give our plants and animals. we become connected to the natural cycles of our lives and those around us, discovering ourselves as agents in the processes of being - not the most important feature. humility. finding out one's vital usefulness and creative power as a worker bee, not the queen.

the body is a survival tool. it is the dwelling place of the spirit for now and is thus a temple. to use one's body as freely as its construction allows and feed it well gets it into a condition where it is no longer in the way, a big weight to drag around, both physically and mentally. there seems to be more freedom in natural spaces to let go of body rigidity and propriety and to let oneself move in new-found flexibility. after being on this mountain just a few weeks we found that we could be as crazy as we wanted and it helped release the spirit of both body and soul. there is a surging energy and then complete relaxation after a day of good work in clean air, even if one feels exhausted. this seems so important in keeping away from muddle-mindedness and unclogging the passageways to the brain, to thought. tranquility from both the work and the rest leaves one mellow. this is not to say there are no hasseling jobs. sometimes things get hectic and frantic, for sure, but it is part of the teaching to keep in control of such times. lastly we turn to the country as a general confirmation of the universe. it is all so beautiful from glimmering sunrises to fiery sunsets that one can't help but internalize at least some degree of positiveness about the world. we are not bombarded with played-up bad news. the distant mountains stand strong and serene. this wilderness is not made or run by humans - we are a minute part of it.

however, there is danger in this mayan glory - the danger of deception. it feels so pure, there must be a catch. it feels so pure, it feels like instant enlightenment. the country is a guide, not awareness itself. can you bring to relationships with the people you live with or, simply, deal with, working insight from the country? does the mellowness last? can you go to the city and be peaceful from an inner calm? are you dependent on the country for feeling high? has the beauty all around helped you see the beauty of other, less obviously, beautiful things or does it set up relative comparisons in your mind? attainment of spiritual progress rests on a foundation of directed effort and discipline. to be seriously seeking a spiritual path takes more than the teachings. one must not neglect the vital search into one's inner regions to find true awareness, for eventually one will be called upon to discard the tools, to leave the teacher. in the city many people must struggle through the layers of environmental pollution and consequent alienation, to seek out the inner gem of love. to get deep into meditation in that

atmosphere requires discipline and inner strength. in the country, when it looks like that gem of love is so readily available on a sensory level, it is easy to slack off the inner work, not realizing that this is also necessary. such beauty is a distraction as well as a teacher. after a time, one can no longer dwell on form, and must cherish the truths themselves. the enlightened mind dwells on nothing. ♀





GOATS: FULL MOON

In moonlight, moveless, wait the two white goats;  
What they are fixed on eye may not discern.  
Plainly, the barn looks far, although the way  
is day-familiar, just around the turn.

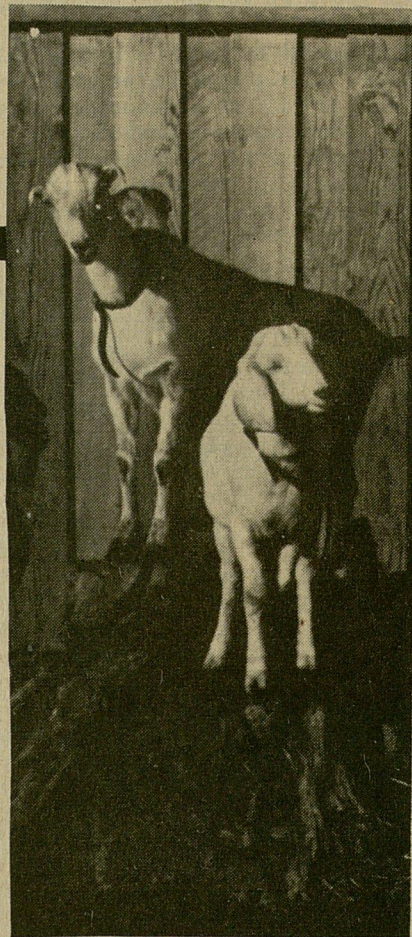
Come! Supper's waiting: sweetest-scented hay;  
Safety from shadows, furtive, formless What?  
And strangeness of that world bewitching eye  
Above the cypresses.

Come. Trot!

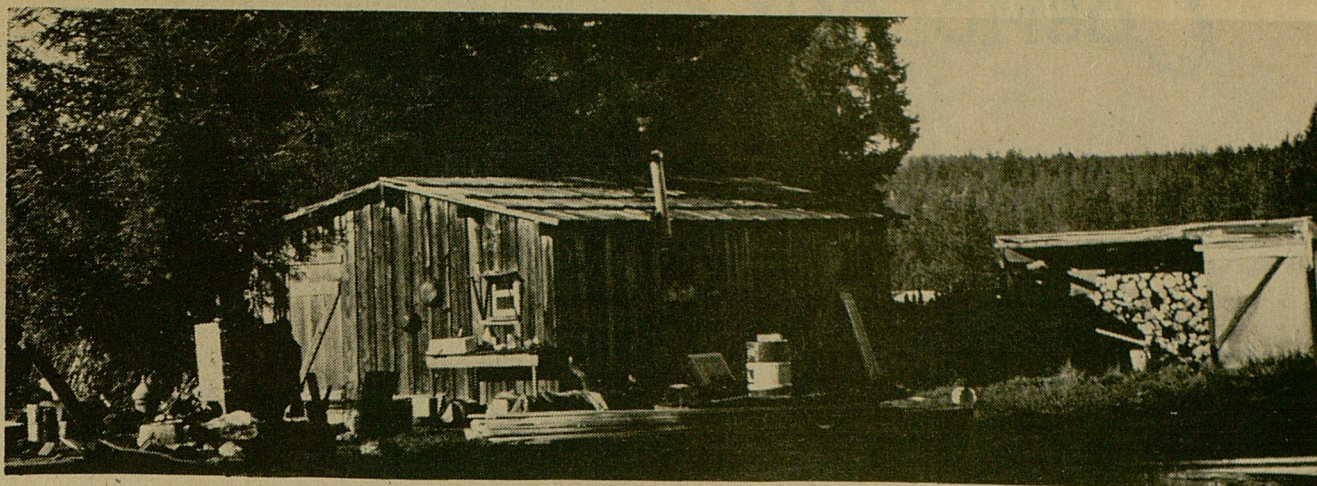
They will not budge. Tensed bodies, hooves set wide,  
Enchanted stance, speak scorn of barns and me.  
I take the hint. What better teachers have?  
I'll stand and look, nor question what we see.

RETURN

If gold fell in my hands  
and love was the name in my pocket,  
if the rings on my fingers  
were lucky winning horses  
and my fish-hooks caught  
the longest rivers,  
if all the twists  
of my tongue were straightened  
and my grandfather sat on my shoulder  
forever, speaking of life,  
if the old farms grew  
over the cities, and peace came  
from clouds onto  
runways of all countries,  
if the I-Ching spread its leaves  
and books became fields  
and pride tumbled its waterfall  
into a lake and my hunger  
fed on its fish, I would return  
to the earth;  
I would take the order  
and split each name in chaos  
I would walk back to the start and begin  
again as the apple  
I would divide:  
even the stones  
even the core of the earth is changing.







Dear Sisters,

We moved to the country two years ago. Together we had the potential for fulfilling our hopes and dreams. If Nancy couldn't do something, or Ginger couldn't, then we could together. We shared our love, our backaches, our frustrations and our joy. As far as we were concerned we had all we could want as we started in our new life. And yet there was something missing deep, deep inside. There was an emptiness in our hearts which we kept trying to fill with work, animals, each other, friends, - an endless list of things. Believe us, it wasn't easy, but we each finally said "yes Lord Jesus, I really need You" and that emptiness was filled.

It wasn't an instant happening. Each of us had been reared in a protestant church, and each had outgrown or rejected the Bible for her own reasons. However almost annually Nancy would go through a turmoil of seeking God, and Ginger, a teacher, used to study the New Testament to try to understand why the teachings of Jesus had lasted 2000 years, (the miracles helped) even though she considered the contents of the Bible like a fairy tale.

Last fall when Ginger started reading aloud a book about the 1967 Indonesian religious revival, Nancy became agitated and asked if Ginger believed that stuff. "Well, yes, it is possible." Agitation increased for Nancy throughout the descriptions of the miracles that were taking place. One night, praying that God would reveal his existence to her, Nancy had a supernatural experience. A warmth or current flowed through her body as the words "Jesus is Lord, Jesus is King" formed on her lips. As she lay there trying to fathom what was happening to her, Ginger touched her and found her unusually warm. Nancy said, "I think the Holy Spirit has just been here". After that she couldn't deny her Lord Jesus any longer.

Ginger's experiences were as different as her personality and needs. The same book on Indonesia directed her to reread and perceive the whole Bible as truth in its simplest interpretation. Instead of her scientific background disproving the Bible, the reverse seemed to

happen. When she began to realize the truth of Biblical prophecies, it blew her mind. One of her supernatural experiences occurred as she was driving home thinking how great it would be to hear the Lord's voice. She heard a wordless voice that echoed through every fiber of her being.

It wasn't easy to give ourselves to Jesus Christ, since we felt it might lead to separation from each other, and we loved each other very much. It was with relief that we realized that God knew our need for companionship with each other as well as with Him. Since that time we have been given the deepest peace of mind in an exciting and challenging life.

It is a funny thing that we are still (Sunday, organized type) church-shy, but we have found fellowship in a prayer group. There we share our experiences and find answers to some of our questions. We are learning the purpose of a Christian is to pray for those who are not able to pray for themselves, since God reaches out only when invited to do so. We are growing spiritually through reading the Bible (and accepting it at face value), through prayer, and through christian fellowship, even though we are a bit irregular about it.

We have found that Christ allows us as women to become more than sex symbols, or beasts of burden, or slaves to husbands. The Lord loves all of us humans, and wants us to develop our potential. The New Testament says we are neither men nor women but Christians. Why did God, in the Old Testament, send a woman to lead the nation of Israel in battle? She just left hubby and kids to do God's will. (They won!) Sometimes we find ourselves slipping into that "Christian" mold of our old church memories. We must follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit back to individuality. Jesus came to us as individuals, and as we seek Him in our own way we become closer to Him and to each other.

Thank you for allowing us to share with you.

Sincerely,  
Nancy and Ginger

♀



# COSMOLOGY OF THE MOMENT:

## I BITTERSWEET THE ELUSIVE ODOR OF A THOUSAND ORIENTAL BLOSSOMS

For me, right now, a sense of simultaneity is developing. That means instead of feeling isolated and feeling a sense of self, or feeling oneness and losing yourself in it, feeling them both, simultaneously: unity and individuality. As I sit down to write, I struggle with the idea that I must choose between writing about the women's movement or about myself. And once again am reminded that I can only write about both. The reason I am writing is because I feel good about seeing women's liberation as part of an evolutionary, spiritual energy flow, and want to share this feeling and this view. Spiritual means, in this case, toward unity.

As I began to explore my own energy in terms of feminist consciousness, I had a revelatory freeing: the Divinity now manifests itself as female. This vision of the Divine as Female led me to a bird's-eye view of the universe which corresponds to my current steps in the process of de-conditioning or "growing." In other words, the Goddess and the images that blossomed with Her in my "religious" experience fit into my sense of individual growth in such a way as to unify, and make me feel good. So for now, a cosmology emerges.

The cosmology starts with a circle as a picture of the universe: whole, continuous, united. There may be many circles, with the same center or with different centers. Choose one circle as a picture of my/our universe, as known now, then divide it with a yinyang line: just that, a line. The circle remains a circle; people are people; men and women are the same - that's the content and vibration of the circle. Life, the life force, is the Life Force, or God is always God. Others may say All is One.

But the line is that which produces a sense of duality, the male/female. Thus it gives all sense of form to life and individualizes our consciousness. Once created, the line exists. The line is the difference between things, the difference between men and women. Right now I'm working with that line. The line is maybe one percent of the content of the whole circle, but while I'm working with the line, within the space created by it, that's all I'm working with. Keeping a sense of proportion and at the same time giving full attention to the line, is what we, as women, have to be willing to do. In other words, finding ourselves as different seems to me to be just one percent of our work. Although my consciousness work may appear separatist, I don't suffer from any feelings of separation because this inward image of unity includes my social and personal work. The women's revolution feels very strong and real. To me, revolution means in harmony with evolution, and evolution means moving towards cosmic consciousness on every level. So now is the time and place for the re-emergence of the Female Deity Issha (Hebrew for woman), to save the earth, to save the co-creators themselves.

The Female Deity is one manifestation of the Whole God - as was the male, in the sense that each is always the Whole One, transcending

the "line" between them, i.e. getting over the "battle" of the sexes. As Yahweh in the Biblical myth has created the world, so the Mother will now "draw the line" as creation turns to destruction, and will care for the creation. She thus breaks down the established order by drawing the form of the universe from a different point in the infinity of points on the circumference of the circle.

An obvious correspondent to the power of Issha's emergence is the struggle of the women's movement. The female energy was tuned into earlier by the hippie relaxation into a flowing with what was culturally conceived of as "femaleness." This in itself was not easy, but the real battle started when women grew actively dissatisfied with fitting into an old image. At this point, social change begins to take place, and usually first through a change in the power structure. That female liberation is the key word, as compared to flower power, means that outer life has a chance to develop in harmony with inner truth, and the old mistakes of imposing new "freedoms" can be avoided. This part of the growth process has to do with seeing your psychological or spiritual or material blockages as opportunities. In other words, the door is the door (closed or open, it is the door and can be opened) rather than a part of the wall. I have a hard time reconciling my emotional troubles with the simultaneous feeling of getting higher, but for me this is related to Eve's being willing to pay the price for knowledge. So, Issha "breaks through" now, and the Divine Love flows.

Many of us have our easiest access to various high states of consciousness through what we usually think of as love. As women learn to love each other we sometimes have a hard time figuring out how to get to those places of open intimate contact. Making love will work, and between people who don't want to make love the opportunity exists to find new ways to get there, new ways to show and feel love.

The change from possessive love to the imprint of Goddess/Mother's love which delights in the growth of the child, and embraces change, is one which is affecting the form of many relationships. The Mother is committed, but to an everchanging entity, not to a static love-object. The difficulty is that the new ways of loving and relating must be valued as deeply as the old, and the planes of freedom arrived at must be remembered and valued too, if one wishes to spend more time on them.

These states of consciousness are connected with love which allows for change and freedom for the people involved--a love concerned with relating in the ever-changing moment, not hindered by the idea of relationship.

Setting up an image or symbol system helps me integrate new programs. At the same time, the images which arrive set me up for reception of more new programs. The images are not a set of beliefs, but a language for translation of

Continued on pg. 18



## II SIMULTANEOUS PROGRAMS ON ANOTHER CHANNEL

About twelve years ago, I had a very lucky experience. I was living with Jane, who was a very active artist. I literally did nothing but preserve my sanity. I would be sitting, and one day Jane said, "What are you doing, sitting there, don't you want to draw something?" She was busily sketching. I said, "I'm looking out the window." She said, "But, don't you want to do something?" The sun was shining, I was looking out the window at the brick wall across the way. I said, "Do you really want me to tell you what I'm doing?" She said, "I really want to know." So I started to try to tell her what I was doing, looking out the window. And it happened. I saw the brick wall - I saw the brick I was looking at; I saw it. I saw the brick wall, and afterwards, I decided that I would fall in love and get married and have children and make a life with a normal personality, because I was afraid. So I did it - I didn't fake it - it all happened. But I remember that moment as associated with all of it, with my whole sense of direction. And later, after having gone through psychedelic experiences, cosmic love union experiences, even giving birth, I realized that that moment was as strong as any other experience I've had.

Offering to the Divine Mother  
Victorious, auspicious, black and  
terrifying, adorned with skulls,  
Essence of all auspiciousness and  
good, accomplishing all  
Giving refuge, Mother of the Three  
Worlds, Golden One, Sustaining  
Mother, Adoration to Thee.....

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven;  
A woman clothed with the sun,  
And the moon under her feet,  
And upon her head twelve stars!

FREE METER - TO BE SUNG AD LIB. MAMA

I don't know a-bout you but when I fall down I be-gin to cry

And I know I want to feel better bye and bye I call my MAMA

Ma - ma Ma - ma Ma - ma Gim - me help

Ma - ma I hurt my self Ma - ma gim - me help

Ma - ma I can't do it by my- self Ma - ma Ma - ma Ma - ma

Ma - ma Gim - me help



## I BITTERSWEET

various level changes into this consciousness-- into verbal, physical consciousness. At this point, I have to bring experiences back here in order to trust them. It's like working from within the given system, rather than destroying it to set up a new one.

In working this way, the female revolution is gentle; spiritual growth can be gentle. Rather than being an isolated experience, or a life gained through emotional, chemical or ascetic intensity all of which cause violence to the existing organism, enlightenment can encompass the daily life of the race, and become widespread. I/you/we put the new information into the already existing program. It's all there, and it's all equally valuable. I feel that we are free as often as not - but we don't string the little moments together into a symbolic whole the way we do other moments.

But for the Goddess to take form, or for us to "pass through" this current phase of discovery, for Now, we will have to make a new value system. Thus we are operating on this plane, programmed and programming, and as free as possible simultaneously. Of course, while involved in the process of creating a value system you are destroying the supposedly "real" moment, by defining it. But as long as fear causes me to hold on to old images or programs, creating a possible picture of where I may be going helps me to step into newness again.

All this takes a tremendous amount of acceptance of the given moment and what appears to be happening in it. This acceptance is the most efficient way to move through the deconditioning, or reprogramming, process, but appears in conflict with religious ethics. Religion tells us to follow certain rules and the usual response to this is repression of what is actually happening. Acceptance has nothing to do with trying to be good. Women, in throwing off the conditioning of the centuries, are making "religion" available to the people. It is outside the realm of authority and this process leads to the same state of being that religion supposedly has the access to.

So the process of experiencing the Divine continues, and Issha's attribute of Acceptance points to a time of the Deity as Nature. This will be a time when womankind and mankind will be able to realize their equality, with each other, with the trees, with the spirits or fairies, and with the non-translatable energies, be they "supernatural" or "scientific". With this acceptance of other states of consciousness and other states of being as equals we tune into guidance.

Nature herself is giving us the most direct guidance with Her cries for help. Her body has been raped and must be comforted and helped to regain its strength and beauty. As the Earth is traditionally conceived of as female, so both men and women must tune into their own female energy in order to love the Earth, the Mother. This is the same spiritual work for all, it is the whole cosmological circle; the yin/yan line is unimportant on this level where all life forms are equal. Some of the beginning guides into the coming image of Great Spirit are Indians still living and teaching. Others are the marijuana and peyote plants. The food consciousness we have been exploring, primarily the question of

vegetarianism, is a process linking Nature and internal nature.

At the point in my cosmology where Deity is Nature, I can only speak about what I see in the future. I personally have not had a revelatory experience of Deity other than as male or female. I feel that is because it is hard for me to accept, value, Nature as guru because She is so equal and accepting, and I am not often that open. Also I am too conditioned by human "love" values and various forms of dominance/subjection values. So partly I'm talking from experience - and partly from experiences that I had and don't remember and that I'm going to have, and yet these are as clear to me as the ones I've had. This is because I am conscious of the part acceptance and equality are playing in the growth process, and so do feel guided in finding these images.

I want to share this seeing of the process and the images - seeing your own images as a given part of your own growth process. Also, I want to share my belief that the urge to grow is stronger than anything else. It can get you through some tough spots. It is simultaneity of de-programming and faith, of acceptance and desire to change. And/or it is an attribute of Deity the Tree, everchanging, evergrowing, ever-accepting, everequal.

Where the guidance does come through for me is in the mirror of daily relationships and in the mirror within mirror within mirror realities of media about people, as in books and newspapers. In daily relationships, acceptance is my key; when I feel good, I feel guided in these areas. When the message of acceptance comes through we give each other the space to see ourselves. But once again, we have to value ourselves and each other as we are, more than we value the images we are supposedly trying to give up. What I am finding is that friends and lovers and children really are teachers if I let them be. All guides are of equal value, as all life forms are of equal value.

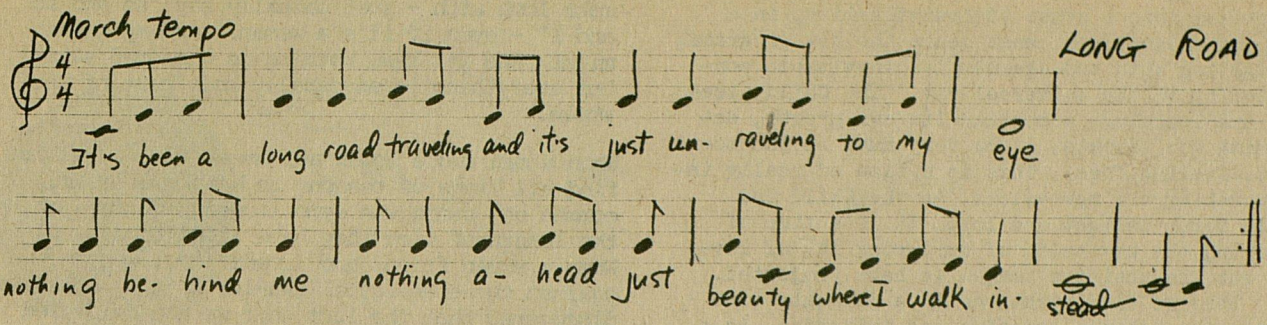
We, out here in the country, are given an incredibly merciful way to work - just a gentle persistent daily rhythm, a growing into unity through everchangingness. And in the country there is space for psychic experimentation. Other people are not so fortunate. Their situation bounces images back on the material plane more dynamically. At this time of change in the world, the mirror is so clear - if we are open to it, we can read the newspapers to comprehend the changes that are happening on deep levels and thus construct the new value system. While reading about killing, I can share that image - try to find out who I am killing and how, and when I am killing myself. Thus I don't always have to recreate an individual drama to learn a cosmic lesson. Those people are suffering for us all! I know it's not easy to accept the newspaper as a guide but, newspaper or tree, if we can accept the One Consciousness of the world, and accept ourselves as equals in it, we can construct good programs for ourselves and for the world.

So here we are with the Whole Circle again, and now man and woman as equals would be able to conceive of the Deity as Child - so that we must care for the Deity in order for it to exist. The Deity as Child, newborn, newly awake - with

Continued pg. 20



## II OTHER CHANNEL



poem, 1961, vibrating with female lover, transcendant companion

I love you  
white flowers of my flesh  
green ocean spray

This love I have for you  
is heavy and bittersweet

This love for you is  
green moss in my mouth

A seagull flying in the dark  
a white shadow

song, 1971, vibrating with male lover, transcendant companion

Bittersweet, Bittersweet

Bittersweet that my dearly beloved is as mortal  
as myself  
Bittersweet that to love another is the being  
of the one

Bittersweet in the morning  
Bittersweet in the twilight

In the clear air of midday  
When I can see the whole way  
There is no you, nor me  
There is no one to be

Bittersweet  
Bittersweet in the morning  
Bittersweet in the twilight  
Bittersweet that my dearly beloved is as mortal  
as myself  
Bittersweet that to love another is the being  
of the one

R. "In the newspaper a few weeks ago there was a big, front-page spread on the movie, "The Exorcist," and the enormous crowds it was attracting: people waiting in lines in freezing rain for hours to see it. It's the kind of movie that makes people ghastly sick, makes them faint - people were having to be carried out of the theatre, stuff like that. Thousands of people are knocking themselves out to see it, and I was really puzzled, thinking, "What is this? The old thirst for blood and guts, or more than that or what?" Not having read the book, I couldn't guess very well. Then Robert reminded me about the New Testament Book of Revelations in which it says that this is the time right now when the Occult is supposed to be coming in, in full force, as the Anti-Christ, and taking over the consciousness of people...making them believe that it's their saviour. Through the image of those people waiting in that line, I felt.... almost unbearable anguish."

P. "Yes, I'm talking about feeling it that deeply. The mirror is available. Those people are suffering for us! And if we can look and feel it there, then we won't have to manufacture any more of it in order to see it."

