

children's
LIBERATION

75¢

**COUNTRY
WOMEN**

ALFA
(ATLANTA LESBIANFEMINIST ALLIANCE)

ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30309

ISSUE 12

THEME: CHILDREN'S LIBERATION

For purposes of consciousness raising, we have resisted the temptation to include the ages of the contributors for this issue. Children and adults of all ages are the authors and artists of both the theme and practical sections.

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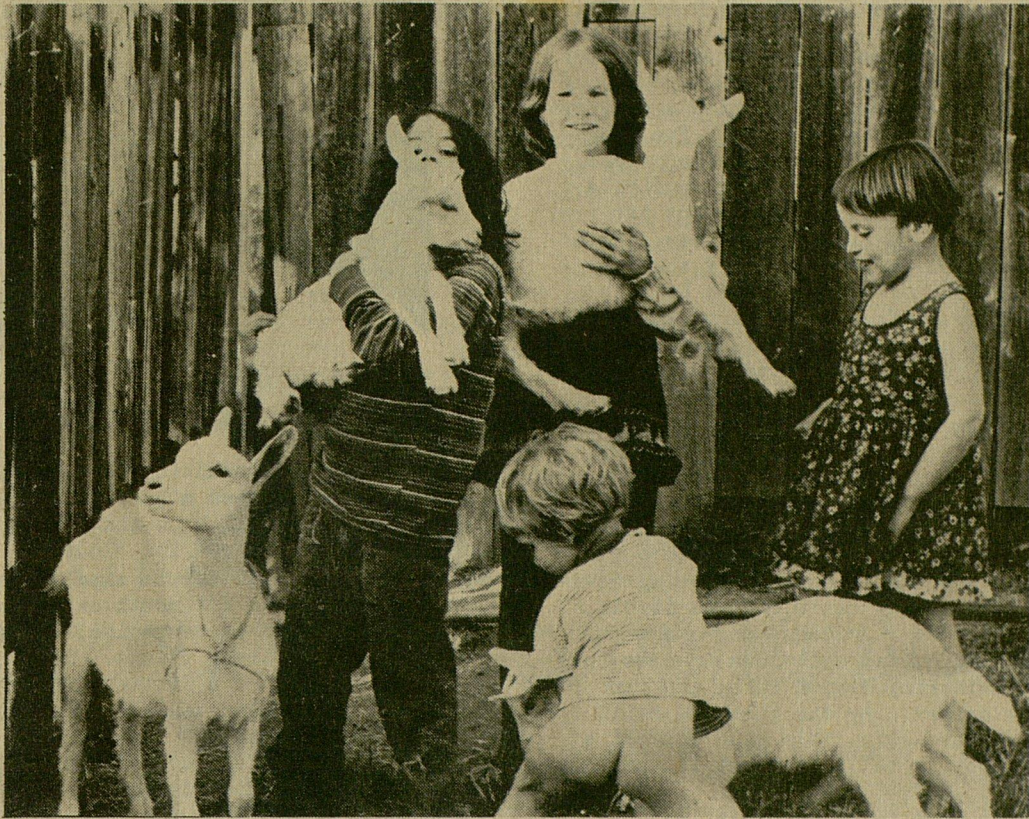
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Children are not Kids



Sanji: You know, you called us kids, well we're not kids, kids are baby goats. It's icky to be called a kid.

Allison: It's good to be called a child, a child or a girl or a young woman.

Sanji: I don't like to be called a kid, cause that's not what I am.

Allison: Yeh, I'm not a baby goat.

Kate: Baaaaaaa

a good start

Many of the problems of children's liberation can presumably be avoided if the child does not become enslaved in the first place. Here's what I've learned on the subject, gleaned from living with a baby for a little over a year.

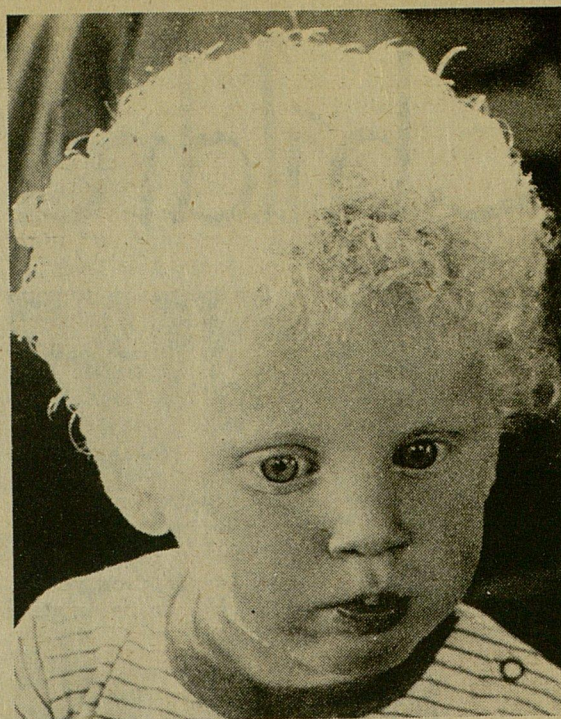
The myth that a baby is a helpless creature is an insidious one, which acts on the child-tender to promote the child's slavery. When I was in the hospital with S. - the baby - the well-meaning nurse told me to be sure and press my breast away from the little nostrils so she wouldn't smother. It took about two feedings to realize that was ridiculous. With a little reflection one sees that if the baby were dependent on another human being's vigilance to keep it from smothering, the human population would be much smaller indeed. In fact, S. was perfectly capable of moving her little head if need be to increase the air supply. She could lift her head up from birth, as probably more babies could if they were encouraged to utilize their strength.

Not only are babies perfectly suited to further their own survival, but they are not in the least to be pitied for having to put up with unpleasant conditions, like being wet or shitty. What a baby can't control itself, it is insensitive to. At least for a few months. At first S. was oblivious to even the most grotesque-looking diaper rash, and our pity was lost on her. By the time the child is sensitive on the skin, it's also learned a little better how to tell you about it, so there's no need to fret.

Babies do have pains and injuries, but it's important for the child-tender to realize that the pains are the baby's own. Sure, you can comfort it, hold and rock it, if you want, but you should keep clear in your head that you are not taking the pain away -- that it will pass, and the baby deals with it as it comes and goes. In general, pity is an emotion to be avoided in dealing with babies -- what is less pitiful than a bouncy, juicy baby?

If you're nursing your baby, nurse it in as great a variety of positions as possible. The traditional way to cuddle and nurse puts the baby in its most helpless position, whereas if it's lying on you, or by you, it can get a little exercise and feel in control. S. started getting a bottle as well as nursing when she was 5 days old. This was so other people could feed her. After about 5 months of partial nursing, I dried up naturally. S. always liked the bottle, and especially since she became able to hold it she has enjoyed the independence it gives her. This is not to speak against nursing -- it just depends how much time you want to be with the baby.

Food is another popular tool of enslavement of babies. There is nothing more odious than the sight of a parent shovelling insipid food into a passive baby's mouth. How



humiliating and insulting for the baby! If you've tried to feed a baby under 5 months old in this way, you'll know that there is something unnatural about it. In fact, until that age, the baby will try to expel automatically anything put into its mouth except a nipple, for its own self-preservation, since it isn't able to handle those things. Sure, you can overcome this with a little effort, but it's a bad policy to begin teaching the baby to ignore its bodily "feedback." The time to begin feeding the baby solids is when it begins putting things into its mouth -- what could be a clearer sign? Then you can begin handing it things to try. Babies have no sense of smell, and thus their taste is poorly developed, so strong tasting foods are very exciting to them -- pickles, onions, and of course anything sweet. Cheese is good because it's easy to hang onto. Letting the baby feed itself is a way for it to be independent. It will also develop excellent coordination. And it learns even more -- before S. was a year old she knew the word "chive" to hear it, and could locate the chives in our garden and eat them. Babies, like all people, are very into their food and very bright about it.

When the baby begins putting things indiscriminately into its mouth, the child-tender may find this difficult to handle and grab things away in a panic. Each person has to draw their own line on this; however, on behalf of the baby I would like to plead that you forebear from interference unless you're pretty sure the object will harm the baby. Duck shit and beads are things that I have refrained from removing from S.'s mouth, at some considerable agony to myself. But my restraint has been vindicated; though she will often carry a bead in her mouth for an hour, she has never seriously choked on anything. She knows how to handle beginning chokes, and I

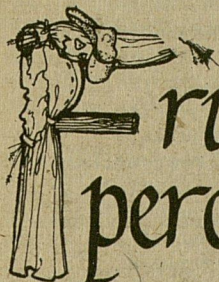
respect that. And she doesn't like having her little mouth violated by my clawing hand. I do take matches and broken glass away, and if we had more man-made poisons around, I'd have to take more things away.

A similar problem is that of climbing into "dangerous" positions. As the baby gets around more, it will be able to get into rough spots. If this is allowed, with vigilance and within reason, waiting to assist until the baby actively calls to you, the baby will preserve its natural sense of caution. If you start bothering it about situations that it knows are safe, it will get confused and lose its ability to be cautious without being fearful.

Another instance when the pattern of interdependence between child-tender and baby forms itself more firmly happens each time you ignore your own feelings and your own desires in order to satisfy what you fancy the baby's desires to be. The baby has no preconceptions about its role -- this it learns from you. It wants to act like an adult, to be in charge of its world. Some child-tenders are so pleased by evidence of this desire that they encourage it in ridiculous ways -- letting a toddler "wash dishes" or in other ways disturb

one's work. This sort of humoring does no good -- it's far more important for the baby to learn that it has limitations -- of knowledge and coordination. This is not to say that children shouldn't be encouraged to help, but it should be made clear that they are the assistant, until such time as they can competently be in charge. To give the baby the idea that it's in charge is a cruel delusion.

And finally about sexism. It is rampant -- more than I would ever have suspected before I had a baby. Males with penises the size of a button mushroom, and females with vaginas they haven't even noticed yet, are continually being labelled "boy" or "girl." The adults seem intent on dividing them into two groups by always labelling them as one or the other, instead of stressing their common humanity. This to me is more pernicious than even the "isn't-she-pretty-isn't-he-strong" garbage that the child-tender has to put up with. Painful though it is, the only thing to do seems to be to make sure that you don't see pre-pubertal children as being divided into two categories and hope that your baby picks up on your good sense, at least enough to arm itself against the sexist culture it will have to face.



friends & monsters, perceptions & communications

when the cat is in the garden, i see the cat in the garden. when she climbs through the fence and is outside the garden, i see her outside the garden. when ishvi sees her climb through the fence he wonders: now that i see the cat outside the garden, does that mean she can no longer be seen inside the garden? or is there more to see than meets the eye? or does it depend on whose eye is watching the cat?

the scarecrow is in the garden too. it is made of wood and nails and put in the garden to scare away the birds, so they won't eat all the peas. no, says ishvi, go away scarecrow, the birds can have the peas. does the scarecrow have an "ouch", he asks me. i believe it is not in pain. yes, it does have an "ouch", he says, yes, it does. it reminds him of a dead chicken, which, we agree, had pain as it died, the remaining question being whether the chicken is hurt as it is being eaten. it does hurt to get bitten, doesn't it? well, but anyway, we're not eating the scarecrow. it's so the birds don't get all the peas. no, says ishvi, go away scarecrow, the birds can have the peas. we do not see eye to eye.

there are other subjects to discuss. like who has a vagina and who has a penis. certainly there must be someone who has both, and is thus whole, don't i agree? or do i disagree? well, we each see what we are able to see. and feel what we are able to feel. i do not like to eat

my snot. i cannot remember liking to eat my snot. ishvi picks his nose and eats his snot. he likes it, and it is his, no one else wants any. they pee and shit together, he and his friends. you pee, i pee, you shit, i shit. you want to shit, he asks me, me too, he says, i want to shit with you. but i like to shit alone, i don't like to shit with someone around me. i wonder what i may be missing as i clean up after one of their communal shits.

i am going to my house, bill is going to his house. ishvi wants to go with both of us. but there is only one ishvi, how can he go to both houses at the same time? ishvi laughs, and asks me to tell it again. but you can't go to two houses at the same time, if there is only one ishvi, i say again. he laughs, and the twinkle in his eye makes me wonder once again about the confines of the body and the mind. but he cries when we choose one house for him. and the other one of us goes away. where did bill go? where is bill? and i answer confidently, for this time it is me whose vision is not confined, he is at his house. but for ishvi he is gone, and there is a tear instead of a twinkle. when ishvi is the one who goes, he says, goodbye, with good cheer. when bill or i go, he cries, please don't go, don't go. wait, i'll shit with you. the offer tempts me, but inevitably i go my own way, and eventually he goes his... ♀

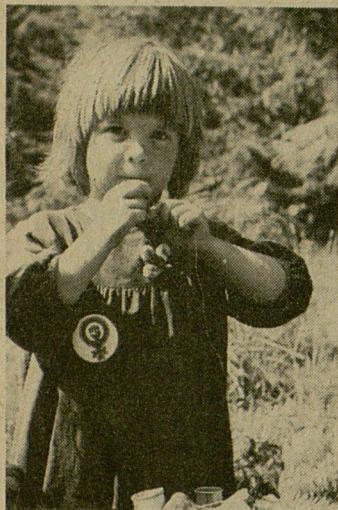
BEING YOUNG IS...

going into a department store to buy something and not being given the same courtesy as the adult customer ahead of you.

Being young is . . .
having an adult call you "kid" or "the kids."

Being young is . . .
never having the experience of spanking an adult.

Being young is . . .
attending a school board meeting where the adults are saying what the young people want. Your hand is tired, waiting to be recognized. When your piece is finally said, you notice no changes in faces, no one heard you.



Being young is . . .
being asked what you want to be when you grow up instead of right now.

Being young is . . .
having adults talk about you in front of you, as if you weren't there.

Being young is . . .
having other children make fun of you, because you're named Peter, and you're a girl. Your parents think the name is cute.

Being young is . . .
being told you can't have any responsibilities, because you have proved yourself irresponsible. How can you prove you're responsible if you're never given any responsibilities to prove it?

Being young is . . .
not being allowed to see a friend, because he's a bad influence on you.

Being young is . . .
being given an allowance from the child support money you never see until after you clean your room.

Being young is . . .
staying home when Dad visits Mom in the hospital, because of your age.

Being young is . . .
not being allowed to get angry, sulk, boss other people, or tell someone to do the dishes like adults do.

Being young is . . .
being a Barbie doll; Mommy and Daddy dressing you, pulling the strings to make you walk and talk.

Being young is . . .
having decisions made by your parents that will affect you and not having any part of them.

Being young is . . .
having something called a crush on someone, but if you were an adult, it would be called sexual attraction.

Children of the World:

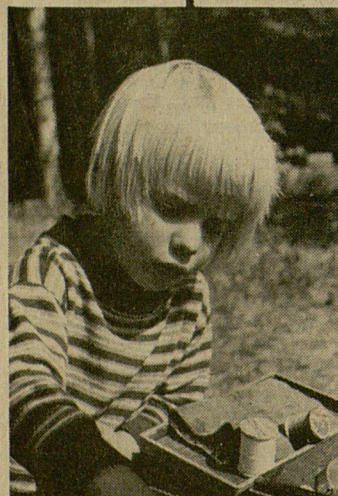
I pity us.

We have no power.

We're not allowed to be angry.

We're not allowed to make decisions on our lives.

We're given our allowance because some adult decided we could have some of the money that was given to her from our father for us.





BATS, FEMINISM and CANDY



Interview of Country Women (represented by Pam and Harriet) and Sanji, Kate, Allison

Allison: What if we all answer different answers, on the same question, it will all come in blurry.

CW: You'll have to try to answer one at a time.

Sanji: Okay, Pam asks the question, Kate says her answer, then you say your answer, then I say it, in a circle.

CW: What is important to you?

A: There's a lot of stuff I really like, but nothings really really important to me except for my family.

Kate: I don't know.

S: My cats and my family.

K: I like my cats too and my family.

S: I like my animals.

A: I like the deer.

S: Making food in the garden.

A: I like making fruit salad, my family.

S: You already said that.

CW: If you could go anyplace you wanted to go or be anything you wanted to be, what do you think you would want?

A: I'd like to travel around the world.

K: I'd like to go back to Wales.

A: I'd like to go to every single little place in the world. I wish I'd never grow older if I didn't want to.

S: I'd like to see a lot of the world, and see what it's like.

A: I wish I could be anything I wanted to be any time I want.

K: Me too.

A: Like I could be a butterfly and fly across the sea to different lands and then turn up right there out of being a butterfly or be a fish and go in the sea for a while, be cold blooded or warm blooded anytime I wanted to.

CW: Can you talk about your interests in animals more? Do you like animals better than people or the same, or what?

S: Better.

CW: Why?

S: Because people are ruining the world.

K: Some people are.

S: A lot of people are.

A: Especially President Nixon.

S: I think the world is going to get ruined by people.

A: Me too.

S: I don't want it to though.

A: I like animals, at different times I like different things the most, sometimes I like the garden the most, sometimes I like people, sometimes I like animals the most.

S: I like animals better than people.

K: Me too.

CW: Why - what about animals?

S: Cause they don't do anything bad to the world except eat a lot of plants, that's the only thing they do bad is eat a lot of plants. There's a few animals I don't like, like mosquitoes.

K: I like bats, they eat mosquitoes.

A: Yeah, and I like spiders, they eat flies.

S: Well, I like mosquitoes cause they feed bats, cause I like bats cause they eat mosquitoes.

CW: What makes you mad?

K: Having people scream at me.

A: I don't really like it when people hit me and stuff. And sometimes they aggravate me and I get really mad and I scream and everybody screams at me and hits me and that gets me more aggravated - one time I broke a brick. Sometimes I put a jar of blackberries in the icebox that I was saving to make a blackberry pie and like Judith ate half of it and that got me really mad. And when people have a really important message and they don't give it to me. That makes me sort of angry. A lot of things make me mad, and I get mad very easily.

K: I can tell that.

S: I get really mad when Pam screams at me, cause she gets mad easy, from little things that can get people mad, that aren't real bad. She gets mad real easy, and then I get mad cause I don't like that, and then I try to tell her that and then she gets mad that I told her that and then that makes me madder.

A: That sounds pretty reasonable.

K: It's true too.

CW: Why do you think people get angry at you?

S: I don't know. Cause Pam just does. She gets angry at other people easy too.

K: Because we do something that they don't like.

S: And that's not real bad. She just gets mad easy.

A: I find that a lot of people get mad easily and like I get aggravated easily and that once I get too aggravated I get a little mad.

S: What does aggravated mean?

A: It means I'm confused about everything.

CW: When people are mad at you, what do you do?

A: You tend to get mad at them.

S: I cry when they get mad at me, that's what I do, I cry and then I get mad at you.

K: I go away and then they scream at me to come back.

S: But you have a tendency to tell me to go away and as soon as I step out the door you call me back and get mad cause I went away cause you told me to go away and that makes me mad cause I get all confused.

cont.

A: That's what aggravated is. I find that when Harriet gets mad there's this real scream and she goes into a temper tantrum and that gets me very angry and I just slam the door and cry and cry.

CW: Does crying help?

S, K, A: Yes. Yes. Yes.

S: It helps a whole lot.

CW: Do you think grownups would feel better if they cried?

S, K, A: Yes.

S: I wish you would cry, Pam, you wouldn't yell so much if you just cried once in a while, you wouldn't have to yell you'd be able to cry.

K: Grownups don't know how to cry.

S: Hey, Pam, part of that yelling is because you want to cry, and you can't so you yell and you should cry because it's better than yelling. You're putting out all your crying on someone else in an angrier way than just letting it all out. You're sad so you scream cause you can't cry it out.

A: It's like Harriet-sometimes her stuff is all bottled up, like her screaming and yelling-and the top comes off of the screaming and it explodes.

S: It's exactly the same with Pam.

K: Just like you say, we put ourselves in boxes, well, you put your screaming in bottles and you pack it there.

CW: Do you think you would get upset if you saw a grownup crying?

S: No, I think it would make me feel better. They really need to cry.

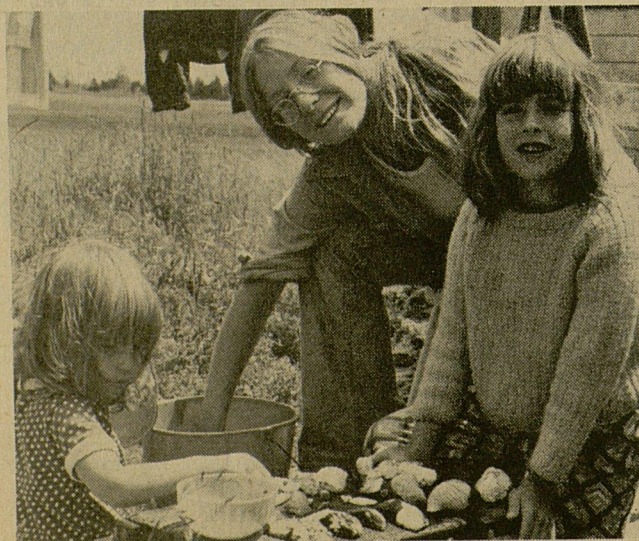
A: I think that if they want to hit kids they should hit a pillow.

S: Kids!

A: I mean children. Can I tell you something, I find we're interrupting a lot.

K: I think it was good when Pam got real mad instead of hitting Sanji she started hitting the air.

A: Really.



S: But it made me cry, but it's a good idea for every time, when you get mad that you close your mouth up and mime, but you have to make one promise, cause I will cry out loud if you hit me for real, so don't hit me for real.

CW: What advice do you have for grownups?

S: They're too bossy.

A: Yeah.

S: They always boss the children around.

A: Do this, do that, you gotta do this, you gotta do that.

K: You can't do this because...

S: You shouldn't do this because it's mine, because, because, because.

A: You can't do this, you can't do that.

S: Do this, this is good. Don't do that, that's bad.

CW: Do you think children boss grownups around?

A, S: Not very much.

K: Yes.

A: Well, I've seen it.

S: Well, bigger children than us, like teenagers, they get more into bossing the grownups around.

A: Ma, do this. Ma, you can't do that. Well, that's not how I'm going to be when I grow up, even though I am growing up. But when they scream at you, you should scream at them.

S: Yeah, we never get to pay them back. That's why I feel like hitting them sometimes. I don't feel like screaming at them but we never get to pay them back. Sometimes I do, but not much.

K: I think it's a very good idea to be just quiet and act it out like a mime.

S: Yeah, but be calm, like I teach Pam a lot about being good by just being calm around her. Like she said you should be happy and sometimes I do be happy and I just laugh and laugh and laugh until she has to laugh because it's so funny and then she doesn't have any more yelling to do cause she laughed it all out instead of yelling it out.

CW: What makes you happy?

A: I like it when people give stuff to me. It makes me happy, it makes me feel like people love me.

K: Me too.

A: It's nice to give people something, like to my mommy.

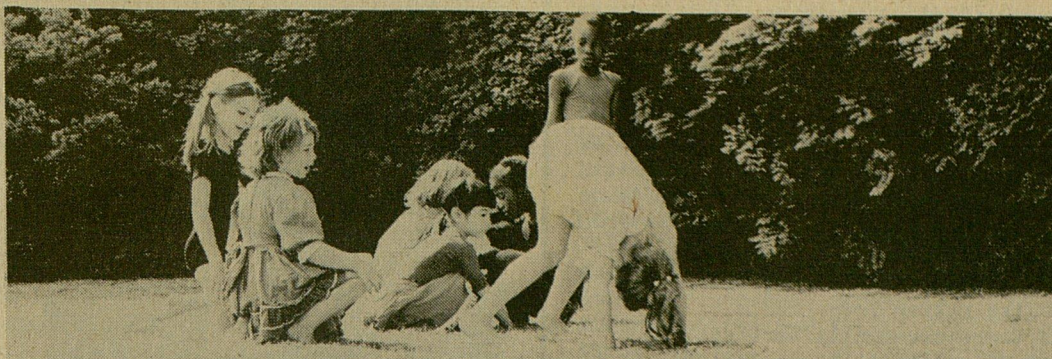
S: I like to give presents to people and it makes me feel happy to get presents. And people be nice to me. I don't like people to tease me and stuff, I don't like those people when they do that. But I do like a lot of people.

K: It makes me happy when people do stuff for me that I like.

S: It just makes me happy when people are nice to me.

A: I don't like it when people give me stuff just cause I gave them something and they don't really want to give it to me and they just give it to me to make me feel happy.

cont.



CW: What do you think about the woman's movement?

S: I think it's good.

A: Me too.

K: I think there shouldn't be so many things that are just for grownups that are women.

S: It seems like all the grownups and children, all these really wonderful things that are for only girls and women, all these boys don't get to do any of it.

A: I don't find that really true cause there are a lot of things that only boys can go to, like in the city ...

S: Yes, in the city, but not here. I think that all this stuff that women have been doing is good. There have been so many things for a long time that only men and boys could do.