So here we are in the Circle, The Whole Circle again. Here we are with Nature as our God, reading a newspaper about the American Nightmare. And here we are still searching for the American Dream. That dream of equality which was manifest in words and writing, and the nightmare of resistance we are creating on the material plane. To me, that's connected with our understanding of our own images, of our own physical life, as being that which we project into actuality in order to understand.

When my daughter was three years old, she got lost in the woods. She was missing for exactly 48 hours. Somehow, after the first few hours it was impossible for me to be afraid. The woods, the trees, were friendly. It was hard for me to grasp and accept this communication - but finally I felt it, translated it, and recognized it, and now remember it as friendly. When she was found she was singing, and later told us she saw everything inside - "inside my heart."

Religion has been one of the biggest traps of all time. The translations of the energy come to stand only for themselves. Static. Any system will work - Yoga, Yahweh, Jesus - and indeed has worked when that was the energy being evoked. But you shall not worship images has always applied, and if She is not to make the same old mistakes, not only must we see beyond the images, but we must see beyond worshipping and find out something about equality.



## I BITTERSWEET

no value system. The Child, growing from total awareness into a sense of individuality, in a new and unique form, must learn the new programs, struggling with and against its inevitable conditioning in the universal way. The Child, seeing and learning, accepting its own growth, accepting its parents, lives very much in the moment, feeling free. This is a time of really incorporating the new values. As the Child God calls forth delight and love, it is a time of enjoying the new self, of nurturing it, of living out the positive images we have projected.

Here we find ourselves in a delicate time of balance between creation and imitation. As a child creates its life but learns how to express itself through imitation, women are now exploring the creative process and the creative power of the Muse. During this time of incorporating changes, we still need to act out the positive, hence women doing things, manifesting and producing on the social and physical levels. This doing may appear to be an imitation of so-called "male" energy, but operating from a space of equality, we see that we do not have to "dominate" our products or our Gods, - they will be our equals - and the Child can truly grow free. Children do things differently than either man or woman as we know them. For children there is no product to be kept static. God simply plays. And if Eve is going to get the knowledge of how to be like the gods which she has paid for, the "line" between the creative process and the created product will be broken down.

The deepest creating is then manifest as becoming God, becoming Love. The truly free child grows into a free adult, and total awareness and mature functioning are simultaneous. Here we are out of the realm of programs, we simply play and - we're free! No new Deity is needed. I think this is indeed happening. Once we see it, it becomes another image of a less visible truth - it will happen, and because all these steps are each the One Divinity Always, and it is only the process of seeing it that appears to evolve, it is happening: each individual can be Free, Here, Now.

It is through the so-called "female" energy that these themes can achieve unity in our lives now. The revelations of the Divine, the revolutions of the world, and the personal moment by moment growth process interpermeate the Now. And, as the revelation of atomic energy touches every cell in our bodies and has affected every aspect of our consciousness, so the spiritual work of women's liberation can become a giant step in human liberation and affect all aspects of our daily existence.

As long as we are using images at all, we are bound by the old adage, seeing is believing. In this context, i.e. right now, we must be willing to face the Muse as she beckons and be willing to do the work of recreating our lives as we live. When enough people are "high" enough to transcend all values, there will be no conflict over which image system works best. We will be busy creating beauty, admiring beauty, loving one another, caring for the plants, animals and children, and from where I'm looking at it now, heartbeating within the One Consciousness..... So: the old King is dying, and the Triple Goddess: Mother, the old Hag (she who controls death), and the Virgin Child are in clear view .....circles within circles within circles..... ♀

## II OTHER CHANNEL

Is nothing sacred! How can I write about who I make love with - just casually say "so and so and I" - even if it's a woman?! And my mother might read it! Yes, nothing is a sacred secret, but everything is an equally holy part of the whole.

When a man and a woman are breaking up, she can find all kinds of reasons to break her heart, a common one being the symbolic significance of the length of time they have lived together. When a woman friend and I made love, we came up against these energies. Playing with symbols, we discovered that the fact that we had delivered each other's babies could be used symbolically; as an image or event which we pick out of the flow to build into something "symbolic" which locks us into itself - a relationship as opposed to relating. This enabled us to realize some of the games involved in the ways of loving we were accustomed to. Thus, with a laugh, we could throw off, at least for the moment, much of the restraint keeping us from a state of love with everyone. It takes a certain ruthlessness to create the program needed to move in the moment and be willing to destroy it as soon as possible!

I've been trying to share - and still say - all this is just one sparkle on one drop of dew - gone as the sun rises. So tonight Maureen came up from the city. She left the country a couple of months ago. Dancing topless to make her fortune. She wanted money and she's getting it. She's into being "liberated." She's into living "high." She came up in a rented car, bringing cheese and cheesecake. She's a redhead, two black men are her lover. One is a cop. The other is married. She and the married one are in love. Neither of us can believe it, but we can laugh about it and be happy for her. "Be careful" I say, "be careful on this physical plane." "I know" she says, "It's like a dream. We really we really do get what we...want" she says. We gawk at each other and laugh.

While putting Channel together: Left the baby crying, now interrupted working on this to make a seven year old cry. Sick in bed, trapped in karmic despair. They cry for me. An appropriate ending to such an optimistic piece.

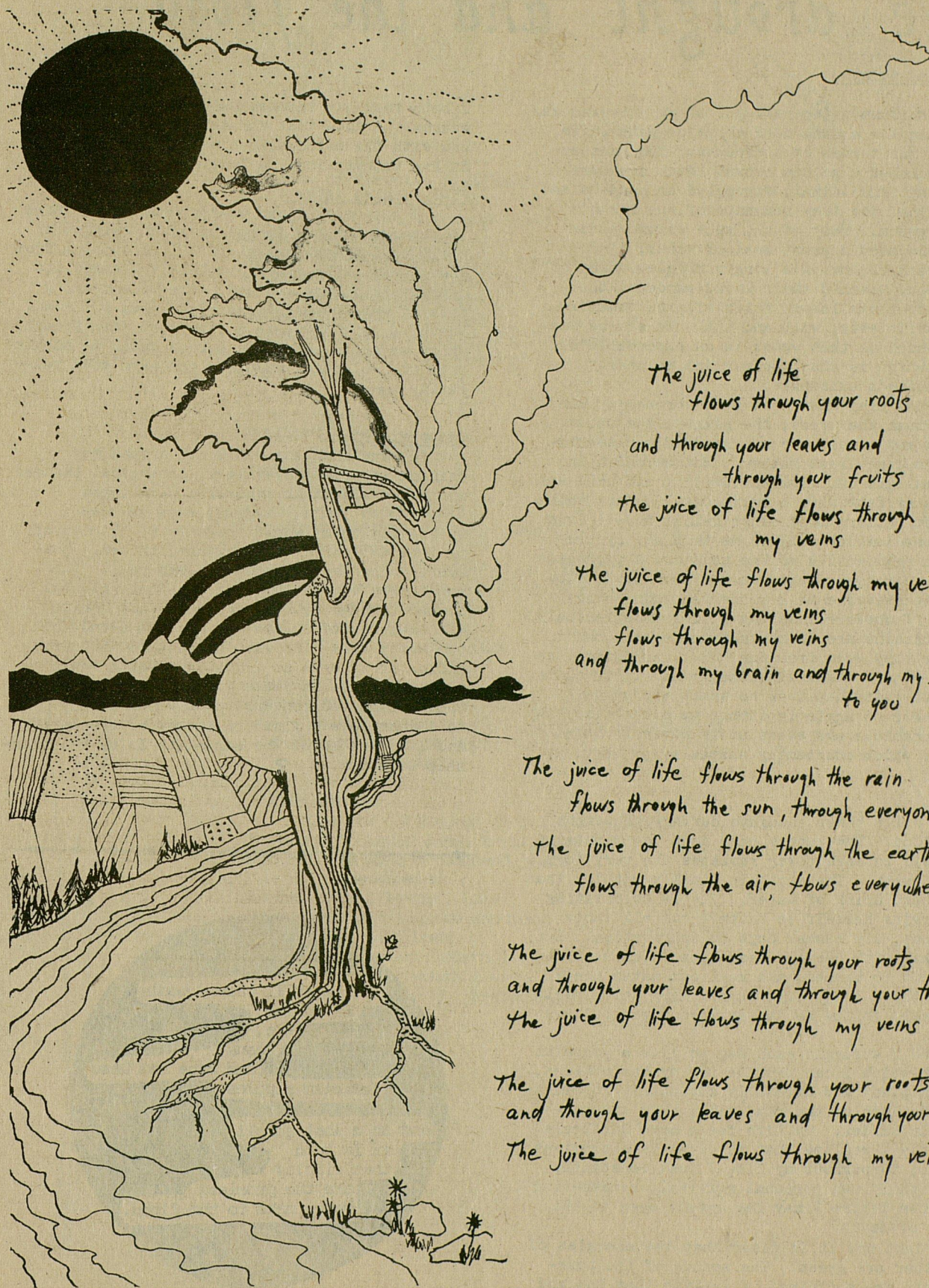
Thanks remain to be said to Leslie for the candy, to all the baby sitters, to River for the initial nudge. To the guides who throw things together in an orderly fashion and who threw me a sense of life as bizarre. Smiling tongue in cheek I cover my head with the blankets to rest and get well.

Poem

Bizarre clarity is my goal  
I'm in it for the laughs



## II OTHER CHANNEL



the juice of life  
flows through your roots  
and through your leaves and  
through your fruits  
the juice of life flows through  
my veins

the juice of life flows through my veins  
flows through my veins  
flows through my veins  
and through my brain and through my song  
to you

The juice of life flows through the rain  
flows through the sun, through everyone  
the juice of life flows through the earth  
flows through the air, flows everywhere

the juice of life flows through your roots  
and through your leaves and through your fruits  
the juice of life flows through my veins

the juice of life flows through your roots  
and through your leaves and through your fruits  
The juice of life flows through my veins



# the drought and the flood

## Early one morning

Last summer the very gut of my universe was screaming for a long hard drink of water. We were in the throes of a drought. The grasses were scorched a golden brown. Each creature, both plant and animal, struggled to harness and make use of the tiny remnants of the earth's water system. Many of us, such as the alder trees who need a great deal of water, died a slow death following a long struggle. Many of my friends watched their loved gardens, the fruits of their labor, their efforts towards self-sufficiency, wilt and die. We all became very conscious that water is an expendable resource which is absolutely vital to nearly every being's existence.

Today many questions race through my mind. I know that the trees, the plants, the other animals and myself are all kindred souls--offspring of the Great Mother. But beyond that how great are our similarities? I sit here and examine my fate with a self-consciousness which I do not believe most other beings have. This self-consciousness allows me to place my present in perspective to the past and a projected future. It also denies me the ability to flow with the universe as I perceive other beings doing. I observe that the closer other animals' relationships are to the human species, the farther they grow from the "OM". And since the alders seem to flow with the Mother it is quite possible that they feel no death struggle--that their struggle is simply my projection. My self-conscious awareness of my ultimate death is a force which constantly shapes my present, my "now".

I write these thoughts during the height of a flood. The waters pour down the mountains and their intense power reshapes the very form of the earth. The earth is finally getting that long, hard drink of water. She is celebrating and gorging herself to balance out all those long, hot, dry summer days of deprivation. But she takes with her our road upon which we are dependent to harness and meet our water needs during those long, dry, summer days which will inevitably follow as day follows night follows day.

And I struggle each day to live a peaceful life in which I can provide for my basic needs, as each plant and animal is ultimately forced to do. The loss of the road makes this struggle a little harder. My life feels more difficult. But today I realize that survival is a constant process; throughout my life I must constantly cope with my own personal survival, remembering that when I tire I may lay myself open to the forces of death.

Right now it is clear that the energies of my Mother are great. The sounds of the pouring rain are soothing. I realize that She and

I both reap our intense energies from the same source. I know that the extent that I feel at one with the earth allows me to join Her today in Her celebration. A long joyous rain dance.

## Five minutes later

I got dressed and walked down to the road to observe how the forces of water changed my world as I slept last night. I am shaking from what I saw. The creek completely changed its course; it jumped its bed. The wide roaring mass of water energy runs right down our road. Where we once drove is a five foot deep trench which we shall not drive across until we mobilize universe polluting machines and earn soul polluting money.

## One week later

I have seen the earth all around me changed literally overnight, geological changes which perhaps might otherwise have taken hundreds of years. Changes seem to come so quickly in my world these days. Pieces of my friends' and my world washed to sea. However, today the storm seems long past. The sun shines vibrantly. And the feelings that bounce through my mind are about how female all these crevices and gullies and mounds on the earth are. The way it feels in the nerve ending of my eyes as I view the earth feels similar to how it feels in my fingertips as they follow the contours of a woman's body. As I make love I flash on images of the earth and I ponder about the sexuality in my relationship with her. ♀

In the still sacred pools  
of Sufism,  
Zen,  
Jesus  
and Baba Ram Dass  
feminism ripples.

And in a lost scroll  
it is told  
that ripples  
are the promises  
waves make to the flood.



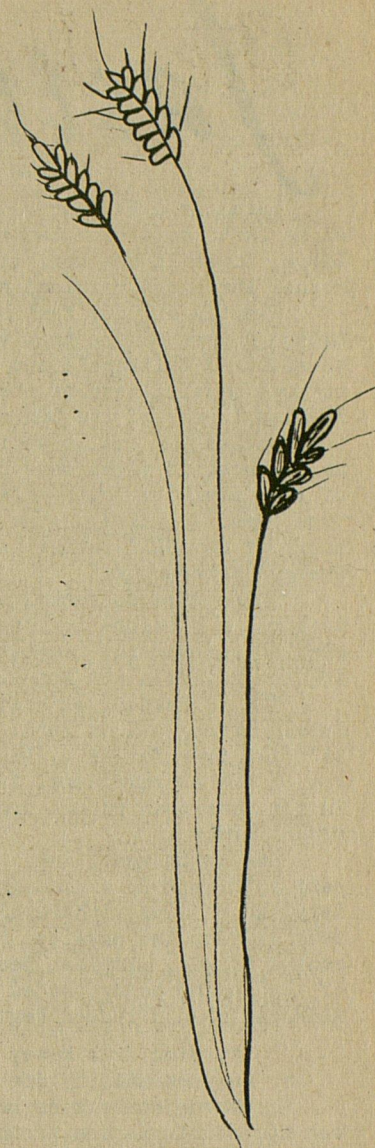
When out of forests, flatlands  
    women came  
    they laid fields down in seed  
grain grew, women grew it  
    Knew what sacrifices, offerings to make  
goddesses out of the moonlight  
    with wonderful names  
Ashtarte, Ishtar, Isis ruled.  
    Capsicum- cayenne, coriander, fenugreek  
herbs of the earth relieved fevers  
    healed wounds  
    cured.

Cyclical life  
    life rhythm  
moonlife  
    womanlife

When women planted, raised animals  
    made shelters  
    as they built fires, gathered wood  
they loved one another, this was understood  
    women loved women  
blood women    womb women  
    tasters of the moon

Weavers, spinners  
    they dyed laughter into their colors  
    shared sorrow on the threads of their looms  
a line of cloth on their backs  
    and rings

they danced  
    chanted earthsongs with their children  
    voices of their land, their work  
their mothers gone a thousand years,  
    remembered  
o Ashtarte, Ishtar, Isis  
goddesses, shoulder to shoulder  
    back upon back  
women were lovers: earth lovers  
    woman lovers  
    star gazers.





# *Fasting with a Sister*

Sarah is a 24 year old Capricorn, practical as Earth herself. Hannah is a 26 year old Libra, lives in the horizon between practical mother Earth and mystical sister Moon.

Exactly why our fast began I can't recall, although perhaps the trip we made from Mendocino to southern California and the change from the covered physicalness of the woods to the scarcely clad torsos of the Sun and Ocean caused us to question the bodies we inhabited? Or, I don't know, it might have been between shovels of food down our mouth-holes that the inspiration came..., anyway, come it did and after 24 hours of no solid intake happened, a food fast emerged between us.

There were no verbal agreements, no stipulations or pressure declared, only the reinforcement of sharing the temptation involved in feeding the children and not licking our fingers...

Yes, I Hannah, am a food junkie... completely strung out on food. Lick my fingers and it's all over for me... if there is a skid-row on the astral plane, it's where I've come in for more than enough crash landings on an oral overdose.

And so it went, two, three, four days flew past with periods of moodiness, dizziness, anxiety and obvious withdrawal from the psychological craving and physical manifestations (i.e. coated tongue, pimples, heavy sweats, chills) of the toxins being purged from our bodies. ELIMINATION had indeed begun...

"Fasting is a heavy declaration of respond-ability for the condition of our Souls made manifest", was one consideration brought to mind.

Although periods of stress ascended, we were nevertheless getting very high.

Sarah is not here now, so I have to relate this through my perceptions: during this fast we communed more frequently than not through chanting or simple eye-contact, as the need for words fell away with increased mind/body elevation.

We drank lots of spring water and fruit juice and simultaneously developed cravings for deep breaths of fresh air (the air angel providing pure energy and regeneration for the inner-body). It was becoming impossible to tolerate the sulphur and carbon monoxide in the southern California air and we were becoming rapidly over-sensitive to the noise, electricity, speed of the Frantic and fear of the Paranoid.

The country was calling soft and clear, and all signs were pointing 'Home'.

We piled into the van with our externally new forms that had lost five visual years in the past five days as the excess melted with the fast.

The distended stomachs of daze gone bye had nestled with a sigh of relief into their places

of origin. Legs moved quickly and willingly, and began to tap impatiently on the floorboard with new energy when they sat unexercised in the bus too long. They were acknowledged by races around gas stations, Safeway parking lots and parks on the way home.

We drove until we hit interchange 128, then camped on the roadside and shed a few silent tears for the rape of the southern California air angel and the loved ones we left behind to witness the crime... but also, a still greater sense of exhilaration, as with each deep breath I experienced the most intimate feelings of "personal salvation" (saved from myself)... and felt a radiant glow from within as if I had indeed been "turned on" for the first time.

Our senses had become very keen: to smell or touch something became preciously reverent, as compared to the condition of constantly devouring that previously seemed to dictate my mouth hole. It brought back childhood memories of the family's standard supper-chant "eat everything on your plate", and the familiar cry of "the thousands starving to death all over the world, and how could 'I' possibly have the nerve to say that I'm not hungry?", as I would guiltily load the ketchup syringe to shoot the pile of coal on my plate down the old chute... I was at a young and tender age becoming a human garbage disposal to compensate for the starving millions.

Before sleep claimed me that evening on the roadside at interchange 128, I stared deep into the star-filled sky and understood very clearly an obvious manifestation of Grand Scale Human Suffering...

"it seems we accept a very low consciousness of physical survival.".....a very low consciousness of physical survival....Primal Physical Survival..... and yet, "The Quality of Life is offered to us for the cultivation of Nature's Laws".....NATURE'S LAWS .....nature's TIMELESS laws.....Oh yes, of course... I yawned, the Vision permeating my body, and fell into a dream.

The next morning we reached our destination and were greeted by the bowing of the trees, call of the crows, visits from the skunks and 'coons, and the applause of the running stream behind our cabin, as Mother Earth stroked our intensity and sang "welcome home".

Sarah broke her fast with a health-full glow and many new perceptions. I broke my fast to join in the end of the huckle- and blackberry season with aching kidneys (overloaded with toxins) and the lack of a qualified person to consult to continue any further. The cleansing process brought about a clear complexion; clearness of mind; a seeming tendency to be able to perceive events in their germinal phase; a new self-confidence with my intuitive aspects; ex-



treme suppleness of torso and extremities; personified sensitivity of my inner self, its possibilities and limitations; and a very great respect and appreciation of food in its natural state.

Since the fast a history of irregular menstrual periods have synchronized with the Lunar cycle for both of us.

Without health we have little freedom

Without freedom little choice

Without choice

LITTLE.....

#### Fasting is a Free Choice

a declaration of respond-ability to and of the condition of our current well/being, human/being.

#### Fasting is Ancient

The Hindus, Essenes, Hebrews, Aztecs. American Indians, Eastern Indians, and many others acknowledged the body's need for rest and rejuvenation with seasonal fasts, prayers, dances and chants to become ONE with the world of the Spirit.

#### Fasting can be dangerous

Not many of us have been spared from the countless toxins that are contained in the canned foods processed meats, synthetic drugs and various other forms of poisons we ingest, and the body does

not have a chance, with using its entire energy on daily digestion, to heal itself. The result is dis-ease. When we first begin to fast it is indeed an ordeal for our entire organism, as the undigestible products that have been lying dormant for so long begin to surface. This process can become tricky depending on how much vitality is left in the overtaxed elimination system. Be aware of the systems of overload on various organs.

#### Fasting and overhauling

Once I understood that the quality of my performance on the Path had much to do with the maintenance of the vehicle that transports me from space to place (i.e. my body), then I really got turned on to learning about various methods of "reading" the body's internal language. The eyes indicate the amount of toxins absorbed in the body; the organs and the areas of malfunction, and the condition of the nervous system, referred to as Iridology... The tongue, like the oil dip stick on our cars, registers much the same by its thickness, and color of coating, the cracks and ridges all indicative of various body processes. The nails (finger and toe) by their ridges, coloring, texture, moons and shapes; the hair by its body, texture, sheen and consistency, and the voice by its range, frequency and modulation are all parts of our body's ways of trying to communicate its needs.

Fasting is becoming a new way of life for me (and Sarah), a way in which it seems that I might truly find an alternative to premature degeneration, dis-harmony and dis-ease. It is one of Nature's laws, and seems to be practiced in a seasonal or cyclic manner by most non-domestic animals. The study is as fascinating as well as an Enlightening one and can be experienced by any one who is IN TOUCH with their body.

I have read many books on the subject and have taken some information from each and applied it to my own fasts. Some are listed below. I don't consider myself to be an authority on the science, so I have not gone to any great lengths of instruction. What I would advocate is fasting with a partner and recording your experiments. Group fasts, week-end fasts, SLOW fasts, silent fasts, seasonal fasts... whatever kind of fast we do, it brings us closer to the Natural Order of the Universe.

"It is as natural to be well as to be born. All pathological conditions, all diseases and all tendencies to dis-ease, are the results of transgression of hygienic and physiologic law. This is the science of health in a nutshell."

Helen Densmore 1888.

Mucusless Diet Healing System-Arnold Ehret

Hunza Health Secrets-Renee Taylor

Diet and Salad Suggestions-N.W. Walker, Doctor of Science

Nature's Children-Juliette de Ba'iracli Levy

Back to Eden-Jethro Kloss ♀





i wished to part the veil, and i have done so.  
i wished to bring my witch-woman into life  
as first i dimly felt her. well, it is done.  
and may she grow and prosper.  
tahouti, guide of the gypsies, quicksilver  
truthsayer, bring your light to my lamp.  
let the circles be convened for the growth  
of humanity.

and well it may be wierd and far away from miss all-america to find the forms our truth will take. we need no guiding fathers (or even mothers) when we go within to face our mysterious selves or stretch a hand to help a sister through the mysteries of birth or death. those who are caught in death are so because they crave to hear the hum of life, and cannot. but we can hear the hum of life always. it rests in our bodies, in the ebb and flow of moon and dream, in all our doings. it is the so-called woman's truth beneath the logical garments of any situation. we've had to find it, to survive. we know the death of being without it. having found it, we know it is the key. it is by listening to that truth that the ancient village witch solves pro-



blems for the villagers and knows how to mix the right potions.

our village is global now, and there are lots of problems. no one will burn us this time. we have reclaimed our old power. we have nothing to fear, but we need to study the situations around us before we find just the right action to take. it would be too long and roundabout to describe it in general terms. let me instead give two trivial examples from my own practice. when i go into a public toilet-room i often notice that the mirror reflects an image which makes me question myself, feel critical or dissatisfied with my appearance. i don't ignore it as trivial, because i recognize that the mirror is infested with a very common political poison, virus hollywoodius or televisioniensis, subtle pressure to measure up to a pattern designed to enslave. just to free myself of that pressure isn't a magical operation. but hundreds of other women will use that mirror. many of them may fail to recognize the subtle pressures or not bother to banish them thoroughly because "it isn't important". so after i have cleared my own image of that false cloud, i usually perform some sort of magical activity to neutralize the poison. i pour supportive energy into the mirror, encouraging anyone who might look in it to see herself in her true beauty. i reinforce the suggestion with all the power of my will and call on the Goddess of Beauty Herself, blessed Aphrodite, to banish that which would deny Her, as She exists in all of us.

here is a way i have used voodoo: a friend went to the hospital with severe abdominal pain. he had just returned from a month long visit to his family, full of intense emotional difficulties with lots of responsibility resting on him. something of the nature of an ulcer is suspected by the doctors. he is kept in the hospital for testing, in pain and without "pain-killers". i happen to have a natural medicine which would bring him relief from the pressures and tensions of his physical and emotional pain, and help him begin to heal by himself. it is not a magic potion; it is a simple herbal tonic. but the doctors don't know about things like that. they had my friend's body. i had the medicine. and no way to put the two together. so i created a voodoo object to represent his body, and applied the medicine to it. i tried to blend myself into a sympathetic understanding of his need and called on the power of the healing force to transfer the benefits of the medicine to my friend's actual life.

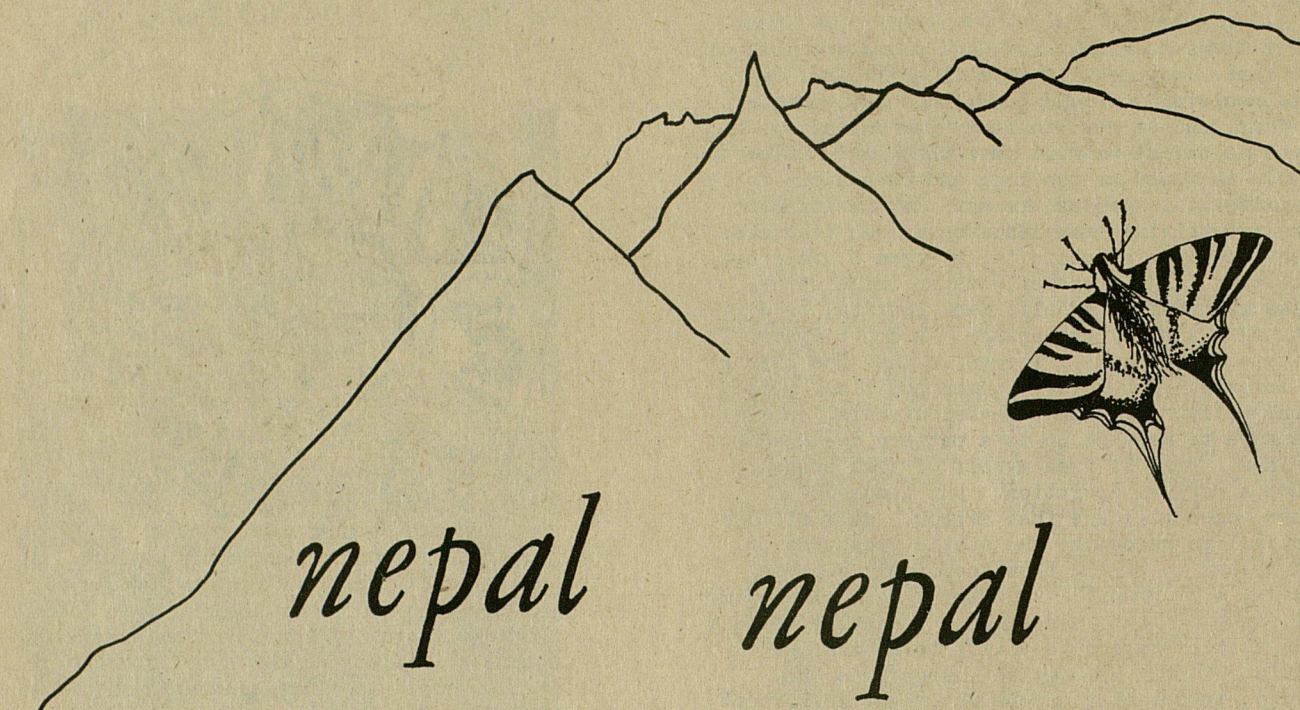
trial and error, trial and error. the talent is in us and will find a way to come out. we will share our secrets, learn from each other's style, create the new ways and recall the old, develop our own craft in light and love, making the world to prosper.



## *Brown Earth*

all day i dig in the brown earth  
channeling life through me.  
i am making a garden  
i am learning to survive.  
the work is hard  
so i sing or pray or chant  
while i work and dream of when  
women did their planting  
in tribes, in the fields, by the moon.  
there are all those voices singing  
and even the oldest  
among us joins in.  
we hoe and we dig,  
dropping the seeds  
like bright stars into the earth.  
we have knowledge of her cycles,  
the sweet movement of light  
which moves through our blood.  
we plant and we pray.  
we touch her, and,  
because we are women  
she opens her soul to us,  
and we drop in the jewels of light.  
we are the cycle of life and death,  
singing and chanting in those fields  
and even the daughter  
still in the womb joins in.





nepal

nepal

I have not even been worthy  
to embrace the feet of your mountains  
I remained staring  
when you robbed me of my body  
I saluted you only with my hungers

Never will I be allowed to forget  
your children clothed in rags of color  
your fluttering prayer flags  
your women weavers  
plying their long looms  
in the doorways of homes  
the brown agile flames of flesh  
that burn up and down  
your ridges and valleys  
your people who have made themselves  
beasts of burden  
and bowed  
to the will of the invisible

Nepal I stood and watched  
you fly before me,  
a thousand butterflies of desire danced  
in my heart for years you were  
a naked word  
Nepal you unfastened my veil  
and brushed my face  
with the teardrops of your  
thousand waterfalls  
and I desired only to flee your sorrow  
or be enfolded forever  
in the winding sheets of your monsoon  
Nepal it was you who dragged my body about  
I was a load of wood  
on the back of your oldest grandmother

I was the fresh green fodder  
and you were the silver sickle  
in the hands of some young girl  
you severed my soul from  
her roots in the earth  
and now she seeks only  
the snows that melt  
the waters that vanish  
the pit of ice that has no bottom

How could I be content  
if I had kissed your soil  
where could I sleep  
if I had lain beside  
so much as one  
of your smallest virgins?

Now I shall want  
to be only the corn  
women sift on straw mats  
I shall want each kernel of my being  
to be touched by their sight  
to be blessed by their hands at harvest  
I shall want to know  
usefulness age and peace  
like the stones of each village path  
I shall want to be worn  
like shoes by the feet of your people  
and I shall want their smiles  
to help my day  
when the clouds disguise  
your many wandering mountains

I remember the Mantra  
with which you freed  
my mind Nepal Nepal



# Meditations & Frustrations

My first attempts at meditation were frustrating at best. I would try to sit still, usually sitting crosslegged on the floor, close my eyes; and start fidgeting. I would remain in this position as long as I could stand it, thoughts rushing through my brain, and when at last I opened my eyes and looked at my watch it had been three minutes. (and had felt so long). It was my first conscious awareness of how much the mind can fill a minute with.

At the time I only knew one other person who meditated. He had been "initiated" by an Indian teacher who was supposedly able to tune himself to a person's vibration sufficiently to be able to choose for them a mantra they could use to center on while meditating. A mantra is a word or group of words one can repeat to oneself audibly or mentally to help achieve self-liberation. And my friend had no difficulty in meditating for long periods of time, even as much as a few hours.

So, I began to fantasize getting initiated. I would periodically try to meditate, get frustrated, decide I wasn't really "high" enough, get depressed, stop trying. The group I knew about which gave initiations charged \$30 and that instantly turned me off. I dreamed about meeting a guru who would SHOW ME.

But at the same time, I think, I realized that it was all a process that was happening inside me. This space of infinite bliss, if it was indeed inside of all must exist within me too. And I wondered if indeed I needed another person to tell me this. I would give up but every few months would get re-inspired and try every day for a week or two. I could then sit sometimes for five to seven minutes, and though it still felt hard and my mind was still mostly concerned with daily mind things (food, work, friends, backaches), I would occasionally feel a flash of peace gently smoothing out my forehead, and I thought, but didn't allow myself certainty, that this feeling might be connected with the reason I was sitting there.

Books I read told me to "go within" but were not specific as to method and I was too inexperienced to be able to still my mind at will. I began using different mantras to see if they could help me center my thoughts. At first I chose from the Hebrew bible and from Sanskrit quotes I read in books, as these were traditions of centuries to fall back on. Centering on a thought such as "om shanti" (om peace) did indeed make me feel peaceful.

I then started using seed thoughts in

English as one would use a mantra, drawing on favorites for inspiration. A seed thought might be, for example, "Love is all you need." I could begin concentrating on this thought and then my mind began to get restless and then as my mind began to get restless I had something to bring it back to. As the mind begins to explore the seed thought one comes to new and deeper understanding of it inexpressible in words. Meditation is the living state of understanding one reaches at these moments.

A close friend of mine, who had recently begun meditating, turned me on to covering my head; shawl style, to help bring my consciousness more inward; and I have found this to be my favorite way of meditating. I wrap my blanket around myself and it forms a cocoon that insulates me from outer distractions.

The moments of peace during meditation began to increase. The restless thoughts although they still came into my mind, (and still do) began more often to lose their importance and I found that I could dwell for longer periods of time on the thought of my choice. I was, essentially, training my mind in concentration in order to enable it to reach a meditative state. The more I practiced, the easier it became.

I learned that the best times for meditation are in the early morning before your mind wanders to its daily activities, and between 5:00 and 6:00 in the evening, so that your mind can recenter after the day. It is best to have an empty stomach so your attention isn't centered on your digestive process. A good way to begin a meditation is to consciously relax your body. Begin to breathe slowly and rhythmically through the nose and mentally relax your feet, then your ankles, legs, etc., working slowly up your body until you reach your head. You can talk to a tense area; say, "Relax foot" and it will. At this point the body is sufficiently stilled for the seed thought to begin gently to make its influence felt.

I learned too that there exists a Western esoteric tradition as well as the Eastern. For the Westerner it is probably wisest to sit upright with a straight spine, with feet on the floor, to "ground" yourself, and to then begin the slow and rhythmic breathing. A cross-legged posture such as the yogic lotus if performed correctly will also ground you, but since this is not easy to assume without prac-

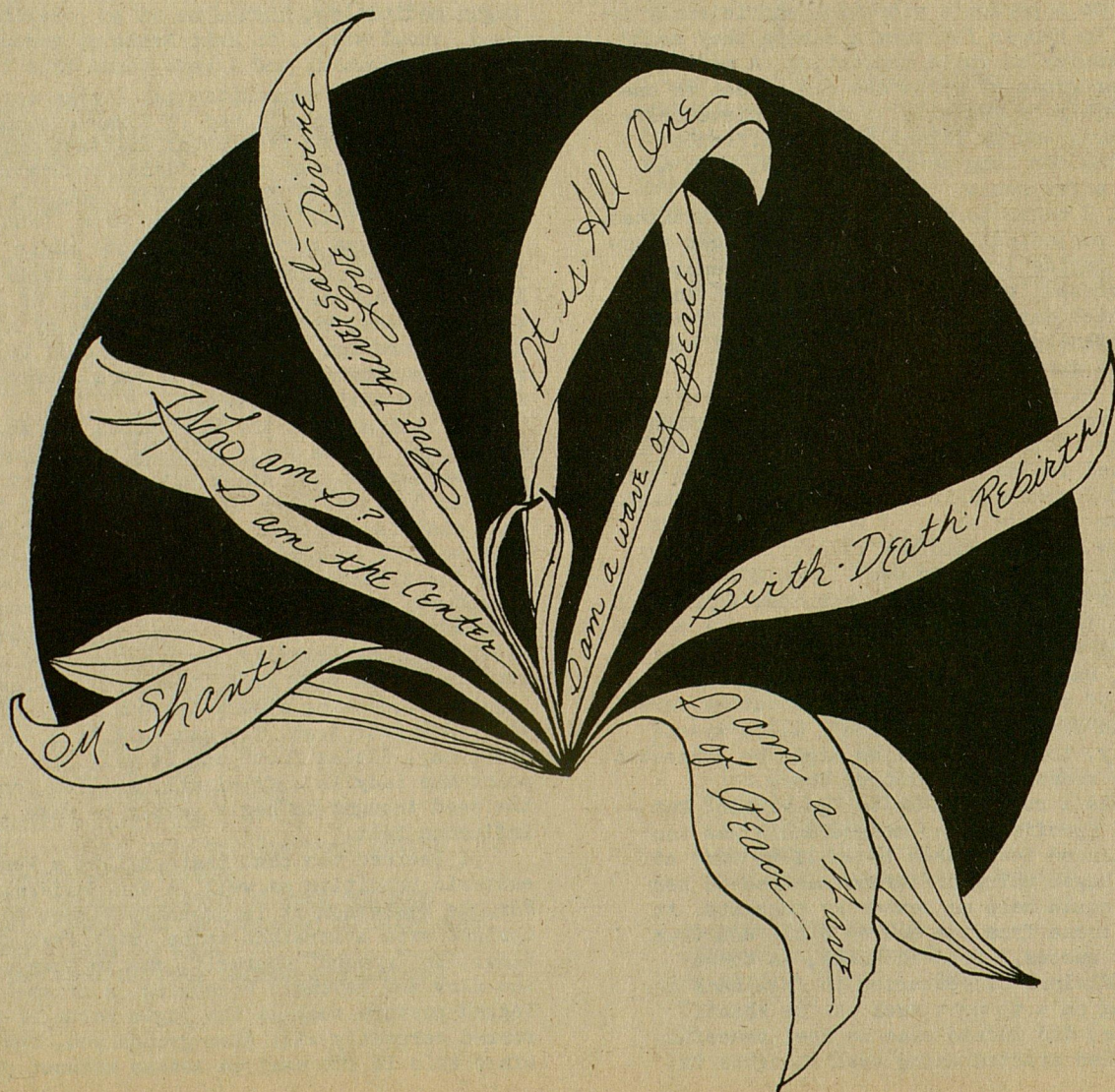


continued  
tice, the upright seated posture enables you  
to meditate without becoming a yogi.

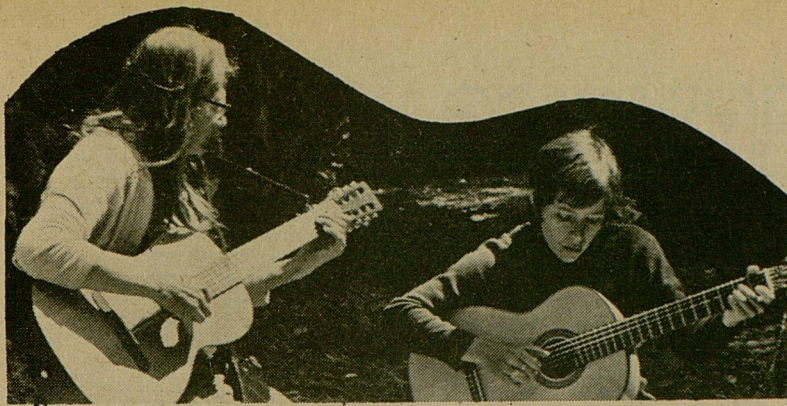
Another good exercise is to keep a journal of your meditations. I did this for awhile last spring and can remember and relearn a lesson by reading what I felt. A sample entry reads: May 2 - home. Seed thought - I am a wave of bliss. Comment - The moments of bliss come in as long as I can still the other thoughts and also are felt as an undercurrent during restless moments. I can actually feel the wave like motion. May 5 - Spirit's laughter. Comment - Spirit's laughter is as soft as the breath of a small child, as loud as an earthquake/ all sound is the laughter of god. There are, of course, as many entries in which the comment reads: "hard today to stay concentrating, mind wandered a lot, never got deep in."

Meditation, like dancing, like art, like any creative process is a method of self tuning. On days when I've had a particularly good morning meditation I feel more able to spread love and peacefulness. On days when I'm down, I can reach to a seed thought for comfort; and since so many of these thoughts are becoming part of me and are working on my consciousness, they can and do make me feel better.

I would like to share some seed thoughts I have learned. They have been taken from so many books, thoughts, poems, and teachers that it would be impossible for me to list (or even remember) all the sources. But much thanks and love is given for their gifts. ♀







# Prayer to the Goddess

Handwritten musical score for "Prayer to the Goddess". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes, and the chords are written above the staves.

**Staff 1:** Chords: A min, D min, A min, E. Lyrics: Make me strong, Keep me weak, Make me fierce, Keep me gen-tle.

**Staff 2:** Chords: A min, D min, A min, E, A min, D min, A min. Lyrics: Be with me goddess In all my travel-ing — Be with me goddess In all the trees —

**Staff 3:** Chords: D min, A min, E, A min. Lyrics: Let me reach out and hold you close. Mother of trees and grasses Mother of streams and

**Staff 4:** Chords: D min, A min, E, A min. Lyrics: por-cu-pines Mother of deer and wild flowers — Be with

**Staff 5:** Chords: D min, A min, E, A min. Lyrics: me in all my lov-ing — in all my liv-ing — Hold me in your

**Staff 6:** Chords: D min, A min, E, A min. Lyrics: birth un-til I am whole Woman and man And more and more —

**Staff 7:** Chords: A min, D min. Lyrics: Hold me mother in a surround-ing love — Be with me in the grove And

**Staff 8:** Chords: A min, E. Lyrics: in the city street Be with me mother — Da Capo

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# BELIEVING

*Litlingly*

1. To be a non-believer is very hard to do. I  
don't have that protection that watches over you.

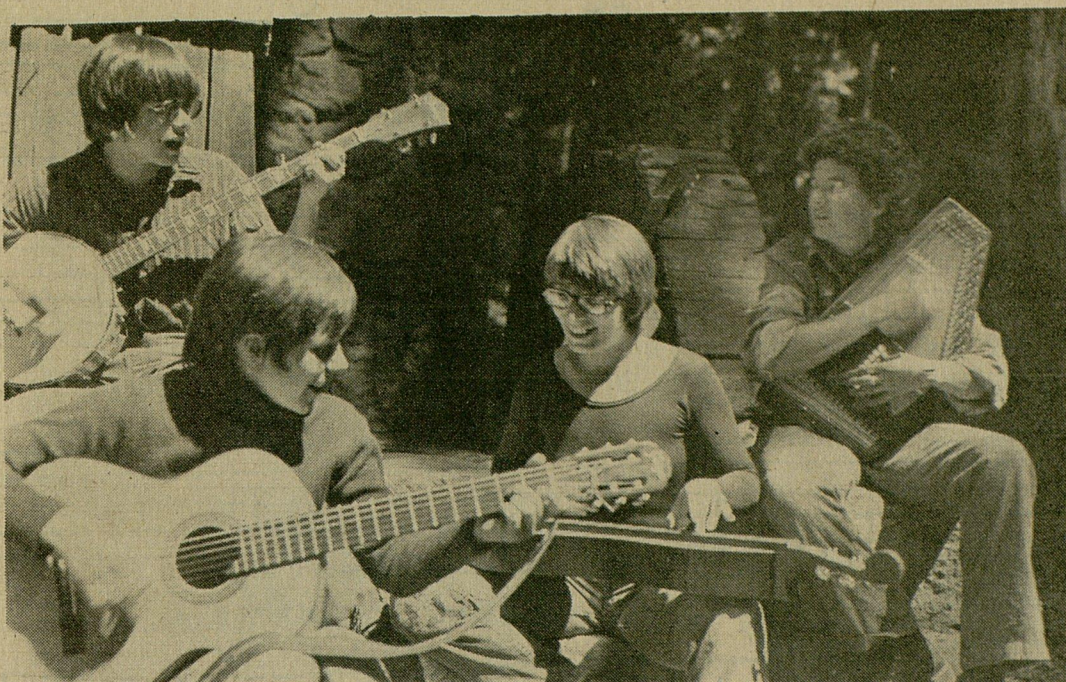
CHORUS  
I don't believe in I ching  
Nor Tarot cards at all.  
I'm just a non-believer  
But feeling ten feet tall.

kar ma tends to screw me up but what is done is done.

- ① To be a non-believer  
Is very hard to do.  
I don't have that protection  
That watches over you.
- ② I don't have God or Buddha,  
Nor Yogis I can see.  
Astrology is not my thing  
In guarding over me.
- ③ I don't believe in I ching  
Nor Tarot cards at all.  
I'm just a non-believer  
But feeling ten feet tall.
- ④ I know it's fraught with danger  
When standing all alone.  
Where witches, sorcerers, spirits  
Can eat me to the bone.
- ⑤ My path may be a shaky one  
Without guru or teacher,  
But I'll stay on it anyway,  
As I'm a stalwart creature.
- ⑥ No psychic powers have I got,  
The white light misses me,  
Enlightenment I tend to find,  
In a world of which I see.
- ⑦ I seek for liberation  
For those who are oppressed,  
Injustice tends to gall me  
My conscience will not rest.
- ⑧ While there's a soul in prison  
I cannot stand to wait,  
Expecting Gods to free her  
For it may be too late.

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MUSIC by Ruth of Htn. Grove  
WORDS by Elana Mikels





Moderate

# RAINBOW WOMAN (MAN)

Rain bow woman Rain bow woman go where you're go-ing to do what you  
 have to do the Lord is guid-ing you a rain-bow is a  
 pretty sight a rainbow is a pretty light and when that rainbow melts into the  
 sky then theres just you and I then theres just you and I then theres just  
 you and I then Theres just you and I then theres just you and I and  
 in your eyes I see my- self and

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# PERSEPHONE'S SONG



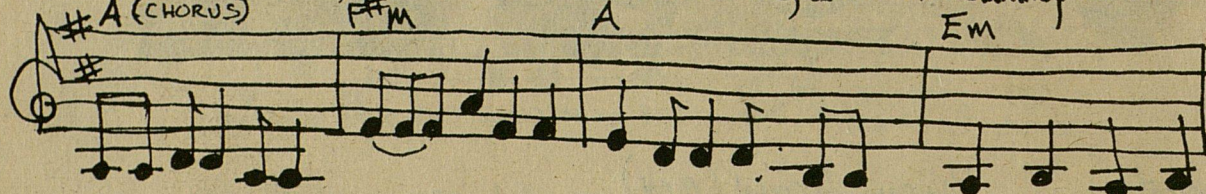
SILVER THREAD OF ROADWAY, THE RAIN IS POURIN' DOWN; CAT IS SLEEPIN' IN MY LAP



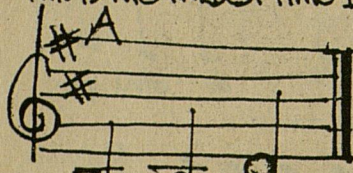
I THINK OF GOIN' INTO TOWN GREEN WAXY LEAVES UNFOLD ON



THE MAPLE AND THE OAK, SUN COMES OUT A LITTLE WHILE, I WATCH THE CHIMNEY SMOKE



THIS IS THE HARDEST TIME I HAVE EVER KNOWN; WHY NEED IT BE SO PAINFUL, FOR ME TO BE



REBORN?

3

MY FATHER IS A WEIRD MAN  
HE CALLS THE DARKNESS LIGHT  
LIVES IN ANOTHER PLACE THAT  
ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE LIKE NIGHT

CALLS ME HIS GOLDEN CHILD  
AND HOLDS ME BY MY HEART  
GOTTA GET OUT OF HIS PLACE SOON  
AND FIND THE SUMMER'S START

2  
THIS IS THE GROWIN' TIME  
OF EVERY LIVIN' SOUL  
PINK LACE ON THE APPLE TREE  
BABIES FOR THE MOLE

TO BE REBORN YOU GOTTA DIE  
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS SAY  
THEY DON'T HANG WOMEN ON CROSSES  
TO RISE UP EASTER DAY

4  
SO MANY MONTHS OUT OF THE YEARS  
I'VE LISTENED TO WHAT HE SAID  
I CAN'T GET HIS POWER OUT OF ME  
HE'S GOT ME BY MY HEAD

|               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| <b>CHORUS</b> | SO I'M GOIN' HOME |
|               | GONNA BE WITH HER |
|               | I'M GOIN' HOME    |
|               | BE WITH MY MOTHER |
|               | THE EARTH         |

I WANNA BE WHERE GREEN IS GROWIN'  
AROUND MY LEGS AND ARMS  
FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE SUN MY LOVER  
AND THE CUSHION OF MY MOTHER'S ARMS

SO -

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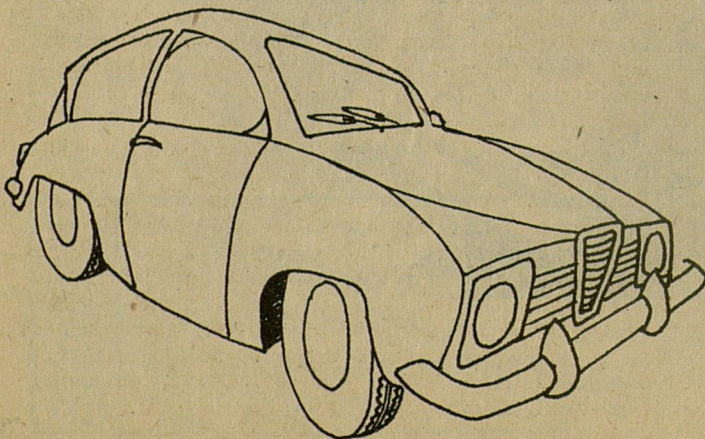




# PREVENTIVE MECHANICS

One of the nicest things about vehicles is that they can be kept healthy, fixed when they get sick, and even brought back from the dead, if necessary.