A: Like, feminists have changed a lot.

S, K: What is a feminist?

A: I can't really explain it - women that don't believe in bullshit, like girls can now play in baseball games, women have changed it so that women and men both have rights to do what they want to do. And before a lot of women could just be like cooks and wives all the time, and they have six children and she's always giving them candy bars and stuff - and I find that's very bad - the men do the gardens.

S: There usually isn't a garden in that kind of family.

A: But if there is. And the woman has to pick some flowers to put in the vases and the men do all the work. Like if they were painting the house the men would do the painting and the women would cook them lunch and I find that's mostly the way. That's one thing about my grandma and grandpa they've been changing whenever I'm there. Like, my grandpa asks me to get him a piece of candy and I say "Grandpa you're capable to get your own piece of candy."

K: I bet you didn't say it like that though.

A: He's constantly asking my grandma, "Ida get me this."

CW: How do you feel about living in the country?

S: I would never want to live in the city.

A: I feel very good about living in the country and I think it's a nice place to live.

K: I do too.

A: And sometimes you have to move from it.

K: My favorite place I've ever lived in my whole life was Wales.

S: I'd like to live somewhere where people ride around in carts and stuff and have more animals that are running around and no one wants to shoot any of the animals. And more pony carts and not so many motors, no cars.

A: I think that would be good but the poor horses they'd have to do it all.

S: Well, they'd get fed a lot.

A: I know but the poor horses have to go into labor a lot, labor work, not labor pregnancy.

CW: What about love making?

A: I don't know much about sex.

K: I think some people are very stupid about it. They just think that it's silly.

A: Grownups tell the children to go away you know, when they make love, and I don't know why the children just can't be there.

S: Not Bill and Leslie don't tell me that. I've never really seen, I've just heard people do it, I've never been right in the bed. It would be too hard to sleep anyway, it shakes the whole loft.

A: Yeah, I was sleeping one day and Harriet and her lover were making love, and it was so hard it was really funny.

CW: What was the most important thing that happened to you in your life?

A: Important or bad?

CW: Bad or good.

S: Training my horse and something that I don't want to put in the magazine cause I don't like people to talk about me.

K: I hate people to talk about me.

S: I don't like people to know about me. Like someone did a painting of me and they didn't ask me and I don't like that they have it and show it around.

A: Does it have your name on it?

S: Yes, and it doesn't look like me and I don't like people to see it.

A: A bad thing that happened in my life is I got my head smashed in a car door when Harriet was going away. There's a lot of good things...

cont.

CW: What do you wonder?

- A: I wonder about the people in Japan. What is it like in a war. I wonder what it's like to be abaloneing.
- S: I wonder, I wonder, I wonder, what it's like on other planets. I wonder what nothing looks like. And like on the moon. I wonder how the beings are on other planets.
- K: I wonder why grownups don't like a lot of children to see a lot of things that they do. Like in bars and courtrooms, and movies, and like making love.
- A: I wonder if there are really Martians. I wonder what it's like to be an Indian. I wonder if there's really ghosts.
- K: I don't believe in ghosts. There might be spirits.
- A: I don't believe if you burn someone's grave the spirits haunt you. I wonder a lot of things. I wonder why a lot of kids aren't allowed to swear.
- S: Kids don't know how to swear.
- A: Children I mean.
- S: They swear like this - Baaaaa.
- A: I have to go take a shit. Let's turn the tape off.
- CW: Can't you say that into the tape?
- K: If we put it in Country Women all the straight people will read it.
- CW: I'd like to talk about that. Even in our favorite books they don't go shit and pee.
- A: I know.
- S: Yeah, even in Laura and Mary books. They are the weirdest people in the world. They never go shit or pee or even have an outhouse.
- K: Maybe she was constipated....

CW: What's bad?

- S: Nothing. People are bad.
- K: The lumber companies are bad.
- A: The loggers are bad.

CW: What are you afraid of?

- S: I'm afraid of cars that are going too fast and the people who are driving them. Cars, just cars.
- A: Harriet when she has a temper tantrum and when she is about to slap me really hard.
- S: I get scared of Pam when she yells, I get really really scared.
- K: I'm scared of her too.

CW: What's good?

- S: We already said what's good.
- A: No, we said what's happy.
- K: It's good to wash your hair.
- A: It's good to brush your teeth.
- K: It's not good to have cavities.
- S: It's bad to get sick. It's good not to hit people.

CW: There are no more questions.

- A: No, no. We want more questions.
- S: Let's just be regular and talk like we always do and it will get taped.
- A: OK. I like to pick blackberries, don't you?

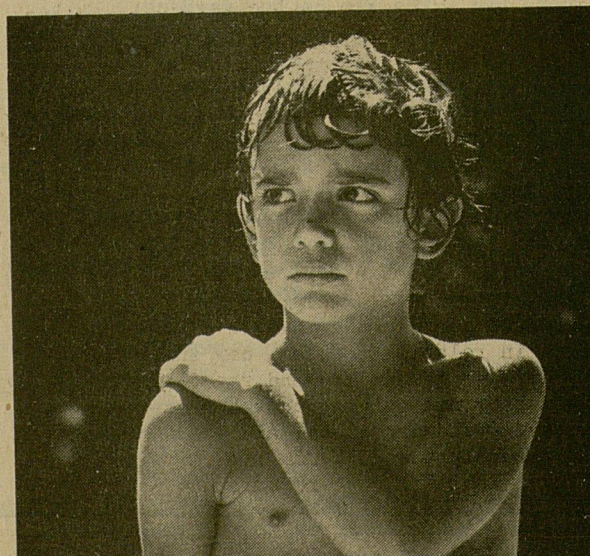


You can be a nurse, you can be a doctor, you can be anything you want
But there's one thing you can't be
And that's a slave
Cause there aren't slaves any more.

You can be a police-girl, you can be a police-man,
you can be a fire-girl, you can be a fire-man,
You can be anything you want.

There is, one: doctor,
two: nurse, three: police-girl,
four: police-man, three: fire-girl,
seven: fire-man, anything you want.
But there's one thing you can't be--
A slave.
Cause it's illegal, it's illegal,
IT'S ILLEGAL.

Teacher, nurse, doctor,
fire-girl, fire-man, You can be
anything you want
EXCEPT A SLAVE



TURNING POINT

the government checked my time under its jurisdiction in may of 74 and saw (through hundreds of forms) that 18 years had passed since i'd popped into physical consciousness. i was now mature, adult, and prepared to FACE america on my own without being further guided by the nuclear family. but alas, by the time 18 years had passed, i had become stunted, self stabbing and suppressed by my situation within this culture's family structure. i had for so many years been subjected to my mother's aggressions (which were established under the same family structure), i withstood them only because i was raised believing that adulthood showed up at age 18 and until that time i was incapable of facing the world. Our culture forgets i was already facing the world by being forced to live under the personality of one of its products. i wouldn't be an adult until my time came; my lucky number. Been my mother's analyst since i was five. She owes me a fortune for thirteen years of pseudo-sessions. i use the term pseudo-session because i never stood up in the middle of a heavy rap and told my mother to split if the hour was over. When i wasn't her analyst, i was her scapegoat. i didn't realize this until my fifteenth year. For the next 3 years i was consciously subjected to her aggressions and hostilities on matters which i knew had nothing to do with me, though all harsh words still found their places within my gut. My first instinct was to be needed and mommy needed me, to love and to yell at. People very rarely feel complete and thus open themselves to insanely unjust situations through an unconscious guilt. At first i felt guilt. Between arguments, i was her jewel, the kindest person she had ever known, etc. When at last i saw the nonsensical conflicts in her actions toward me a lot of the guilt vanished and i went to semi-conscious expression. My hypothesis was: since my mother was only trying to release her self hatreds on me and i realized this, i should be able to raise myself above emotion and not get upset. When she got angry, my mother was totally irrational and blinded by anger. When i confronted her with her own words and my feelings in relation to them, her inner pains aroused defense mechanisms and she deprived both of us by not opening enough to see. i became angry and irrational also, but had been raised an analyst and wouldn't permit irrational thinking. Babies know fire burns, i knew anger burned . . . somewhere. By my seventeenth year, i had opened to the "life style" of a spiritual seeker. Everywhere i looked, anger was taboo. In truth it just hurt too much to

let loose. i have since learned to grow through one's aggressions rather than around them. i tried very hard to let her hate flow in and out without touching me; fooled for years.

Finally we both knew what was happening. We discussed it. She cried for hurting me; kissed and kicked me, on and off without opening or truly seeing. Dealing with her sickened me. listening to the tremendous traumas she had to settle for that day alone,,,,, doing her constant favors,,,,, always putting her first,,,,, turned me inside out with smoldering hate

Still i refused to deal with my anger. i was 18 and about to leave home and all the emotions associated with it. Upon her request, we went to see her shrink to discuss what she believed were barriers in our relationship. i was so blocked up i felt no barriers but knew intense feelings of disgust whenever i communicated with my mother. My mother, her doctor and i sat in a triangle around a table with a box of kleenex on it. i felt cool and self righteous, believing that this doctor would see the root of all our problems coming directly from her hate-filled rages. As i listened to my mother retell her opinion of the hassles between us and events in which they were demonstrated, a very powerful rush spread from deep within my gut to just below skin level. i listened to her traveling through the patterns we had so often lived through and was ready to tear her to shreds. i wanted to spit at her, kick her and let her know how much hatred was inside of me. i was hot and dizzy and forcing all this emotion (which i could no longer hide from myself) not to show. i couldn't spit at her or beat her up or cry in front of her or the doctor and almost couldn't handle the shock of my new discovery. Tears literally leaked out. Looking back, the control i had to use over my emotions in order to retain dignity astounds me. i left the office feeling intense tension centers all over, but had been so able to hold in that, by the time i had walked two flights of steps, all my newly torn seams of anger had been restitched with the threads of control. i knew it would take a direct facing of truths before i would be able to release any of this newly discovered aggression. i couldn't say what it was that activated my hostilities that day; i often feel surges of pain or aggression now without understanding what words or actions set them off. Had i remained in the city with the life style i'd been experiencing for eighteen years surrounding me, my newly realized journey would have been much more difficult if not blocked out all together. As it was, i left the next week to begin a new phase in life; one in which i alone determine my surroundings.

That one experience opened a door to a realm which is very difficult to face. i am trying to surface my feelings as much as

cont.

possible and watching what circumstances turn on hostilities and active aggressions. I have written this article to inform you of an opening within myself, but while writing many ugly feelings showed themselves and I would gladly have written pages tearing my mother and society apart. I procrastinated as long as possible before dealing with my anger on paper and when I finally approached it, had to be very careful not to run away with hostility and my desire to rid myself of it by spreading it. That never works anyway. More pain is created through you. In order to love purely and always, hatred from pasts must not stand in the way. We must walk right through them. When I don't understand why my forked tongue is aroused, I run, or dance, or scream until I reach exhaustion or understanding. Either way, I am closer to myself. I hope to learn to love all that surrounds me, whether it hurts or heals -- through the truth and compassion of my heart. Slowly these blocks will be torn down and I will be able to give a purer love even for the persons I presently feel most hurt by. Through eighteen years on this planet, I know that all any one wants is love and all the people in this mixed up culture are included.

ANGER & BREAKTHROUGH

A group of women come together to put out a magazine. The theme this time -- children -- "children's liberation" comes into focus out of the nebulous world of childhood. We spend two meetings having a very hard time. We are adults. Or are we? Who is writing this magazine, and for whom to read? Children's liberation comes more clearly into focus as we decide not to put the age of the author on the articles. So now I am trying to write, and I cannot identify myself as adult by my age. I cannot credit myself with causing the years to pass. We are not racing after all, and I am not ahead of someone with a smaller number to her credit. I can say this, but do I know it?

Well, why are we so nervous? It is the third meeting already, what have we collected or written for this magazine, this theme of children's liberation? Why are we so tense? Can we have nothing to say? Or so much, so much!

Anger... We start to talk about anger, and we continue to talk about anger, and the children talk about anger when we ask them -- and it all feels strange. So we talk some more. And what do I see and feel? I see and feel oppression of children.

Here in the writing -- a moment of stopping. I really am afraid, I really don't dare to talk honestly about children. It is too painful, it makes me too angry. Too angry to cope ... with such an enormous problem. Will maybe one reader realize that children are oppressed? Will I realize it? Will it permeate my being enough to make me brave in the moment of opportunity; brave enough to cry with the

pain of shared consciousness, instead of shout with anger in order to blind myself to the reality? All these women, with anger at their parents, still children, still angry... all these women, good women, gentle with growing plants, walkers of a path with heart; all of us have hit people who are smaller than we are, hit someone who cannot hurt us back. We are so angry sometimes. Do we really stop because they behave better, or because they get bigger? It is often because they get bigger, and because they learn to lie a little.

I am trying to say, there has to be a real reason for all these feelings. Don't you see, the story of your family, the story of her family, the story of my family, don't you see! The oppression of the children on the personal levels of family is a measure of the oppression in our society. Yes, neurotic anger is just that, I guess. But isn't there a good reason for children and women to be angry? Don't we have the right to lead our own lives and protect our own bodies?

Isn't it strange that in the most intimate loving situations we take the opportunity to express the most anger and hatred we feel? Why, where does it come from? It comes from living in a slave society. It comes from the fact that we do oppress and hate each other even in the most loving and intimate relating we know. Who is winning? Who can possibly be winning? Only the parts of us that cannot bear to see life move and grow, that give us the illusion of control. Only the static is controllable. What can I do? What about all these suggestions to break the vicious circle? How can I manage to actually use them in the living moment? We must release the child in ourselves. I must liberate the child in myself, in order to liberate the children I live with. Liberate the child in myself ... the child energy. The awake innocence, the drive to live and love. Let it out! Don't be ashamed, don't be proud. Just let the child live. Live and let live! Is this a rule ... this is a survival rule! Survive, live.



PAM

I have a violent temper. I am just beginning to recognize how much the way in which I express anger interferes with communication. My anger helped me to survive and thus served a very positive function for my own development. But because of my violence of voice and manner, other people especially my children, close off to this way of helping myself, and the good effects are short circuited. Lately, I have been trying to speak my feelings before they get out of control -- "I am getting angry. I am getting confused. I feel like screaming." I am trying to make faces and gestures in relationship to myself instead of pretending that my child or an incident are to blame. That is, I hit the air, I hit a pillow. I am trying to recognize my true feelings, i.e. "I feel threatened, I feel impotent," and deal with them, instead of changing them to anger. I think that fear is ninety percent of the truth of what is going on when I am manifesting out-of-control anger. My children and I are experimenting now with becoming silent the moment I start shouting. We make mime gestures to indicate our feelings. Sometimes we end up laughing at our grimaces and gesticulations and then can discuss the original "issue" from a whole new emotional point of view. Sometimes the "issue" falls away entirely as we give ourselves a chance to see our true feelings - which for me often turn out to be sadness or pain within myself resulting from resistance to , competition with, or ego involvement with, the child's life. Sometimes we just find ourselves playing a different game, one that is more fun than the angry game and we go on playing and learning to play together.

The main key right now for me in dealing with anger, is to recognize my feelings as they are, and to let them come and go freely. For instance, sometimes I have become very angry and then seen that I am mistaken - and still it's hard to let go of the anger and just feel better because pride gets in the way. But seeing what I feel does not make me more liable to act out my feelings in harmful ways; on the contrary, it gives me more self control and greater freedom to change and "play a different game."

LEONA

A few months back I read an article about child beating by parents and I found it believable but shocking. It spoke of setting up a group much like Alcoholics Anonymous, only to help parents curb their tendencies to lose their tempers and hurt their children.

I know from my own experience how frustrating a colicky baby or an unhappy child can be and although I have never had a particularly difficult time raising my one child I can clearly remember the times when I had to leave the house until I could regain my composure to avoid beating my small child.

It seems a valuable idea to get together

with other parents and openly discuss this type of problem and by doing so understand its universality and find a way around it. Child Beaters Anonymous sounds a bit heavy but the concept is valid. To have a number to call when things get heavy and tempers are high - to have someone you trust to speak to or to have come over could definitely reduce the tendency to hurt a child.

DINEY

I find that "simple" things like arranging the physical world to be helpful to a small child's self development, help avoid many of the situations which produce anger. For example, food can be where very young children can get to it, things that are forbidden can really be inaccessible. A "simple" solution to living together with a child on the emotional level is the realization that it takes the same amount of time to say "yes" as to say "no," to a request for attention. A truly given five minutes of yes will soothe and satisfy the need being expressed and the child is free to move on. Almost always if I take the time I can also see the "rational" reason for a time of crabbiness - teeth, pain, fatigue, hunger, and it is possible to then deal with the cause, thus relieving the mood. If I aggravate her anxiety by my intolerance or by compounding the negativity with my own anger, she is never relieved and demands even more. I can penetrate our uncentered vibrations with something calming instead, like holding hands or singing, while accepting her pain and crying. Thus it passes and we are both healed.

AMY

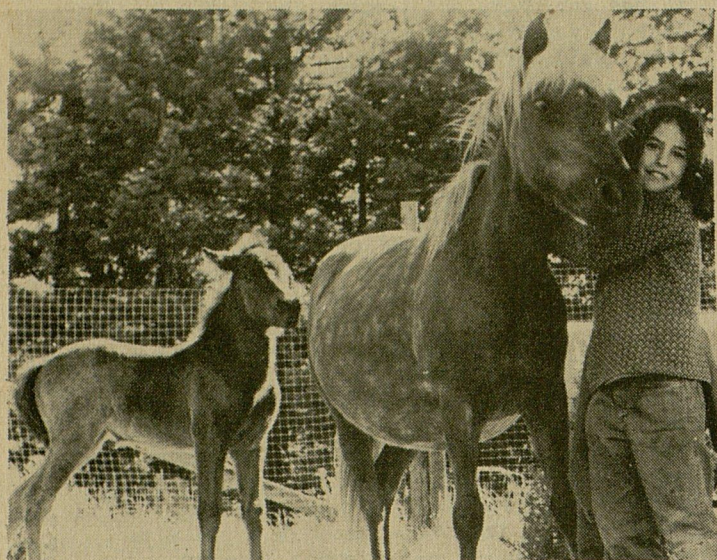
As a child, anger and the expression of negative emotion appeared to me as the demon that always ended up hurting someone. My mother was a screamer. Her idea was; children, especially her children, were not allowed to talk back, let alone shout. Totally unequal. I had to develop another method of dealing with her anger. Unfortunately, a result of that was that it directly influenced my ability to handle my own anger. I soon learned: angry people caused too much trouble. So I never expressed my negative feelings or became angry. But nobody ever thought that a child too gets pissed off, annoyed and even angry at times. I wasn't given a chance to understand my anger or negativity.

BOBBI

I find that when I'm upset, trying to deal with the anger immediately is the answer. I talk to the person involved if possible; write a poem if I can't work it out with the person.

...Anger seems a natural outlet for frustrations. If you use the anger in a constructive way - discussing why, what happened, etc., it seems to bring child and parent closer together to understanding each other. Anger is a release and as we release ourselves we also expose ourselves. ♀

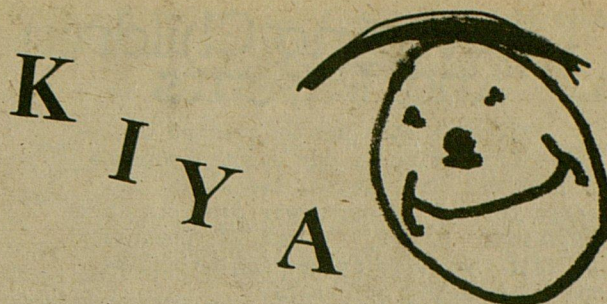
Some people, some horses, some learning



Pam is the mother, Sanji is the daughter, Merrylegs is the mother pony, Starlight is the daughter pony. Summertime. Sanji loves horses. She went for riding lessons up the road. The pony there had no name and she named it Merrylegs. (Look, even yet Pam says, "it" instead of her, that's because she has never had any contact with animals, and as for large ones like horses, well, the truth is, she was afraid.) But Pam took Sanji to her riding lessons. And time passed. And Merrylegs was for sale. Well, okay, so they planned to build a corral, a large one so they could grow feed in it. So the money came and they bought her and they went up the road for horse owning lessons. And Pam was still scared, but Merrylegs was so gentle and pretty; and small. That helped a lot. Pam and Sanji started to build the fence. They carried heavy logs around, much heavier than they thought they could carry. And they had a good time. They did that for three days, but the fence wasn't built. So they stopped carrying and collecting and started to put the pieces they had into the ground. And they did that for two days. The fence still wasn't built and Sanji didn't want to do it anymore and they had a giant fight. Pam was very excited about their doing something together, but she was also very confused about how to work together without being boss. They were equally ignorant and learned about how to set fenceposts, but Pam knew more about how to organize new material in her head and Sanji knew more about doing what she wanted the way she wanted. They had some more fights and it was getting closer to the time they were to pick up the pony. They decided to put her temporarily in the orchard. Pam set a few fenceposts by herself. She didn't have as much fun as when they did it together, in spite of

the fights. Sanji said she didn't consider it much fun even when they didn't fight. A difference in taste, or what? They both wanted the fence. And still do want it, which tells you what is happening, rather not happening, there. Merrylegs arrived. She was very pregnant. Now, Pam was definitely the helper, and Sanji had all the knowledge. Which was not all that much; she still wanted Pam to lead her a lot when she was riding, or at least walk with her and Merrylegs. It was fun. Sanji took care of feeding and watering enthusiastically and Pam was called on to walk along when they went out. Then the foal was born. She was just there in the morning when they went out. She was sparkly soft, a very beautiful little animal. Then they were told that they should have begun training the foal right away, that they were already five days late, with a wild animal. They ran right into the orchard. They followed instructions. They caught her. Sanji got pulled around hanging on to a rope, Pam got tumbled on her head with the little horse on top of her. But they caught her. Merrylegs was well tied. They actually caught her. They admired her, petted, her, pulled her around. They let her go. They did this again the next day. Pam was getting very sore. Now, all either of them knew about training was what Pam had been told. She told Sanji this same information. Sanji was not as impressed with it as Pam was. They argued. Pam took charge on the instruction level, still agreeing that she was to only help on the physical actuality. But this little horse was at least twice as heavy as Sanji so she had to be wrestled by someone else. They asked for help after a few more tumbling matches. The helper did the catching, he was heavier, and Sanji and Pam did the training. Still they were afraid to lose hold on her so Sanji didn't get to hold her herself. She started to feel that it wasn't working out right. That Pam was doing too much. Pam started to feel that she was doing too much too, because since they were both there they both did everything, it only seemed natural, but Pam wanted to just help where she was needed and go do something else. They argued. Pam worried about ruining this idyllic learning process with her uptight and quite crazy emotional involvement with her own learning processes. Sanji agreed that Pam was a drag to learn with sometimes; on the other hand, she was her mother and was willing to try. Sanji couldn't handle the whole horse trip herself, but wanted to. So, mostly what was happening is that they were having a wonderful time, Sanji doing what she liked, and working very hard at it; Pam learning about something new, exciting, alive, expanding; Merrylegs learning to kick them away from her foal and hopefully learning patience tied to

her tree; Starlight learning to nibble alfalfa, breathe their breath as well as her mother's while her coat was changing color. Sanji pointed out how much more enjoyable it was to work with a vibrant little filly than a dead fence post. Pam had no time to even think about the fence. Sometimes she had to encourage Sanji to get the training session going, it was hard work after all. And the filly liked to run free, anyone could see that. Time passed and they ventured out of the orchard. Sanji rode Merrylegs and Pam led starlight. She behaved beautifully. They all felt good. Then Sanji led Starlight by herself and they all felt even more good. Then one morning Sanji found Starlight dead. She said, "We'll never know what color her coat will be," and cried. Pam said, "What happened, what happened," and was surprised to find herself wishing she could cry too. They went to a neighbor. She told them to do an autopsy. They went home again and watched while someone else cut Starlight's belly open. Inside her body was beautiful and exciting too. They buried her. Merrylegs called and ran about. Sanji breathed with her, fed her less so her milk would dry up more quickly, kept her company. Pam dreamt of Starlight alive and dead and was still surprised at her desire and inability to cry. They think she died of poisoning but don't yet know from what. There is no ending to the story or the learning; even the fenceposts are alive enough to wait patiently in their pile by the hole in the ground. ♀



We named him Kiya which means "snow". That was a girl's name, but really what difference did it make, except people might think he was a girl, but he'd be able to handle that. It was a nice name.

When he was a baby, I'd look at little children and wonder what kind of little child he'd be. Now that he's four with blond hair to his shoulders and long curly eyelashes and big blue eyes I see him daily cope with "Isn't she cute." and "How old is your little girl?" with calmness and authority... "I'm four, and I'm a boy." Now I wonder what kind of big person he'll be, what kind of man.