The only requirement for becoming a mechanic is the ability to overcome the years and years of being told that women can't fix machines. I have discovered that women are great mechanics for several reasons: our hands are small and can reach into all the little crannies that manufacturers hide parts in, and nearly all the heavy physical work can be done with our own strength and the judicious use of tools. The multiplication of strength is what the tools are for. A big wrench, a cheater pipe slipped over the end of the wrench, and enough WD-40 will move anything that can be moved by anybody. Men cut off more rusted nuts than they tell you about. There are certain parts of mechanical work that need brute strength, but you too can be a fine brute when you discover how good it feels! The physical strength is already there; you just have to learn how to use it. (See Self Defense article #1 - when you need a burst of energy, kiyaii. This yell is also good for splitting obstreperous chunks of wood.)

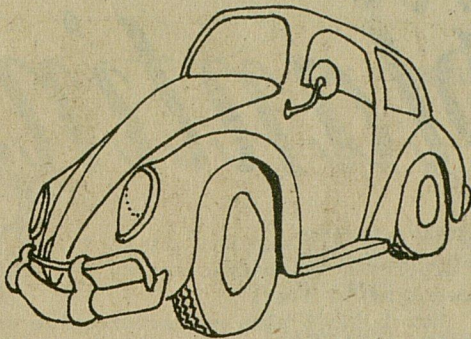


I cannot even begin to tell you how good it feels to work on a big, mysterious machine, fix it, and make it GO! Two of us took the old engine out of my 1959 Kharman Ghia, put another one in, hooked it up, and it ran! It is still running; it is the only transportation I currently have. I am tearing down the old engine and intend to rebuild it myself in time. The point is, I don't know much more about VW engines than you do.

I just got some tools and the Idiot\* book, and started the job. CONFIDENCE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT INGREDIENT IN ANY MECHANICAL WORK! My main tendency is to get confused, and give up before I have really investigated the problem thoroughly. There are usually five or six things to check for in any given problem; nine chances out of ten, one of those five or six things will fix whatever's wrong. The other day, the Ghia just quit. Would not go. It would start, cough, and die. This with two women, and two little boys, forty miles from home and dark one hour away. I really discovered that day how comforting a tool box can be; by the time I had the tool box out, lined up the tools and was ready to work, my first panic had passed and I was coherent enough to think. (If you find yourself in this sort of situation with another woman who knows a little more than you do, it's OK to admit you don't know anything. But for heaven's sake, BE SUPPORTIVE if she's willing to try something. Trying to work with someone pacing and sighing behind you is very hard.) This time the problem turned out to be a loose wire, which I slipped on, crunched with a pair of pliers, and thereby fixed. It was a great relief. My glance was steely and my grip firm for two days. (You should have seen us after we put the engine in! We were unbearable for two weeks.)

\*How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive - a Manual for the Complete Idiot by John Muir. Any VW place or bookstore should have it, \$6.00. Indispensable for VW mechanics of our skill and knowledge range. Pig words but good instructions.





Then again, today I worked for five hours before I discovered that the whole reason I had no lights and no starting power, was because a battery cable needed the corrosion scraped off so that it would make a connection. Don't get fancy - check simple things first. You'll save yourself a lot of time, and you won't end up feeling stupid nearly so often.

If you want to become aware of your vehicle, you will have to learn to listen to it. If you drive a VW, you can't help but hear it, and that's good. When you get used to how it sounds normally, you're going to notice when something starts to sound funny. A little tick or hiss or click or clank means something, and I'm finding that many, many things that go wrong make a characteristic sound that nothing else makes. Do not ignore odd noises and hope they will go away... they won't. They just keep on getting louder and louder, and end up costing a hunk of very scarce dollars. Even if you don't fix it yourself, you can tell a mechanic how it sounds, and also have some idea what needs fixing, thereby avoiding, say, an engine rebuild at \$500, when what you needed was new spark plugs and the timing adjusted at \$10. Also, when something totally falls apart, it is very likely to take three or four other parts with it when it goes, thus making a real mess, if not stranding you unexpectedly or hurting you.

There are a few basic tools that will enable you to do basic tune-ups and maintenance work on your baby. They cost money. As long as you have to spend money anyway, get good tools. Cheap tools break, strip out, and slip, busting more knuckles than necessary. I might as well tell you that you are going to cut yourself now and again. They don't call wrenches "knuckle-busters" for nothing. Cars seem to require a little blood, so give it willingly. It's little enough to ask.

(These prices are educated guesses. If you can find good used tools, by all means grab 'em.)

1. Pliers - regular pliers cost about \$2.00. Vice-Grips (\$2.00-\$5.00) are not essential, but are awfully handy when you need great pressure or three hands.
2. Screwdrivers - get the kind that extend the metal up through the handle so you can pound on it. Get one big hefty one, one medium long one, and one stubby one. You can get these at the 99¢ counter in the parts store. Get the thick ones, though; the thin ones bend too easily.
3. Set of open end wrenches - \$2.00-\$6.00. You can get these in sets that have the most commonly used sizes all together. They are usually open on one end, and a box wrench on the other end. If you have a European car, get metric tools, American ones won't fit.
4. Socket set - you can live without this for awhile, but you will need a spark plug wrench of some kind. It's an odd size but nothing else will work on spark plugs. I have just bought a socket set that consists of a 3/8" drive ratchet, two extensions, a spark plug socket, and ten sockets. It cost \$15.00, but is guaranteed 'til the end of time, and I think it's worth it. Remember, metric sockets for VW's, etc.
5. WD-40 - a penetrating lubricant. I don't know how anybody keeps house without it. It's as essential as Tampax and has a lot more uses. WD-40 loosens sticking parts, stuck or rusted nuts, latches, or any metal-on-metal parts. Read the directions on the can. They're good. Use it anywhere: cars, house, tools, etc. There are many brands of this stuff, but WD-40 is the best by a long shot. You can get it from parts houses, hardware stores, etc. The big can costs \$2.50 and is worth millions. Don't use it on rubber parts; petroleum products rot rubber. Use brake fluid to lubricate rubber parts. (Any aerosol can is a good self-defense weapon, too. It blinds your attacker and is legal to carry.)
6. Feeler gauges - thickness gauges - used for setting gaps between points and in spark-plugs. There are two kinds, both cheap; one for plugs, and one for points, valves, etc. On some cars one kind will do all jobs. Get at parts house - less than \$1.50.

This seems to be running away with me, so next time we'll talk about how and where to buy parts and necessary things like oil; how to get and use owner's manuals, and that sort of thing. The actual physical work on vehicles is a lot easier if you can start out knowing what you need to do, and have some idea how to do it. Scurry out and scratch up the goodies, loves, and we'll blow 'em all away! ♀



# companion planting

Plants are living beings; they form relationships and have distinct likes and dislikes. Companion planting appeals to my strong sense of plants as living things, letting them clump together with friends rather than be separated in sterile, suburban-like rows.

Companion planting is actually a somewhat scientific practice - the grouping together of plants for their mutual benefit and protection. Some of the reasons that plants become companions are purely mechanical. Plants with the same nutrient needs (potash, extra nitrogen, potassium or phosphate) may make good companions, because you can plan to meet those needs, adding extra minerals to the soil in that area. Deep rooting plants are often partners with shallow rooting ones (swiss chard and beans, kolrabi and onions). The deep rooting plants break up the subsoil releasing nutrients for the shallow rooted ones and neither competes with the other in the same strata for nourishment. Plants with similar water needs should also be planted together. There are also less obvious reasons behind companion planting systems. All plants excrete organic compounds from their roots and leaves; healthy plants excrete greater quantities of these compounds than plants which are under stress. In some plants these compounds are actually antibiotic or fungicidal - not only repulsive but also poisonous to plant predators. Companion planting allies weak and more susceptible plants with natural insect and disease repellors. It also tries to combine plants for the most vigorous growth - so that all are strong and healthy. Though soil preparation and companion planting provide a good measure of plant protection - they probably won't save you from a hoard of locusts but they will discourage aphids or a menacing black beetle. Much of the studying about companion planting has been compiled in a wonderful little book: *COMPANION PLANTS* by Helen Philbrick and Richard Gregg (Devin - Adaire Co., NY) which is fine reading even if you never follow the system.

The first year after I read this book, I followed it religiously. I drew up charts of friends and foes and planned the whole garden on paper, double and triple checking to be sure everyone would be happy. Following the advice of the book, I surrounded the whole garden with onions and garlic which are anathemas to insects. Little did I know that they are gourmet delicacies to California gophers, who came charging into the garden at my express invitation. All I can

hope is that the one who ate 40 ft. of garlic in one afternoon was ostracized by her friends for a long time to come!

Now I don't plan my garden quite so carefully, but after several years the basic rules have become familiar to me. Medieval gardens were a jumbled mixture of herbs, vegetables and flowers, an untechnical but equally reliable practice of companion planting. My gardens are returning to the same happy, healthy combination. Companions work best when they are together, so I often plant in beds, rows of mixed plants, two rows tight together with space on either side, or with rows nestled together zig-zag fashion.

The charts included here will give you detailed companion information. But there are some simple guidelines, too. It's not a good idea to plant members of the same family together (squash-cucumbers-melons or cabbage-broccoli-cauliflower-kale) as they can crosspollinate and will reinforce each others' vulnerabilities. I once got a quite interesting zucchini colored, pumpkin shaped something out of such a relationship - but it didn't make good pie or tempura! The cabbage family are among the most insect prone of all plants and should be combined with strong, odiferous herbs and flowers. Herbs can actually be the salvation of a garden, as many of them have fungicidal properties. Fennel is the only one which is completely persona non-grata in the garden. Yarrow, on the other hand, is almost universally loved - increasing plants' resistance to adverse conditions and to insects. Dill works wonderfully with cabbage, improving its growth and vigor. Rosemary, sage and peppermint also repel cabbage moths from that whole family. Flowers should be liberally integrated with your vegetables. Marigolds, calendulas (pot marigolds) and nasturtiums are most particularly desirable. One year I was attacked by gross black beetles who usually snack on squash blossoms. Instead they concentrated on the calendulas & I went out each morning and picked them off.

Companion planting makes for physically & symbolically beautiful gardens. A little private dabbling in herbal magic, a return to the Medieval woman's lore. So, if you're interested, study these charts a bit and read the book, then plant your garden with some instinctive attention to plant relationships and tastes. Watch your plants and try to learn what makes them happy. If the borage wants to live with the tomato, who am I to separate them?



# A BASIC GUIDE TO PLANT COMPANIONS

## VEGETABLE

beans

beets

cabbage family  
(broccoli, brussel  
sprouts, cabbage, caul-  
iflower, kale, kohlrabi)

carrots

corn

cucumbers

eggplant

lettuce

onion, garlic

peas

potato

spinach

squash

tomato

## FRIENDS

cabbage, carrots, cauliflower,  
cucumbers, potatoes, savory, petunias,  
rosemary

kohlrabi, onions

beets, onions, potatoes, most ar-  
omatic herbs (esp. dill, nasturtium,  
peppermint, rosemary and sage)

lettuce, onions, peas, radishes, toma-  
toes, rosemary and sage

beans, cucumbers, peas, potatoes, squash

beans, corn, peas

beans

carrots, cucumbers, radishes

beets, lettuce, tomato, savory

most vegetables, esp. beans, carrots,  
cucumbers, corn

beans, corn, cabbage

strawberries

corn, nasturtiums

carrots, onion, parsley, marigold  
nasturtium, basil, mint, borage

## FOES

onions, garlic

beans

tomatoes, beans

dill

potatoes, strong herbs

peas, beans

onions, potatoes

cucumbers, squash, to-  
matoes

cabbage, kohlrabi,  
potato

scattered throughout the garden: marigolds, calendulas, yarrow

Thanks to the Bio-Dynamic Association for their research and information.



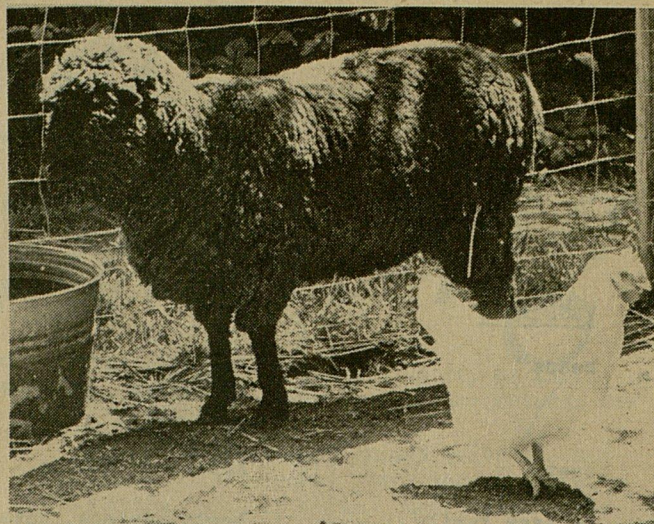
# chickens: YOUR LAYING FLOCK

The last issue of Country Women illustrated a simple house for twenty-five laying hens. It incorporated some basic principles which you should follow whenever you are building a new chicken house or converting an existing building.

Chickens need only a simple structure, but one constructed for their needs and protection. The location of the house is the first consideration. If possible it should face the south and have openings on this side so that maximum sunlight can be admitted. Sunlight acts as a disinfectant, provides for vitamin production and assimilation, and stimulates egg production. Hens enjoy sitting or stretching out in the sun, and basking in the warmth. A chicken house set in a low or damp place or too exposed (as on an open hilltop) will make its inhabitants uncomfortable, if not outright unhealthy.

The house must be well ventilated. I had always followed this principle without really thinking about why it is so. Re-reading our poultry books before writing this article, I found the answer: a hen has a high respiratory rate and a high body temperature but does not excrete sweat or urine. She therefore breathes out a tremendous (relatively) amount of moisture and uses proportionately more oxygen than other creatures. Thus the chicken house must provide a lot of fresh air and good circulation. Large screened areas on the upper front walls of the house will provide for these needs. Cool air will enter these windows, sink to the floor, then rise and flow out as it is warmed by the hens' body temperatures. In cold or damp, windy weather, these openings should be partially closed with canvas curtains, wooden shutters or the like. The rest of the house, especially roosts and nests, should not be drafty. An even flow of air is healthful; drafts make for chills and subsequent disease.

The floor of the house can be concrete, wooden, or dirt. Concrete floor is permanent, rodent and predator proof, easily cleaned, washed and disinfected. It is probably the best - though more expensive and difficult to build initially. The one disadvantage is that the concrete tends to hold the cold. We just built a chicken house with a raised wooden floor. It seems to be working well, is easy to clean and is rodent/predator proof. We sealed the wood with a preservative and allowed for ventilation underneath to keep it from rotting. Dirt floors are the simplest and cheapest but have many problems. They become pitted by the scratching hens and are difficult to clean. They tend to get and stay damp, and cannot be



disinfected. Weasels and rats can tunnel in to steal hens, feed and eggs. If you have a dirt floor, scrape or dig it down once a year and put in about six inches of clean sand, dirt or gravel. Check regularly for predators' holes!

Whichever type of floor you have, litter of some sort should be placed in your chicken house. Straw or pine shavings are ideal. Start with six inches to a foot and build it up as much as another foot. The hens will scratch about in this and keep it fairly dry by turning it. Occasionally you may have to get in there with a pitchfork and give it a good thorough turning. We've found that shavings stay drier and are much easier to work with - straw tends to mat up when it gets wet and form heavy, difficult-to-break-up layers. You should clean this litter out every six months or so - depending upon how dry and clean it stays. Use lime on the floor to disinfect it and make a fresher smell.

One way to keep the floor of your chicken house cleaner is to build dropping boards or screens under the roosts. These will catch a good deal of manure produced at night. Dropping boards may be hung about eight inches below the roosts and should extend at least eight inches beyond the roosts in all directions. They can be hinged and suspended with wires so that you can drop them for cleaning. An alternative is a screened "pit" below the roosts. This can simply be a box with wooden sides to keep the chickens out and a chicken wire top which keeps the chickens out but allows manure to drop through. The pit should be cleaned out periodically (the very best method I've seen was a pit which opened to the outside of the house and could be scraped right into a wheelbarrow).

The size of the house you need will depend upon the size of your flock, the type/breed of chickens you have, and whether they are to be allowed out or not. Large (fifty or more) flocks need proportionately less floorspace than smaller flocks. A small flock needs six to eight square feet per bird. A larger flock needs about four square feet per bird.



Also, larger breeds need more space per bird. A 14'x16' building will comfortably house fifty heavy breed hens - or sixty Leghorns. Overcrowding is one of the worst conditions you can expose your flock to.

A good addition to your chicken house is a wire run. These are outdoor yards or pens which can be made with poles and poultry netting or poultry/garden fencing. The area fenced will depend upon your flock size, your energy and resources. Most heavy breed chickens will not fly out of a six foot high enclosure - but if you have lighter or gamey types, you may have to make a netting roof to keep them in! This roof will also be necessary if you have hawks in your area. A small door opening from the chicken house into the run should be kept closed at night to keep predators out of the house. If the chickens have been first given a period of a few weeks locked in their house, they will return in at night to roost. Feeding them inside will likewise encourage them to roost inside.

Ideally, you should build two or more runs per house so that each run can be rested and disinfected (with lime or a planting and tilling under of mustard). This resting period will keep the soil from getting sour or worm-egg-infested. The runs may also be used as "scratch runs." Put litter in (straw, hay, leaves) and feed some grain out there - the hens will scratch and turn the litter, breaking it up and making beautiful compost.

If you let your chickens out to range daily, you won't need to build runs. It is essential that you first give them a long period of house-confinement. They will form the habit of laying eggs and roosting in their house. You can then begin letting them out. The first few days wait until an hour before sunset. They will have a short period to roam and scratch before they become anxious to be back in the house and on their roosts for the coming night. We've found the best ritual is letting our hens out at about two in the afternoon and locking them in just after dark. They lay all of their eggs in their house, are safe from raccoons and such at night, but still have time each day to range about in search of insects and wild green feed. The only disadvantage in this "free-range" method is that new birds can't be easily introduced into the flock - and some birds will insist upon laying their eggs in secret caches outdoors. When new chickens are introduced you must keep your entire flock in the coop for about a week before letting them range again.

Some final interior details for your chicken house include perches or roosts, feeders, waterers, and nest boxes. Perches may be made of poles or finished lumber. Poles should be peeled and about three inches in diameter. Lumber - 2x4 or 2x3 material - should have its edges rounded off (a small hand plane does this nicely). Place the perches twelve to fifteen inches apart and support them with cross-pieces where necessary. We built our first chicken house with graduated perches which seemed to encourage late-night feather pulling! Our new chicken house has perches all on the

same level - and no feather pulling. We also hung these perches quite high - about three and a half feet - and the hens seem to like them up there. Perch space should be from 8-12" per chicken depending on breed size. Scrape the perches periodically to keep them clean.

Feeders may be built or bought. They are necessary for mash and must be designed so that birds won't alight on or attempt to roost on them. Trough type feeders have a rolling bar along the top to discourage roosting. Hopper feeders have protective coverings for the same purpose. We bought a few "automatic feeders" from Sears - they are large, round hanging feeders which let mash drop down as the hens eat it. Simple, inexpensive, and easy to clean, they seem a good investment. They should be hung so that the feeding part is about level with a hen's back. Some type of hoppers should be made for oyster shells and/or grit. We use a large flat pan which the hens tend to get in - not a good idea.

Waterers may be of many types. We use the covered Sears type because they keep the water clean, can be moved in and out easily, and don't tip over. The hens can't walk in and foul the water - though they do tend to scratch litter into it. Any water pan or pail should be elevated on a sturdy block of wood and cleaned and refilled daily.

Nest boxes are easily made of wood. For each five to ten hens, you will need one nest. If you have heavy type birds, make your boxes twelve by fourteen inches, twelve inches deep. For Leghorns and Banties, a nest twelve inches square will do. Build your nests a foot or two off the floor and make hoods to keep out light and discourage hens from roosting there. Some chicken houses have nest boxes that open to outside the coop which facilitate egg gathering. Nests should be cleaned periodically and filled with fresh straw.

One useful addition to your house would be a broody cage: a small coop or box built up off the floor of the house. It should have a screen or slatted bottom to allow air to circulate freely to keep the hen's body temperature lower. This cage can be used to confine a hen who is trying to set eggs you don't want set - or as a temporary hospital for a sick hen.

Use of electric lights is another thing you should consider for your chicken house. It is a common practice on small farms as well as in large commercial poultry houses to use "artificial illumination" to stimulate egg production. The idea is to provide a longer day which encourages the birds to eat more and thus to lay more. It is especially useful in fall and winter, when egg production normally drops off. As little as fifteen minutes a day of extra lighting can affect egg production. A couple of hours of extra light regularly in the early morning and again in the evening increases production but allows the hens plenty of sleep. We have never tried this, and our egg production drops in fall and winter.

Next issue (a firm promise!): Feeding, Health, Management (and maybe choosing a breed - including fancies!)



# HATHA YOGA

Yoga, the Sanskrit word for union, is both a philosophical and scientific system by which the individual can achieve union with the divine within her or his self. There are a number of different yogic paths towards achieving this goal, but this article will deal with hatha yoga, in which the physical body is the means for reaching union.

During most of our growing up years in America, emphasis was placed on the external aspects of the body: on how you looked. Are you thin enough; are your breasts large enough; nose small enough; smell antiseptic enough to help you find (and keep) a man (the ultimate goal)? For those of us whose bodies were not up to standard (and consciousness raising has shown that few if any women ever feel that they are adequate when compared to male directed standards) adolescence was a painful experience.

Through practicing yoga, I began to get a sense of my body from the inside, from how it felt rather than how it looked. The process of tuning in to my body has worked, as nothing else has, to get me high on just being who I am. It is a chance to learn to flow with the rhythms coming from within rather than those imposed from without, a chance to learn where you hold your tensions and to learn to relax these areas.

The technique of hatha yoga involves a series of physical postures which differ in nature from most exercise as it is known in the west. In fact the word asana, usually translated as posture means "comfortable seat" and it is good to keep this in mind while practicing. Each posture, with practice, can become a comfortable seat in which your body is relaxed while stretching to its limits.

The yoga postures are exercises in relaxation which concentrate on stretching and strengthening the spine, stimulating the endocrine system, eliminating toxins from the internal organs and calming and relaxing the nervous system. A basic truth of this system is that the body and mind are one and as the physical effects begin to be felt in the body, you will notice a new energy happiness and enthusiasm in your mental outlook. As you achieve harmony with your body, your mind and spirit naturally follow. Often we walk around feeling depressed without understanding the causes which can be found in an unaligned spine or a muscle unconsciously tensed. The practice of hatha yoga helps one to gain control of her or his internal physical environment and to not be subject to the whims of stiff necks, headaches, backaches etc. that most of us accept as part of our daily existence. Yoga helps gain control of the body in order that the spirit may be free.

The best time to practice yoga is in the morning, as soon as you wake up; if you choose to do it later in the day be sure it is at least three hours after you have eaten. Your body should be warm because we tense up to resist cold.