His world is so different from the world I grew up in. It is inconceivable to me what it must be like to be him growing up almost literally under the sky on a hilltop in West Virginia, the only child amongst ten or so crazy but beautiful adults. He's not 'spoiled', but more than a little wild and I see us encourage his rebelliousness, laughing when he runs when its time to wash his face or when he logically resists some adult demand by pointing out inconsistencies in our reasoning and winning his point. I see him already afraid of the police while I believed until 23 that they were the folks who took care of you and bought you ice cream when you got lost. He told me he wouldn't go to the police if he were lost, they might put him in jail. He knows about being arrested and jails and judges and wars and people dying in Ethiopia because of famine. He knows that people are rich because they take from the poor. And he has friends in New York City and Chicago and Duluth and Oakland and Cincinnati and an imaginary brother who is in jail in Detroit (a city he's never been in) because he stole some newspapers. He's fascinated with violence, though he's probably not seen more than twenty hours of T.V. in his life. He likes to play hunter and bad boy and guns (though he's never had one). In the same hour he will come to me: "Couldn't we build a boat and take the people in Africa some of the food from our garden?" still worrying about them three hours after our talk of what was happening there.

I walk with him across a field. We talk of death. "Its when you take your life off" he says. And wild plants; he teaches me some new ones. And love- "I love you Kiya." I whisper. "I know." he says with nonchalance. "You tell me so much." "I love you especially at night when I haven't seen you all day", I say. He looks at the greying sky. "Its not quite night yet..." he says. ♀

Liberating Children and Parents

Eleven months ago we started Children's Liberation in our country commune household. The adults, two women, decided to give up our power over our three children: 10 1/2, 14, and 17, because we felt they were oppressing us and we wanted them off our backs.

It dawned anew that oppression is always mutual. Women and children oppress each other through mutual manipulations, dependencies and guilt. Women's liberation means that children will be freed from all that. We believe now that children's liberation will be liberating for all women, not only for mothers, but we are starting where we are, not as children or all women, but mothers.

As evidence of our good intentions our first move was to call a meeting and announce their financial independence! We had arranged for each to have access to sufficient money to take care of needs and a modicum of wants. For one child this was control of her child support funds. For the other two it meant dividing the divorce settlement into thirds with their mother.

Their original suspicions about our sincerity regarding Children's Liberation disappeared with their sudden "wealth" and ushered in the first phase of the struggle -- the Rosey Period, I call it. We met several times to discuss our peeves and our prejudices. We drew up charts for sharing the work of living in the country: rotating cleaning, cooking, dishes, laundry, wood carrying and fire building. We tried to remember to call them by names, not just "the kids," and to consult them before we invited people to stay in the house overnight. They were surprised to learn that everything cost money. Trips involved gasoline, food, and hostess gifts -- and cleaning the car. We soon were buying our extra food (specialties not purchased collectively by our commune) individually, as some appetites exceeded others and tastes varied. This led to strange scenes where guests asked to buy an apple or inquired of the price of a tablespoon of butter!

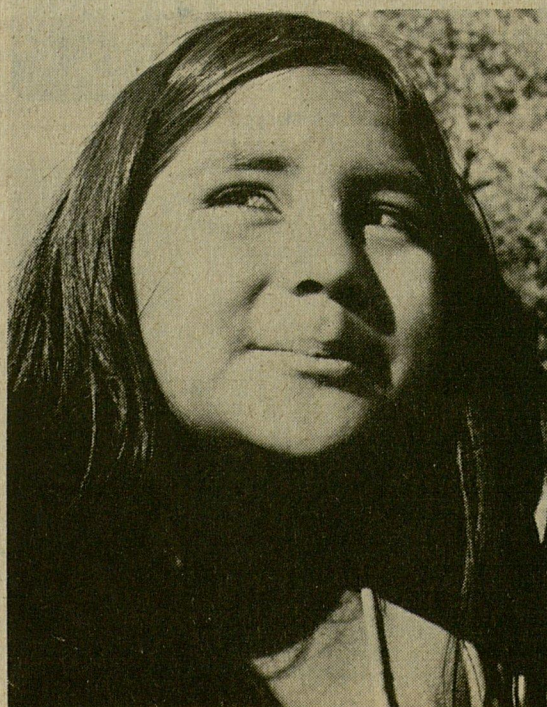
Children's Liberation was certainly leading us in new ways. Lots of these we liked, but in a few weeks we realized we were still squabbling, not over money of course, over the housework! We two women felt comfortable in informal reciprocity, but there was constant friction between each woman and the other woman's children. I thought her child didn't do a fair share, and she thought mine didn't. We realized at last that all the children were sponging. Then we saw how hard it is to hold your own child to a fair standard

of work. After all these years of being understanding and supportive, and showing your mother love through "doing little things" it is terribly difficult to insist that a decent job and a fair amount of work be done by this same child.

"After all, what difference does a little leniency make here and there between people who love each other?" we rationalized. The difference is that most of the leniency is going one way. There may be sudden touching gifts and generous acts from a child, but not often of housework.

The objectivity of the non-parent who feels oppressed but not guilty is a tremendous help through this "weaning and house-training" period. A child is fully capable of much harder things than what we were insisting on. Think often of the work and discipline that children in pioneer days did routinely. Then witness the things your child is reported to do when visiting alone in the home of friends (and they will even tell you they ENJOYED doing it!)! No, we are not slave drivers, on the contrary, it is the old housework trauma again. Mom is the dumping ground for children, as well as for men. They are no more eager to take up their share of our "trivial chores" than men are.

We tried to hold house meetings but the children walked out when tempers flared or refused to come to meetings. Our angers simmered, sarcasm and stony silence filled our days. We women fought nightly over the behavior of the other's child. These are the Dark Ages of Children's Liberation. The oldest was away at school most of these months, but vacations were minor duplications of the Rosy Period followed by Dark Ages.



With relationships deteriorating all around, it got so bad that we adults decided to move out of the house for several weeks in mid winter, to a small cabin we could heat with two armloads of wood per day. A large uninsulated A frame at 3-° temperatures can only be heated by constant fire tending and was not attractive to our children. So we all experienced a period of "no family life" to see if this was how we wanted to live.

The second oldest moved out of the house after we moved back in February, to a community house nearby, in protest over the way we treated him. We kept insisting he take a turn at doing dishes, bringing in wood, cleaning one of the common rooms (private rooms could be kept in any condition). And eventually, we even made it clear he could not use violence on any of us, even the "playful" kind women have so long endured, knowing full well it combines love and hate, with the message "Think what I could do to you if I weren't just playing." But before I could stop this intimidation I had to face how afraid I was of his strength and how it made me eager to overemphasize the small amount of affection there was in the violent way he approached me. With help, I finally decided that I would take no more of it, that if I got some bones broken they would heal. When I then told him to stop it, he stopped.

The youngest, now eleven, didn't move out but talked all winter and spring of building a tree house and moving into it. After months of my nagging and several scenes, she gradually confined her belongings in two places in the living room instead of scattered throughout the house. Her kitchen privileges were narrowed finally to the right to use one glass, one plate, one knife, fork and spoon, and no cooking in the house because her dishes sat for many days before being washed.

Now the children all did their own laundry, mending, ironing, shopping and cooking, except for the communal evening meal. In a country commune there isn't much of any of those jobs to do and there are plenty of people to sponge off before everyone is tired of it, and some grown up spongers for models, so they weren't working very hard. But they weren't taking up our energy either.

In spite of the scenes and mutual accusations there were brief times when we enjoyed each other as the separate people we are. Without money to fight over, without housework to negotiate, without playing "I'll do this because I love you" games we had a lot more time and energy to focus on our interests and activities. Our difficulties in doing that after years of interruptions and guilt are enough for another paper. We finally got some writing done and printed and our children were a little bit

impressed. We even got some pictures taken and exhibited and they were also impressed.

It is hard for me to confess to the intensity of my struggle at times. I certainly don't understand all the hows and whys completely but I want you to be prepared for some gut-churning explosive incidents on the path of mutual independence.

I found my maternal guilt was formidable. I had a bad headache (unusual for me) all the first day we women moved out of our house. I plagued myself with "Am I asking too much? Do I expect adult behavior from an eleven, fifteen, seventeen year old? Will she/he ever understand why I am doing this and love me? Will I remain a selfish monster in my child's eyes all her/his life? Am I denying this child the love and security she/he requires by constantly reminding him/her that she/he is not being fair, considerate, etc.?"

On another occasion I had a temper tantrum which simmered almost a week. Part of that deeply disturbing experience was anger at the loss of my special elevated tyrannical status as "head" of our household. My partner only hinted that she wouldn't support my special prerogatives against her child and I flew into a raging depression. I am not proud of how I behaved - throwing things, crying, accusing, and withdrawing into martyred silence. But deep changes don't happen without stirring us from our depths. Down there all of us are part childish. Children's Liberation is going to cost us adults some encounters with our own suppressed childishness. The mature reasonableness which we display at house meetings is going to be torn aside at times to make space for equality to grow.

I don't believe I could have made it through this weaning, housetraining and rebalancing period if I hadn't had the love of my partner, because I didn't realize what was ahead.

What's ahead? The rewards! Sure enough, some of the things you have been hoping for do happen. The children sometimes act like they respect you! They ask before they come into your room. They sit down when you have guests, and listen! They come and go through the house without a barrage of senseless questions. When going away without you, they wash their clothes, pack them, thank you for the note you have prepared for emergency medical attention and then collapse in tears in your arms. After all, you weren't trying to wean them from having feelings, were you? But now the process takes an hour instead of days. When they want your help on a project, they ask you if you have time and when would it be convenient, and offer an exchange of time and energy.

What else did I give up besides the purse strings and my tyranny in this liberation exchange of "you get off my back and I'll get off yours"? Most habitual was my "hovering" and interfering in their private lives. Where their actions infringe on me, I still have no guilt in opening up talk about it, but unless conditions in their rooms REALLY are a fire/health

cont.

hazard to me, the subject is off limits.

I also had to examine a whole lot of other things which had always seemed obvious. What our parents did, whether we liked it or didn't, simply didn't answer for us now. We are aiming for a new adult and a new child.

It occurred to me that in some ways the nuclear family is like a hot house, producing very fast and intense growth which is also quite tender. Some people never make it out of the hot house. When put into the give and take of adult responsibilities, they wither and run back to the protection of parental arms--often in the form of a mommy-child or daddy-child relationship with another grown up. Frequently the first years away from home are very rough, like the crucial hardening off period of an indoor plant put outside in the spring. Why not develop hardy people from the start?--by deintensifying the emotional hot house of the nuclear family in communal living, by liberating parents and children from the artificially prolonged mutual dependency which is most of what we have called "parenting" and which I call "hovering."

By "hovering" I refer to all the attention which I gave to their needs, their appearance, their moods, their opinions, which seemed to spring from old habits of complete responsibility for them which was only appropriate to their baby years. Would you ask a friend to clean up her plate, change her socks, take a shower, or leave the room? Yet when we first practiced tactful reserve with our children, they made our lives miserable by their thoughtlessness.

We had to consider the children's claims that it was their house and their car, too. I didn't want their minibikes or their back pack but the family car was an attractive asset to everyone. Well, whose car is it? It isn't as simple as who paid for it. After all, the purchase was made in pre-liberation days. So we considered who wanted to pay for the insurance, repairs and do the maintenance. That settled the ownership of the car.

In regard to the house, who paid for it, painted it and repaired it were also ancient history. Don't we all live here? If the adults are unhappy with the children's mess, why don't we move? All right, who wants to pay for the house, clean it, paint it, repair it, insure it, landscape it? Who intends to live in it in whatever condition in five years? Do these children expect to stay here or will they soon be hitchhiking off in all directions?

I have come to think of the matters of labor and responsibility as large aspects of ownership when competing claims are reviewed. But I don't know that the matter of whose house it is is settled for all time; it just seemed to make sense out of our feelings at the time.

The answer for surviving the transition period, it seems to me, is "choice." Association by choice is essential or we cannot ne-

gotiate with each other; we become victims of each other. Our children were able to leave physically and yet remain near enough for us all to know how the others are getting on. Perhaps city children can find a friend or relative willing to room and board him/her now that she/he had adequate income. If no one will let him/her in, that could be the starting point of a discussion of what minimum standards people must meet to live with others.

If you really can agree to voluntarily live together on a communistic basis "From each....to each...." this may be the ultimate in liberation. I doubt that many of us are free enough of our hangups (adults) and responsible enough (children) to be ready for this yet. We have much negotiation and struggle to go through. Perhaps our marching cry should be "Voluntary Families!" Would you honestly choose each other to live with if your choice were truly free? If you think you would is it out of fear of not finding anyone any better, or out of truly enjoying the life you share?

Earlier "primitive" societies had children's houses, and boys lodges, women's houses and men's lodges. It doesn't sound as savage to me as the suburban and urban family arrangements we endure now in close quarters, physically and emotionally, where children can escape only into the streets and into drugs, and parents can escape only into drink, causes, and psychotherapy.

It is summer again in the country and our family is spread out. We seem to be in a Renaissance, or Golden Age here. What happens next, I can't even guess, but I am certainly enjoying the time and energy I have available now. Maybe the children won't love me when I'm older and grayer, I can't know that yet; but I know I will love them more than if I were martyred to them, and I may be able to take care of myself because of the skills I have time and strength to develop now when I am not puttering around and stewing about them all day. I won't have to trade on their guilt and obligation for my food and affection, and that sounds mighty good. ♀



BEING A CHILD

Being a child has its ups and downs..Sometimes I think there is no other age in the world I would want to be, other times I want so desperately not to be treated as less than someone else just because of my age, that I resent being a child.

A plus and a minus about being young is being supported. Often I feel this is a shit-load full of guilt that parents in general dump on you whenever they see fit. Then again, it's really nice not to have to worry about surviving in this world, to know that you can always go to mommy and daddy and they'll take care of you. As I get older, though, this knowledge doesn't seem that comforting anymore. I am nearing the age when I will be free to do as I please, and it doesn't seem to be coming nearly fast enough. At this point I find myself fighting a lot with my parents (or at least my father) about my freedom, my responsibilities, and my independence - moneywise; or should I say having power struggles over these things. I find, however, that the more responsibilities I take on, the more privileges I get. For instance, the children of our commune all decided together that we wanted to include ourselves in the cooking part of the cooking schedule as well as the dishwashing part. Now, since the children have an equal share in the cooking detail, we all get to help decide what food we buy, and how our commune as a whole spends the budget. We young people felt as if it was time we took this responsibility, and it seemed automatic that we received these privileges.

I found, after I moved out of my parents' house to a nearby dome on the same property, that I resented having to constantly ask my father for movie money, pizza money, and money just in general. He also resented me asking him for it, since it seemed like the whole Women's Lib double standard, or Kids Lib double standard of being helpless, or childish when it's convenient. I got a job in town, which supplies my entertainment money, besides some left over which I save, and we both feel a lot more comfortable about it.

Living on a commune makes these difficulties a little easier for me. I like it because I have lots of chances to relate to adults on an equal level. Also, when there are other families around, you can see the conflicts they are going through and gain some wisdom about it when you compare it with your own situation. We had amazing results when my parents got together with another parent that was having a similar problem with her daughter as they were with me. The five of us sat down and talked for a long time, the parents telling us what they expected from us, and we children telling the parents what we expected from them. We all laughed and cried, fought and hugged, until we finally reached a contract that worked. The contract that we agreed on was that Royce and I (the two children)

would both babysit our little sisters one night of the weekend and the other night we would be free to go out on the town and boogie (which is where the problem had come in, both parents and children had wanted to go out both nights). It may sound silly, but it had been an unresolved hassle for weeks.

At last, I've gotta say that being a child is a learning experience, not just for the children, but for the parents also. ♀



Letter to my sisters

My name is Robin Witthaus and I'm writing to tell you about my mom's and my relationship. I'm thirteen years old and let me tell you, that is usually the worst time in getting along with your mom. In my case this is the best time for me. We do argue, but not as often as you would think. My mother and I have a lot of talks (not lectures). We tell each other our feelings, we do not hold them inside for fear of making the other unhappy. I know that sometimes people say, "What she doesn't know won't hurt her", but I don't feel this is the best policy always. My mom is certainly a very intelligent person and she usually finds out sooner or later something I don't want her to know. When I was little, and stole something from somebody she knew, just from the look in my eyes, that I was guilty. It still goes this way. I don't mind it really. Sometimes I want her to know but I don't have the guts to tell her. When we talk, we talk real. Not where she says she doesn't want me doing something and I say "ok". It doesn't work that way. I let her know that that isn't too cool to tell me what to do and expect me to do it. Then we get down to the nitty gritty and it works out the right way. My mom calls family meetings so we can all tell each other how we feel. There are five kids in our family so we need these meetings real badly. When her old man named Bruce was going to live with us, she called us together and made sure none of us felt jealous or left-out. My mother is a very understanding woman, and a beautiful person. Some of you that read this and are having problems with your moms, reach out, and talk to them internally, it really helps.

Keep on Trucking..... ♀



schools schools and more schools

I began school at an early age, and my family has moved a lot, so I've been to many different schools.

My experience with public schools has always been bad. Maybe not always negative, but never positive. I left public school in fifth grade, not on my own initiative, but because of my Mom. I never had bucked the system before, because I didn't realize that there was such a possibility.

For about a year I went to a very, very untogether free school. I didn't learn much academically, but I learned a lot I needed to know about life.

After awhile I got tired of not doing any schoolwork, I was dissatisfied and I wanted something new. My Mom said I could trip off by myself and try to find a better school. I was astonished at being given such freedom, but I think it was just what I needed. So I tripped around the city looking at schools. I looked at one Catholic school to please my grandmother but the rest were free schools. I ended up going to a free (behavioral freedom, not tuitional freedom) junior high called The Learning Place.

The Learning Place had about twenty-six students and four teachers, and could have been a good school. The trouble was that there

were twice as many boys as girls, and they were almost all at the age where they hated girls. Also, most of them had been trouble makers in public school, and their parents had found this alternative for them.

I'm glad they were being freed, but it was very hard for me. I had already gone through the trip of freaking out about getting so much freedom and not knowing what to do with it. Now, I wanted to get some learning done, and they were doing the freaking out.

Things got worse and worse. There were three boys who went around terrorizing people during and after school. The teachers just weren't able to handle them, although they did try, hard. Only one of the four teachers was experienced.

Then there was the problem of stealing. Stealing from stores is one thing, though it is pretty bad, but stealing from your friends is abominable, and that's just what was going on. Stealing lunches was bad enough, but people were stealing radios and watches and coats. When you're with a group of people all the time, and anyone in that group is stealing things it casts a shadow of doubt over everybody. You mistrust your neighbor, no one feels safe, and generally it makes for a lot of trouble.

We had many meetings about it, and the teachers asked whoever was doing this, to

please, just put the stuff back. They needn't declare themselves, just stop! Of course that didn't work, and the outcome of the whole big hassle was that we started having trials every Friday afternoon! We put all our names in a hat and picked out four jury-people (they said men, but I say people) and a judge. The judge was on the jury too. At first it was all in good fun, (sort of), but after a while it got pretty serious, and very heavy.

What finally happened (final for me) was, one Friday I was picked as judge. Two boys, a couple of weeks previously had let off the fire extinguishers, so we had nothing but water in case of fire. So we were going to...trial (shudder) that Friday. But they didn't show up that day, nor the next Friday either. So when they finally came people were feeling a little hostile towards them. They gave their defense and the teachers did the prosecution part. Then we went into another room to decide. It was horrible. I had never been a jury-woman before. I don't know if it was always like that, but I was appalled. All the jury-people were yelling and arguing. We finally decided that they were guilty and that for their punishment they should go to a firehouse and get the extinguishers filled up, then stay home for a week. We went out, and I started to say what we had decided, when one of the boys on the jury objected (we all had to agree) that he hadn't agreed to that, so back to the room we went. He was intimidated by another boy on the jury (the only other boy) so he agreed in the room. But again when we went out he objected so again we went back in the room. This time the boy who had intimidated him before, put him against the wall and threatened him into submission. This all happened in a very short time (still, I'm surprised at what a passive part I played in this transaction) and before I could gather myself together we went out again. I got everybody quiet and told our decision. Then while I still had everyone's attention, I told them I couldn't take it anymore, I was leaving.

I said goodbye and went to gather my things. When I left one teacher was yelling and another was almost crying. I hadn't planned to leave, and I didn't mean to be so dramatic (melodramatic?), but I just didn't realize how bad things were, until that moment, and realizing I had to leave.

Well, after that experience with schools, I stayed home for a while. But, after a period of recuperation, I started going to a school called 2001. There I learned a little typing, a little Spanish, some drama and a lot of math, and made some fast friendships among the teachers and students. A few things stand out in my mind; an original play that we did downtown to raise money, trips to the park, touch football, exploring the museum, finding new pathways, having fun. A fire down the block that we all went rushing pell mell out to see, and on returning nearly thought we were on fire, because a girl had left popcorn on the stove and forgot to turn it off. Whew, was it smoky. And a lucky chance that turned me onto C.M.I.

C.M.I. stands for California Mairjuana In-

itiative. That was the fall of 1972, with the big election coming up. So we had a class at school called The American Political Machine, which covered the election, along with a few other things. Our class (numbering two) went and visited C.M.I., and I ended up volunteering there nearly every day after school. I would type addresses for hours at a time; I'd also do things like put stamps on envelopes and seal them, run errands, and, after I got the hang of things, sell the Tee shirts that they were selling to make money. Everybody in the office was a volunteer, but you should have seen how they worked. We all became really close. I really learned to admire those people, some of whom had a hard time hustling food and rent, but worked themselves to the bone anyway. When the proposition failed, it was terrible.

I really got off the track, didn't I? Well back to schools, though 2001 wasn't the greatest, it was my school at the time and I was attached to it.

My mom was sick of the city, she wanted to move and buy some land up north. I was insecure and I didn't want to leave the city with my school and friends. But my mom and I went north north to look around and we found one good place with land and a

to look around and we found one good place with land and a house that could be fixed up, but after looking at the local school our decision was definitely no. So now we had to find a good place to live and a good school too. Hard, huh? We thought it would be impossible after hearing people tell their stories of looking for land.

We had heard of a good free school called Mariposa in the Ukiah Valley, so we went to check that out. We (especially me) found it very good. We asked if they knew of any places around to buy. They said no but that there was a possibility of rental. The school is three miles up a dirt road, the rental was ten miles beyond that. It was January, the deep of winter, and I tell you, that dirt road was something else! We moved up there and I started going to school. But a month later, there were some hassles and Mom decided to move. Mariposa is a wonderful school and I was having lots of fun and learning, so I didn't want to leave. I was torn between Mom and school. I chose school,



though not without many pangs of Mommy-sickness (insecurity) and many a cry into my pillow.

Now for Mariposa. I started going there in late January 1973, and have been going there ever since and living at various places nearby. There are just under fifty students, in four groups. High school, Junior high, and two younger ones, going down to kindergarden. We call these groups peer groups.

The school day runs from 8:30 (often 9:00) to two. The peer groups run from 8:30 to eleven, covering the basics (I have algebra, spelling and literature).

For the first half a year I was in the Junior High. We were rather a rowdy bunch, but only once in a while did we really rebel (our teachers were usually willing not to work for a day too). We had math, spelling, some history, reading (a favorite of mine) and we had a class that would change every three weeks. Once it was learning about sex and birth control, another time, about Russia, and I remember one class about electricity. There was writing; for that they would give us little assignments, like, "You're all alone on a desert island and you see something on the beach, what is it?" You'd be amazed at the varied and crazy things that came out of that.

This year I was in the High School. Its a lot freer than the Junior High, as everyone is more mature, but it still has its limits. Not that they're limiting to me, by no means. The teachers just want everyone to be doing something, whether it's a class or a project of their own. Some of the students resent that. They're just going to school because they have to, not because they want to, and they don't want to work.

I myself love it. I love the classes and the teachers and the students, I love the whole thing, every bit! There are ten regular teachers and a couple who just teach afternoon classes. I love, respect and admire them, every one. Let me tell you about afternoon classes. I've had two regulars from the very beginning, drama and guitar. In drama we've done many neat things, mostly with our own imagination and drama games. A few times I've gotten into these so much I've ended up crying. Sometimes we do written plays. Once in a while, when we don't feel into drama we give each other full-length body massages, with about five or six people working on one person.

In guitar we were learning other people's songs and writing our own, which is a beautiful experience. In the last nine weeks of school this year, emerging from the guitar, came, Jug-band! We wrote and orchestrated three songs and had a foot-stomping good time doing it! I played the jug and the bass (wash-tub bass) and woman, did I have fun!

Other afternoon classes I've taken are photography, Spanish, political science, women's studies, swimming, and pottery, in which I made some plates, bowls, cups and a candle-holder. I also made tiles which are going to go on the bathroom walls. I also took self appreciation, which is kind of like an encounter group. The teacher is into co-counselling, so we do some

of that too. The class just happened to be all girls. One thing we noticed a lot of us had in common, was a problem with our fathers. Some of the girls said that they would start crying when they tried to talk to their fathers.

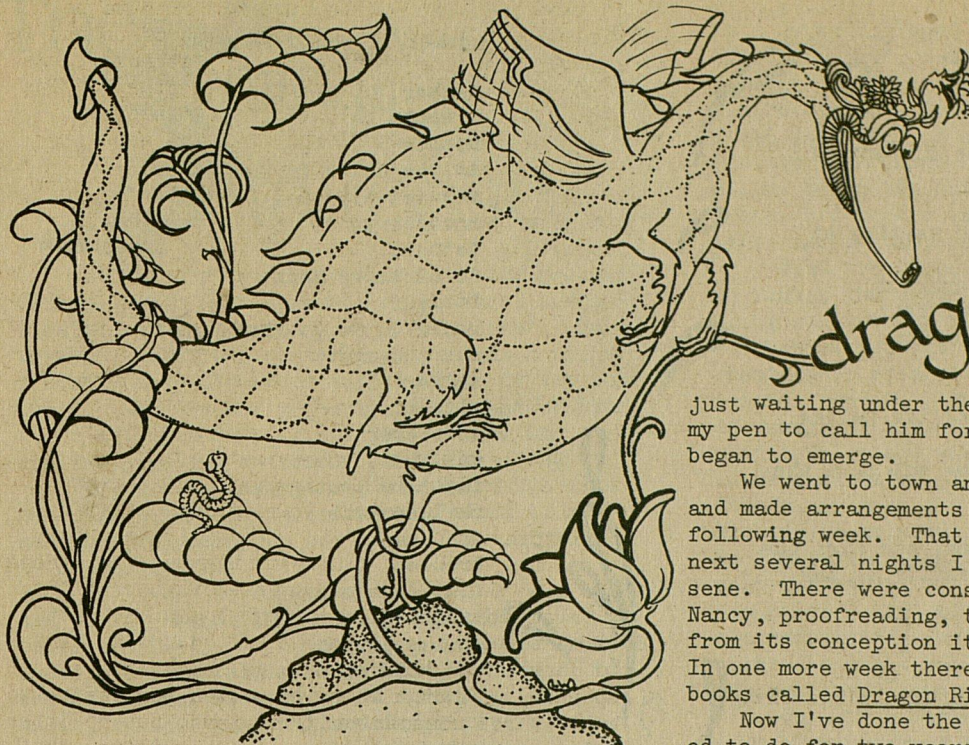
One last class I must tell you about is girls baseball. In it we would go to a place called the meadow, far away from other people, and play baseball, relay races and generally have fun. We'd all take off our clothes to play, and in the tall green meadow grass it looked a picture, white bodies moving gracefully, with a background of green growth. When we got hot we'd go and bathe in a beautiful place called the bathtub, where a little spring comes running down into a couple of mossy green hollows and forms wonderfully cold little pools.

A few classes I've wanted to take but was too busy to were silkscreening, body mind and spirit, girls bodywork, gardening, chess and philosophy.

But, amid all this learning and fun, there arose a problem- only a couple of the buildings at the school are up to code - the rest weren't legal, and we got hassled, so we went to court, got permits, got refused permits, and appealed. Right now we've gotten permission to build three compost privy systems, but no other building is to be done, except rebuilding the non-code structures already there.

They're throwing a lot of legal junk in our way, and making it hard, but they aren't going to win, because I love my school, and I'm going to fight for it. ♀





dragon rider

just waiting under the surface of the paper for my pen to call him forth. The pages of the book began to emerge.

We went to town and talked to the printers and made arrangements to have it printed the following week. That set the deadline. For the next several nights I burned the midnight kerosene. There were consultations with Slim and Nancy, proofreading, then pasteup. In two weeks from its conception it was ready for printing. In one more week there were a thousand little books called Dragon Rider.

Now I've done the children's book I've wanted to do for two years. It feels good. It was fun. I want to do another one and another. I feel like books are a way of sharing between a parent and child— a way of getting high together. I want to share what I see around me, here in this beautiful country place, with children, with all people. I want to earn my living by doing what I love most if I can. I want to work with the faces and imaginations of the people around me — get high together, and in being high make books of merit. Dragon Rider was the beginning.

We succeeded because we put our fears aside and just did what we wanted to do. ♀

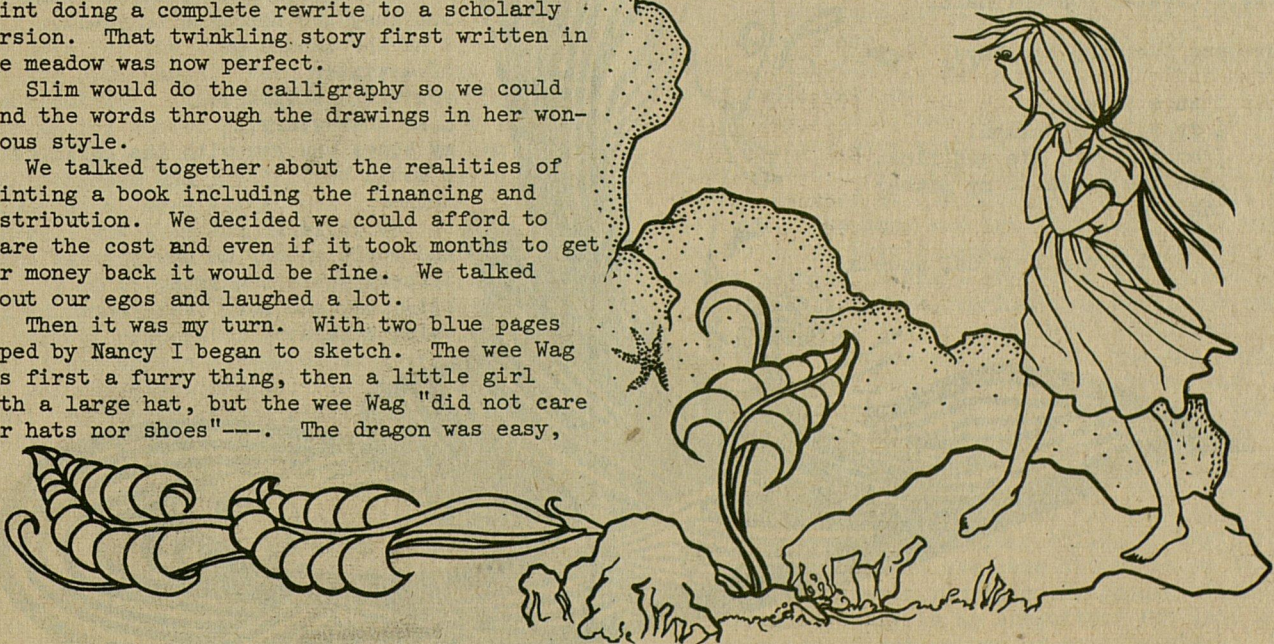
Juli's five now and since she was two and a half I've wanted to do a children's book. Nancy's moved onto the farm recently and she writes things for children. We were laughing and speculating about the roses in our futures, when in a moment of fantasy I asked her if she wanted to do a little book together for the Albion People's Fair, then a month away. Her blue eyes sparkled and she said, "Really? Sure."

Off she went down to the lower meadow with pencil and paper; what transpired there I do not know, but when she returned two hours later, the wee Wag of Wallob had come into existence. For four more days she wrote and rewrote, at one point doing a complete rewrite to a scholarly version. That twinkling story first written in the meadow was now perfect.

Slim would do the calligraphy so we could wind the words through the drawings in her wondrous style.

We talked together about the realities of printing a book including the financing and distribution. We decided we could afford to share the cost and even if it took months to get our money back it would be fine. We talked about our egos and laughed a lot.

Then it was my turn. With two blue pages typed by Nancy I began to sketch. The wee Wag was first a furry thing, then a little girl with a large hat, but the wee Wag "did not care for hats nor shoes"——. The dragon was easy,



Chinook salmon, fighting the current of
Big Salmon Creek -

A female, dull red brick red waiting at
the nest,
Swimming in and out of the current,
Thrashing the gravel with her tail,
Flashing the brilliance of salmon.

Flash! Here comes the male,
Moving his white tipped fins like knives,
Slicing through the water -
He noses the female and swims out into the
current with her...

Flashing her brilliances, she digs the
nest giddy and as carefully as any
- shoemaker.

They meet.

Now, as the spawning comes to an end,
The male, weak and dying,
Starts washing down the rapids,
Fighting as hard as he can, fighting,
Harder, harder, that one last final
Push - but, alas, all the strength
Of a dying king can not fight
The swollen waters of Salmon Creek.

He floats down with the current,
His fins still waving, waving,
Like a beautiful drowned mermaid's hair.

The female, mating now with a new mate,
Leaps into the air,
Shaking her scales as they shine
Like a crystal coat of mail.

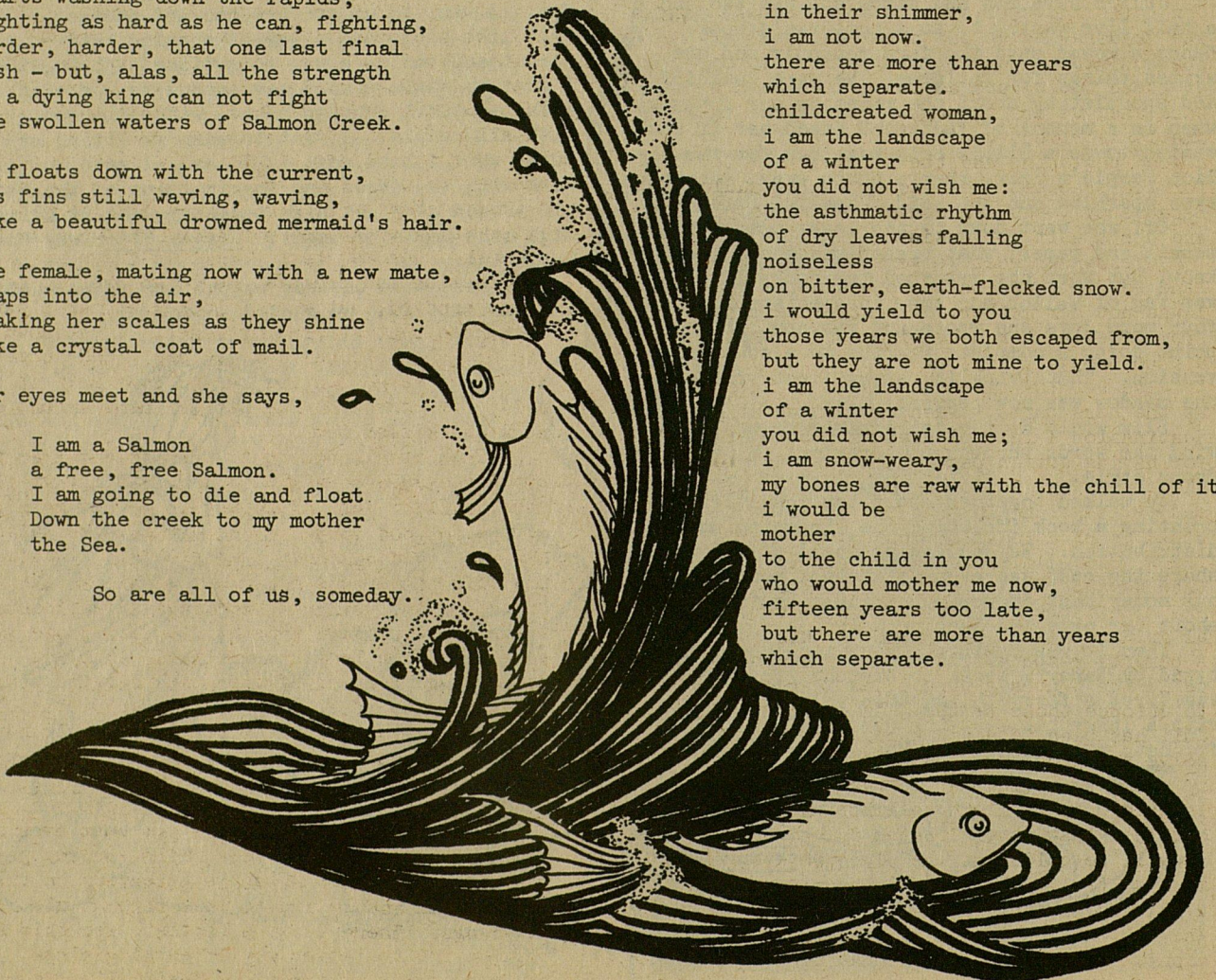
Our eyes meet and she says,

I am a Salmon
a free, free Salmon.
I am going to die and float
Down the creek to my mother
the Sea.

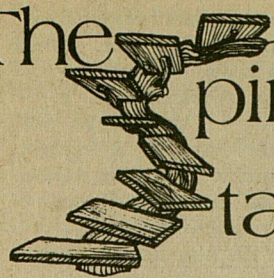
So are all of us, someday.

mother/ i would be mother

mother,
i would be
mother
to the child in you
who leaves
unanswered
letters
in an empty desk.
despair:
where do we go from here?
and i cannot
answer
either.
if i ever
was this, your
favorite photograph:
childcontent
unsolemn
dressed
like dale evans
laughing in a redfringed
cowboy jacket
and holding a bubblewand
through which created worlds
were rainbowlike,
magic
in their shimmer,
i am not now.
there are more than years
which separate.
childcreated woman,
i am the landscape
of a winter
you did not wish me:
the asthmatic rhythm
of dry leaves falling
noiseless
on bitter, earth-flecked snow.
i would yield to you
those years we both escaped from,
but they are not mine to yield.
i am the landscape
of a winter
you did not wish me;
i am snow-weary,
my bones are raw with the chill of it.
i would be
mother
to the child in you
who would mother me now,
fifteen years too late,
but there are more than years
which separate.



The spiral staircase



Becoming aware is sometimes a slow process for me. When Juli was only a toddler I indoctrinated her to be gentle and "lady like". I treated her with a protectiveness that I would probably have dispensed with earlier if she were a boy. And she has grown up to the age of five to be a little lady, concerned whether her costume jewelry matches her shirt.

Now I have come to realize the value of a non-sexist upbringing and have started to give her more independence and hopefully confidence to do for herself.

If I want my daughter to learn to use tools and to fix her own toys, then she must have tools available. I have a drawer in the kitchen where I keep a simple assortment, a hammer, two screwdrivers, a phillips and a regular one, an angle, contact cement, a hacksaw, pliers, a set of wrenches, an adjustable wrench, wire, assorted nails and screws, wire cutters and scissors. The wood saw hangs on the wall in the cabinet just outside. We are all learning to take care of these tools, and as important, to put them back when we are through. It is true that this small assortment won't fix everything, but it's a good beginning and the big tool box is there for the problems these tools won't handle. Because my tools are convenient we do use them and don't wait for assistance from a man.

Yesterday when we went for a walk on our land we pretended that she was not a girl and I was not her mother. I restrained myself from offering her a helping hand when the terrain got rough. Instead I just slowed my pace to give her the time she needed to scramble up the hard parts. When we arrived at our destination I felt pleased with both of us, her for having gotten past places I didn't think she would, and me for being aware of how in the end patience and letting her do it herself would be of more value than giving her my assistance. Now I am encouraging her to climb rather than warning her of the possible dangers.

I am struggling with freedom verses parental guidance and I have come to this conclusion. A parents responsibility is to pass on to their child the truths a parent has learned, but not to enforce those truths. In other words, once Juli has been told and knows that a jacket will solve the problem of being cold it is no longer up to me to remind her to take one along if it is cold out. I might tell her when we will be out late that it will be cold later on, or that it will be colder at the place we are going, but if I am truly interested in helping her become a self sufficient person I will not even mention the obvious conclusion of bringing a jacket along. I have to let her make her own mistakes.

Another place she has learned independence

is a happy accident which occurred when I built the cabin that we live in. Our little house consists of Juli's room and a living room downstairs and my bedroom and work area upstairs. I had fantasies of a spiral staircase connecting the two, but since building our cabin had taxed all my carpentry skills to their limits, an old broken off ladder was attached to the wall to serve as our temporary staircase.

That truncated ladder is too short for Juli to manage the ascent, and so I must physically bring her into my space. I did this often in the beginning, but as time has passed I have become more needful of time alone to work and she has come to learn many pleasurable ways of occupying herself. Now she only comes up occasionally and when we spend our time together it is downstairs. The downstairs is set up in such a way that she can reach what she needs whether it is food or toys. We are still able to talk easily and she can call my attention to what she wants. On the other hand I do have the isolation I need to do my own work. Now I have the materials to build that wonderful spiral staircase but I wonder if I should do it. Will it cause conflicts where none have been so far?

Juli is a Gemini and I am a Libra and the astrologers say we are ideally suited. For the most part we get along quite well. But a few weeks ago I learned a valuable lesson. I found myself nagging Juli to eat her food, move faster, stop whining. The more I pressured her the more belligerent she became until it became difficult for us to be together. Then one evening I asked if she would like to spend the night in my room and she said she would. I propped her up in bed, filled her lap with interesting books and set about my own work at my desk. Her constant questions drove me to distraction and prompted me to go over to her. I was annoyed, but when I looked at her I saw a sadness that stirred my heart. I sat down on the bed and told her I loved her. She looked at me and asked "Do you really love me?" I said, "Of course." She put her arms around my neck and kissed me.

Then it all came out. Her friend Erin who often stayed over night with us was always the model child. Juli explained to me how Erin was always so good at our house and so difficult at her own. The same was true for Juli. She was wonderful at Erin's house but around me she was often a pain. Since I responded affectionately to Erin while often reprimanding Juli, she was sure that I no longer loved her. Juli was jealous and became defiant. She was too young to express her feelings to me in words, and I was too busy to take the time to figure it out. For weeks I had ignored the problem. Now at the first instance I had given her my full attention it all came out and was resolved.

What I learned from this was that even a few minutes spent with your child, or any person you live with, with absolute attention on that person will enable you to work through misunderstandings. There is no substitute for this kind of time and no better way of getting close. We are once again a harmonious Gemini-Libra twosome.



Shattered Images

There is an old Hassidic tale that goes something like this:

A town of people somehow found out that after seven years, the wheat they grew would cause people to go insane. The people went to the Rebbe (the head Rabbi) and asked what they should do. His solution was to save enough of the regular wheat to feed a small group of people. The rest of the population, having to eat the variant wheat, would, thus, rely upon this sane group to tell them what to do. But, after the people had been eating the new wheat for awhile, the small group could no longer help them - because they were different from the majority of the population, everyone thought THEY were crazy!

Three of us have been working at a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed children. We have learned from these children that some of the aspects of emotional disturbance seem more a result of society's taboos than Mental Illness. The children we work with here are like fine lens, taking a small part of the "world," magnifying it, and revealing a kernel of madness we all possess. (At the same time, they can illuminate, even with the incredibly shattering lives they have had to live at so young an age, a fundamental human strength, love, and will to BE few adults possess after having lived half of their lives!)

The experiences we have shared with the five girls at the center (especially the three we are writing about, here) have served to strengthen our belief in the necessity of a women's movement. While each of the girls has her own interpretation of her role as a "woman," we were all struck by how early in their lives each had assimilated the same cultural/ideological hang-ups that we struggle with now. "I want to dress pretty, go to the store, and meet a handsome man ..."

Tricia is a ten-year old girl diagnosed as childhood schizophrenic. She's a small, blonde haired, blue-eyed cutie, who, while looking so innocent in "sane" moments, in the throes of her own "world of anger and fear," looks like a 40-year old burnt out whore. Tricia's sexual behavior is closely linked to her identity as a woman. It is not what most people would consider appropriate for a ten-year old. She has been fucking boys her own age for several years. She does it because, in her words, "It feels good." She plays with herself regardless if anyone is around. If you ask her what she's doing, she says most simply, "I'm playing with my vagina." She has a strong interest in nudity and explores most sexual interests openly, unself-consciously, and without guilt.

Yet, there are paradoxes to Tricia's sexuality. While her behavior is so open and apparently self-satisfying, during more fearful moments, when she is "in touch" with a deeper side of her feelings, she presents a frighteningly distorted view of sex and her body. Once, in an extreme fit of rage, she cursed most vehemently, "I'm going to kill you by stripping off all of your clothes," to her, the most terrifying threat imaginable.

Her concept of "growing up" she expresses thus, "I want to dress pretty and go to the store - maybe I'll meet a handsome man there who'll take me away and marry me." Like Santa Claus and the good fairy, she has learned the same romantic bullshit we all have

Denise, a 13-year old, strikingly beautiful Ophelia-like waif, is also diagnosed as schizophrenic. One day, at age 7, she simply stopped growing emotionally. Plagued by a terrible self-hatred she tried to kill herself (taking poison, stepping into traffic, trying to cut off her sexual parts). She has been in various institutions since and has remained an enigma to most professionals as she has "progressed" so little.

Denise so typifies the girl/ woman dichotomy that many women suffer from. She is afraid of that "womanness" in her which she associates with sex and growing up and leaving her mommie. "I'm a bad girl. I'm naughty," she says alternately with a provocative smile or a screaming self-accusation. Yet she is fascinated with her sexuality - masturbating at every opportunity, letting loose streams of swear words (like eating forbidden fruit), throwing herself bodily at everyone, spending a great amount of her day going from person to person, saying "Hug, hug" - often her only real contact with people

is through physical contact which is partially sexual and reassurance-seeking. Somewhere along the line Denise's love-well became unfillable and she discovered the greatest way to drain affection out of everyone is to be helpless (another typical feminine "game"). So she is unable to tie her shoes and in real moments of fear simply pees wherever she is and waits for others to clean her. "I like being a baby" she says most observantly.

Along with helplessness, she has learned, from years of being viewed solely as a beautiful object (mainly because people didn't want to deal with "craziness") that she can best survive by doing anything to please people and will mimic with the precocity of a Shirley Temple to gain attention. ("Look at me, I'm dancing, singing.")

But despite Denise's adamant refusal to "grow up," she is terribly, acutely in touch with her unhappiness, "I'm lonely here - I want my mommie," and expresses it with a pathos one can't help being moved by. And, unlike Tricia's rosy future, sees hers as "making babies" and "leaving mommie." Why not retreat?

Of the bunch, Linda is the earth-mother. Being big in stature, red-haired and freckly, she can radiate a glow of being - except that she often masks that vitality in a peasant "dumbness" because she is afraid to grow up. Her body has developed far beyond her emotional age. While still possessing a school girl's awkwardness and a constant childish giggle, she has sharpened her sexual nuances to a razor's edge. This she holds above her - her final, most fiercely guarded POWER to level at children and staff alike who cross her will. Having had very little love in her thirteen years (five of which in various institutions), her way to prove people love her and that she is grown up is to take them to bed with her (or in her case, seven in the closet with her, three in the tree house, etc.). She has finally found something that everybody wants and she can provide in bountiful supply. Unlike Tricia, she wields her sexuality as a power rather than enjoyment. A typical fantasy game of Linda's - only a real one for her - is to lead or be lead by the younger boys of the center on a rope or "love-leash" as she aptly calls it.

She is often the "mother figure" of the center, fastidiously dressing the little children, soothing, comforting. But when her will is crossed she launches into battle with the vocal power of a Wagnerian soprano. Dashing into the phone booth, she becomes "the Bitch." But all of these facets of Linda are hollow. She has learned these like parts of a play - enter the Seductress, enter Super-Mom, enter The Bitch.

Lastly, Linda is also fascinated by the "objects of femininity." She carries a huge purse loaded to the brim with make-up dolls, and other "valuable" possessions. They are magical in their power to her. They say to her, "This makes me a woman. I am grown up, I control my own life."

Most of these children come from homes

where they have alternately been abused or ignored. Love and Authority have become distorted "monsters" in their eyes; they have learned from an early age to never let down your guard because to "love and be loved" is to trust and that trust has been abused too often. (Parents "give you up;" social agencies shuffle you from foster home to foster home; your step-father comes home and takes his anger from the day out on you; and over time, as a "different" and difficult child you learn to play the role - because it is most familiar to you and because you've come to believe it yourself.) That role becomes a very real part of a child by the time she reaches the center. All the self-hatred becomes manifest in Rebellion. Give them a show. Show them that you are really the despicable person you think you are.

In the girls, this self-hatred is closely tied to their sexual identity. Sex is Bad. So, show everyone you are a "bad" girl. In all three of their lives, Tricia, Linda and Denise have never had much contact with their fathers. They have witnessed the suppressed (and, oftentimes, explosive) anger and fear of their mothers - the plight of limited money, lots of children, a merry-go-round of depressing existence. The combined effect of their past family life can be likened to a skewed balance with a non-existent or abusive father and a mother who became everything. Thus, they have grown to idealize the men who were never in their lives much in the same way their mothers had. This idolization of men is so blatantly extreme that it is personally a very hard thing to deal with as a female staff counselor. Like fun-house mirrors, the girls reflect in a gross way, the stereotyped role of women as submissive, seductive "step-and-fetch-its." It is a very painful thing to see them caught up so deeply in patterns we are trying hard to break ourselves.