Choose a quiet level spot for your practice. During spring and summer it's beneficial to be outdoors with sun and sky above and earth beneath your feet, but avoid the too hot midday sun as it saps energy. During the winter months indoors near a mellow fire is fine.

Don't hurry through your practice. Decide that you will allow yourself 1/2 hour or one hour or as long as you have and then slowly do what you can in that time space. It is better to perform a few postures during the allotted time than it is to rush through and try to get them all done.

Feel your body, move into each posture and out of it slowly, with consciousness. When you finish a posture lie on your back for a while; relax, feeling the benefits of what you've just done. On days that I'm going to be real busy I've found that even doing fifteen or twenty minutes worth in the morning is enough to center me.

The yoga asanas are usually done by doing first one pose and then its counter-pose: in this way alternately stretching the spine, first in one direction and then in the opposite. Start a posture by moving slowly just to the point you begin to feel resistance, not to the point of pain. Hold the pose for a given number of seconds (ten to fifteen at first, working up to sixty as you become more practiced). You can count to yourself to help keep your mind one pointed.)

Then come out of the posture, again, slowly. Try to feel each vertebrae move. Imagine that your spine is elastic as you stretch it a little bit further.

When you've finished a posture, lie down and relax.

Some books I've seen say that women should not practice asanas while they are menstruating, but I feel as though this can be a personal decision; based on being in tune with one's own body. Just remember not to overexert.

As there are many excellent books that go into details of the postures (Integral Yoga Hatha by Swami Satchidananda is my favorite) I will limit myself to describing a good beginning and good ending for your practice.

The Sun Salutation is twelve movements which flow together as one dance. These twelve movements are done as the beginning of yoga practice and help to generally loosen and "warm-up" the body for further practice. They are done in conjunction with deep breathing through the nose: inhaling as you move up and your chest cavity enlarges (postures number 2,4,7,9,11); and exhaling as your body moves downward and towards itself. In pose number six you retain your breath. This sounds complicated to co-ordinate, but is actually quite easy as your body will naturally tend to inhale when your lung capacity is expanded.



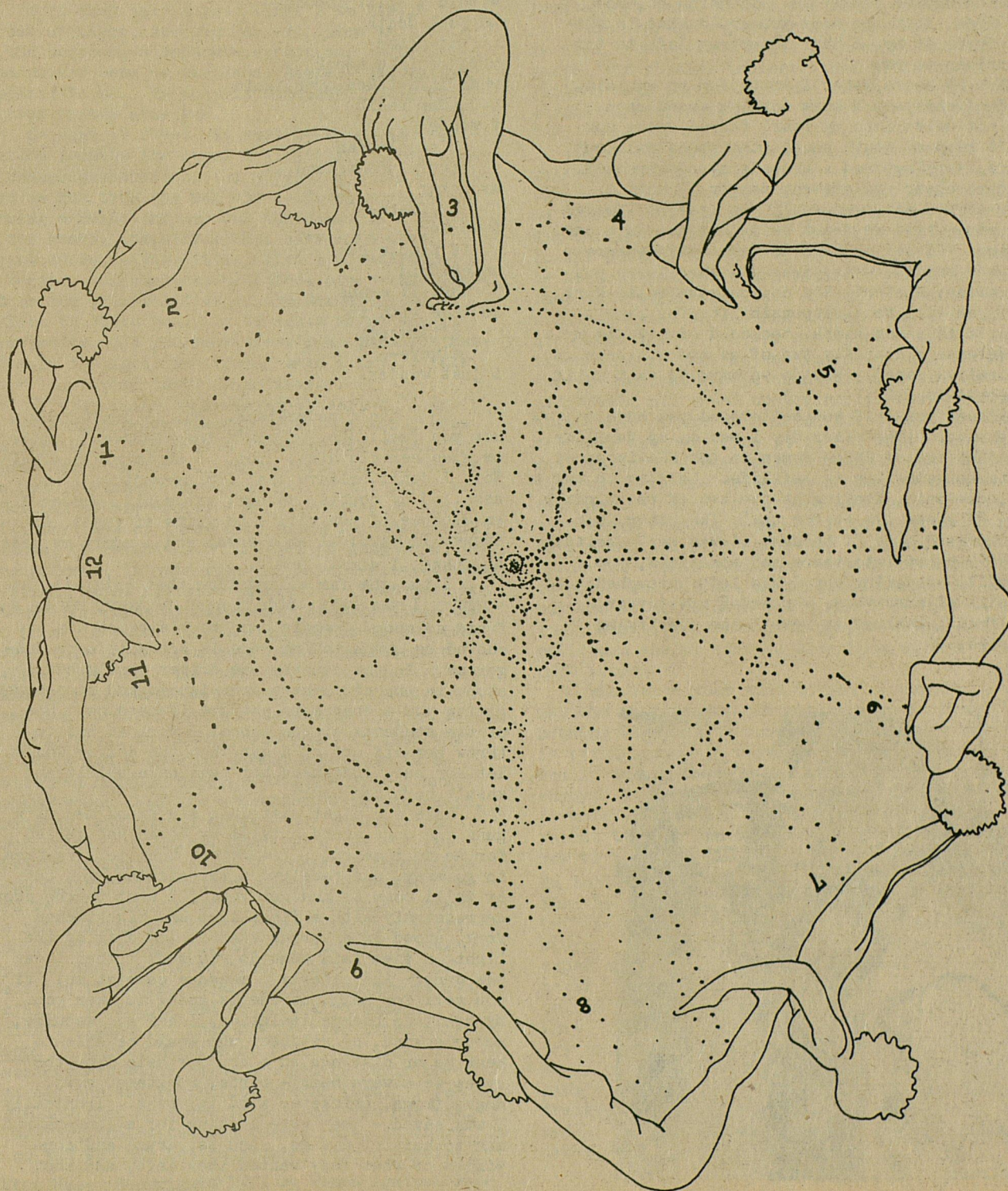
The sun salutation is a good exercise to do when you only have a short time available for practice, as it stretches your spine really well.

It is important to end your yoga practice with "the corpse" the final relaxation pose. In yoga the relaxation is as essential as the postures themselves. Lie on your back, inhale

slowly and deeply through your nose (diaphragm breathing) and send relaxing vibrations to every point of your body. Although this sounds easy, it's not, as our speedy-western natures tend to want to be "up and running".

At the end of yoga practice one should feel energetic but not speedy; coming from a calm center point. AUM ♀

## SUN SALUTATION





# RAPE

"I imagine you walking down the street," he grins, "seeing a rapist in every tree, behind each bush, ready at any corner." I am silent, wondering who he really is. Thinking no, not every tree, just the ones you could hide in, mister. Sneer at me, I have no energy left to try and explain to you.

Not 24 hours later I am trying to explain.

Two years ago I knew nothing about rape, would not delve into my fear, feared fear; now I can't keep my mouth shut, statistics fall out, numbers, warnings and a crusade my sisters will not hear; clear and present danger I want to scream at you all, why won't you listen? Yesterday a woman told me about being hassled in a car, hitching. "I really have to take self-defense now," she said. I was enraged - where were you until today, sister? Why do you have to be hurt before you will take responsibility for your life? Is this too harsh, too cold of me? In my self-defense class only two of us had not been (physically) raped. Why do we have to wait until it happens to us?

I hear you - if you believe me you have to act, change. (The other day I was on my familiar spiel that one of three women in the USA is raped or attacked sometime in her life. Talking to two women, one said, looking at the two of us, tight mouth, "I guess I'm it for us." The other looking surprised said "I thought it was me." Neither yet 18, I burst into tears and sometimes, too, the guilt, wondering why I was left untouched; the guilt of survivors, wondering how terror truly feels, ashamed to reveal the horrifying fantasies...)



Joan writes to me

i wonder  
if people can feel  
& really understand  
what it means to be scared  
to really be scared.  
to have a gun at your head--  
to feel it

& think  
all the amazing thoughts  
within a split second--  
to feel death  
so close  
& to go into shock  
when life takes over again  
(for real)

i wonder  
if people can  
truly understand  
my anger  
my fears--

i wonder  
if people can  
understand  
what it means  
to live with it  
afterwards  
always--

i just wonder.

No I don't understand. No. I don't know how you feel. No. I can't forget Susan's smile or even her clothing. Yes. I am terribly afraid. No. I don't believe that I'm paranoid. I am assailed by doubts, unsure; after all, who am I - an escapee if you will - to write of rape? An answer in part: I am a woman and I admit my fear. And then, I care.

I thought for a long time that being in the country I was safe, didn't need to worry or be afraid so much. Reggie came to visit one day and showed us how hitching here is actually more dangerous. In the country the driver rarely has to stop; in the city there are signals and stop-signs giving you a chance to get out if need be. One of the students at the school I work at had to throw herself out of a car when the driver wouldn't let her out. She used her pack as a shield and wasn't hurt too badly.

Late one night last June six drunk men with guns and dogs stood outside my house and yelled for me to come out. I answered them telling them to go away, and received a threatening "get out or we'll come in and get you." I went to the door aggressively with a flashlight and big kitchen fork, stood in a strong stance, and shining the light on them said what do you want - then I saw the guns. And clearly a message came at me: if you yell for help, no one is going to hear you. My solitude became isolation, I had no resource, no telephone, no neighbor who would be able to hear me or distinguish a cry for help from the cries we always hear - birds, roosters, cows, dogs, frogs, crickets, wind in trees. Ironically, I was saved - they were looking for a long-haired man to hassle, not me. And so, drunk and convinced of what they wanted they left, and shot



their guns off outside for about an hour, while I sat on the floor of Adam's room with my knife, kitchen fork, baseball bat, a silly picture, waiting for them to realize I was alone. During this time I learned that I have only one door out of this dome, and would have been seen leaving it. No running vehicles were here to leave in. Would they burn down my house if I left it? Worst fear beyond self and child - would the men come home while they were still out there shooting - how to warn them? A long night. They turned out to be ranch hands from the adjacent ranch.

More than half a year later I am afraid to go out at night, see figures not there as I walk to the bedroom, a separate structure. Some days I am uneasy here on the land, alone. And nothing happened to me. My body is untouched, only my nervous system attacked.

So what is rape? It must be more than penetration despite the legal definitions. Each time we escape penetration, the violation still obtains. When we run from the man who follows, succeed in forcing a reluctant man out the door, live afraid in our homes, checking locks, afraid to open closed rooms, living lives which are undermined by terror, we have been violated, our beings trapped in the possibilities of the danger faced as we live in these bodies. It makes me so angry, a man-hater (did you know there's no word for man-hater in English?) and mostly when I try to talk about it, nobody takes me seriously.

My sister-in-law answered by saying "I don't go to strange neighborhoods by myself and I know I'm safe here. This is a friendly hip community I live in." 46% of all rapes occur in the victim's own home. Studies show that 34% of all rapes are committed by men who were acquaintances or close neighbors; 14% of these were close friends, family friends, or relatives. In cases of gang rape, 90% were planned; in pair rapes, 83% were planned; and in single rapes 58% were planned.\* (This does not account for rapes by husbands. Legally a man cannot rape his wife: her marital status is her consent. This holds true even after separation or divorce from him. The only better argument I've heard against marriage is that 40% of women murdered are murdered by their husbands.)

Difficult to accept, but true, is that the rapist is not a special person who lives in a restricted neighborhood.. Two and a half years ago the woman Jean was travelling with was raped, strangled, and buried alive. Her attacker was never found. We talked about it a lot - I was terribly scared and found it close to impossible to go upstairs in the dark alone for weeks. Always we came back to why? Why? One day I heard the men talking and they agreed that they could understand the rape but not the murder. I was appalled and questioned them. They told me of their own fantasies, their adolescent dreams especially, when they had no access to women, couldn't figure out then how to have intercourse except by rape. Stories of their feelings of powerlessness while being aroused by their bodies and the entire society around them. I believe now that as there is no woman who has not, in terror, fantasized and feared rape, so there is no man who has not considered rape a possibi-

lity. This society has rape built into it. (Read Alix Shulman's Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen as one long story of the American rape.) We train men to be rapists, ask them to repress that training, then sanction their loss of control with legal procedures designed to protect them. And the root of that training is hatred of women - rape not as an act of lust but an act of hate, contempt, power. How better to put women in their places, to dominate, to control, to prove who's on top than to keep them down with perpetual terror, and then indiscriminately attack and violate, invade the body, degrade.

The average rapist is 23 years old, white, married, (whose brother?), of average intelligence, and studies indicate that he is no more violent than the average man on the street. Be afraid of everyone? No. Be prepared for anyone. Yes.

A sheriff was up here one day. We all talked with him for a while - pretty soon we were sure he was crazy, but a craze with power so we kept smiling, uh huh, yes massah. Then he was talking about rape (I provoked it), prefacing it all with "I'd rather fight than fuck." Then he told us he knew women couldn't really be raped. They were asking for it. A "joke" about a woman with her dress up can run faster than a man with his pants down... I was too upset now, and left. Later I heard that he continued to tell the men that he had raped more than thirty women himself, and they'd all ended up loving it. Rather fight than fuck. I was so scared, for days. How do you call the cops when it is the cops? The ultimate example of the paradox society has foisted upon us: we are dependent on men to protect us from men. I fit the paradox and was glad the men were there when he came - I figured he'd see us as claimed property and leave us alone out of respect for them. Torn then between outrage and terror. This is not an isolated incident. The man who attacked Joan was a guard at Folsom Prison. Many women have been propositioned by the policeman who've come to pick them up from a rape scene.

Who is on your side if you're raped? A woman who is attacked but not penetrated hears "but nothing happened to you." People wonder why she is still upset. A woman raped but otherwise physically unhurt is told she is lucky, asked if she enjoyed it. One woman was raped in her home in Berkeley. Thinking quickly she flattered the rapist telling him he was the greatest and asked how to reach him so they could get together again. He believed her and gave her his name and address. When he got home the police were waiting for him, but the case got dropped when they heard his story. They told her that if she'd really been raped she would have been hysterical and could never have thought of anything so clever. The police tell you to submit so that you won't get hurt, or to invite him to your home to stall and try to get help. But in California you must make marks on the rapist to indicate struggle - if you didn't struggle, you weren't raped. And if you invited the man to your home, that's giving consent. In some states you must have a witness to prove rape.



continued

They tell us to stay home, not to go out alone, not to dress so that we attract men. Stay down, depend on men for protection. All the messages say "be pretty enough to have a man to protect you, but not too pretty." How do I know which rapist hates pretty women and which hates ones in blue jeans and pea coats?

Coming home from karate my friend told me a repressed memory of watching her mother and sister being raped by soldiers in Germany. "But anything can happen in a war." That night on the radio I heard about Viet Nam Vets, their problems, some stories: they captured a unit of ARVN nurses, raped them all, then put flares in their vaginas and lit them. The psychiatrist talked on about how much trouble these men may have relating to women when they return. A student told me of being gang-raped by seven men when she was fourteen, how she went home and went to bed and never told anyone about it. Her triumph was that she had kicked one of them out of the window of the moving car - a true victory. What war are we in? And when will we accept the fight, strengthen ourselves, stop being the victims?

To say no to this, to insist on being able to protect and defend ourselves is an outright act of revolution. To learn, become skilled and independent is to say no to staying in our places, no to dependency on men for the physical strength we then must fear, no to being helpless. Men will rape women for as long as they can get away with it.

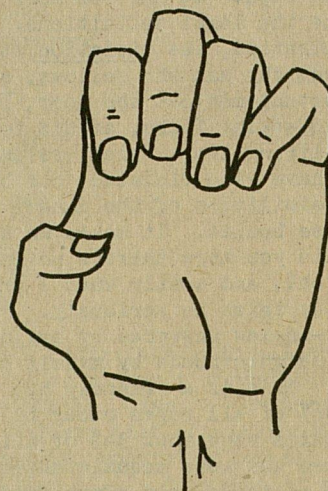
I want blood you know. I am really angry. If any man dares to violate me I want to hurt him enough to insure that he won't attack another woman. I want him to know that women are no longer his victims. And yet I am still terribly distressed and outraged by how powerless I feel. I can talk and write and still every 7 to 14 minutes a rape is reported in the USA. I can cry for want of revenge, and know that prison never rehabilitated a rapist. I want to do something and I don't know what to do. Some fantasies: DREAM a network of women's centers, rape crisis centers, across, up, and down the country so mobilized, so connected (technology, teletype, telephones, simple machines) that when a woman is raped or attacked a description of person, place, and method goes out, and WANTED posters appear on telephone poles, in post offices, laundromats, stores, everywhere warning women to stay away from this man and to call this number if you see him. Rape squads mobilized.

DREAM In p.e. classes from grade 1 up through high school, self-defense taught to all in public schools, with martial arts training from junior high up. All taught by competent women so that both girls and boys grow up knowing that women are capable of taking care of themselves.

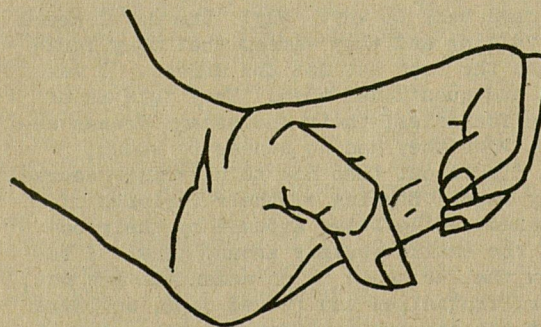
Until Utopia, while we still live in a country where rape is the most frequently occurring violent crime and we are the victims, we must believe in it, accept it, and be afraid. Afraid enough to learn to protect ourselves, to be prepared to defend ourselves. Afraid enough to be careful. Afraid enough to change.

#### THE BLOW OF THE MONTH -- The Palm Heel

This is a very strong blow, used when you are facing your attacker. The fingers are drawn down and curled tightly to the first knuckle and the thumb is pulled in to prevent injury to it. The heel is the striking surface. This blow is used to the chin or to the nose.



To Practice: standing in front of your partner, CAREFULLY and without using force push her head back by pushing under her chin with your hand in this position. Feel how much strength there is in this position even without exerting pressure. Try the same thing very CAUTIOUSLY at the nose. If given with sufficient force, this blow can be fatal when delivered to the nose.





## Keeping Safe in America

Being prepared when you go out:

1. Be alert and aware of your surroundings. Look at the street and general area where you are. An attacker can't come out of a wall - be aware of alleys, recessed doorways, places someone could hide himself and then walk clear of these areas.
2. Always walk as if you know just where you're going - look businesslike. Keep your eyes up - don't look at the ground.
3. Try to avoid confrontation. Ignore verbal harassment. If it persists turn and tell him to shove it. Don't make any statement that leaves him an opening to talk back.
4. Wear shoes and clothing that you can RUN in. Don't depend on being able to kick your shoes off: not only does this take precious time but you may be somewhere where running barefoot is dangerous. Consider the politics of clothing: why have (male) designers decided that women have to wear shoes which make them unsteady on their feet, unable to move quickly, resulting in broken and twisted ankles if they do?
5. Consider carrying as much as possible in pockets and leaving your purse at home or locked in your car. No purse means no purse snatcher and no object to struggle or fight for when you need to run. In any case, be sure that you have some change in your pockets to be able to make a phone call in case it's lost or stolen and you need help.
6. Try not to load yourself down with packages. If possible, keep your hands free to protect yourself with.
7. Carry your keys between your fingers as shown in the illustration. Carried this way keys become an effective weapon and contribute to your own sense of confidence. If you prefer, carry them as shown in illustration #2, between the thumb and first finger. Either way, use them to scrape across the face, poke, punch, jab. Just carrying keys this way is a weapon - people can see them and they LOOK vicious (and are). In San Francisco I was grabbed by a man on the street. I put those keys in his face and yelled at him and he ran. That felt really good. You have to carry keys anyway - this way they are always ready and will help you if necessary. Practice holding them and using them carefully.

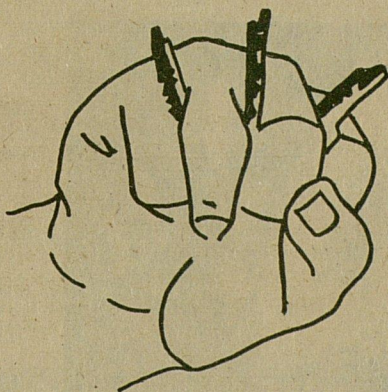


Illustration #1

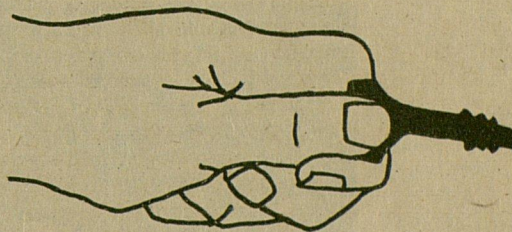


Illustration #2

8. Carrying a whistle is a good idea, especially if you doubt your ability to scream loud enough. BUT, don't wear it around your neck - it can be used to strangle you. Put it on your keychain - then you have two weapons at once - or on your wrist. Make sure it's a loud whistle, too.
9. Always lock your car when you leave it - 15% of rapes are committed in cars. Have your keys ready so that you can get right in and don't have to stand around fumbling at the door (also at the door of your house). But first LOOK and see if anyone is in there. If they are, turn and run as fast as you can. In the country or where it is dark, consider carrying a flashlight so that you can

continued



**continued**

shine it into the car before you get it. It will also serve you well as a weapon and can give you a good look at your attacker, too. (As well as startling him initially, perhaps blinding him.)

10. Choose a weapon to carry when you go out - in your hands where it is available to you. A stick, keys, a pocket comb or credit card (run either under the nose, and hard), a rolled up magazine or hard covered book can be used to poke and jab, also to block blows. If you are carrying an umbrella, use it as a bayonet and aim for stomach or throat. If you want to use a spray can, be sure that you practice with it so that you are fast enough to use it. I've always thought fluorescent day-glo paint would be my choice of spray - it sure would make him easy to find. A small plastic lemon is reported to spray 15 feet and can be filled with ammonia. If you have long fingernails and have an opportunity to use them, don't scratch, peel as with an orange. (Don't keep them so long they get in your way.)

All of the above can be used to deter an attack. Some women have used a can of pepper which they throw in the attacker's face, giving them time to run. Find out what is best for you and use it. When you are at home, know where there is something you can use to protect yourself - a fireplace poker, baseball bat, rolling pin, big kitchen fork.

11. If you get grabbed and your hands are free, cup your hands and slap them HARD over the attackers ears. Try this lightly on yourself. A hard blow like this will burst the ear drums and cause intense pain. Be careful on yourself.

12. If you believe that you are being followed, TURN AROUND AND LOOK. Confront the person if you feel you can or turn and walk in the other direction. Practice this. Have someone follow you and turn suddenly and kiyai or make a strong statement to them. This is very hard to do.

13. If you are being chased on the street, run to a well-lit place or to the nearest house. If you yell and no one comes, break a window and go in - your life is in danger.

14. If you are attacked in a building or public place yell FIRE, not help, and loud.

15. If you must fight, remember to kiyai and try not to panic. If possible, mark the attacker. Exchange fear for anger. Remember, no one on this earth has the right to violate you. No one.

if you have more suggestions, please send them and we will try to incorporate them. If you are involved in martial arts training and would like to write something about your experiences, please send to me - Betty Braver, 12585 Jones Bar Rd., Nevada City 95959. ♀



Remember, no one on this earth has the right to violate you. No one.



# Book reviews

Vimala Thakar is an "enlightened" woman. She shares her life by speaking about her own changes. We met. I loved her and the space she left free around her.

She speaks of the inner and outer revolution which must take place in each individual in order to affect change in the world. She speaks of the depth of our conditioned life and how we can re-educate ourselves toward freedom in our own daily existence.

Her strong and gentle example is her offering, she has no "doctrine" to teach. Her friendly intelligence vibrates through these books, telling how hard and how easy it can be to open the prison doors which have been locked for centuries.

Vimala Thakar's publications may be ordered from 'Travel and Book Fund'

Vimala Thakar  
Surinamelaan 5  
Hilversum, Holland  
on Postcheque number 134788  
or: Miss Vimala  
Shiv-kuti  
Mt. Abu, Rajasthan  
India

I would advise writing for a current price list before ordering books. There may also be more current publications. Information about Vimala Thakar's speaking itinerary is probably available from the same address.