This creates a paradoxical position for us. As counselors we want to help the girls develop positive self-images. This often means that we find ourselves encouraging them to assume the same stereo-typed roles we reject ourselves. The idea behind this is that they will not feel any more different as "emotionally disturbed" children than they do. In other words, we encourage a Madison Avenue standard version of femininity with the hope that this will counter-balance the lack of normalcy they so acutely feel.

The ultimate dilemma we feel both as counselors and as more conscious women, is that we can't help these girls by laying trips on them because asking them to shoulder the burden of a minority that's struggling for its identity seems unrealistic when they have no real basic identity as people themselves.

Despite all the sad, distorted, painful things we have come to see in Tricia, Denise, and Linda, there is still an overwhelming strength that shines through. What really is important, in the final analysis, is that they learn to be sensitive, giving human beings ... so much more to be said, but we can't say it. ♀

Love Energy

I find that some of the more radical demands for liberation from the roles and burdens connected with motherhood offend and frighten me. I feel that they sometimes deviate from basically humane ways of relating to other consciousness and that they make objects of children: possessions with minds to be "molded" when one has the time, ones whose physical needs you find boring and burdensome, but not people with whom you would really want to share a lot of time and space. I can understand this point of view, having experienced moments of sheer madness in the course of rearing my children and others, but it does not typify my attitude toward maternity and I would like to raise my fist in support of parenthood as a fulfilling and creative role and a unique opportunity for a few years of one's life.

It seems to me that a corollary to liberation for one's self would be liberation for and of one's children; by liberation, I refer not only to freedom from roles and conditioned inequalities but also liberation from loveless and neurotic lives. I believe that the love and attention a child receives from its parents (or parent-surrogates, as is more and more often the case these days) is indispensable in providing the child with the keys to liberation from the latter condition. In many more situations than I would like to think exist, parents resent having to give as much of themselves as is necessary to provide a child with the security it needs for the leap into freedom. In some situations a parent is unable, due to physical circumstance (i.e. single, working mother), to be available for a good part of the time during a child's formative years. In these cases the alternatives of babysitters and day care centers are obvious and are often positive but they never adequately replace a parent and must be balanced by a loving and giving atmosphere at home.

"Giving" is somehow the key to what I'm trying to write about -- how much of ourselves we want to give to other people (in this specific context, our children) and how much, in honesty to ourselves, we can't. Service is a human function that has been emphasized by most ideologies which offer instruction in the best way to live one's life in the fulfillment of one's human potential. It is one of those old saws that I overlooked for years because of the package it usually came in but, more and more, it is becoming a real drive in my life. My creative work, my photography, drawing, poetry, etc., gives me great pleasure but I also find fulfillment in the pleasure other people find with it. One of the most exciting things I can do is share myself with another interested person. I see women all around me beginning to open up and give other women the most precious thing they have, themselves, their time and space and service. So too, I find my service to the children to be a blessing and a joy. When I view my child-related chores and the hours I devote to their care in this way, my heart rises as if on wings and I'M FREE.

I also have my selfish side. I receive a lot from the children I relate to. I find them to be the most honest, easy-going, humorous, loving, creative people I know. They are delightful companions, bright, inquisitive, cheerful, easily interested in whatever is going on around them. I am speaking, of course, of healthy, loved children who feel good about themselves and consequently about the world. Children who have been freely given to reciprocate and give back. From such children (and all children are born with these qualities) I learn and with such children I grow. As I feel my Self maturing, I find that my patience and love grow also. Thus I know that these qualities are the result of maturing and understanding and I trust that they are positive. I nurture them in myself and, beautifully, I see them mirrored in the children and, in another miraculous turn about, their joy and freedom becomes mirrored in me.

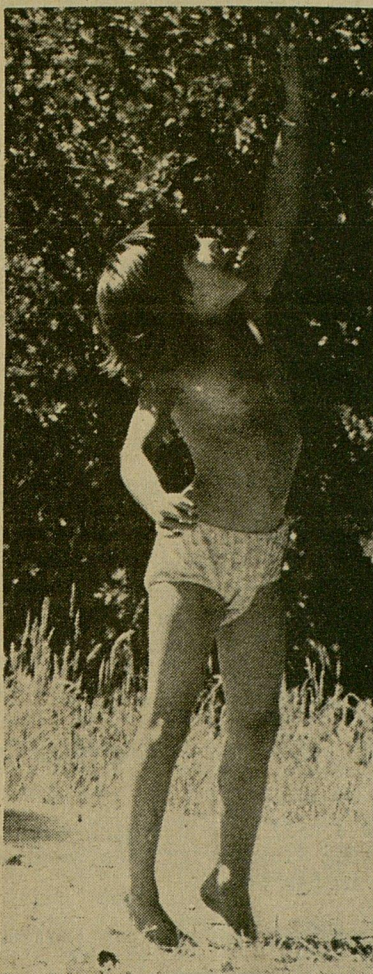
The key to this kind of healthy energy exchange between parents and children is respect. The basis of true love is respect and women more and more are recognizing this and learning to respect themselves and each other and to establish relationships with men based on respect for one's Being. We will respect children if we only view them as fellow humans, equal to and important as ourselves. They will respect us only if we command it, not if we demand it. We command respect by respecting ourselves, living the right way, in a harmonious and respectful balance with our fellow beings. I cannot see beyond this truth. ♀



one wee son

Wee one little son, friend of mine.
Once I dreamed only a daughter could be so close. Boys were too rough to be gentle. I even dreamed I was too gentle to be rough. You and I, we have seen our own reality. We share dishes and dolls, hoeing and planting. You taught me how to smell a flower. I taught you how to wrestle rough. You taught me how to feel the woods. How to see another world. We are teaching each other how to be real people--how to learn and unlearn. Perhaps when you are grown my son, you and your daughter can be friends. You and your daughter can be ♀

POEM TO MY MOTHER



from stair landing of farmhouse
i screamed at you I Won't wear
shorts They're for Sissies!

crazed as a barlow knife
6 year old tough-
ie still stinging of enforced
shirt wearing shame
the big people were out
to cripple me first sissy shorts
then dresses skirts stupid shoes they
wanted me to dress like a target like a birthday
cake every day.

daddy & alfred decaul the hired man
didn't wear shorts neither would i.

dumb babysitters curlers in hair
good guy radios WNDR
they wore shorts.. dizzyheads i tortured
with dead frogs.
they laughed torturing me back with
their secrets said i'd
change someday even wear curlers willingly.

baloney.

but where were the big girls like me?
i figured they must
have turned
into
men.

The Pee Song

If I have to go pee I'll wake up-- If I have to go
pee I'll wake up-- I will pee in my pot, in my bed I will
not, If I have to go pee I'll wake up--

WHOLE CHILDREN

Children absorb and internalize images at an early age. They mirror nuances that adults may be unaware of vibrating. I have been concentrating my attention on children lately and despair to see at what an early age they begin to exhibit standard sexual roles. The consciousness of most children's books, television, advertising, all comic books and most adults they meet, reinforces stereotypes. Boys are supposed to be strong, active, confident and self reliant. They are encouraged to climb trees, run races, play catch. Girls are expected to be pretty, gentle, passive and motherly at ages as young as one.

If these lessons and expectations are not necessarily verbal, they are being reinforced by example. In our attempts to raise our children non-sexistly we are constantly confronted with the reality of our own upbringing and conditioning.

Many women, who have been trained in the role of child-nurturer, tune in to the children's physical and emotional needs but often realize that because of their own conditioning they rarely run or climb trees on their own initiative. Most men, who flow easily with physical activity rarely take the time or energy to share with children. And when they do, it is likely the boy children who will be encouraged to join them.

In textbooks currently being approved for use in elementary schools 75% of the major story characters are male. Women are all but invisible in history books. Girls are usually depicted in subordinate positions or as the butt of jokes. Even in the rare case where a girl is the major character in a story she is rarely allowed to show initiative in other than traditional (mother, teacher, nurse) capacities. "Quite simply, education should direct and inspire the individual to make the highest use of his or her particular abilities. Yet in the case of women, we seem to forget this obvious fact... in a world that encourages few women to use their talents, it is inevitable that few women do so."* By fourth grade 95% of girls interviewed perceived four occupations open to them; teacher, nurse, secretary and mother. Are these as broad as the horizons of equality we wish to open for our children?

*Woman in Sexist Society- Edited by Vivian Gornick and Barbara K. Moran. From The Image of Woman in Textbooks by Marjorie B. U'Ren. Signet 1971

The case seems overstated until one begins to look for examples, which become apparent everywhere I look, internally and externally.

Three and four year old girls on a meadow:
"Boys got the muscle
Teachers got the brains
Girls got the sexy legs
We got the team."

From Around the Corner (Harper and Row basic reader): "Look at her Mother. Just look at her. She is just like a girl. She gives up."

An eight year old girl talking with a thirty year old man:

He: Wow, you're sure a pretty little girl. Where's your boyfriend?

She: I don't have one.

He: Sure you do. I know all pretty girls have boyfriends.

A father referring to his daughter as his "meal ticket" because his family is on AFDC.

A five year old boy playing Superman:

He: I'm stronger than anyone.

Me: Have you ever heard of Superwoman?

He: Oh, a lady can't be strong.

Me: I'm strong.

He: You're not strong. I'm strong; I'm a boy.

(This boy's mother earns her living doing hard, manual labor.)

A three and a half year old girl who is inhibited from hiking with her friends because her long skirt gets in her way.

A boy her same age who cuts his foot and is



told not to cry because "big boys don't cry."

A young girl whose father is supposedly doing childcare who gets left on the land (to be cared for by random available women) while he goes off for the day.

A seven and a half year old girl asks her father to help her fix a battery-operated toy car. After four months of asking, she loses interest and self confidence. At three and four she was welcome to "play" mechanics with him. She is no longer invited along on "work" projects. Her younger brothers are made to feel welcome.

In order for the children to begin to change, the role models must change in both men and women. In the women's movement there is an emphasis on the changing of women to help make us become more strong, competent, free beings; but the changes must come to all of us if our children are to grow up with the consciousness of equality.

Each human being contains within her/his-self completeness: we are potentially both creative and receptive, both active and passive. To emphasize only one side of these characteristics is to deny ourselves and our children a vision of wholeness.

Our society has in some ways put the role of "mothering" up on a pedestal, while devaluing the role of "parenting". Men can open themselves up to those parts of themselves which are emotional, sensitive, intuitive and gentle. They can learn to share these with their children. It is the ultimate sexist assumption that liberation means the "masculinizing" of womankind. The human race could not exist without the balancing of the "feminizing" qualities.

It will take effort to make these changes in consciousness. It will take thought to overcome a lifetime of conditioning. But in the search for freedom we have little choice; the human soul is drawn towards freedom, as the moth is drawn to a candle flame.

TOWARDS CHANGE (from suggestions by a male friend)

Do I generally praise only boys for being big and strong?

Do I praise or notice girls clothes more than boys?

Do the girls end up with the clean-up type tasks and the boys do the leadership duties or heavy work?

Do I find myself taking a different tone of voice with a boy than a girl? (watch yourself this week.)

Do I pay more attention to boys (negative and positive reinforcement) than girls?

Do I ever discourage a girl from going into a career in which there are few women?

Do I use slang terms such as fag, tomboy, sis-sy, chick, etc.? Do I condone their use by children?

Do I notice when there are more sports activities for boys than for girls?

Do I really believe that today a girl's first priority is to plan for marriage and childbearing? (Girls live to be 74 years of age and will need to plan for over 50 years of life which will not be

filled with childbearing and childrearing.)

Do I find myself reacting differently to girls fighting than boys fighting?

Do I tend to discipline girls verbally and leniently rather than physically and strictly? How do I discipline boys?

Do I discourage boys from being afraid or crying or showing emotion?

Do I accept "I can't do it" and whining from girls more than boys?

Do I differentiate between having a girlfriend and having a boyfriend? Between "going steady" and having a "best friend"?

Anti-Sexist Activities for Home and School

There are infinite possibilities for role-playing exchanges:

1) Girl excluded - boys playing a game, a girl wants to join, they say it's for boys only. I did this with a girl playing one of the boys and a boy playing the girl. I think this sex reversal is very important to the kids empathy for the opposite sex. The boy playing a girl started crying (afterwards saying girls aren't tough); the girl playing a boy comforted him (her) and said he (she) could play. Discussion after.

2) Career games - ask each child what they want to be when they grow up. Then what would they be if they were the opposite sex. Then discuss why the differences and why not try that "opposite sex" job.

3) Toys - visit a toy store or look through the Sears catalogue; ask kids which toys are girls toys and which are boys and which are both. How can you tell (the pictures and the packages)? Do any of you like playing with an "opposite sex" toy? Why not?

4) His, Hers, Ours Exercise - using words from the children or adjectives you develop, have the group as a whole or as individuals list qualities of a boy and qualities of a girl (in separate columns). Then talk about which qualities we want in a friend and note that some come from each column. Examples: pretty, soft, strong, brave, weak, sexy, hard, smart, dumb, gentle, cool, though, leader, shy, cute, active, clean, nice.

In general:

In boy games, set up successes in terms of group interaction, compassion and sensitivity, de-emphasize competition.

Develop a separate boys sewing class, girls carpentry, boys cooking, girls football, etc. to develop confidence before integrating sexes.

Adults should attempt to reverse roles whenever feasible: women directing sports, men keeping house, women going fishing, men leading dancing, etc.

Play "Free To Be You and Me" - a non-sexist record widely available.

Bring in women from women's karate classes for a demonstration.

Take children on field trips showing people in no-sex typed occupations (this will probably take some research): women mechanics, men dancers, women police, men nurses, etc. ♀

Growing up on a commune

I live on a commune in northern California. I have lived here for two and a half years. I am twelve years old. When we first moved here we started our own private school because a lot of our members were teachers, but it did not work out. We did not seem to do our lessons; now we go to public school and I like it a lot better. I am in the seventh grade.

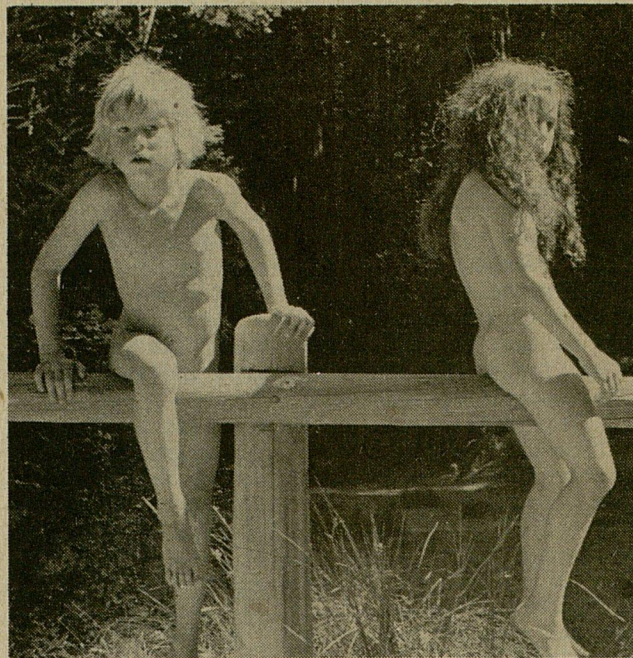
There are seventeen of us kids from the ages of two to fourteen. We get allowance every month. 40 cents for each year you are old. In return for the allowance we work. About once every month and a half two children work in the kitchen for a week. We help cook, wash dishes, and clean up. We have a cow (we get all our milk and cream from her and some butter), a calf (bull), and a baby sheep. Also a garden and orchard.

I like living here; we have fun. Both my mother and father live here but they are divorced. My mom lives in one house and my dad in another. I live mostly with my mother. It is funner living with more than one or two brothers and sisters.



Living on a commune is fun because there are so many different ages of people that everyone has someone to play with. Also there are so many kinds of books that you always find one that you like. You can get good games going because there are lots of people. A lot of people give you trouble like local ranchers, inspectors, and such but it usually turns out O.K. I once asked a small child that was visiting and he said, "I like it here because there's lots to do." In my opinion there is only one main problem and that is that there are so many people bossing you around. There is lots of work to do but in exchange you get a bed to sleep on, good food, and a lot of fun.

It is fun growing up in commune. Sometimes you have to do some work. Sometimes hard work. Sometimes not hard work. All the time there is something to do. Climbing trees, swinging, jumping, running, playing.



Raisin Kids in a Bowl of Wheaties

Snap! Crackle! Pop!!! You ask me to write an essay on raisin kids. First let me define my terms. What is a kid? Webster-

1. a young goat - or occassional antelope
2. leather made from the skin of young goats.
3. any young person - a child
4. to try to make (a person) believe what is not true.

What is raisin?

1. a cluster of grapes - dried.
2. to set in motion, bring up, stir up.
3. to cause to rise; move to a higher level.

Thus even Webster's agrees that the upbringing of children (or kids as they are generically known) should be left alone. That which dries up the grapes shapes the child.

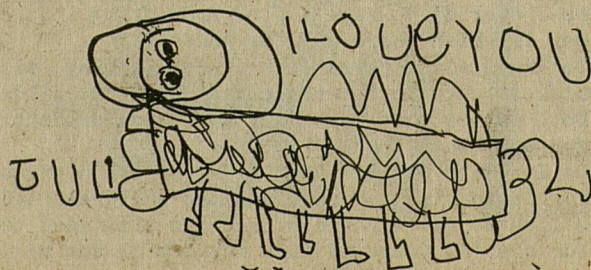
The flower and the child

Both flow

Both experience themselves

And both end

The truth is in being a grain of sand!



Mexican travel journal

February 5

I haven't written since I lost my journal in Mitla three days ago. I'll start telling you some of the important things we've done. In the beginning in Chacala in the north we stayed with Santos. It was a beautiful place, a bay. I went on an overnight fishing trip with the fishermen there. They use a really big net to catch the fish by leaving it over night so the fish get tangled in it. They caught fish, shrimp (big ones four or five inches long) and crabs and a sting ray.

February 11

I'm going to school here soon I think. Its strange being in a school when you can't understand the language. They're doing math using degrees, minutes and seconds.

February 12

In school if I am not inside I get surrounded by all these kids who just stand there and stare. They don't even try to make friends. They push and shove and all I can do is bear it. This girl is singing a real funny way. She keeps making her voice go way up and down or sound very sad. I wish I knew what it meant. Every time she finishes the kids clap and scream otra! Otra!

February 23

We met a naturalist studying a kind of lizard that walks over water. We are on a walk on stream. He drew me a picture of the different plant zones. His name is Terry and he is from Washington. We walked about two or three miles up the river. It was beautiful. There were water falls and a lot of plants. We stopped when we saw air palms and this kind of plant that looked like pink lace.

February 26

After walking around a little we found a little house where we could sleep for four pesos. It only had a dirt floor but was Okay. The floor was quite comfortable. At the river Terry and I saw a snake skin from a snake about four or five inches around. It was in between a tree. Also a lizard that changed colors like a chameleon, but slowly. Nearby, there were four bats hung on a tree branch. They were small and greyish brown with their wings folded up really small. When we came back from the walk Dona Maria and a guy were doing this thing. The guy held her hand and sort of chanted some words that I couldn't understand and then he walked around her spitting out in a cloud of drops a strong alcohol and then he chewed an herb and sucked on her head, neck and all the joints of her arms and hands. She said it was to stop her from being afraid of animals.

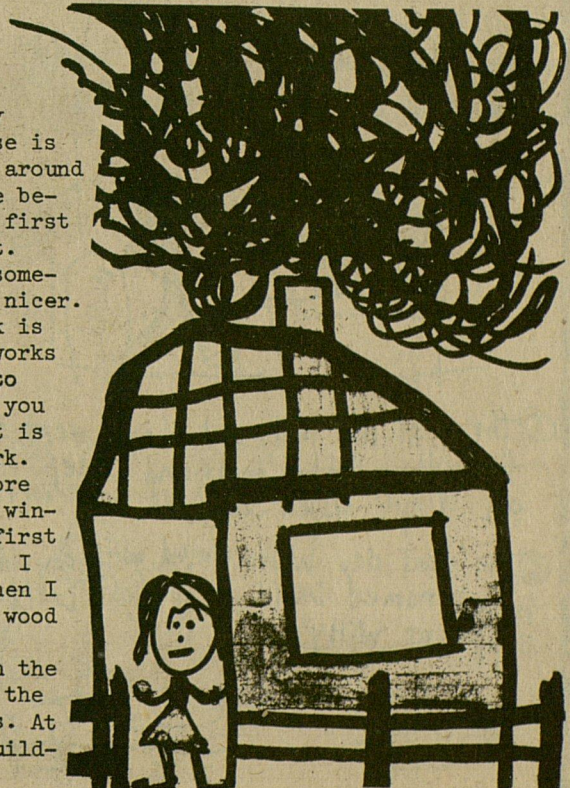
March 3

It's really early, about 6:00. When I first got up there were some beautiful sounding birds. Almost everyone is up now. We had a good breakfast and started out to a stream to try to get the basilisk to run on water. It's amazing how they just sit there and don't even try to get away. We had to pinch their tails to get them to move. Finally on the last picture we got it moving, running till it slowly sinks till it dives. We swam in the stream with Terry's goggles looking at the fish.

Building my house

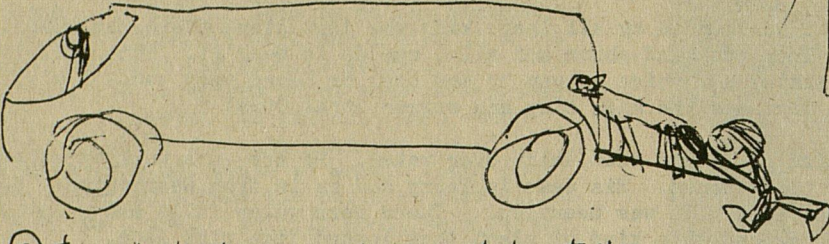
Me and my mom, Harriet are building my house. It was the bath house. A bath house is some thing that most people take a bath in around here. We don't need our bath house anymore because we have a tub in the house. When we first went to work we did not know where to start. It was so yucky pucky you would not think someone would want to live in it. But now its nicer. Today we put up the sheet rock. Sheet rock is like chalk; I have used it like chalk, it works like chalk, but when you nail it you have to make sure you hit the nail. If you do not you will make a big hole in the sheet rock. It is fun to build a house but it is a lot of work. Two days ago I was making it so there is more light in my house by cutting out some more windows. We just put in the insulation, but first we had to get some old wood off the walls. I did that by hammering in the pry bar and then I hung on it and pushed up and down till the wood came off.

We still have a lot more work to do on the house. I still have to put up the rest of the insulation and about a million other things. At eight years old I'm learning a lot about building.

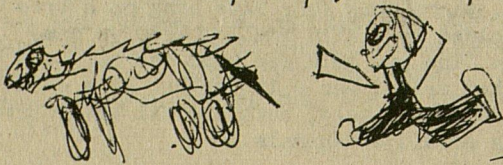


① Willy and his sisters had been driving from Maryland to California. That day, Willy went to his sister Sherry's house.

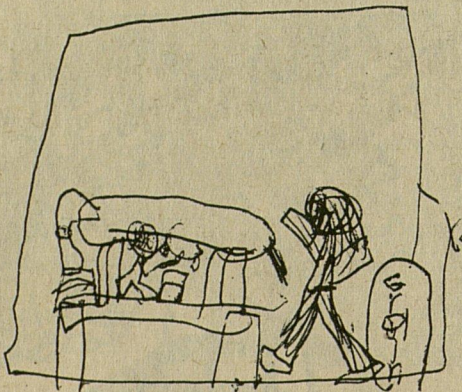
② the following day Willy and his sisters went to get some sheep. AND Willy didn't get to sleep till one o'clock in the morning.



③ The next day Willy and Sherry went to get the goats, and then Willy's sisters went to see which two sheep they got to keep.



④ That evening Willy and Sherry went to milk the goat.



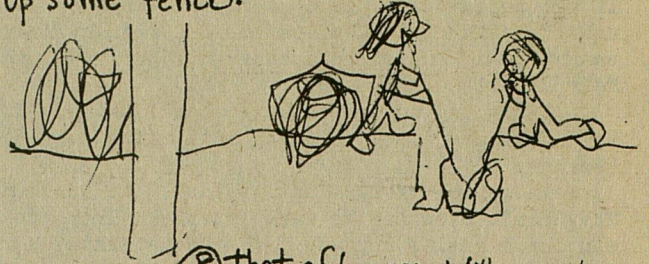
⑤ the next day Willy and Sherry went to feed the little goats and sheep. AND all Willy's sister Sam did was writing.

⑥ the next day Willy played with an old friend named David. that night David slept at Willy's.