From Heart to Heart, 1964  
(nine talks in Holland)

Mutation of Mind, 1965  
(seven talks, seven discussions)

On an Eternal Voyage, 1966  
(autobiographical, concerning her  
friendship with Krishnamurti)

Silence in Action, 1968  
(talks and notes on self-education)

Friendly Communion, 1968  
(poems)

Toward Total Transformation, 1970  
(talks given in California universities  
in 1968)

JANE ROBERTS:

The Seth Material, 1970, Prentice-Hall  
Seth Speaks: The Eternal Vitality of the Soul,  
Prentice-Hall

Jane Roberts lives in Elmira, New York. She teaches at a small university. She writes poems and her husband paints pictures. They were and are a fairly settled small town couple. But twice a week for almost ten years now, Jane is the medium for messages from "Seth".

I have read only The Seth Material thus far

and it reverberated through my entire consciousness. Jane, in writing of her relationship to the trance state, combined with the messages which come through her, presents an overwhelmingly clear, exhilaratingly affirmative, infinitely expanded picture of the universe. The Seth Material speaks directly to me. It touches my child-heart and challenges my stretching intellect. Jane Roberts is an excellent traveling companion and guide. I hope you get to meet her. "I speak to those who believe in a god, and those who do not, to those who believe that science will find all answers as to the nature of reality, and to those who do not. I hope to give you clues that will enable you to study the nature of reality for yourself as you have never studied it before."

(p.5) Seth Speaks Jane Roberts Prentice-Hall  
1972 New Jersey

Woman's Mysteries, Ancient and Modern: A Psychological Interpretation of the Feminine Principle as Portrayed in Myth, Story, and Dream. by M. Esther Harding, copyright 1971 by C.G. Jung Foundation. Bantam paperback, \$1.95.

Dr. M. Esther Harding studied under Jung in the 1920's, and was a practicing analyst until her death in 1971. She wrote Woman's Mysteries in 1933.

Woman's Mysteries is about the feminine principle, the Eros, the principle of psychic relatedness...the feminine principle, symbolized by the moon, goddess of love and fertility, ruler of those mysterious forces beyond human understanding. Dr. Harding's premise is that we are out of touch with those forces, which reside in our deepest selves. Western male-dominated society has so long overshadowed and discredited the feminine principle that we no longer know it, and our culture has become dangerously one-sided. We have lost the vital sense of who we are, and for our own health as well as for the health of society as a whole, we must find again what we have lost.

To rediscover the ancient feminine identity, Dr. Harding draws upon myth and ritual, dream, art, and tradition. Her sources range from Babylonia to India, from the Bible to the I Ching. Following Jung's methods, she selects elements common to many myths, symbols familiar to peoples widely separated by time and geography. These common elements, according to Jungian thought, are reflections of images that rise from the unconscious. Such images are "apt to have a truth that transcends human wisdom or intelligence" and they are our keys to a rediscovery of the mysterious forces within ourselves.

The scope of the book is great; the meaning of the moon cycle, menstrual taboos, woman as destroyer as well as the giver of life, the dark side of the feminine principle, the changeable nature of woman, the sacrifice of the son, the initiation to the cult of the goddess, the gifts of rebirth and ecstasy. The effect of the feminine principle on men as well as women; the way to a "right" relation to it for men as

continued



well as women. A way to an understanding of the dark forces within, a way to transcendence of ego, a way to rebirth, immortality.

Dr. Harding makes no attempt to "prove" her premises in a purely intellectual or academic way, because she believes that the feminine principle won't submit to that sort of attack. She pulls together the symbols, and adds a psychological analysis, but mostly lets the myths speak to us themselves, in their own nonrational way. The effect is powerful.

Woman's Mysteries provides a context, a psychological and historical and spiritual fabric that pulls at my emerging sense of who I really am. Reading it is a little like coming out of an identity crisis, like discovering a religious/ethnic/racial background that rings true to something inside. Or at least that's what it was like for me. I have often thought that we have been too quick to copy men, to try to beat them at their own games, in our rush to free ourselves from oppression. Woman's Mysteries points the way toward a power and strength that is uniquely feminine. And it suggests a wholeness that is healing to me, a unity that transcends the divisions, the anger and bitterness that so often plague our attempts at "liberation." Anger has had a place in the growing of my consciousness, and it probably will be with me for a while longer. It has helped me to see clearly and define myself. But I would like very much to be done with that kind of anger. I feel it has kept me earthbound for too long, when I should have been learning to fly.

Woman's Mysteries suggests that the true liberation is within us, in the rediscovery of a relation to the deepest and strongest parts of ourselves. It is past time for me to discover that relation, to find what being a woman is really about. It's time for me to know, as centuries of women have known, the full power and magic of my womanness. ♀

# Some book titles

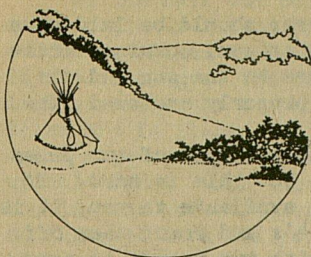
- The Unfinished Autobiography  
Treatise on the Seven Rays . . . Alice A. Bailey
- Autobiography of Annie Besant  
Thought Power  
Birth and Evolution of the Soul . . . Annie Besant
- From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan  
The Secret Doctrine . . . H.P. Blavatsky
- The Finding of the Third Eye  
The Initiation of the World  
....Vera Stanley Alder
- The Mystical Kabbalah . . . Dion Fortune
- Vital Magnetic Healing . . . Adelaide Gardner
- Adventures in the Supernormal  
...Eileen J. Garrett
- Astrology, A Cosmic Science. . . Isabel Hickey
- Healing and Regeneration through Colour  
...Corinne Heline
- New Science of Color  
Concerning the Inner Life . . Evelyn Underhill ♀



For my Liberated Lesbian Sisters:  
Symbol of a new woman-oriented spirituality

- ( ancient historical symbol  
representing woman-moon-Goddess,  
( ) = woman to woman in above symbol
- + equi-arm cross is symbol of Goddess,  
as opposed to patriarchal cross with  
long vertical and short horizontal arm +
- O ancient symbol for vulva - expressive  
of a complete, whole commitment to  
WOMEN





# FOR LIVING IN

"may your fires never smoke  
may your mornings be soaring joy"

Sitting enveloped in my easy chair moss covered madrone tree; leaning back for sight through the young redwoods into the cloudy sky; now sitting up gazing down into the canyon through the babb oaks. The wind is cold and I am warm from an afternoon's work and a feeling of peace. Time spent in and around the tipi is always underlyingly peaceful, especially alone, in touch with the rhythm of the wind. Wood stacked by the door for tonight's fire, chopped very small and evenly in hopes of a smokeless, warm evening. Today in late november it is the second rainless one in twenty three. It feels so good to be outside!

People who have to keep moving need shelter that is simple and efficient, and quick and easy to transport. The plains Indian people developed the tipi from a process improving upon the conical tent shelter; using, as well, a high sense of aesthetics. "The story of these People has as its center and all around it the story of the Medicine Wheel. The Medicine Wheel is the very Way of Life of the People. It is an understanding of the Universe...It is our Sun Dance.

"The Medicine Wheel Way begins with the Touching of our Brothers and Sisters. Next it speaks to us of the Touching of the world around us, the animals, trees, grasses and all other living things. Finally it teaches us to Sing the Song of the World, and in this Way to become whole People." \*

The tipi itself is a fine medicine Wheel. Its simplicity of construction is in keeping with the simple workings of nature. Its roundness manifests the wholeness of the universe, in which the dwellers may find their means of blending. The energy within the circle has no place to dead-end or get lost as it can in corners. There is thus more evident feeling of unification and growth of the energy. Outside there are no living straight lines, and inside as well, the presence of curves all around feels very alive. To be within a continuum feels warm and comforting.

Simplicity lends its way also to order and carefulness, as everything in nature is orderly. Every part of the tipi has its specific function necessary to the lodge's operation and maintenance. Its symbolism, as in the Wheel, covers the broad categories of our life. The floor is earth. The sloping walls, the sky. The poles, the trails from earth to the spirit world. Each direction of the Wheel represents color, animal, state of mind. Directions in the tipi are also significant. In all but a few instances where unusual weather reigns, the lodge faces east, where the sun returns with new life.

\* from Seven Arrows by Hyemeyohsts Storm (Ballantine Books, N.Y., 1972), pp. 1, 4 and 5.

The sioux word "tipi" means "for living in." When properly pitched and cared for it is a comfortable and exquisite dwelling. Historically it was always made by the women. They selected the campsite, erected the lodge, determined the inside arrangements, and generally owned the tipi. In some tribes, to divorce her husband, a woman simply threw out his belongings. (Of course it was probably an enormous risk socially for a woman to be divorced.)

The tipi I live in with two dear friends, one aged fourteen months, is located on a ridgetop in Mendocino County, California. It is back away from the rim, across a meadow, among the trees but not underneath any nor close enough to be hit by a falling madrone. Choosing the site is very important. It should be higher, at least slightly, than the surrounding area for good rain drainage. It must be level and smooth, free from stubby obstructions. We had to scythe the tall grasses and weeds down in a circular area, pull up the hardier roots and then level with a shovel and rake, scraping portions of dirt from one part of the circle and piling them on others. We left two baby madrone trees which now are house plants, growing as they always have. The tipi should not be under trees because of wind, rain drips and lightning. During the summer when it never rains and the wind is low ours was in a circle of trees that absolutely invited a tipi to stand. Neighboring trees provided shade for the heat of the day, and cast magnificent sun and moon shadows on the cover. If there is a choice, pitch to the north-east of the tree or trees for best shade. An area providing plenty of firewood and water is needed if this is your permanent dwelling. In my case, time is shared between the tipi and the community cabin so when the tiny winter creek behind the lodge dries up in the summer, I carry my water from the cabin spring. The other important site requirement for the Indians was plenty of good nearby hunting and/or fertile growing ground. Your own dietary needs determine the importance of this. We eat in the community cabin and have the garden there.

The materials needed for constructing a tipi are: poles, pegs and lacing pins, a waterproofed canvas (unless you have skins), liner and door, nylon cord and rope. We made our own poles, pegs and pins, and purchased the cord and rope. I bought the cover, lining and door. The total cost of my dwelling was about \$350. It is much cheaper to sew your tipi yourself.

Making the poles was a high and enlightening experience. The first time I cut down a young tree it was all I could do for the day, contemplating the enormity of the act. Progressively I got it together enough with each tree beforehand,

continued



continued

asking for its and the grove's understanding and help in holding up our house, that it was a communion to cut it down. Practically, I also went through a learning process. A fear that the tree would come crashing down on me went from unnaturally strong to moderately weak, but never did entirely disappear. In actuality, felling a sapling in a grove is quite a safe operation. I am not an experienced tree-feller by any means, but the way we did it is usable advice for a novice. It is best to work with someone else but quite possible to do it alone. What one wants for a good tipi pole is a perfectly straight and smooth young tree, peeled, pointed, well-seasoned, 21 to 25 feet long for the average sized family lodge, which is 18 - 20 feet in diameter. They should project above the tipi four to six feet if possible. Pine and white cedar I have heard are good. Where it grows redwood is excellent and what we used. It is best to select young trees from a thick stand. Our land, heavily lumbered about twenty years ago, is covered with groves of young redwoods growing out of the slaughtered stumps of their parents. For an 18 - 20 foot tipi the poles want to be two inches where they will cross (about twenty feet up) and three to four inches at the butt. Fifteen poles are required for the frame and two for the smoke flaps. A larger tipi needs eighteen for the frame. The bark adds to the size and they shrink when drying, so take that into account.

The best way we found to fell a tree is first to use your axe, head down, as a plumb line to test the true angle of the tree. Then pick the direction in which you want it to fall. With the axe, make a notch on the side towards the direction you've chosen. From the other side, start sawing. This way the saw is less likely to get bound in the tree. You can be pretty sure in thinking that the tree's not going to move after you've sawed through. None of ours did. After finishing the cut, give the base a good shove with your foot, or to stay entirely clear, pull it with your hands or a rope if necessary for a big based tree. Most likely it will remain upright in its new position, but it may begin its fall. Haul the base away from the direction the top is to fall, and it will slowly get down through the branches of the other trees. You may have to cut off the branches as it slips to get it room to slide down. If the tree is on the rim of the grove and you want it to fall outside one yank will usually do it. Once it's down, drag it to a clearing and chop or axe off all the branches, working up the tree rather than against the grain.

The next step is peeling off the bark. If the trees are cut in the spring, when the sap is running strong, this job is simple and exquisitely fragrant. If cut in the summer (dry season in California, so it's particularly true in that area), it is a long laborious process. Equally important is the immediateness with which one strips the bark after felling. The longer one waits, the drier the tree and therefore harder the task. The cambium, layer between the bark and wood, is moist when the tree is newly felled, especially in the spring and the bark literally peels right off. A draw knife is an extremely handy tool for this job. A pocket knife is fine if the conditions are good. Peel from the base up.

After peeling, the tree should be laid on a level spot and allowed to season, turning occasionally for equal exposure to the sun and air, for three weeks. If not properly seasoned, the poles will warp.

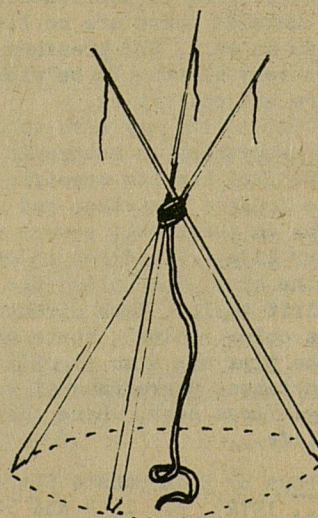
We were lucky to find a couple of our poles from standing dead trees, but this is hard. If there are no trees at all available to you, it is possible to get good 2 x 4's and round them off.

Carrying the poles with two people is easy, the tree riding on shoulders. If alone, the only way to manage the pole is to walk it up to an upright position and carry it balanced this way. To lower, walk it down from underneath.

The instructions for erecting the frame and pitching the tipi can be found in Reginald and Gladys Laubin's book, The Indian Tipi. It is much too detailed to go into here! Basically, you will want the three heaviest poles for the tripod, the foundation of the entire structure. Another heavy one for the lifting pole, which carries the weight cover up to the finished frame and the two lightest for the smoke flap poles, which regulate the direction flaps face.

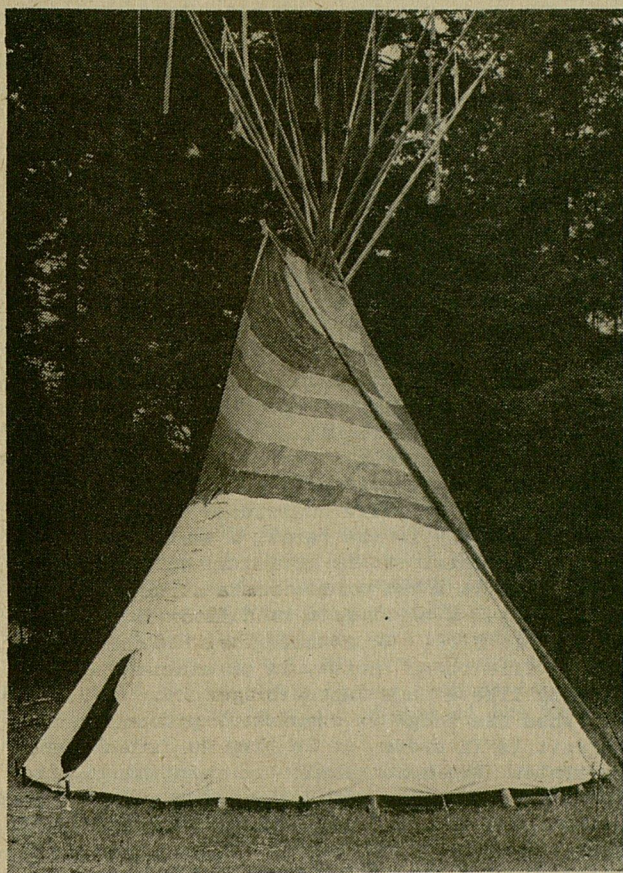
A great deal of trial and error is involved when first pitching the tipi. Once the routine is established, putting it up and down becomes a quick matter of precision. The places on the cover behind the poles will be whiter than the rest after several fires, so subsequent pitchings have the positions readily identifiable. I went through much worry repitching the tipi its second season, for I had discovered a better spacing for the poles and thought the old places might leak. They luckily do not, but some materials might. The poles, incidentally, will likely check (crack) as they dry, but this will not interfere. Basically the two major functions of the poles are to support the cover and to carry the rain down and out behind the living space.

The lay of the poles form a structure the shape of a tilted cone, so the floor is actually more egg-shaped than round. The tilt is excellent protection against the wind. It slopes further back than center, making a longer front side. The result is a much sturdier structure than an upright cone, the wind actually driving the poles deeper into the ground.





We now have our poles marked where they all meet to aid in future pitchings. Yet still, part of the trial and error process operates, especially in the setting of the tripod. Of course one cannot tell how well the tripod is set until all the other poles are in place, the anchor rope tied, and the cover stretched on! Our cover is almost entirely wrinkle-free! When the tripod is set and the rope binding the poles is hanging down, if you can swing on the rope with all your weight, the foundation is at least solid if not exact. After all the poles are in place and bound four times with the rope, it is wise to tie the rope to an anchor peg behind the firepit and keep it taut in windy weather. It keeps the whole ship anchored while the cover flaps like sails.



The covers of the plains Indian people were almost always decorated, some simply, some intricately, almost always symbolically. Some of them were specially chosen as medicine tipis. These were designed to protect the people from misfortune and sickness. The designs usually originated in dreams or visions and were handed down when the lodge with the original came down permanently. No two were ever alike. Border designs at the base were the earth and things pertaining to it. At the top was the sky and the spirit world. In between were representations of human life. It was the great message of these visions that people should love and understand one another and feel

compassion for all forms of life. Proper observance of custom and ritual presented by the medicine tipi was required for protection. Infraction led to misfortune.

The cover, originally made of buffalo hides, is now made of canvas. Untreated cloth will mildew and rot very quickly in rainy climates. Waterproofing will delay the process a while. Because we live in an area with extremely wet winters, I have forsaken organic pureness for practicality. If you don't mind using synthetics, acrylon is excellent. It looks and feels like natural canvas, yet will not mildew. Marine-treated canvas is next best - biodegradable but not organic.

The cover is cut like a semi-circular sleeveless cape, each tribe using a slightly different style. Ours is sioux, with a blackfoot lift pole flap and a cheyenne extension to the smoke flap. When closed, it is a cone with an oval hole for an entrance. One lays it out smoothly on the ground, using it to measure the tripod pole positioning (details in the tipi book). The lift pole is also measured this way and tied to the cover which has been folded into a many-layered triangle. When all the other poles are in place, the lift pole/cover bundle is hoisted into position and the cover unwrapped around the entire frame. Stretched smoothly over the poles, it is highly pleasing to see and offers excellent wind resistance with the addition of the liner.

Lacing pins are used to hold the cover together in the front. All laced up, above and below the door hole, it looks much like a buttoned-up overcoat covering some distinguished person. Eleven or more pointed sticks are needed, 12 to 14 inches long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch in diameter. They should be peeled except for a few inches at the blunt end to prevent slippage, and need be seasoned along with the poles. We found that to prevent rain leaking in through the lacing pin holes, let any curved pins curve down.

The inside liner is as essential to the tipi as any other part. Without it one has only a partially protective tent, not fit for inhabiting in any but the most perfect weather. It keeps away drafts and dampness, prevents rain drips from falling into the living space (a good proportion of them, anyway!), and increases the ventilation thereby clearing the smoke. Warm air rising inside draws the cold air from outside creating a draft for the fire and taking the smoke out through the smokeflaps. The airspace between the liner and cover serves as insulation from both cold and heat. It keeps dew from condensing inside (sometimes called a dewcloth) and prevents the casting of shadows of those inside on the cover - handy if one has enemies! Furthermore, it provides an excellent background for hanging painting decorations and makes the interior feel very cozy.

The liner should be lightweight and waterproof. Ours is marine-treated canvas. Muslin, waterproofed with a wax compound, is excellent. It hangs from about five feet up the poles down to the ground with an extra six inches or so turned in at the bottom which can be covered by the rugs to seal off the draft. It is tied to a cord which is wrapped around each pole continuously around the tipi and pulled taut. It is tied again to a cord similarly wrapped

continued



continued

on the outside of each pole continuously around the tipi and pulled taut. It will need periodic tightening. If two little sticks are placed under the cord on each pole, the rain, which runs in little streams down the inside of each pole, will not run along the cord and down the liner. The cord does get damp however, so I would recommend nylon cord.

For protection from ground level rain seepage, we were advised to dig a trench between the cover and the liner. We then refilled the trench, sandwiching waterproof material in the center, protruding a few inches above the surface. This way, rain coming down the poles behind the liner won't seep back in under the rugs. A ditch outside the cover, with a run-off trench at its lowest spot, keeps out the rain from outside. When digging, be sure to place the dirt on the outside of the trench, rather than next to the cover.

The door of the tipi faces east. Prevailing winds are westerly, and the morning sun comes in the door. Wind from the east is very rare here. If it blows directly into the open smoke flaps, it will blow the smoke right back inside, so the flaps, located at the top above the door, also face east. The place of illumination.

The door piece is separate from the rest and can be left off altogether in nice weather. It can be one of many shapes and is a good place for decoration. Ours is a rectangle, hung from the top inside of the door hole, tied to the poles. On the bottom left it is tied to a stake outside. The right side is tied the full length to a heavy stick which holds the door closed by its weight leaning on the cover. One must duck and squeeze to get through, necessitating an entering bow!

Setting up the firepit is the most important of the inside arrangements. It is the home of the lodge's heat source, located just forward of the center, under a smoke hole. A ring of stones proves the best method, surrounding either a level spot or a dug-out pit; on the ground level reflects more heat, but the ashes become a nuisance. Ours is a shallow pit, about four inches deep and eighteen inches across. Choosing the stones carefully is vital. Ones from the water will fly to pieces when heated. Never use stones that look like flint or quartz, for these, even dry, tend to fly apart. Sandstone will crumble. To test your stones, heat them and then plunge them into water. If they stay whole, or just crack, they're fine.

For excellent fire draft, we dug a channel from the pit to just outside the cover, and laid a pipeline which we re-covered with earth. It is essential to have a good burning, smokeless fire to keep the air clear. This depends on dry, sound, seasoned (a year at least) wood; good draft; and correctly positioned smoke flaps. To set the flaps for a fire, they are faced down-

wind, protecting the interior from incoming wind and allowing the passing wind to pull the smoke out. They are used as one would use the collar of a coat in the wind. It is important to change their position with each shift in wind direction to keep the lodge clear. Streamers on the pole tips help to determine wind direction.

Hardwood is needed for the fire. Evergreens

are smokey and they spit. Where it grows, madrone is perfect. Maple and ash are also among the best. The wood is traditionally piled to the left of the door, as one faces in, on the inside. I would recommend chopping it small for maximum heat and to insure that each piece burns evenly. I start my fires with redwood kindling, and put on the madrone when it's hot enough. Often pieces of kindling are needed underneath a smoking stick to get it flaming. Tending the fire takes a lot of concentration; one does not enjoy the luxury of throwing logs in the stove or fireplace and forgetting about it for a long time. A log-cabin or grid-style stacked fire is far better than a "tipi" style; it is best for heating and will get the most out of a small amount of wood. It burns steady and hot, with little smoke. Hardwood should hold the coals overnight, if banked properly, so you can just throw some kindling on in the morning.

The fire will soon get hot, sometimes too hot to sit close, keeping the lodge about 70°. The tipi does not hold heat, however, once the fire is out. To handle the fire, tongs made of a narrow fork from a sapling tree are handy, or a sapling bent into a long U, thinned at the bend. A green stick is also handy. The heaviest rains seem to be enough of a nuisance that the smoke-flaps must be closed and the fire thrown out the door. Be prepared to have to close up suddenly.

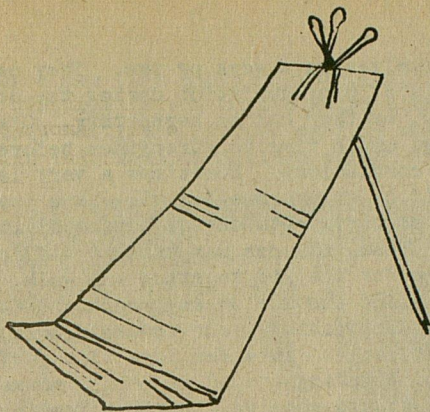
The fire is used not only for warmth, but also to keep the tipi dried out during periods of constant rain. Without frequent fires or sunny spells, mildew easily develops. The fire is also the main source of light, although we also hang candles and sometimes a kerosene lamp. Its other major use is for cooking. It is an art to cook while keeping the fire smokeless. Since we eat almost entirely in the cabin, I am not knowledgeable about this. It is certainly easy enough to boil water in a pot on the stones. When we do cook, we put a metal grid on four green sticks across the fire. Approaching the tipi at night, when a fire burns inside, is an ethereal sight, glowing like a huge Japanese lantern.

When the lodge is completely pitched and the firepit is in order, it is time to furnish and decorate. The more simple the furnishings, it seems, the more beautiful the lodge. Beds on the ground take up the least room and are below any smoke, even from a dying fire. They can be set further under the lining than higher beds, and are therefore drier. A waterproof groundcloth under the beds helps keep dampness from coming up. It is important to have as much bedding under you as over you.

Backrests are important for long periods of sitting. We have one made of boards, one surface supported by one long stick and one little stake at either end just behind the boards. More Indian style backrests can be made from green branches. Some are described in the Tipi Book.

The other furniture pieces we have are a trunk each for our belongings, covered with decorative cloths. The ground is covered with blankets and rugs, under which we have an old rug pad. Shade plants grow very well inside, planted directly into the ground.





The altar sits just behind the firepit on the bare earth. The dirt is pulverized and brushed clean, the Indians calling it "mellowed earth". We have a layer of tiny colorful beach pebbles spread over it, and on them are various shells, stones, pieces for worship, incense, etc. The incense carries prayers to the Ones Above, as does smoke from a pipe. The altar is on the west to keep the fire alive where the sun went down. The traditional place for sacred objects is in the rear, the place of honor, opposite the door, called "chatku" by the Sioux. Everything has its place in the tipi, a dwelling with a highly developed sense of order. Maintaining this in-tuneness (as much as possible when living with a baby!) seems especially important in terms of keeping a semblance of nature's incredible orderliness. When the lodge is in keeping with this order, it feels as if the good spirits have lots of space to dwell there too.

Painting the liner is the Indian style of interior decoration. Not feeling ready for permanent design, my home is decorated with various pictures, drawings, old bark paintings, macrame, beads, etc. - hung on the lining. It is important that the hangings be attached to the liner itself and not to the cord where they will get wet. Things that have a spiritual message in them seem to fit particularly well in the lodge. Both inside and outside decorations were protective and symbolic for the Indians; to them, things of the spirit world and of the mind and imagination were just as real as the tangible things of the material world.

Even totally undecorated, the lodge is beautiful. Every position of the sun, moon, and stars, and all accompanying clouds, fog, and mist send varied colorful light streaming through the cover, forming splashes of design all over the lodge. Sometimes, lying in bed looking up at the cross of poles and the small patch of sky above, the moon comes around and peeks right in.

Once the lodge is all set up and furnished, it is a big tradition to have a dedication. Presents were given to the old and respected "good medicine" blessing, and to the woman who had made it. Etiquette required that when the door is open, all were welcome; when closed, one had to call or rattle the covering and wait. Two sticks over the door meant no visitors, or that the inhabitants were away. Upon entering, it is customary to walk around the lodge to one's seat following the sun (clockwise). True also for passing something around.

When the living is easy, it is nice to sit outside on the skirts of the tipi (literally or figuratively), and to lean against the cover. In hot weather, ventilation is aided by raising the liner and cover in some or all places, supported by a forked stick. In cold weather, the tipi is virtually draft-free. To stay warm in bed after the fire's out, heat bedrocks (stones warmed in the fire), and keep them in your bed wrapped in a towel. In snow the tipi is the perfect dwelling. The snow acts as further insulation. Be sure it is not packed so tight all around the bottom that no air comes up behind the liner during a fire.

The rain is the most difficult. When the rain starts running down the poles, it is often necessary to assist their trail at the beginning by running a finger or stick down the drop's path. If you're not at home when the rain begins, you return to a floor pattern of wet lines, corresponding to each pole, where water dripped down before developing into a steady flow down the pole. If there is a persistent drip above and near the liner, let the liner sag open there.

The process of living in a tipi is simple and joyous in good weather, and difficult and joyous in rainy weather. One feels very close to living outside, especially living on the ground. Out in the woods in my tipi is different from living out in the woods in a house. Tipi living is definitely a primitive existence, but that does not exclude comfort and beauty. Whatever is happening outside, emerging into the tipi's world is instantly elevating and centering.

A Cree Indian song says "there is only beauty behind me, only beauty is before me!"

The end of a Navajo prayer reads:

happily may I walk

being as it used to be long ago, may I walk.

may it be beautiful before me.

may it be beautiful behind me.

may it be beautiful below me.

may it be beautiful above me.

may it be beautiful all around me.

in beauty it is finished.

Being in and around the tipi helps answer this prayer.





# Kid Raising

If you are present for the birth of your kid, her care begins at once. As soon as she arrives, check to see that her nose and mouth are clear of the mucous membrane she has been encased in. This sack will usually break when the kid is born, but it may need to be removed.

Usually the first movement of the newborn kid, or the movement of the doe, will break the umbilical cord. The cord will tear, leaving anywhere from an inch or two to half a foot of cord attached to the kid. Some blood will flow from the cord. As soon as the umbilical cord breaks, dip the end of the kid's cord in iodine. This is an important step in preventing disease because the end of the cord, like an open wound, can allow in bacteria and infection. If the cord doesn't break naturally, you can tear it. The safest way to do this is to tie a thread around the cord a few inches from the kid's body, and another thread a few inches below the first. Tear the cord between the two threads. It is essential that you tear rather than cut with a knife, for the tear is ragged and uneven, a natural break. The cleanness of a knife cut could cause hemorrhaging. Remove the threads, and dip the kid's cord in iodine. The cord will gradually dry up and drop off, leaving a healed stub. Check periodically to see that the cord is not infected. Any swelling or pus around the cord should be treated while it is still minor (cleaned with an antiseptic and/or antibiotic cream).

The newborn kid is slimy and wet - susceptible to chills even in the nicest weather. Usually the doe will lick her kids clean and dry. If she has more than one kid, or if the weather is especially cold, you should help out. If the doe has had abscesses, you should not let her lick the kids. Some abscess-causing bacteria can be passed in the saliva of the infected doe's mouth to the cord or mouth of the kid; being cleaned by an infected mother can give the kid abscesses later. Rub the kid all over with a towel, crumpled newspapers, or even straw. This attention not only dries the kid, but also stimulates the circulation. If a kid becomes really chilled or has been out in the rain (we rescued a friend's kid who had been dropped in a puddle!), you may need to dry it well and put it under a heat lamp. Whenever you move a kid from place to place, wrap it in a towel or jacket to prevent chills. Avoid moving kids from really warm to cold areas: try to make temperature changes gradual.

Most new kids are on their feet - if somewhat unsteadily - within ten or fifteen minutes. They begin to search for milk almost as quickly, bumping with their noses at whatever is closest. Occasionally a kid will be born with really weak legs, and be unable to stand - though it will try. You can make splints out of cardboard or balsa wood, and tape. Usually weak joints cor-

rect themselves in a week or two. They can be the result of poor nutrition during the doe's pregnancy, or they can be hereditary. Give the kid's legs ample time to strengthen before you make any conclusions. Sometimes a very large single kid or an overdue kid will have spongy cushions of overgrowth on the bottom of its hooves. These cushions may make it difficult or impossible for the kid to stand and walk. It helps to stand the kid on any surface that will wear down the cushion - our wooden floors have worked perfectly. In a few days that "deformed" kid may be bounding around perfectly normally.

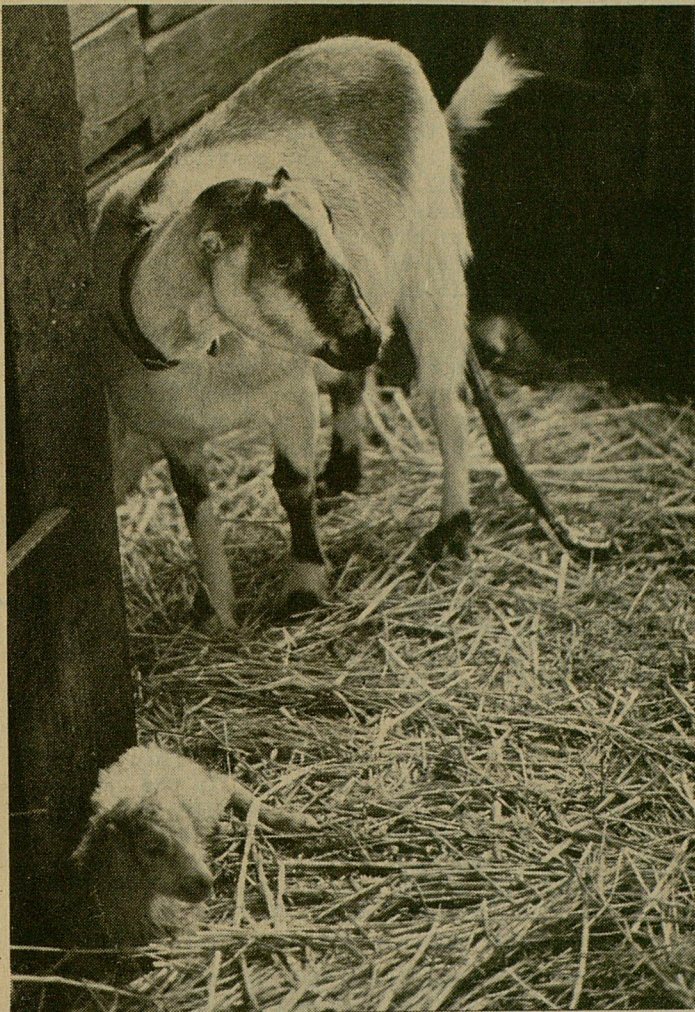
A kid should receive its first feeding within an hour or so of birth. And depending on how you plan to raise your kid, you should begin a consistent feeding program. Our choice for kid raising has been to bottle feed the kids from the very beginning. It takes a lot of time and energy, but seems worthwhile. A bottle-fed kid is more than a pet - her relationship with you grows and deepens until as an adult milker she is perfectly at ease, trusting, and calm with people. Bottle raising kids is also a way to protect your doe's udder. A nursing kid butts and punches the udder to make the milk flow. As the kid grows its punching is more and more vigorous. A doe who has been bred for high milk production has an over-developed udder that may be damaged by this punching. Mastitis - an infection of the udder that can harm the doe, decrease milk production, and destroy udder tissue - may be the direct result of the "natural" act of nursing a kid. The well-bred dairy goat is no longer really a "natural" animal. And, finally, if you are bottle raising your kids, you can keep accurate production records on your does. You are also very aware of each kid's growth, health, and personality!

For the first few days, a kid should be fed small amounts often. Five or six feedings of a few ounces each during the day and one or two feedings during the night. Keep the kid on her mother's milk for the first four days at least; the doe keeps producing valuable antibodies for that long. After that period, kids can receive milk from other does or be switched to powdered milk. Be sure that all changes are made gradually over a period of days to allow the kid's system to adjust. If you are going to feed a powdered milk, be sure it has enough vitamin D or your kid may get rickets. Feed stores carry special formula dry milk for raising lambs and calves. The fat in cow milk is indigestible for a goat kid - if you must feed it, be sure it is skimmed. We've raised kids on calf-formula powdered milk, on mixes of this and goat milk, and on pure goat milk. The goat milk raised kids have been noticeably healthier and have grown better.

After a lot of reading, talking with other goat breeders and experimenting with our own kids, we've settled on a fairly stable kid feeding program. Kids are fed a few ounces every few hours the first two days - gradually the amount per feeding is increased. After four or five days, the kids are cut down to three feedings a day. We increase the amount of milk over a period of weeks until each kid gets a half gallon per day. When a kid is two months old, she is put on two




feedings a day (one quart each feeding). At three months old, she is cut to one quart a day and given that until she is four or five months. Some kids will wean themselves early, others will



act as though they will never be self-weaned. Buck kids who are being raised for breeding stock are weaned at six months. Almost every breeder we've ever talked to has a different kid raising schedule. Most agree to about a half gallon per day per kid and at least three months of milk feeding.

Back to the newborn kid...she should be kept in a draft-free place with plenty of bedding (straw is fine) that is kept clean and dry. Kids may be kept outdoors if the weather isn't too severe and they have a well protected shed or stall. Kids will sleep together for warmth, so a single kid may need extra consideration. A kid needs exercise, fresh air and sunlight. She will sleep a lot her first few weeks - but should be full of bounces, energy and curiosity when she's awake.

Check each kid for physical defects. Does and bucks should be checked for double teats or double holes in teats. A double teat is actually two that have grown together (looking like this ). A doe kid may have extra teats which can be clipped off while the kid is young. Any of these defects can interfere with milking and are considered

a serious fault which can be inherited. Bucks with these defects should not be kept for breeding. Bucks should also be checked for two normally descended testicles. A buck with an over or under-shot jaw, crooked face or improper breed characteristics should not be kept as a breeding animal. Doe kids should be checked for hermaphroditism - the obvious sign of which is a pea-shaped growth on the tip of the vulva.

Kids are disbudded to protect themselves, people and other animals. We have heard of one horned doe who ripped her own udder, and of various other injuries (intentional or "playful") caused by horned animals. It is not uncommon for a buck to be injured by the horned doe he is mating. Horned does soon learn to use their horns aggressively against hornless animals. An animal that is to be kept as part of a domesticated flock and handled daily by people should, for the safety of all, be disbudded. When a kid is four to five days old, she should be checked for horn buds. The buds appear on the top of the head, a few inches apart. A horned kid has little swirls of hair over these buds. A hornless kid will have no swirls. The buds can usually be felt at this age - though some kids will develop them slower. You can disbud kids with a caustic paste or with a dehorning iron. It is easiest on the kid to do them as early as possible. Giving the kid a tetanus shot (see below) should be a routine part of disbudding.

Kids begin to nibble at hay grain or browse when they are only a few weeks old. They should have access to good quality hay at this age and be given a tiny bit of grain daily. Feed a 14 - 16% dairy ration (the percent refers to the protein content), preferably one mixed for goats. This should include trace minerals, or you should provide these separately. A kid should also have access to a salt lick and to fresh, clean water. The amount of hay and grain a kid will eat varies. It is fairly safe to give the kid all the hay she wants - for the first six months she'll probably eat a pound or less a day. From six months on she will gradually increase her needs to two or three pounds per day or more, if she is a particularly large animal. About half a pound of grain a day is enough for a kid up to six months - after that, increase to a pound or a pound and a half.

We tried some alternative ways of raising our kids. Leaving them with their mother for the first three or four days allows them to nurse often and encourages the doe to come into her milk slowly. The separation can be traumatic, though, and it is harder to get the kid to accept a bottle. A kid that has been allowed to nurse may also try to nurse her mother or other does when she is put with the herd and can cause injuries, if not just annoyance. Pan feeding is another alternative that we tried. It is faster and somewhat easier but the kids tend to gulp down their milk (bad for digestion) or step in the pan.

However you decide to raise your kid, it is essential that she have the first milk from her mother. This thick, sticky yellowish milk - called colostrum - is rich in protective antibodies, minerals and vitamins. It is also slightly laxative and acts to clean out the kids' systems. If you are bottle feeding, milk out just enough

continued



continued  
of this (a few ounces) for each kid. Heat it in a bottle set in a pan of water (colostrum scorches easily, so be careful). A goat's body temperature (102 - 105° F.) is higher than a human's so the milk should be quite warm. Use a lamb nipple - a large rubber nipple that fits on any bottle (these are available at most feed stores or from animal supply houses - about 15¢ each). Be really patient with your kid's first attempts to nurse, after a few feedings she'll learn to suck on the nipple rather than the bottle or your arm! Always be careful that nursing kid doesn't suck air - hold the bottle at a sharp angle and take it away as soon as the milk is gone. Inattention to this can be fatal (see bloat below). Bottles and nipples should be kept absolutely clean and milk given at proper temperature and on a regular schedule.

If all feeding is adjusted gradually and with a careful eye to the condition of the individual animal, you will learn your goat's needs as she grows. Your goat should be well filled out but not fat. The best feed for developing her body, her capacity to eat and, later, to produce milk is not a lot of milk or grain but plenty of good quality hay. Alfalfa is an excellent high protein hay for goats, but what you feed will depend upon where you live. Goats also love shrubs and browse or crops such as comfrey and kale. If your goat will be grazing, be sure you learn what plants in your area are poisonous to goats (rhododendron, jimson weed, lupine, etc.). There are also garden crops - beet tops and rhubarb, for instance - which are toxic to goats.

Whenever you can, take your kid walking. Goats are fine companions in the woods, full of energy and interested in everything. You should also teach your kid to lead with a soft collar and rope while she is still young. Leading is unnecessary with most goats (they love to follow - or lead - you) but will probably be useful someday.

You should begin hoof trimming lessons early, too. Your kid may not need her hooves trimmed until she is three or four months old, but she will be easier to work with if the experience of having her feet picked up and handled is not a new one. Goats love attention and goat kids thrive on it. Once you've begun kid raising, though, you won't need this urging....

#### KIDS HEALTH

The best way to keep your kid well is to keep your kid well... to avoid the conditions which would make her ill. Kids are very susceptible to chills and dampness. If a kid isn't feeling well, it's usually very obvious. A kid who stands around with fluffed-up fur, who won't take her bottle or just looks depressed is cause for concern.

Scouring (the stockperson's term for diarrhea) is a fairly common and usually not too serious condition in kids. A kid will scour from a chill, from a dirty bottle, from a bite of something it shouldn't have eaten. If the kid appears well otherwise, make sure its next bottle is properly heated and clean, and feed it slightly less. A pinch of powdered ginger in the milk will help clear up a mild case of scours. If the kid is old enough to be browsing, blackberry leaves are a good cure. Scouring that is really profuse, persistent and accompanied by other signs is more serious. If your kid has eaten something unfamiliar or spoiled or has eaten too much grain, you should probably give her a dose of mineral oil. Half an ounce will be plenty for a young kid. This not only flushes the system of toxic material but soothes the intestinal wall. In the case of a real poisoning, give the recommended antidote at once. A universal antidote (egg white, milk or charcoal) may have to do. A lump of washing soda will make a goat vomit. And a dose of black coffee will sometimes work. We have stopped cases of persistent scouring with kaopectate. Sometimes





scouring will be the symptom of a more serious disease, or an allergic reaction to some feed (we have had kids scour chronically on a particular brand of powdered milk until we narrowed the problem down to that and changed brands). Scouring may also be a sign of worms, but most often it's a temporary reaction to a temporary situation.

Bloating is another reaction to spoiled feed, too much grain or to sucking air when drinking from a bottle. Bloat appears as a dramatically distended stomach, particularly on the left side. The kid will be obviously uncomfortable, if not yet in pain. She will usually stand still, reluctant to move and may cry out. A kid bloats when the air-expelling mechanism of the stomach doesn't function properly and gas builds up in the stomach, causing intense internal pressure. Treatment should be immediate and thorough. Give the kid mineral or vegetable oil (peanut oil is best) a few tablespoons, and a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little water. Most kids will drink this willingly from their bottle. Then force her to walk around. Stop now and then to massage her stomach and let her rest. You can repeat the oil and soda every fifteen minutes or so until she begins to expel some of the gas. It's essential that you keep her moving around until she's passed a lot of the gas and is obviously feeling better. The mineral oil may give her a temporary case of scours, not to be worried about. Try to figure out what caused her to bloat and avoid a repetition! The most common cause in a young kid is sucking air in from her bottle. If you've been very careful, check the nipple to make sure there are no holes in it. As kids get older they will bite holes in the nipples that aren't obvious. Once the kid is normal feeling, you can leave her - but not until. Cut down her feed for a day or two. And be extra careful with her, as she will be more susceptible to bloating again.

A kid that refuses her food, looks fluffy and depressed and has labored breathing may be suffering with pneumonia. Pneumonia can be mechanically caused - this happens when the animal gets liquid in her lungs, either by inhaling it or while being drenched (forcibly given a liquid). Or it can be an infectious type; a kid that has been badly chilled or soaked is likely to get pneumonia. This is a serious, rapidly developing disease that may be fatal. One definitive sign of pneumonia is a highly increased respiratory rate (the normal rate of 20-24 per minute may be tripled). Breathing is usually audible, raspy and difficult. The kid's temperature may be above normal in the beginning stages or subnormal as the disease advances (a kid's normal body temperature will sometimes run slightly higher than an older goat's 102.5 - 103° F.). The kid's temperature is taken rectally, using a stock thermometer (available from farm supply companies for about two dollars). Have someone hold the kid still while you take her temperature and use vaseline as a lubricant on the thermometer. The kid should be kept warm with blankets, hot water bottles, electric heating pad, or heat lamp. She should be given as much attention as possible. Feeding should be frequent with special care that

the kid gets plenty of fluids. Combiotic (an injectable penicillin/streptomycin combination) should be given according to directions. With careful nursing the kid can recover fully within four to seven days.

Pulpy kidney disease is a form of enterotoxemia which affects kids. It is caused by feeding an over-concentrated diet, by a sudden change to lush pasture, or by feeding too much milk.

Reactions are immediate and severe. The kid may become stiff in the hindquarters. In the final stages the kid has convulsions and then dies. The course of the disease may take only a few hours or the animal may linger for days or weeks. Enterotoxemia is supposedly incurable, though a mild or "subacute" case may survive. It is not contagious but is caused when a factor such as too much concentrated feed allows the causative bacteria (normally found in the intestines of most ruminants) to proliferate and become toxic. There is a vaccine available which controls enterotoxemia. It should be given to pregnant does and to kids of one month (or whenever they stop receiving milk from vaccinated does). Careful feeding practice is a good preventative.

Tetanus may be an indirect result of disbudding or castration of kids. Any wound may harbor tetanus - an infection which is usually fatal. The incubation period for tetanus can be from a week to three or four months. The first sign is stiffness of the jaws and neck. A kid will refuse her bottle or try to nurse and be unable to. She may hold her ears or tail stiff and her hindquarters may become rigid. Administration of tetanus antitoxin at this stage may save the animal if a period of careful nursing follows. An obvious wound should be drained and cleaned and broad spectrum antibiotics given. Sedatives or tranquilizers may be given. As the disease progresses, the animal suffers with violent spasms. These are stimulated by any loud noise or sudden movement. Keeping the kid absolutely quiet in a darkened room is essential. Tetanus is better prevented than treated. Protect the newborn kid with tetanus toxoid (see below). Clean all wounds with hydrogen peroxide, being particularly careful with the scabs that form after the kid has been disbudded.

The best protection for your newborn kid is a regular vaccination program which includes her mother. If the doe is given a tetanus toxoid booster two to three weeks before kidding, her kids will receive temporary immunity (in the form of antibodies) from her colostrum. At two weeks, the kid may be given 1/2 cc of tetanus toxoid (using the type which states "1 cc for horses... 1/2 cc for goats and sheep.") Six to eight weeks later, give a second injection of 1/2 cc. This will provide protection for one year. An annual booster of 1/2 cc will give permanent protection. If your kid's mother has not been vaccinated, you may give the kid tetanus antitoxin before disbudding. Follow directions on the bottle (give according to weight of animal and units per cc). This will protect the kid for about two weeks. You may then give the series (two shots) as explained above. ♀



# HOME BREW

The very simplest alcoholic drink is made with sugar of some sort, water, and yeast. The yeast is a living organism which consumes the sugar and produces alcohol and carbon dioxide. Other ingredients are added to this basic brew as flavorings. The beer that I make is a light lager brew similar to the common storebought variety, only somewhat stronger.