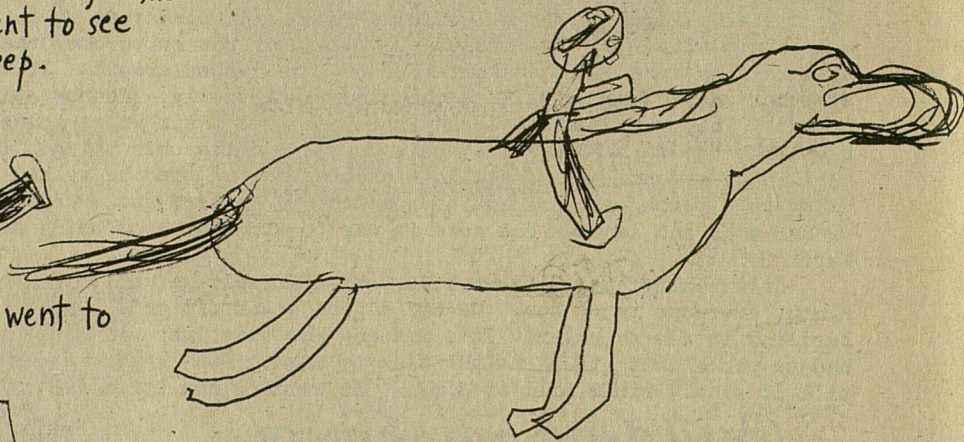


WILLY AND THE

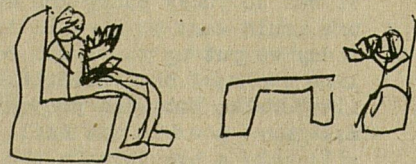
⑦ the next day Willy and his sisters put up some fence.



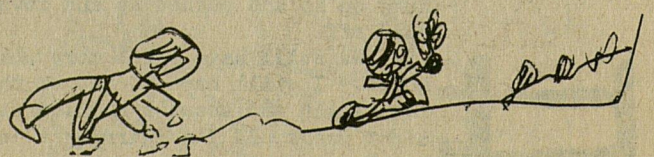
⑧ that afternoon Willy went for a ride on the horse. AND Willy found a cork in his pocket.



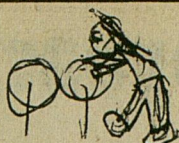
⑨ the next day Willy and Sherry went swimming. And that day Willy went into the goat house to play with the little goat, and Willy played cards with Sam.



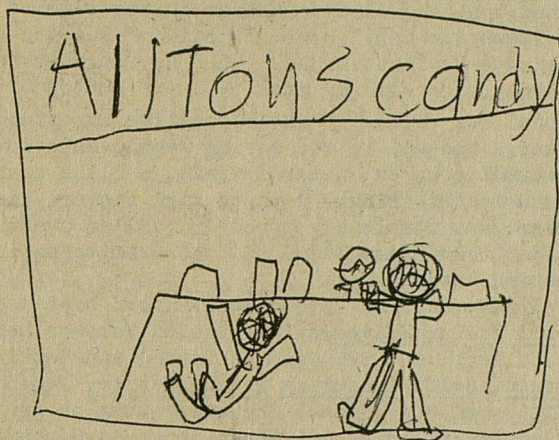
⑩ The next day Willy made a garden for himself and played cards with Sam.



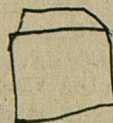
COUNTRYSIDE



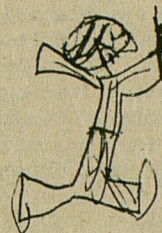
11 The next day Willy and Sam went to FORT BRAGG.



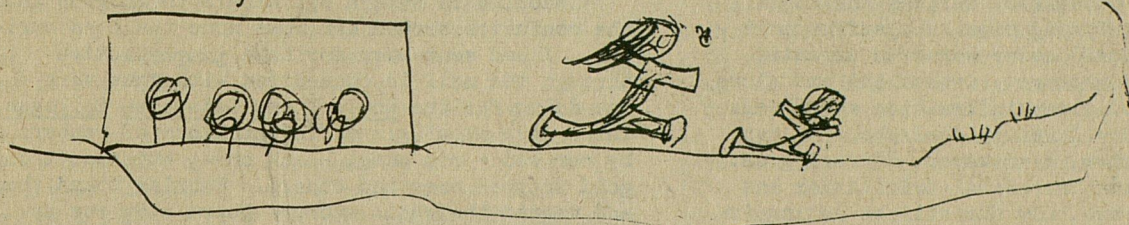
15 the next day Sam came back from a trip.



16 And Sam had a box with presents for them.



12 the next day Willy found some green shoots in his garden.



17 the next day Willy transplanted a tomato plant.

13 then Willy watered his garden.



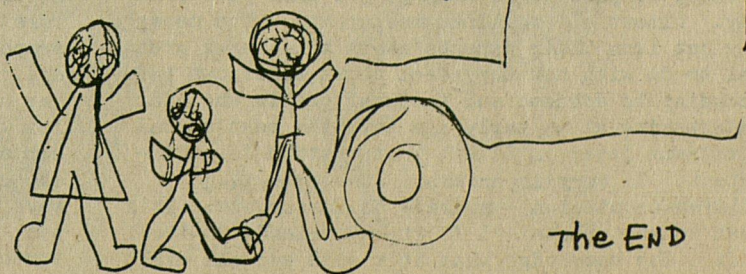
18 the next morning Willy and Sherry did some writing. then Willy went to sleep.



14 the following day Willy and Sherry made pudding.



19 the next day Willy's parents came to take him home.



The END

Open Minded Approach to Sex

A while ago I went to a teen clinic rap at Planned Parenthood (advice, contraceptive information, someone to talk to, parent permission not needed) in Oakland. There was one mother in a group of thirty teens. She was worried that her daughter would get a bad name (remember that one?) and worse, now that she was on the pill, she would become some sort of "sex maniac" (her words). Later I learned that many parents are anxious that with information about sex their daughters will become sexually promiscuous - hopelessly addicted to sex. Not true, say Planned Parenthood studies. The better informed, the more selective the person is likely to be. Young people I know who are informed are selective, taking their time, learning about their bodies. So many of our children get their information - misinformation - off the streets that it's a real crime against them. There were 300,000 unwanted pregnancies among young girls last year. V.D. has reached alarming proportions. Our teens are afraid to buy rubbers ("the druggist will tell my mom") and unless they know about Planned Parenthood what can they do? Get pregnant? Get V.D.? Many teens are terrified to get help from local V.D. offices and so it spreads. It's our young women who suffer most - having to face abortions or worse an unwanted child at such a young age - ostracized and alone. Children need good clear information about sex.

When asked how I really feel about my own daughter making love, I answered, "I feel great - when she's ready." Her sexual orientation has been formed long ago; now she will be acting it out. I feel lucky to be part of a magical point of change. How I feel about my body, the positive good feelings I send out, and the way I deal with my child's body are most important in my child's own developing sexual feelings. As a small child when I bathed her, if I avoided her genitals but never missed her ears, she would have picked up a strange message. I love my own body - enjoy touching it and enjoy the pleasure I can bring to myself. I want my daughter to have this same positive feeling about her sexual self, her self in general. Our first sexual experiences set the tone for what we will expect later. Sex is one of the most important links between people.

I taught a sex education class. We had a day in the sunshine. We talked about sexuality and their sexuality, masturbation, and how masturbation is a release, a good outlet for your feelings when you are a young person and you don't have a partner, or just a good way to get into your own body. Almost all children masturbate. The message they get from their parents about this has a great deal to do with how they feel about their own body. According to Johnson and Masters, people who start masturbating at an early age have the best sexual adjustment later in life. Masturbation is so important. So very important. Just give your children permission - space - to masturbate. It's great to masturbate. I do it; my friends do it. Do It. The knowledge that it's good and all right is one of the most important things you can give

your children.

Sex is fun, a joyful experience. I want my daughter to know that and have accurate information at her disposal. In his studies, Kinsey learned that visual information in the form of films were the most powerful means of shaping and changing sexual attitudes. When my daughter Sabrina saw some films with me made by Laird Sutton of the National Sex Forum, it was a positive experience for her. She got to see caring people make love - homosexual couples, heterosexuals, a black couple, a woman masturbating. A young girl viewer, age four, however, was completely bored and called over her shoulder to her mom, "Call me when something interesting happens."

I gave Sabrina (who's twelve now) copies of Our Bodies Our Selves by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon and Schuster) and Getting in Touch, Self Pleasuring Techniques for Women by the National Sex Forum. She keeps them on her book shelf in her room. These books have positive, accurate information which children can plug into when they are ready. They are the best books I've found.

Sabrina is shy, a bit afraid to grow up into the confusion around her, but none the less curious. I had sent away for some prophylactics through the mail in connection with some work I was doing for the Whole Earth Catalogue Epilogue. There were about six different kinds of rubbers by our bed - red ones, black ones, super soft ones, gold wrapped ones and others. Sabrina found them and wanted the whole story. Laird blew one up. It inflated like a huge balloon. We told her about their strength. She opened another. "oh, it's got a funny feeling." "What's that tip on the end?" We told her how it is put on over the erect penis leaving that little tip as a reservoir to catch the sperm. We explained that it should be carefully unrolled all the way down to the base of the penis. It will only unroll one way. We told her that as long as it was on it was a good birth control method. It should be put on when the penis becomes erect to eliminate the possibility of the lubricating fluid which also contains sperm coming in contact with the vagina. Spermicidal foam or jelly used in conjunction with a rubber is best. If it should come off while making love, one should immediately stop and pull it carefully out, trying not to spill any sperm. We also told her that if that happens, she should consider that she did not have adequate protection. Also, that the man should withdraw his penis before it got soft to lessen the possibility of the prophylactic coming off. She was both captivated and repelled - rubbers are still not a part of her world. We told her to carry them in her wallet when she was ready to have sex. We also told her about V.D. I wanted her to know that unless she really wanted a child or V.D. she should always use a condom until she was older and could pick out another form of contraception if she wanted.

When I had a heart to heart chat about men-

struating and sanitary napkins etc., Sabrina was very embarrassed (not ready) and told me to bug off. Somewhat abashed, I told her my tampons, our tampons, were in my top drawer along with the instructions and if she felt she'd like sanitary napkins instead to just ask. (By the way, young women who have not had intercourse can use tampons.)

There are too many taboos surrounding incest to just say "do it." But when those sexual energies float loose around your home at least don't be afraid to deal with them - talk about it - don't be ashamed of feelings of sexual desire for those closest to you.

Some of the women in our commune observing that Sabrina is going to have her period soon suggested that we get together and have a party-ritual for her as a social acknowledgement of a biological situation. One of Sabrina's friends did have a ritual. The women were beautiful with her. They put her on a throne, took photographs of her, gave her a rhinestone sanitary belt and other gifts. It was her day and the other women were part of it. Having your period is a visual sign that you are going into another space. It represents a new responsibility and awareness of your self. Puberty rites are really important in other cultures where the young woman or man goes away from the community and comes to terms with her or his self. To go away, to meet yourself, to come to terms and then return and tell the world that you're now a woman or a man is something to celebrate.

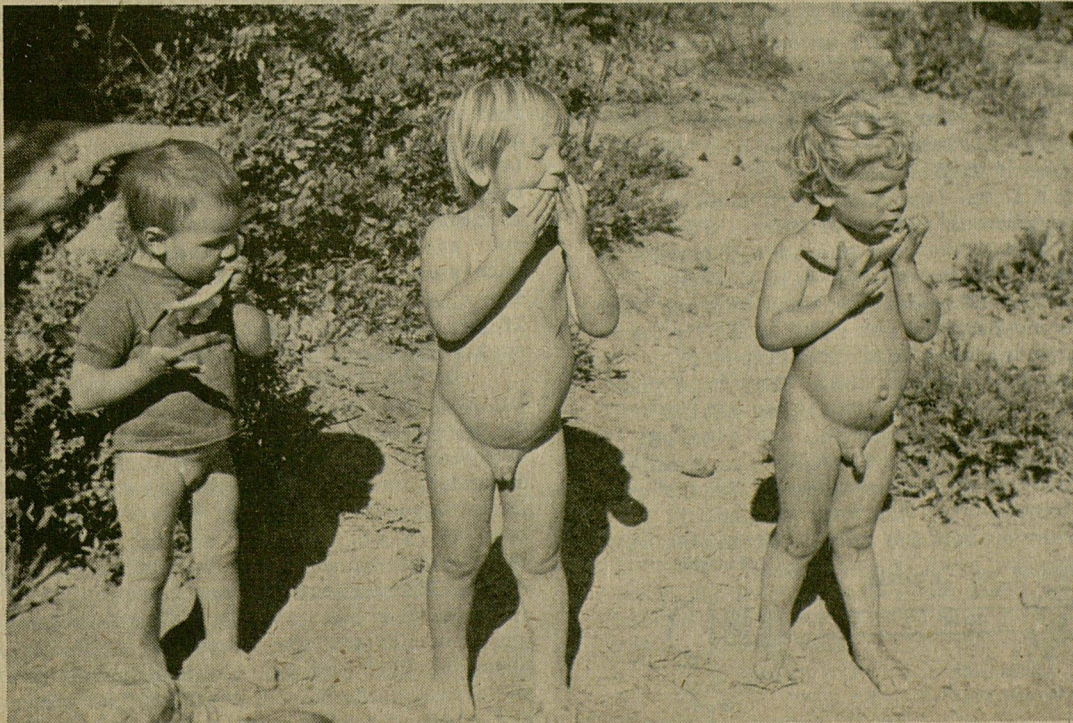
It seems as important for the adults to have these rites of passage to "cut the apron string" as it does for the young woman or man to accept full personhood. I talked with Sabrina about having a puberty rite for her alone, but she feels shy being the only girl her age in the community. A small gathering seems right for her.

Our rituals of initiation will grow, but they must not be forced.

In discussing homosexuality with children, I have explained that homosexuality is just a part of sexuality. Many children and adults have same-sex experiences and that's perfectly normal. No one really knows why one person is "heterosexual" while another is "homosexual" while another is "bisexual" while another is not quite sure. Many "heterosexual" people have had same-sex experiences and many "homosexual" people have had heterosexual experiences. Feeling good about yourself and what you are doing is the most important thing. I think in boys, same-sex experience is sort of accepted; with girls it wasn't talked about before. When my best friend and I were six, we used to masturbate together and have fantasies and play out romantic games. I know it was good for me because I felt good about myself and it gave me a good sexual beginning. There are so many women now that prefer their own sex for sexual partners that, at least in our circle, it isn't unique. Because our children see that these women eat breakfast, shit, help build fences, dance, like everybody else does in our community and that they just happen to sleep with the same sex, their preference of who they relate to sexually is no big deal.

I think sometimes children get confused if things are happening that they are not supposed to know about but they sense. "Mommy's sleeping with the woman next door, but nobody's talking about it." If our emotions are kept a secret, I feel that's potentially harmful. Nothing people do willingly together sexually is harmful. It's just the attitudes that surround it that are. It's the double message that's damaging. Whatever we do we should feel good about and then that gets transferred to our children and they'll accept our feelings. It's your attitude that comes across.

♀



BICYCLE

REPAIR

I think in the last two months I've come to the decision that, if you have the time, biking is the best form of transportation there is. You can be riding up a dirt road to the corner store or be riding a thousand mile trip. The distance doesn't matter; it's the flow of motion. It's the most natural, exciting and healthy form of propulsion I know. You are moving by your own power, feeling every inch of the way. It's like a new sense. Your body realizes a hill, smells the trees, feels the wind, rain, and sun, while your mind wanders in a mellow dream world. It's total sensuousness of mind, body, motion and nature, all melted together by every mile. If you agree as I do, that riding is the way to go, it's a good idea to make sure your bike agrees. It's easy to keep your wheels rolling and under you instead of in a shop. Learning basic bike maintenance is important because bike shops cost a lot of money and breakdowns don't usually happen in their parking lot (at least mine never do).

Lately, I've been noticing more and more people riding ten speeds. They vary from the \$69.95 special to the \$1000 racing machine. But they all run on the same basic principle and that's what I'm going to try and write about here. I'll make suggestions on how to prevent breakdowns and how to make basic repairs yourself. All bikes are different with different parts so I'll be as general as I can and you'll have to fit what I say to your specific problems.

It seems logical to go in the order of energy -- the energy comes through your leg to your knee, and down to your foot. Then it makes the big leap from tissue to metal and hits the pedal. From the pedal it flows to the crank which turns the front sprocket. The chain is on the front sprocket, so it moves next and takes the rear sprocket with it. The rear sprocket is attached to the wheel and with any luck, at this point the bike should move. So that's the way I'll describe things and then I'll go back and catch what I missed.

The pedal is an important part because it starts the mechanical energy process. Pedals come in different sizes and shapes and generally will last the life-time of the bike. When choosing the type of pedal you want on your bike, consider your needs. If you ride a lot or in hilly areas, metal ones with toe clips or leather straps are a good idea. They hold your foot in place and give you a pulling motion instead of just pushing. If you are a casual rider who likes to ride in bare feet or sandals, rubber pedals will suit your needs. Pedals can be repaired but if they are very broken, it might be easier to replace them. If you're wil-

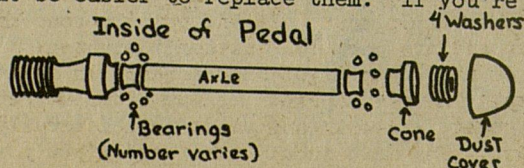
ling to try, they can be repacked, which is a process of disassembling, cleaning, greasing and reassembling a part. The way you decide if this is necessary is to see if your pedal won't go around when you try and spin it. Make sure it's not just bent.

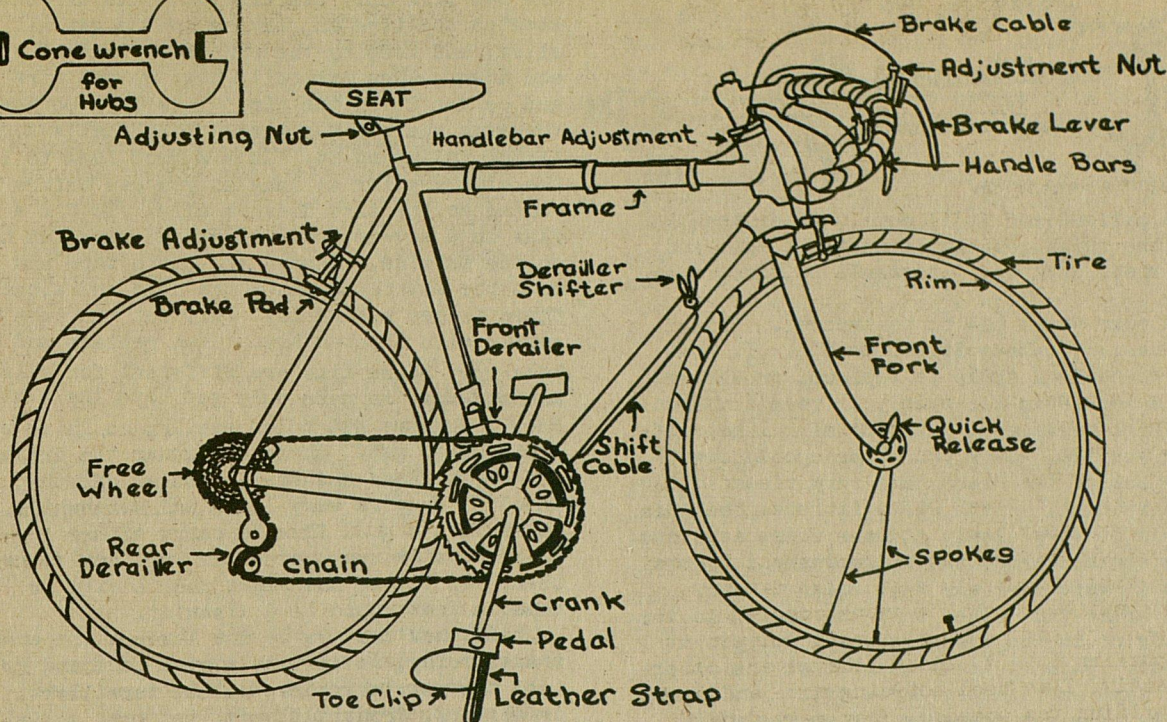
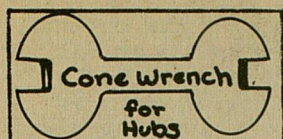
If you've decided to repack it, get a shallow container with gas in it and a rag. Remove the dustcover on the pedal and then take the pedal off its axle. Take the ball-bearings out, being careful not to lose them. Clean everything up, regrease the space where the bearings came from (make sure you use grease when specified, it's not the same as oil), and replace them and put it all back together. Then do the other pedal -- they will screw and unscrew opposite from one side of the bike to the other, so be careful not to ruin the threads. The right side tightens clockwise and the left counter-clockwise.

From there we go to the crank. The crank is usually an expensive part of a bike and should not have to be replaced. They are very strong and all that might have to be done is a repacking job. The crank goes to the bottom bracket which is what must be repacked. This is a little harder so don't start it unless you're sure it needs to be done. Again, this repacking is a matter of disassembling, cleaning, regreasing and reassembling. The bearings here aren't loose, like in the pedal. They're in a casing. A note for all repacking: if the bearings are scored (burned or scratched) replace them. They're cheap and things will work better with less friction.

The crank is moving the front sprocket. This sprocket with its two sets of teeth is basically permanent. A suggestion I have to keep its teeth healthy -- no, not brushing twice a day -- is don't ride on and off high curbs. This might seem very basic but lots of times instead of your front wheel and then your back going up or down, the front sprockets hit the teeth first. This either breaks them or scores them. This could cost you a lot of money, so it might be better to move your lazy ass and walk your bike on and off sidewalks. One thing to make sure of is that all the bolts connecting the crank to the front sprockets are always tight. If you lose one, try to replace it immediately, so the sprocket doesn't bend or warp.

As the front sprocket is moving, it's pulling the chain with it. A chain usually has to be replaced every so often, six months to two years, depending on how much you ride. Also depending on how well you take care of it. A chain tends to rust. To prevent this you should keep it oiled. In wet weather, it needs more oiling than in dry, but it can be over oiled. When oiling, first try and clean off the old grime with a rag and gas. Then oil the chain and wipe off all the excess oil. Too much oil attracts dirt and you'll be in worse shape than when you started. If you keep the chain oiled and clean, it will last a long time. If it has





to be replaced, make sure you get one the same length as the original. If you want to replace it yourself, you'll need a chain tool. This tool can be used to remove the old chain and replace the new one. When you buy the tool its use will become apparent.

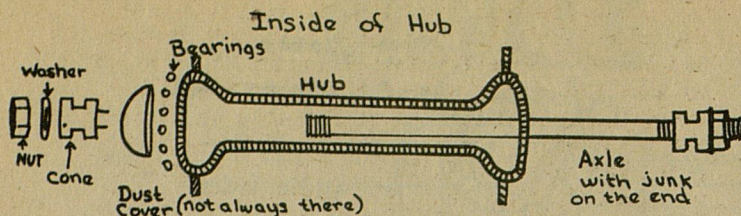
The chain is pulling the rear-sprocket or free-wheel. This is attached to the bike and won't come off without a special tool. Most probably the only reason you'll have for taking it off will be to replace a spoke. But if you can, when you have it off, it's good to clean it in gas and then re-oil it. To make this part last, it should be cleaned and oiled regularly, to do this you must remove the wheel. Then clean all the teeth, and underneath basically just clean it all. Then, there's a space between the moving part of the sprocket and the stationary part. That's where the bearings are. Liberally oil this! It can't be over oiled because the excess will force itself out. Force oil into this space while intermittently twirling it. After it's oiled enough, the sound will change. I'd suggest oiling until drops come out the other side. After awhile you'll be able to hear the difference. I also suggest not to use 3 & 1 oil but a medium grade bike oil.

When the free wheel breaks, it must be replaced. You need a tool to take it off but it tightens itself when being put back on. To take it off you fix the tool in the free-wheel and hold the tool in a vice-grip or the like. Turn the free-wheel counter-clockwise. To replace, thread it back on very carefully and don't force it. The threading may be alloy and could break easily. But if you keep it clean and oiled, a free-wheel should last a long time. I've gotten into the habit of oiling mine everyday. It's probably a good idea to do it at least once a week.

The free-wheel, since it's attached to the wheel, makes the wheel move. Each wheel is composed of a tire, rim, spokes, and hub. And a hub has an axle, cones and ball bearings. Inside the hub is what actually enables the wheel to turn. So the parts should be kept in good shape. Do not put oil in your hubs. They should be regreased every six months to a year, depending on how much you use your bike. You can tell if it's time by spinning your wheels and listening for noises from the hubs, or, while holding the side of the axle outside the frame, by feeling for vibrations. If it needs doing it's a good idea to do it because if they freeze up, you're liable to get badly hurt.

To regrease the hub, get a shallow pan, gas, rags, one or two cone wrenches and a crescent wrench. A hint: as you take stuff off, put them down in order so you'll be able to put them back on right. Take the wheel off the bike and take the "quick release" (if you've got one) out of the wheel. Then on one side, unscrew the nut, washer and cone. Make sure your wheel is over the pan so you don't lose parts. After you've got the parts off one side, the other side with the axle will pull out. When it's out, push all the ball bearings out with a little screw-driver. When they're all out, clean it thoroughly and if any of it is scored, scratched, or with holes, replace it. Then put grease in the part of the hub where the bearings were and replace the bearings, making sure to put as many back in as come out. Then grease the axle and replace it. Go do the other side. When the bearings are all in, put the cone and washer and nut back on, but don't tighten. Getting the cones tightened properly is a little tricky. There's an exact medium between when it will rotate smoothly and won't pull laterally in and out. The axle should turn easily but you shouldn't be able to pull the axle away from the

cont.



hub. Be patient and it'll come. After that, replace the quick release if there is one, and put the wheel back on. It wasn't so hard, was it?

Now your wheel has to be "trued". This is a process of making it not wobble. It must be done whenever a spoke is replaced or whenever you get a wobble in the wheel. I've got my own method which works real well for me. I hope it does for you too. Turn your bike upside down and push one of the brake pads very close to the tire and spin it. Watch where it rubs. Then finally spin it very slowly and see where it stops. Take the spoke nearest the bulge where it stops and turn it whichever way will bring it away from the brake-pad. Then turn the spokes on the other side of it the opposite way. Do this at each bulge. When it looks even, test the other side the same way. After a few tries you'll be an expert. The rim connects the spokes with the tire. If it gets banged up, it needs to be trued. If it gets really banged up and truing won't work, it will need replacing. Besides truing, there's not much repair work that can be done to it.

The tire is the point of energy release between bike and earth surface. There are two major kinds of tires for two different kinds of uses. For most recreation riders, or people riding on dirt roads, clinchers are the best. These are heavy rubber tires over a tube. The other kinds of tires are called sew-ups. These are for long range touring or racing. They can take less wear and tear, but are much lighter. I'm using them on my present trip without too much hassle, but I wouldn't recommend them for average riding.

Everyone should be able to change and fix a tire. To fix any kind of tire, you've got to have a good pump -- especially for sew-up tires. I suggest the kind that slips on and off without a hose. That way, no air escapes when the pump is being removed from the tire.

To change a clincher tire, you've got to take the wheel off the bike, and then with a blunt instrument (a tire tool, back of a spoon or something like that -- not a screwdriver), take the tire off the wheel. Then take the tube out and patch it or have a new tube ready. To patch a tube, blow it up, mark the hole (put it under water and the hole will bubble; or feel for air holding the tire near your face), and then patch it with a patch kit. Put the new or patched tube on and then carefully using the blunt instrument, put the tire back on, being careful not to puncture the new tube. Then pump up and replace the wheel on the bike.

For sew-ups, you need a whole new tire (which has a tube sewn inside). Take the wheel off the bike and pull the tire off the rim. Then put glue on the rim. Next, put

the new tire on. Starting with the air tube, stretch the tire on, trying not to get all sticky and keeping the air tube straight up and down. Then partially blow up the tire and center it on the rim. This is important for even wear of the tire. When that's done, finish inflating it. It's a good idea to let the glue dry for as long as you can before riding so the tire doesn't slip. To fix a flat in a sew-up, pump it up and mark the hole on the outside. Remove the cloth tape and undo the stitching under the hole and about three inches around it. Pull out the tube and repair with a patch kit. Then replace and sew back up. These kits are different for clinchers and sew-ups, so make sure you have the right ones. Sew-ups get holes easily, so "tire savers" are good to get. These fit under the brakes and knock glass and small pebbles off the wheels. They're very light and worthwhile. I think it's a good idea to carry either a spare tube or spare tire and know how to use them. If you're not right near a city or home, a flat could be a disaster.

OK, now that we've not through the energy transferring, we'll take a step back and go into the gear shifters, called derailleurs. The derailleurs, front and back, are what actually switch the gears. They move the chain from sprocket to sprocket. In general, these should be kept well cleaned and all moving parts oiled. I'm not going to go into major repair--it's too complicated. I recommend Anybody's Bike Book by Tom Cuthbertson. But if on the front one, your chain doesn't go on or off the gears correctly or goes too far either way, it can be adjusted. All front derailleurs are operated by screws and springs. If you watch while you shift gears, you'll be able to see which screw enables the derailleur to go in which direction. Turn the screw slightly in whichever direction is necessary. I know this is very general, but as you look at the bike, it'll become apparent.

The same is basically true for the rear derailleur. If the chain hits the spokes or moves kinky, the screws should fix it. Just watch it move and see when the cage hits the screws and logically move the screws, until it starts working better. Both derailleurs are delicate, so before you get too far into it, better check into a book. If you keep them in good working order, they should do OK.

To move the derailleurs, you first have to move the shifters. One basic thing here is that these levers aren't like "four on the floor" shifters. Be gentle and loving, handle with care. If you beat them, you'll fray the cables and break the derailleurs. So shift gently.

The cables connecting the shift levers to the derailleur will probably have to be replaced every so often. Just put in a new one exactly as the old one comes out. It's easy. Grease it first, especially where it goes in and out of the cable housing. New cables stretch, so for a few days, they'll need adjustment. When adjusting, do it by pulling the cable tighter where it connects to the derailleur. Also be careful not to tighten the nut on the derailleur too tight; it strips easily.

Alright, all you smiling people, the bike's going forward, gears working, cables moving and now that we've got it going, we've got to stop it. Brakes! Brakes are real important to the life, liberty, and pursuit of movement. One accident is way too many. Ask my leg, it knows.

The brakes themselves are pretty much permanent, but the cables and brake pads should be replaced with wear. The brake cables, as with the gear cables, are replaced by putting them in the same way you take them out. Make sure you grease them. The pads are easy. When replacing you don't need to replace the metal part, just the pad. It's cheaper. But the pads come left and right. Make sure you put them back on that way. Also, the part of the metal piece with the end on it should be facing the rear of the bike or you'll end up with no brakes. It's a good idea to keep your brakes well adjusted. Usually you can manage this by turning little nuts and washers. On center pull brakes, they're either right where the brake cable enters on the brake lever on the handle bars, or right before the cable branches into a "Y" by the brake. (see diagram) On side-pull brakes, these adjusting nuts are on the brake, at the end of the cable. Turn it whichever way you need for adjustment, using the lock nut to secure it.



No we're really getting it together. We can go and stop, so now let's think of comfort and luxury. When I think of luxury, I think of my ass. Your seat should suit your needs. Long thin ones aren't as comfortable as others. But it's definitely personal preference. Let your rear make the decision. The seat should be at a height so that when you're sitting on it and the pedal is down, your leg is extended comfortably. This makes a big difference; if your leg's cramped it's going to get tired and hurt real fast. The seat can be moved up and down by loosening the bolt directly under it and pulling or pushing on the seat. But be sure to retighten the bolt before sitting on the seat again.

The handle bars should also be what you like. A normal ten speed's bars are curved so you have to bend forward, which is uncomfortable to a lot of people. The flat bars enable you to sit straight, but that makes more wind resistance. At any rate, they can be moved up and down and you should really try to make them comfortable. Your shoulders will thank you.

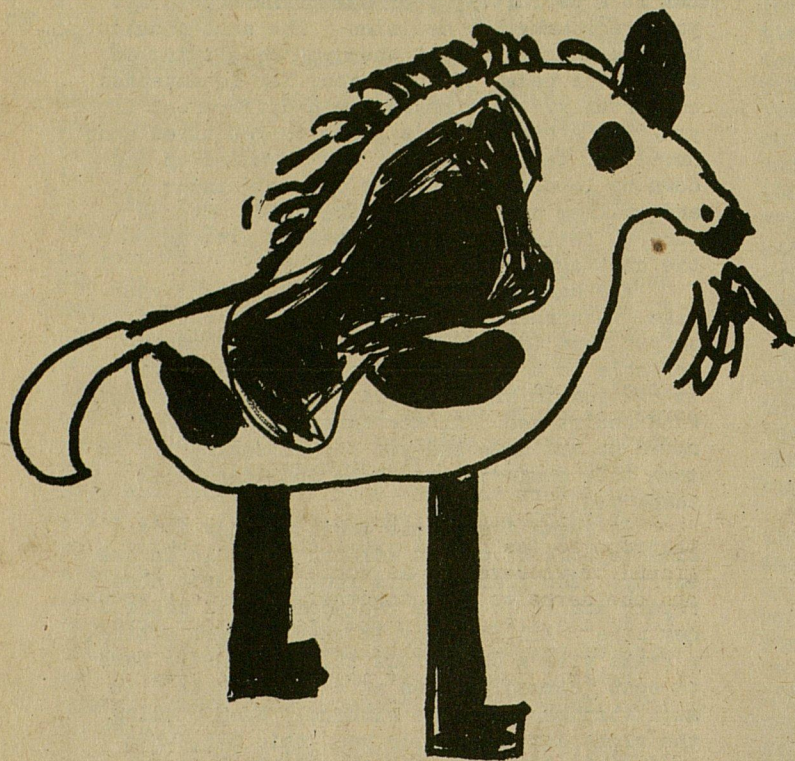
It seems I'm almost done, but now it's time to talk of what's holding all this in one entity. The frame. This shouldn't ever need repair and if it needs replacement, it means a new bike. All I'll say is when you get a bike, a frame with a bar across it, from handle bars to seat (commonly known as a "man's bike") is much stronger than one without. When picking the right size frame for you, this bar, when you're standing over it, should be caressing your crotch. OK, calm down, don't get carried away. Well, why not; you should love your bike.

All I can think of that's left are the little personal touches that make a bike distinct and you. These things include reflectors, lights, bells, horns, pendants, flags, luggage carriers, baskets, and whatever. Remember everything you put on a bike is added weight you're pulling up that hill at noon time on an August day. But most have their functions. Reflectors are good and lights necessary if you're going to be riding at night. The rest is all up to you, but remember that hill.

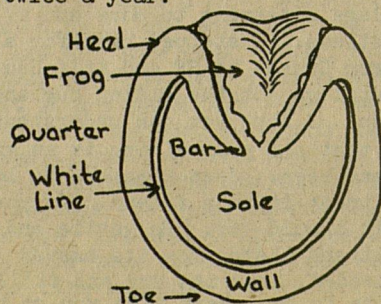
Added note: This isn't in very much detail. For a more thorough book, again I'd suggest Anybody's Bike Book. This is a fantastic book for the beginner to intermediate bike repairer. He's really good at explaining things in a way anyone can understand.

It seems that my rap has run out. I'm sitting here on the floor of a Country Women house and I haven't ridden in two days. I can feel my legs screaming to move and my mind being restless. I stopped here for a rest on a ride from Canada to SF and it's been really fine. But I've got the riding bug and it's time to go. I hope you can understand some of this and that all your riding is as much a rush as mine has been. Just remember to love your bike and treat it as a friend. If you sleep inside, it should too. Be gentle and kind to it. Talk to it and listen for its answer. Administer care as needed, hear its cry and it'll serve you well. Time to go. Next time you go by a biker, wave. They'll wave back and it might be me.?

hoof trimming

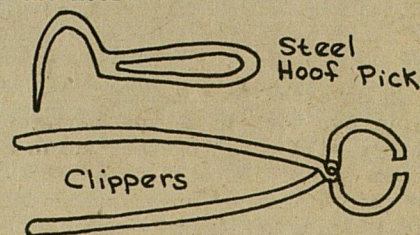


There is no part of the horse's body that requires as much attention as the horse's foot. If a horse's feet are bad, she will be of little use to you. If you have horses and do not ride them hard, i.e. every day, and do not ride them on paved roads or concrete, then they can probably do without horseshoes. If your horse can go barefooted then you can probably do the hoof care yourself rather than call in a professional horseshoer. Horses that run barefoot can stand more neglect of their feet than can shod horses, but still need to be inspected often for irregularities or damages. Regular trimming encourages even growth. Unshod horses feet grow faster than shod horses, about 1/3 inch a month but they wear down faster also. Hind hooves grow slightly faster than front hooves. Most barefoot horses need their feet trimmed every two months. However, growth and natural wearing down of hoofs vary considerably between horses. Our Appaloosa needs a trim every two or three months while our half-pinto half-arabian needs it only twice a year.



The horse's hoof has four main parts: the wall and the bar which carry most of the weight, the concave sole which together with the wall protects the foot, and the elastic frog which acts like a cushion absorbing shock and preventing slipping. Moisture is important to a horse's hoof. During the summer when the hoof becomes hard and brittle, you can stand your horse in water for two or three hours or attach wet burlap pieces over pasterns to keep the hoof wet. Several hoof dressings are on the market that you can use but you should use them several times a week (optimally every other day) or not at all, for they hold moisture in rather than add moisture. Small chips in the hoofs in summer are not a serious problem.

The front feet of the horse are rounded and the hind feet are more pointed or oval. Make sure you study the shapes of your horse's feet before you begin trimming them. There is a "white line" about one eighth an inch wide between the wall and sole and it shows the natural shape of the hoof.

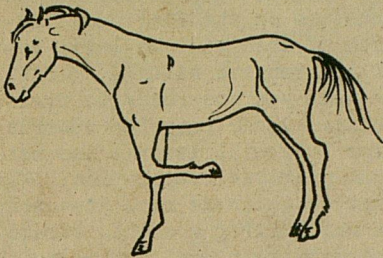


The tools you need for hoof care are a hoof pick, a large rasp and hoof clippers or nippers. There are two kinds of clippers, one which has two sharp edges and one which has one sharp edge and one flat edge (hoof parer). I find it faster to cut through the hoof wall with the two sharp edge clippers. There is also something called a hoof knife that is useful but not necessary to remove tags from the frog.

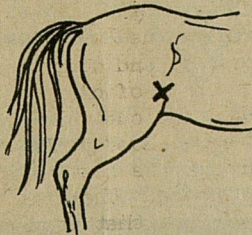
In any dealings with horses, the most important part is handling the horse with the proper attitude: calmness, care and confidence. If you lack any of these three, you will probably find yourself in trouble real fast. Now I agree confidence builds after you have dealt successfully with the horse over a period of time, but what I mean is general confidence in the relationship you have with this horse. If you are fearful, it is very difficult to work steadily or rationally. If you set your mind on the job to be done (safety precautions automatically part of the procedure) and not on fear fantasies ("well if this happens, then this.. and this.. and that.. and I'm maimed for life"), you will probably do the job well.

When you buy a horse, go around and pick up each foot so you know it can be done easily. Don't stop after one foot because some horses have quirks about a specific foot being held. Things to keep in mind while handling horse's feet are to never make sudden moves, to have someone with you whom the horse knows, and to have someone tie and stand at the horse's head. Ours often falls asleep as the head attendant strokes her. Also very important, try hard not to let the horse jerk her foot away once you are holding it. Once successful, it can

become a horrible habit. If you are holding the foot correctly you can ride with the jerk and not get kicked. If you hold a jerk thru, the horse co-operates much better in the future.

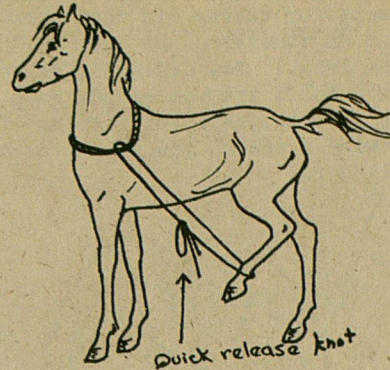


To lift the front foot, step in close next to the horse's shoulder facing towards the horse's rear end. Squeeze the tendon back of the cannon bone (right below knee). The horse should then take the weight off that foot. You then pick it up at the pasterns. The top half of the leg should be perpendicular to the ground, the bottom half turned up parallel to the ground. If your horse doesn't take the weight off upon squeezing, you can just sort of lean on horse's side and lift the foot. Once you have the foot keep the toe tipped up. Turn your own toes in as you bend your knees. Your knees will come together which allows for a minimum of effort to hold the foot. Some people wear a leather apron or chaps for protection.



Now to lift back foot, first poke the horse in its lower flank. This is a test to see if the horse will probably kick or not. If it kicks as you poke, you will have to move into some sort of restraining mechanism (to be explained later). Now there are two ways to pick up hind feet that I know of. The first is to keep your distance to the side of the horse with your right hand on rump ready to push horse away if it kicks and with your left hand very cautiously run your hand down the back leg to the pastern. Then pick the foot up. I found often as you slide your hand down the horse's leg she will jerk and because you only have one hand on her leg, she can usually get free. Therefore I use the second method of moving in close by the side and picking the foot up firmly at the pastern, pulling the foot up and out and then walking to the rear and under the horse's leg. If a horse kicks its hind foot, it is usually trying to get its foot down, not kick you. The kicks usually make a small circle to the side, back, and down. So when testing your horse for kicking tendency, stand to the side at the front of the back leg connection rather than at the back of the back leg connection. Most horses are going to squirm a bit. We've gone thru hundreds of these small kicks and only been bruised once or twice. The trick is

to hold on and if you keep that toe pointed back and up while holding tight, you can do it. Again an important place for confidence.



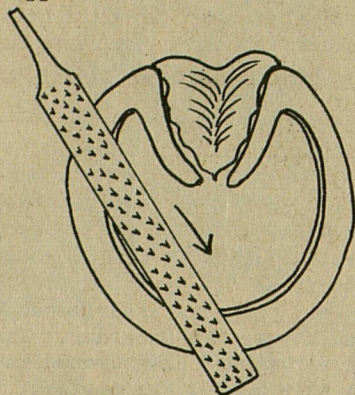
Now if you have a difficult horse you can try a scotch hobble. We've used this method several times and found it pretty good if your horse doesn't freak out by a lot of ropes. You need two ropes. One gets tied loosely around the horse's neck over the shoulder. The other rope goes thru that and down around the back leg. Let it slip behind the pastern, then pull the rope so the hoof is 18 inches off the ground or wherever it is comfortable for you and the horse to work together. Tie this second rope in a quick release knot for if your horse freaks out you want to be able to release her. Let the horse stand this way with the foot raised for a minute or so to get used to it and relax. The horse will be able to jerk a little but not kick. Make sure you use a soft rope around the pastern to prevent rope burn. Pull the leg out to the side to work on. You need one person to handle the ropes while one person trims or rasps.

Another method of restraining horses is to use a nose twitch. It's supposed to be a simple method but we've never been successful at it. I would get someone who knows how to show you how to execute this restraint successfully. If these restraints don't work you will probably have to call someone in who knows how to throw the horse or tie foot to tail or any of the other extreme methods used.

If you have a leaner, you can try tying the front foot up. A horse can support itself fine on three legs and shouldn't have to lean on you. Often a slight lean is bearable to work under if you must.

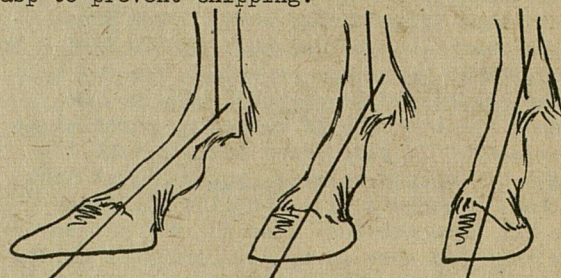
What I usually do before trimming is to take a piece of white chalk and draw a line on the outside of the hoof where I want the foot trimmed. A general guideline is three inches on the toe outside hoof, two inches at the quarter and one inch at the heel. The chalk line is to help you place your clippers on the outside for you mainly trim according to what the bottom of the foot looks like. Every time you ride you should at least pick up your horse's feet and check for nails or other sharp objects imbedded in the sole or frog. You can check the horse for sore feet by banging a stick or rock on the sole of the foot. Only the frog should be sensitive. You should also always clean the foot out with the hoof pick, working

from heel to toe. Clean the frog crevices and the area between frog and bars. Check for thrush, a foot disease characterized by a dark smelly discharge from the frog. NEVER TRIM THE FROG, (except for taking off dead ends that might catch on something and tear out the good part of the frog.) Now depending on how long your horse's hoofs are you either rasp or clip. If you get into the habit of rasping often, (once or twice a month) you may never have to use the clippers.



Your main objectives are to make the hoof balanced and level. You only rasp and clip the wall. The wall should never be cut below the sole because the wall supports the bulk of the horse's weight. In the summer leave the wall longer than the sole for extra protection against the hard ground. Always cut with your clippers from the inside of the hoof towards the outside. Make a flat cut - not one that tapers towards the outside or towards the toe. The wall of the heel is thinner than the toe wall and will cut faster. Start cutting at the toe, not too deeply. You can always go

back and take more off after you have gone around once. Make sure the foot is level with the same height on both sides so that the horse is standing on a flat, level wall. Sole and wall should make a flat surface (actually without pressure on the foot only the outside quarter inch of sole will be level with the wall because of its concave nature). After trimming off excess wall you are ready to finish off with the rasp. Never rasp the outside wall of the hoof for this will destroy the natural hoof varnish that prevents evaporation. While rasping you want to apply as much pressure as possible while maintaining a smooth stroke. Rasp the bar and wall from heel to toe so that the wall-heel becomes a flat surface. Then be sure and round off the edges of the hoof with the rasp to prevent chipping.



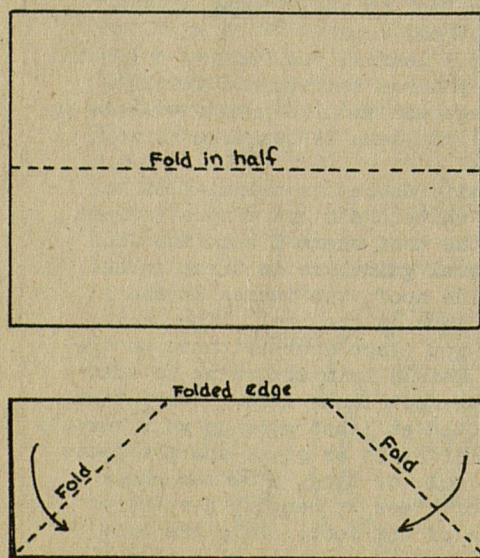
Too Long Correct Too Short

When finished check feet from front and side. Are the hoofs even? Is the foot-pastern angle correct? Does your horse walk happy?

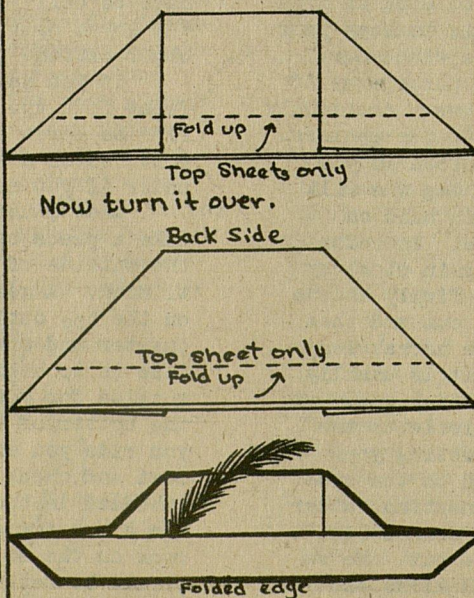
Reference: Best book I've found for details for trimming and shoeing, though you will have to get through his "maleness" is Robert F. Wiseman's The Complete Horseshoeing Guide. ♀

HATS & SAILING SHIPS

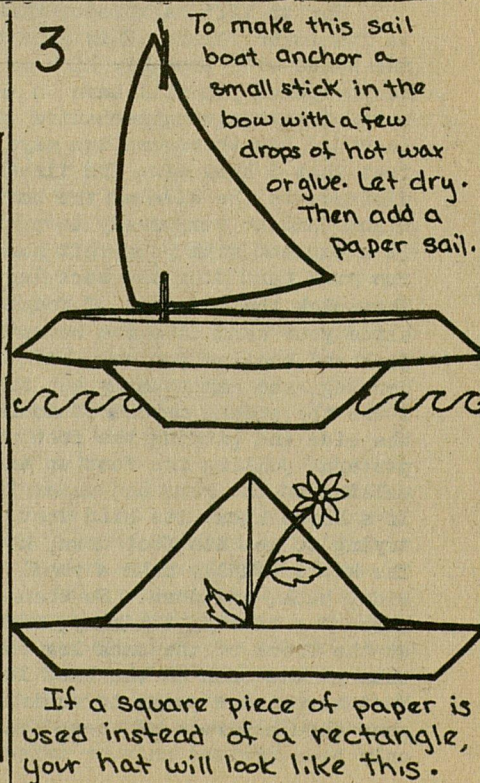
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2



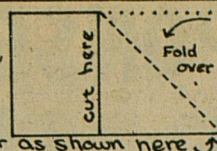
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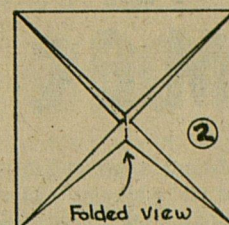
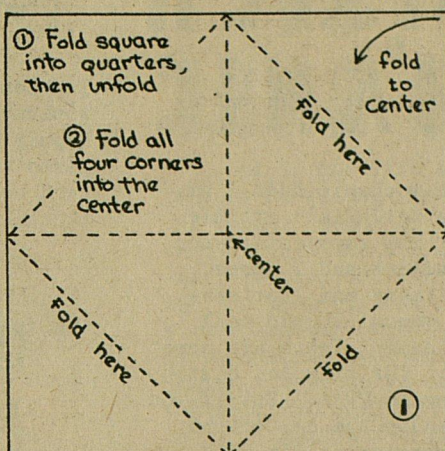
The diagram shows three stages of creating a paper spinner:

- Step 1:** A rectangular strip of paper with a vertical center line. The top edge is labeled "Cut" with a downward arrow. The bottom edge is labeled "Cut" with an upward arrow. The two side sections are labeled "Fold Back" and "Fold Forward" respectively, with dashed lines indicating the fold.
- Step 2:** The paper is folded into a V-shape. The top point is labeled "Drop from a high Place and watch it spin".
- Step 3:** The final spinner is shown, with the two side sections labeled "Forward" and "Back" with arrows indicating their curved path during rotation.