I boil five gallons of water, in two pots, in order to kill any bacteria or yeasts already living in it that could give the beer an off taste. Into one pot I mix five pounds of corn sugar, white sugar, or corn syrup. Corn sugar is most often used in beer because it's a monosaccharide (simple sugar) and is easily utilized by the yeast, but any other type of sugar will also work. I've used five pounds of light molasses which made a very good dark beer. I also dissolve one three pound can of light Blue Ribbon Malt Extract. Malt is sprouted roasted grain, usually barley, which gives beer its characteristic flavor. It can be bought in different forms and different brands, but Blue Ribbon is the most commonly available.

In the other pot I steep three quarters of an ounce of hops. This is an herb which gives the beer a slightly bitter flavor. You will not want to boil the hops, because it will make your beer too bitter. Place the hops in a cheesecloth bag or nylon stocking before putting them in the pot, to make straining easier. Simply steep it for five minutes as you would ordinary tea. The hops also give beer a sedative effect, and you may want to omit them for this reason. Or, you may find malt extract with hop flavoring, in which case you will not need any additional hops.

When the tea is steeped, strain it into a sterile container large enough to hold five gallons of liquid with at least two inches of depth to spare. A six gallon crock is perfect. A plastic garbage can is the cheapest and most available. A metal container is inadvisable because it is likely to taint the beer chemically. Now, also add pot one with the dissolved sugar and malt.

When the wort, as it is called, is cooled to 70° Fahrenheit, add a table spoon of yeast. Brewers supply houses stock a large variety of yeasts with different qualities which supposedly affect flavor. They are available in either dry or liquid form. The only reason that I've found for using a special beer yeast is that they've been developed to stick to the bottom of the bottle after they've settled out. This makes a distinctly good, clear beer. However, I've used ordinary baking yeast with success, and I don't believe that the variety of yeast is crucial.

Cover this container to protect the wort from the environment (dirt, leaves, dog hair, dust etc.) but do not cover it too tightly because the yeast produces a lot of carbon dioxide which must escape. Let this wort set in a warm corner for five to

seven days. You can check it every day or two to see how it's progressing. The second day it should be all bubbly and alive. If it is not, soften another teaspoon of yeast in warm water and add it to the wort.

The temperature will control the amount of time the wort will take to ferment. If the temperature is 100° F or more it will kill the yeast (though some special yeasts can take up to 120°).

If the average temperature is 40°F or less the fermentation will be very slow or not happen at all. If you use a special beer yeast, ales and stouts can ferment well at slightly higher temperatures (60°-65°) than lagers do (40°-50°, refrigerator temp.). Ideally, the temperature should be around 70°F, but the fermentation will proceed well if it is warm enough during the day, even if it cools at night. If you have electricity, we sometimes used an electric blanket or heating pad for very cold nights after the fire had gone out.

When all the fermentation has stopped, and there is not one bubble rising to the top, the beer is ready to bottle. It is important that the beer is completely fermented and I often give it an extra day to make sure. If it is still fermenting the yeast will produce too much carbon dioxide in the bottle, and might cause the beer to explode.

In order to bottle the beer you will need a capper, a ten dollar investment. The type I recommend is a sturdy three piece model, adjustable to any size bottle. The main piece is a base which the bottle sits on, with a ring above through which the other two pieces fit. These pieces are essentially a rack and pinion device. The three pieces together give you leverage to press the caps onto the bottle. This is the solidist type capper I've seen and it will last through years of beer making.

You will also need a clean four to six foot long siphon hose. I prefer half inch clear vinyl tubing because you can see what's happening inside it. And last but not least, you'll need twenty clean (and/or sterilized) quart bottles that can be capped, and new bottle caps. Screw type bottles and caps can be used, but they tend to lose carbonation and leave you with flat beer. You will have to buy new caps.

To bottle the beer - insert siphon hose into wort to a depth two inches from the bottom of the container, to keep from sucking out the yeasty sediment. This can be done simply by taping a metal dowel or kitchen knife to your siphon hose, overlapping two inches below the end of the hose, and inserting into the container until it touches bottom. Spread some newspaper on the floor, and with your beer above you and your bottles near at hand, suck on the hose until you've started a siphon going. Control the flow of beer with your thumb over the end of the hose, or by crimping it.



You can fill between sixteen and eighteen quarts with a little over half a gallon of yeasty residue left in the bottom of the barrel. Fill bottles to within one inch of the top: the air space is small enough to cause carbonation, but large enough (hopefully!) to prevent explosions.

To each of these quart bottles add exactly one level teaspoon of white sugar (or one small "cocktail" size cube of sugar), and cap. The yeast will consume this sugar and leave carbon dioxide, which will give your beer its head. Be especially careful not to add any extra sugar or your beer will be too carbonated, and when you open it, it will bubble up and mix the yeast residue in the bottom of the bottle back into the beer. This is the easiest method I know for controlling the carbonation in beer, and requires no special equipment.

Now all you have left to do is to stash these bottles away for a month. They should be upright in a dark place. During this time the beer will form a head, the yeast will settle to the bottom, and the flavor will mellow out. You can check it out in two weeks to see how it tastes, but it will still be green and it will noticeably improve with a little more aging.

When you drink this beer the flavor will be best if it is chilled, and then carefully poured into a pitcher, leaving the last half inch of beer and yeast in the bottle. This will also make it more digestible, as live yeast has a bubbly effect in the stomach. The residue from one or two of these bottles can be used to start a new batch of beer if you wish, and this can be repeated for three or four generations before you will need a fresh starter.

The residue can be avoided almost altogether by adding an extra step to the brewing process between the first, or primary, fermentation and bottling. This is called a secondary fermentation and it entails siphoning all but the yeasty residue into a large closed container on the fourth or fifth day. You use a closed container, such as a five gallon water bottle or gallon jugs, and attach a fermentation lock to the top. A fermentation lock is a device which allows carbon dioxide to escape but excludes all contact with the

air. When this has set for five to seven days and the yeast has settled out, you then proceed with bottling. I usually omit this step, and just pour my beer carefully.

Throughout the whole process, the closer to sterile you can keep your equipment the better the finished product will be. I found as I got into it, that the easiest way to have clean bottles is to carefully rinse and dry out each bottle when it gets emptied. One friend caps clean dry bottles if it will be several months before her next batch is made, so they stay clean in storage.

One final note: this recipe is geared to make a 4.5% to 5% beer. You can control the amount of alcohol in your beer, however, simply by adjusting the amount of sugar. The upper limit is approximately 16% alcohol, after which the yeast will have produced enough alcohol to kill itself. If you add more than eighteen pounds of sugar to five gallons of water you will end up with a sweet flat alcoholic beverage that's more like wine than beer. Roughly one half of the sugar by weight is converted into alcohol, so in five gallons of water one pound of sugar will make a beer slightly less than 1% alcohol; two pounds sugar will make a beer slightly less than 2% alcohol, etc. Ingredients for brewing five gallons will cost approximately \$3 - \$5 (as of January 1974) at a wine supply store. If you look around you can find most ingredients at well-stocked supermarkets or natural foods stores.

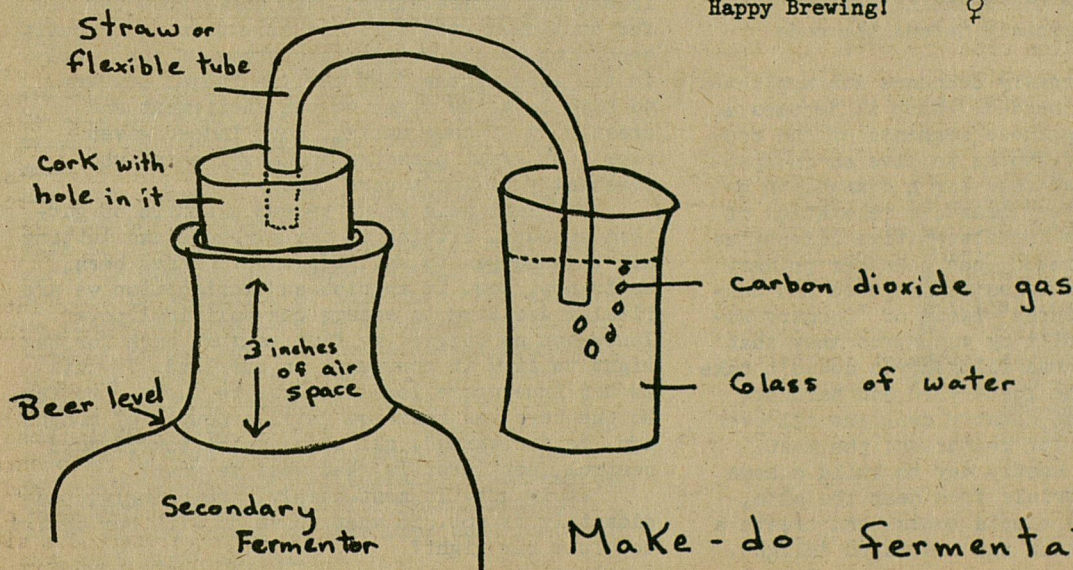
It is possible to be more scientific about beer making, but as I don't do it that way, and it requires more specialized equipment, I haven't described it. A good general book of some theory and recipes is The Art of Making Beer, by Anderson and Hall (paperback, \$1.50). Also, although I haven't tried them, supplies are available mail-order from:

Arbolyn  
PO Box 663  
West Columbia, SC 29169

The Progressive Winemaker  
17095 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy  
Aloha, OR 97005.

Happy Brewing!

♀



Make-do Fermentation lock



# OVER SIGHT

In our zeal to turn one another on to the delights of creating our own shelters in the last issue, we understated a very heavy aspect of home making. We refer to the Building Code.

Most areas in America are now covered by building codes. Usually such codes are adopted by state governments and enforced by county building departments. Enforcement varies from place to place and from person to person; in some areas non-code buildings are tolerated - so long as they do not flagrantly embarrass the local inspector. In other areas, enforcement is strict and only in very remote and hidden places may a non-code house exist without imminent threat of demolition. Why is this? Another example of American Blind Justice? Well - yes, and no.

Building codes came into being thousands of years ago (literally) to meet a very real need: the protection of unsuspecting homebuyers and renters against shoddy and dangerous building practices. Who can quarrel with that? Can you imagine the kinds of houses that would be offered for sale if no code existed? And with most structural material buried beneath sheet rock and plywood paneling, who could tell whether the foundations or the wiring were indeed adequate?

In fact, much of the work done by the building departments across the land is necessary and valid. Who would choose to attend a movie in a theatre not built to code? Much of the code is doing precisely what it was designed to do: protecting the unsuspecting against the unscrupulous. We vigorously defend the code where it is needed.

We equally vigorously denounce its application where it is not needed. Where it becomes a means for controlling those segments of the population who peaceably choose to live an independent style of life, we call for a change, an amendment, or, at the very least, a relaxation of surveillance to allow for alternative lifestyles in a country whose freedom has been her primary strength. Most of the homes illustrated and described in the "Structures" issue of "Country Women" were lovingly built by women who knew that what they were doing was illegal. It doesn't take very many trips to the lumberyard and hardware store to discover what country dwellers all over the world have known for centuries: the most satisfying and least costly way to build a home is to gather the materials from near the site, shape them with a few simple tools, and create a shelter with imagination and undiluted delight.

We have built our simple houses in sweat and joy and have lived in them in relative peace. Until now. Now, the State of California has provided our county with funding for a task force whose purpose is to "combat violators" of the building, health, and sanitation laws through all the civil and criminal channels.

Friends in the valley were told that they have 60 days to bring their homes up to code or demolish them. Their own homes! Built by themselves, of themselves, for themselves! Homes built in the highest ecological consciousness, using as little of earth's materials as possible; recycling materials when feasible; claiming only as much earthspace as is really needed. Their own homes! Not homes built for re-sale! Friends living in homes costing anywhere from \$100 to \$1000 are told they must tear them down and replace them with code houses (which will cost five to ten times, at least, what they spent on their original home). As I plan my own simple, circular house I realize that I cannot, legally, build it with the beautiful weathered redwood boards we worked so hard to save as we carefully took apart old, unused chicken coops. To be legal, boards must be graded by a lumber grader, right? A lumber grader whose stamp will never touch new lumber of quality even remotely resembling the flawless virgin redwood we saved through careful demolition.

All over this earth people fashion their homes of rock or adobe, of wood or thatch. On island and mountainside, when homes grow too old for continued use, they are torn down and rebuilt according to the whims and customs of the people. In the land of the free and the brave, however, we have lost the right to the excitement and creativity of home making; have indeed given over that great pleasure to "developers" who frequently couldn't care less.

A friend said we've become a nation of gutless wonders, sitting on our paranoia and letting all this happen to us. It's true. Or has been, up to now. Now, in anguish and indignation we are finally deciding to assume our political power. Innocents no longer, we find we must work for the right to live in our homes on our land. If this is not true where you live, you're lucky - so far. No one here was hassled until a couple of months ago. Be forewarned: all signs point toward more control, not less. Is that what we want?

It is not. It most deeply, tremblingly, passionately is not. So what do we do with our desire to claim our right?



## HOME MAKERS OF THE WORLD; UNITE!

We who have for so long been culturally empowered to be the home makers of the nation now have a crucial opportunity to stand up and show our strength - and love. We owe it to ourselves, to one another, to our children. To the earth.

What to do? See if there is anyone or any group in your area geared to changing this situation: offer your help. To live with the fear of having your home demolished is an outrage. Organize a group yourself! In our area, a group has come into being to help all of us learn: what our rights are; how to fight for these rights; and eventually, how to change the law. This group, organized by a fine strong country woman, is called United Stand. If you can help, or if you need help, or if you want to learn more, write:

United Stand  
P. O. Box 191  
Potter Valley, Ca. 95469

Write! Then, get ready to work. Freedom never did come easy, remember?

If you are living in a non-code dwelling, or plan to, or think you ever might, remember this: the building inspector is A Public Servant, even though he may forget that. Be prepared to show your strength if need be. Part of the plan being shaped by United Stand includes a few basic steps to be taken by everyone who must face this threat. The first step is to POST YOUR LAND WITH NO TRESPASSING SIGNS. Then, if the building inspector appears on your property and has not announced himself either by letter or some other means, you may ask him to leave and to notify you before he arrives. If he does not have a warrant, you firmly but politely insist that he may not enter your property without a warrant. If he has a warrant then you must allow him to inspect your buildings or stand guilty of a misdemeanor.

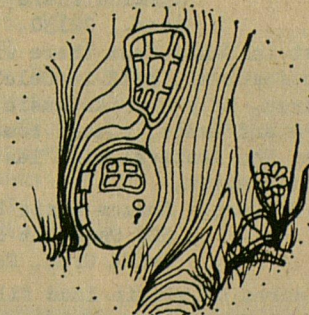
Here is additional information from United Stand:

Building Code Violations - After the building inspector has inspected your home, he will tag your house if he has found violations. Before he takes any other action he must inform you in writing of the violations and what you must do to bring the house up to code and he must give you a reasonable time to effect repairs. The letter must state specific charges and cannot simply say that you are in violation of the code. For example, he cannot say you live in an unsafe building without saying why it is unsafe. If you feel that the charges are unjustified he cannot take any further action until he sends you a certified letter stating the violations. Upon receipt of this letter you must appeal the decision to the Board of Appeals or you may be convicted of misdemeanor for your inaction. Also, if you intend to take your case to court you must first appeal.

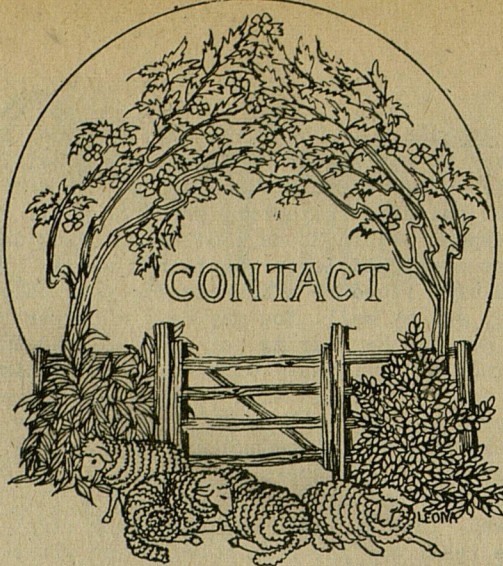
Appeals - The building code provides for a board of appeals to interpret the provisions of the code. If you wish to appeal the decision of the building inspector, you must apply for the appeal within 30 days of the mailing date of the certified letter mentioned above. The board will schedule a hearing for your case and notify you by mail. You may have a lawyer represent you at the hearing but we advise against it since you will have more force presenting your own case. It is also cheaper and since you may need a lawyer later on, save your money. You may subpoena witnesses and present any evidence that will support your case. There is no strict rule of evidence so hear-say evidence is allowed. This is where you make your first stand, so be ready for it. Have pictures and witnesses to attest to the fact that your home is safe, clean, healthy and beautiful. State your philosophy and point out the ecological sense of your lifestyle. The board will reach a decision and notify you by mail. Even if they rule against you, the building inspector may grant up to 120 days to effect repairs. If they order your house to be demolished you have 60 days before they carry out the order. This is the final administrative procedure. From here it is put through the courts.

Currently, we are involved primarily in a holding action; learning and following certain specific steps to give ourselves as much time as possible - time which is simultaneously being used by others to put together a test case which will work for the good of all in effecting a change in the existing, oppressive laws. What this all means is, we need to face this threat together, giving one another information and support to handle with skill and strength whatever happens. Together we can take the steps to remedy this threat. Though it may seem ridiculous and will sometimes be a drag to fight for a right we should be given, nevertheless, not to fight - now, when the time is ripe - will be tragic.

♀







Women with a ranch who need a woman to raise livestock for them or to help them. I have 100 ewes, two goats, six regular Polled Hereford cows and two horses. Would also be interested in purchasing a ranch with another woman or more than one. I can help with payment on ranch.

Contact: Joyce Bowles  
Route 1  
Box 7026  
Vacaville, Cal. 95688

I lease a house on 64 acres of land in Southwestern Alabama and would like to correspond with and meet other gay women and feminists, hopefully to expand this into a larger working and living collective. We are part of the community struggle in building and staffing an alternate health care delivery clinic. This is the first spring for us and we need experienced assistance in planting and harvesting and small animal production. Anyone know the ins and outs of buying a horse?

Contact: Linda Regnier  
Rt. 1, Box 109  
Browns, Ala. 36724

We're looking for independent women who would like to join a mixed rural commune. We are a Walden-Two type community, good people, but we need more strong women.

Contact: Lorraine & Robin  
East Wind  
12 Sunnyside  
Jamaica Plain  
Mass., 02130

This August in Santa Cruz there will be a lesbian music festival, held in celebration of being ourselves. If you write music, play music, or listen and dance, please come with energy and love. The festival will last for a weekend. For information,

Contact: Amazon Music Project  
529 Chestnut St.  
Santa Cruz, Cal. 95060

We have 88 acres of virgin land filled with trees, streams, strawberries and rainbows. Open to all women, summer solstice, June 19 - July 4 1974.

Contact: 380 North Alleghany Rd.  
Wyoming County  
New York 14040

I am doing a feminist songbook and would like women to send me songs. Will share profits, if any?

Contact: Laura Heffron  
c/o Pearson Groceries  
Weitchtec Rt.  
Hoopa, Cal. 95546

The Isla Vista Women's Center is planning a Women's Center Conference to be held this spring (May 24, 25, and 26). Discussion and workshops would include such topics as general organization, Health collectives, Rape-prevention Collectives, classes (auto mechanics, carpentry, etc.), Self awareness groups, Radio Collectives. We're also planning music, speakers, and theater. Any suggestions you have for workshops, etc., would be greatly appreciated. If you can help organize/facilitate any workshops, please let us know that, too.

Contact: Isla Vista Women's Center  
6504 Pardall Rd.  
Isla Vista, Cal. 93017

I have a nice sized room, detached from my house, which I'll rent very cheaply to a capable feminist who can offer me some help in gardening and home remodeling. Amount of rent and work negotiable. Lifestyle simple, semi-country, but near a town with good opportunity for handicraft sales. Location near ocean and river makes climate mild. I am 27 with a daughter 6. I would like to start a worm farm and raise vegetables for profit.

Contact: Kay Guerin  
P.O. Box 3523  
Indianalantic, Fla. 32903

Because of the great response to the topic of this issue, we are seeking women's writings and art work, suggestions and energy to support a new quarterly magazine. We see it as a continuing channel for sharing the diversity of religious, intuitional, philosophical, spiritual and psychic experiences of women today. Send inquiries and material.

Contact: Ruth and Jean  
Box 202  
Albion, Cal. 95410

We are a growing feminist commune near Albion, of six women and five children. Some of us are lesbians. We lease five acres with garden and apple trees. We have a four bedroom house and other possible space that we want to open up to women interested in living separately from men and creating a women's culture in the country. Children are welcome.

Contact: Tania Zivkovich  
General Delivery  
Caspar, Cal. 95420

#### FIRST NATIONAL WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL

in Urbana-Champaign, Illinois is planned for May 28 - June 2. It will examine and discuss problems of women in music in America and will provide a chance for women musicians to meet and play together, to perform for each other, to exchange songs and to learn more about music and ourselves.  
Contact: Kristin Carolesdatter, 1004 S. 4th, Champaign, Ill. 61820



# Country Women is all of us

Hooray for all of us! As you can see, the response to our plea for contributions was overwhelming. So much good material from all over the country - Washington, Oregon, California, New York, Montana.

Now we want lots of material for our Older Women's issue: photographs, graphics, poetry. Your experiences - menopause, new careers, energy, aging and greying, grandchildren, death, adolescent children, mirrors, and more.

Right now we are saying Older Women are 30 or over but don't let that stop you. We are especially interested in hearing from or getting interviews with long-time country women. (deadline May 10)

And be thinking about Children. This is planned to be an issue with children writing articles about what it is like to live with their families, maybe interviews of children. You might try interviewing your child. We're looking for children's graphics and photographs too. (deadline July 10)

Have you been keeping up your journals? Natural Cycles will deal with moods, dreams, astrological, food and color choices, menstruation, maybe pregnancy, weather, energy. It's up to you. Poetry, graphics, photographs too. (deadline Sept. 10)

We are also collecting material for an issue on our Foremothers - letters, diaries, remembrances, photos of women of past generations.

Please help us with distribution. Write and give us the address of stores near you. Encourage stores to sell "Country Women". Review "Country Women" in local publications.

Please write practical articles for us. We really need articles on care, feeding, and how to buy cows, horses and pigs. In this issue we have begun a series on auto mechanics. Look through and see what you could write for all of us. Regular columns are: tools, gardens, building, books, health, animals, veterinary skills, country skills, food.

We are still looking for photographs: country scenes, women working, building houses, gardening, doing their own plumbing, working with animals, playing music, dancing, repairing cars...just living.

We also need graphics. We used a great many in this issue, so we are looking for pen and ink drawings, wood and linoleum cuts, silk screen prints, sumi brush drawings. Clean, clear reproducible material, in black and white.

Send us self-addressed, stamped envelopes when possible. And please let us know when you change your address.

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Photographs:

Nancy Abodeely: 53
Sally Bailey: 40, 57, 58
Yvonne Berg: 15
De Anna: 48
Lynda Koolish: 31, 35, 44
Patti of Cabbage Gulch: 26
Linda Rhodes: 14
Ruth of Mountain Grove: 9, 12, 33

Music Transcribed by:

Ellen Chanterelle
Ruth Ann Gardner

Graphics:

Arlene: 27
Catherine of Nevada City: 50
J. Coriander: 4, 5
Alice Flores: 21
Valerie Guignon: 13, 25
Cori Katz: 46, 47
Leona: 36, 37
Paula Levine: Back Cover
Alexandra Noyes: 52, 55
River: 28, 30, 39, 43, 51, 55, 62, 63
Susan and Rozzberrie: 61
Jenny Thiermann: 23, 28
N.C. Young: 3
Bara Woodlark: 10, 11

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COUNTRY WOMEN  
BOX 51  
ALBION, CALIFORNIA 95410