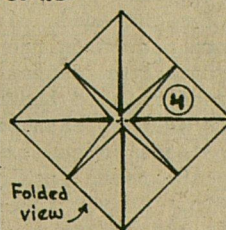
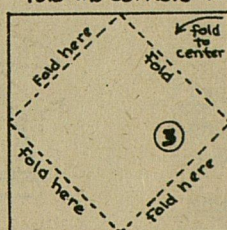
To make a perfect square,
Fold and cut
or tear a
rectangular
piece of paper



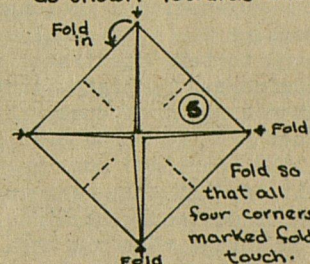
- ① Fold square into quarters, then unfold
- ② Fold all four corners into the center



- ③ Turn it over and fold the corners to center



- ④ Turn over and fold
as shown Towards back.



fish Mobile

At each point the thread & stick connect

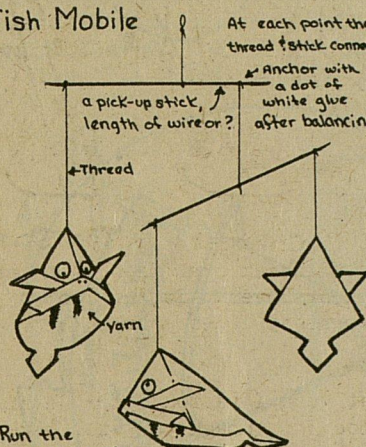
Anchor with a dot of white glue after balancing

a pick-up stick, length of wire or?

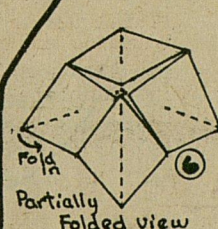
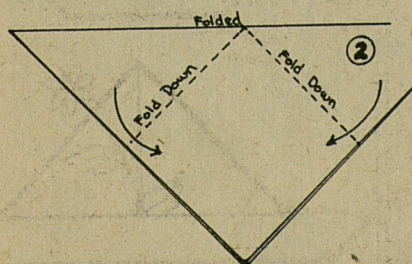
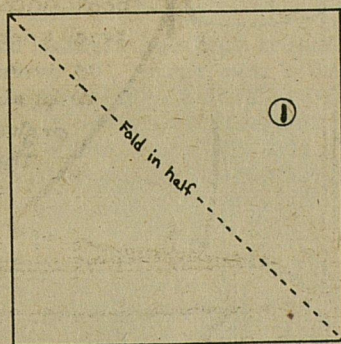
Thread

yarn

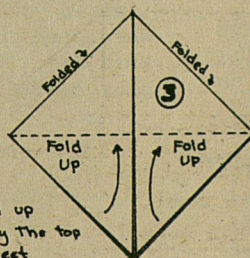
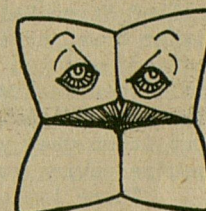
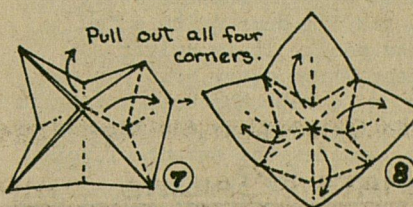
Run the thread thru the top of the head with a needle - tie a bright piece of yarn onto it to anchor inside the fish.



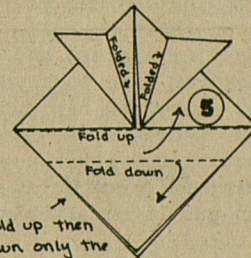
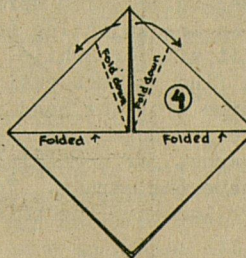
Run the thread thru the top of the head with a needle - tie a bright piece of yarn onto it to anchor inside the fish.



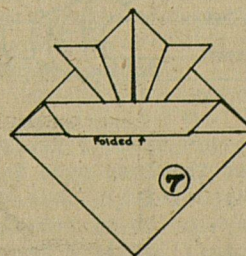
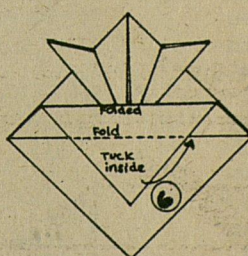
Pull out all four corners



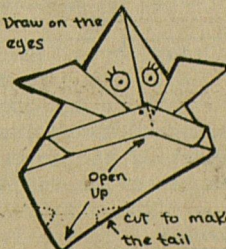
Fold up
only the top
sheet



Fold up then
down only the
top sheet



Draw on the eyes



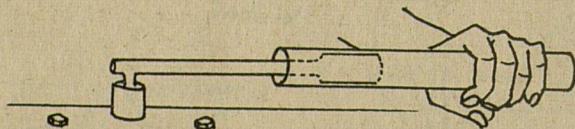
RESPONSE FROM A SISTER MECHANIC

Budding auto and truck mechanic that I am, I wanted to add some things to Julia's article on mechanics in Issue #10. She says confidence is the most important ingredient and I agree. But I would add that cleanliness and lubrication come next. An owner's manual should tell you where and when to lubricate. There are some things they don't tell you: for example, clutch cables are a chronic problem on VW's. But if you oil the part that is open under the car (right before it goes into the transmission) it will rarely if ever break (do it about once a month).

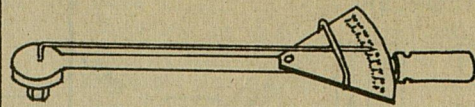
Cleanliness prolongs the life of your machine too (any machine, I might add). It's hard to tell at first: some places on the engine can be pretty dirty but some cannot have a speck of dust. A good rule of thumb is that any two parts that rub against each other (like bearings) must be spotless because any bit of dirt will wear away the parts from their perfectly machined fit. That's also why you change your oil when it gets dirty.

Tools. There is some incredible stuff called Never-Seize and I'm sure quite a few other brand names as well. It is silver colored and you smear it on every bolt you put in. Then when you go to take the bolt out again it never sticks. It is worth the few seconds to put it on when you consider the amount of work you're saving yourself in the future.

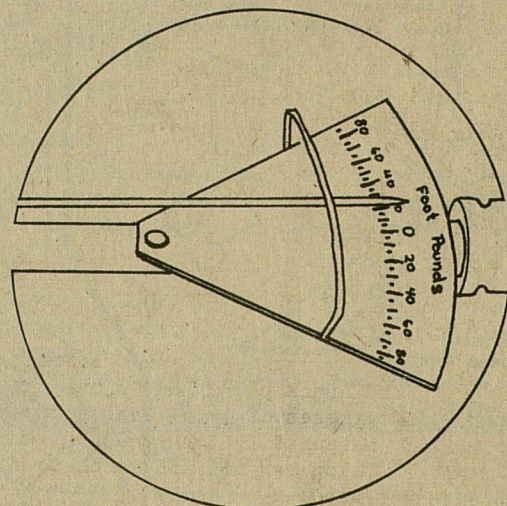
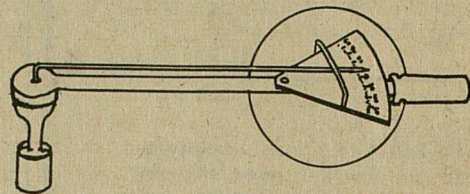
There is another magic ointment called Free or Liquid Wrench or I'm sure many other names. You use this when you've forgotten or haven't been able to use your Never-Seize. You spray it on stubborn bolts (or on the adjusting screws for your brakes) and let it sit for awhile. Then when you come back you'll find it much easier to do. Also you can put a pipe over the handle of your socket wrench to give you more leverage. (you should never use a ratchet for something like this; it's not built to take the strain. You can put it on after you've loosened the bolt a little).



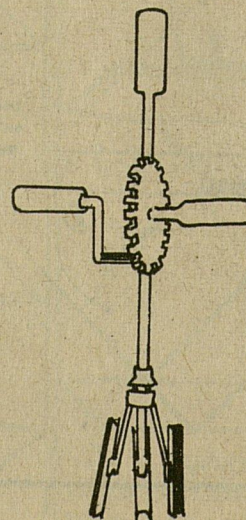
There are other tools you need if you're doing anything drastic that involves much taking apart of the engine. Since hopefully this won't happen often unless you have a lot of vehicles, you might try to borrow them. One is a torque wrench. Torque is measured in foot/pounds and measures how much you have to tighten down certain parts of the engine. Look under Engine



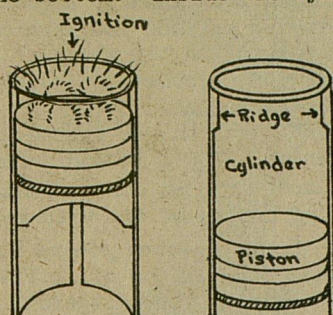
Tightening Specifications in your manual (this wouldn't be in the one that came in the car. Repair manuals are available in bookstores and parts stores). For example, on my truck the head bolts take 65-72 ft/lbs. So I hook the torque wrench onto a socket (these particular



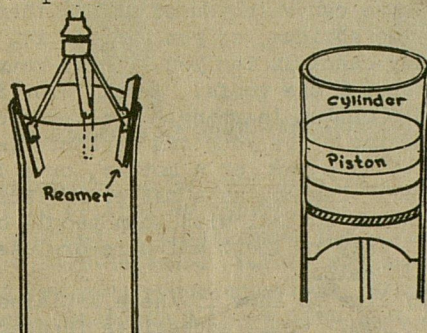
ones need an extension too) and tighten until the needle is within that range. Of course tighten each a little bit at a time, like on wheel lug-nuts. There are two sizes for torque wrenches: 0-100, 100-150. The latter you'd only need for a truck, I think.



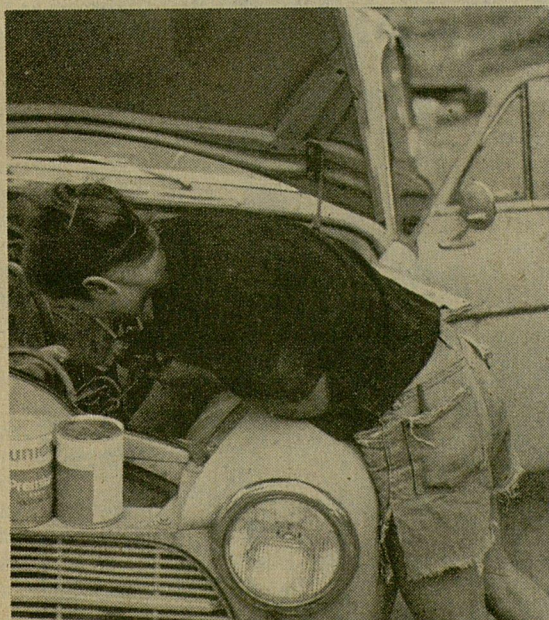
Also, if you're rebuilding you need a ridge reamer. It attaches to the end of a drill (electric or hand), and has flexible grinding stones on the bottom. Inside the cylinder the



up-and-down action of the piston doesn't come all the way up so when it wears down the cylinder wall it leaves a ridge at the top. This you grind out CAREFULLY so as not to grind too much. Also don't let the stones splay out over the top, which they will do if you pull it up too high. That will grind away the top so you lose a lot of power.



One other thing you need is a feather gauge to set valves and spark plugs and so on. This consists of flat pieces of metal that fan out and are usually measured in thousands of an inch and centimeters. You can mix and match to find the gap size you need.



"OIL IS THE LIFE'S BLOOD"

Oil is the life's-blood of a car engine. It must be clean, the proper temperature, and the proper viscosity to work right. If it is full of dirt and metal particles from engine wear, or too thick or too thin, the engine will not run long without needing repairs. In an air-cooled engine (VW, etc.), the performance is even more important than in a water cooled engine. Air-cooled engines run better than water-cooled engines, and proper lubrication is very important. There are literally hundreds of moving parts in any sort of engine, almost all of them metal sliding over metal. Without a film of oil to lubricate and cool these parts, the engine will overheat and literally weld itself together in short order. Many of the holes and spaces that oil flows through are very, very small, measuring in thousandths of inches, so any dirt or metal filings can gum things up for fair by plugging the holes.

Almost all cars use detergent oil. It never hurts, when you buy or otherwise acquire a rebuilt, to find out what oil was used in it before. Under most conditions, a good 30-weight detergent oil is fine. If you drive consistently in temperatures that are above or below a range of about 10 degrees-120 degrees F., then you'd use different weights of oil. (Weight has to do with how thick it is. The lower the number, the thinner the oil.) You'd use a lighter oil in low temperatures, because oil gets thick in the cold, and makes it hard to start the car. Also, the oil gets warm slowly, so the engine runs until its warm with poor lubrication. In hot temperatures, the oil gets very thin and will run off the surfaces it's supposed to lubricate. That's a problem you also run into with the really cheap re-cycled oil you get in discount stores (Sequoia, Brite-Lube, etc.). They are the weight specified when you put them in, but for some reason, they get very thin very soon. Also, I have read reports of these oils containing metal particles and all sorts of garbage. On the other hand, if you have an engine like the one in my truck, which drinks, burns, and leaks a quart of oil every 20 miles, then use the re-cycled oil. It's not going to be in there long enough to hurt anything, anyway.

By shopping around, you can find a tremendous variation in the prices of good oil. In Grass Valley, the prices for Valvoline or Havoline range from 52¢ to 95¢ per quart, depending on where you buy it. Use a good brand of oil; it's more than worth the outrageous prices you have to pay. Cheap oil is like other cheapies; you get what you pay for.

Get somebody to show you how to drain the oil out of your car, or crawl under the car and

cont.

find it yourself. There's a big bolt that unscrews and lets the oil out. If you change the oil when the engine is cold, all the old oil will have drained back down into the pan. Otherwise, you will have to wait half an hour for it to dribble out. Usually the bolt is pretty much in the middle, not too far back from the front of the engine. It's a big bolt - my truck has a 3/4 inch bolt and the VW a 13/16 inch one, which is handy, as that's a spark-plug wrench. There is a second slightly smaller bolt further back that is used to drain the transmission fluid. Be sure to not unscrew this one instead.

Put a can or bucket under the bolt before you loosen it; otherwise you'll have oil all over you and the ground where you have to lie to put the bolt back. A shirt never really recovers from the combination of old, cruddy oil and dirt you ground into it sliding under the car. Wear a short-sleeved shirt and bend your elbow when you take out the bolt; at least it'll drip off your elbow that way.

If you have a VW, you'll need a gasket set (about 50¢), to replace a bunch of little gaskets that come off when you take the oil screen off to clean it. Do this every time you change the oil! The oil screen takes all sorts of gunk out of the engine and needs cleaning regularly. There are six-10mm bolts to unscrew, and the whole thing comes out. Wash the screen in gas or solvent to clean it. If you magnetize the oil-drain bolt, it will collect those little metal particles so they don't float around chewing things up.

Change the oil about every 2000 miles - oftener if you drive in the dust and dirt a lot. All American cars and some foreign cars have oil filters - change the filter every time you change the oil! Use the \$4 you saved changing your own oil to buy a new filter! This is important! The filter holds about a quart of oil- old, icky oil- putting in new oil and mixing it with a quart of cruddy oil is not too bright, right. Allow for the extra quart when you buy your oil. Put the proper amount of oil in when you change it. Better you should run half a quart low. Too much oil will burn up in the engine, causing a blue trail of smoke that the police hate. Also it will blow out seals and things that are very expensive to replace (\$200-\$300) and is a waste of precious oil.

Always pay attention to the oil light on the dashboard. It's a good idea to check to see if it's working. It should come on when you turn the ignition to ON, before you start the car. If it doesn't come on, check to see if the bulb is out, or if the wire to the light is loose or disconnected from the oil sensor. Find the wire to the light under the dash and trace it to the sensor, an odd-looking lump on the oil-pump. It measures oil pressure and turns on the light when the pressure gets low. Find this thing! Get somebody to show you this - conquer your pride. It's cheaper than replacing an engine. If the light stays on when you start the engine (more than 30 seconds or so) turn the engine off immediately and check the oil. Pull out the long dip-stick that goes inside the engine, wipe

it off, stick it all the way back in, pull it out and see how much you have. The stick is usually marked full and add, or with lines across it. Each mark is usually a quart. If the light is staying on, and you have oil - see if there's a short in the wiring. You have a potentially serious problem, so check it out before you kill the engine.

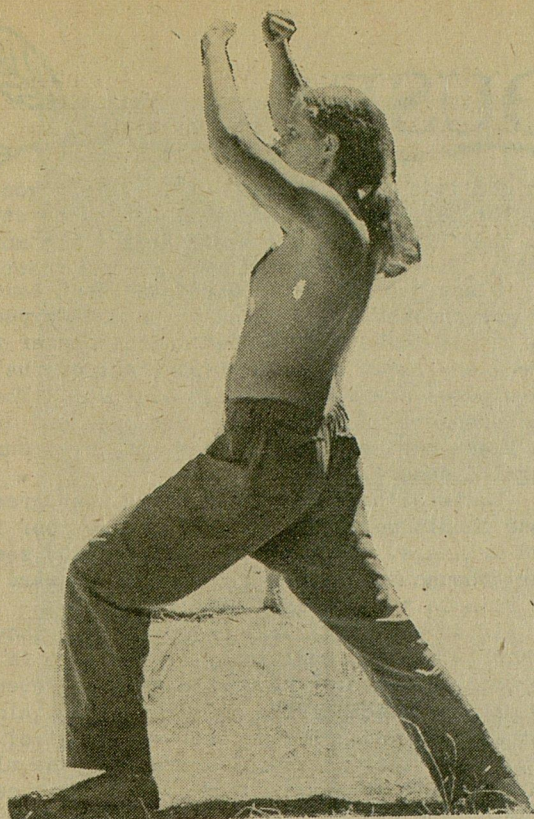
If the light comes on, or starts to flicker, when you're driving, STOP! It won't come on until you're almost dry, so don't fiddle around. Carry a couple of quarts of oil with you for this

Oh! Stray thought - when you're looking at a car to buy, wipe some of the oil off the dip-stick and rub it between your fingers. You're checking to see if it has any grit in it; or if it has sparklies - tiny unfeeleable metal particles. That's not a good sign. Either the engine is worn or somebody has not been changing the oil often enough. If it's an old engine, you'll expect to find a little; you can tell if it looks or feels like too much. Trust your hunches, even if you're not a mechanic. A women's good sense can warn you of things that aren't really too obvious, so you can fix it, or have somebody check it for you. Trust yourself, sister, even through the goofs. We all blow it regularly - it's called learning. Don't get discouraged. Learning to be your own mechanic is like learning to be a cook, or a mother, or a doctor, or a farmer. Easier, as a matter of fact. Machines are easier to deal with than people or Mother Nature. They're inert and more-or-less predictable. It helps.

I'd really like to know if these articles are any help to you. Would appreciate feedback and suggestions for future articles (J. Kooken, Box 91, Rough and Ready, Ca. 95975). We'll try some of the intricacies of brakes next time. I hope this is fun for you, because I love you. ♀



Self defense



Responding to Betty's excellent article on Rape, I am writing my experiences.

I was one of those women who always wanted to learn self-defense. Before moving to the country and becoming woman-conscious, my desire was unfocused, based on a vague idea that I should know how to protect myself "incase anything happens". Living in a high energy women's country community showed me how dependent I was on a man. In a tight situation he would be expected to fight to protect and defend me. Being small and not the type to even talk loud, I wasn't sure if I'd swing into battle with him or stand on the sidelines shrieking in horror (like in the movies). Hitchhiking up and down the California coast, I constantly experienced my weakness and vulnerability. My puppy-dog response to the inevitable sweaty-hand-on-the-knee (or breast) disgusted me. Smiling, fawning, trying to keep it cool and inside burning up with anger at my powerlessness. Not penetrated yet, but violated nonetheless by the mere fact of my sex. My biding woman-consciousness gained direction and focus. Now I said, "I want to operate from a position of power. I want to have choices. I refuse to continue to experience myself as vulnerable to male sexual exploitation."

I came to Hawaii and met many sisters who had been raped or assaulted. Physical violence is common here - local boys are huge and aggressive. Some sisters were carrying knives, most just prayed a lot. The islands are saturated with martial art schools, but I never met one woman who was a student. I was so angry at their outrageous experiences and they were still passive and accepting, still playing puppy-dog. Not angry yet.

When I came to Kauai, a perfect opportunity presented itself to become a student of a martial

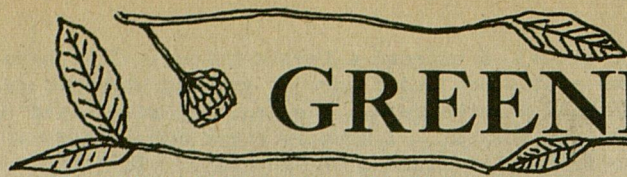
art class. I entered a Karate school. It's been five months now and I love my growing strength and body togetherness. The training is a heavy physical workout. I usually break out in a sweat the first five minutes of the class. This for me is one of the best aspects of the training - a chance for me to push my body to its utter limits, and then some more. A typical class now includes twenty sit-ups, sixty to eighty push-ups, a half mile run, in addition to an hour of practicing blocks, punches and kicks. Some days my limbs feel so heavy I imagine I'm working out in a pool of water. Other days I feel like I could go on for hours. Mostly I love it. My joy at strengthening my body and perfecting this new skill overcomes any momentary fatigue.

The only time I ever felt like quitting was the first time we did sparring. Karate is one of the more aggressive of the martial arts. An attacker's blows are blocked, then a counter punch or kick is delivered. It is very precise - for each move an appropriate counter move is taught. After three months training we began practicing these moves with a partner. Taking turns attacking and defending, we block, kick, and punch each other in moves that are as controlled as those of a dance. The first weeks of sparring were torture for me. The idea is to perfect form and timing, not to hurt your partner. Yet, I recoiled at every punch, my instinctive fear preventing me from using my art to defend myself. Most astonishing, though, was my equal fear of hitting someone. For weeks I was corrected continuously for curving my punches instead of going straight in. It became obvious to everyone that I was deliberately holding back and even making wrong moves to avoid following through with a punch. I realized then that I couldn't remember ever hitting or punching anyone. Nor have I ever been physically abused myself.

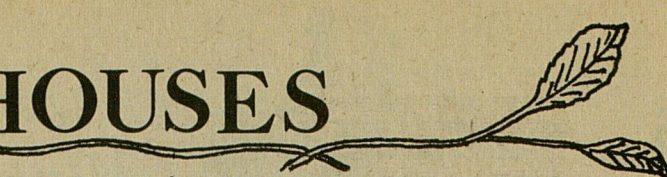
I sincerely wanted to break through this fear of physical contact. One night I agreed to spar with Jess (the man I live with). He always wanted to and I hardly ever wanted to. This night I tried to back out after a while, as I felt my familiar fear of being hurt start strangling my defensive moves. We continued half-sparring, half-rapping, me feeling more and more freaked, until finally I experienced the limits of my fear and went through it to the other side. I experienced all my pent-up hostility at feeling small and weak, archetypal woman-rage at feeling physically vulnerable. Absorbing through my pores the lessons of girlhood: be good, be quiet, be nice, be accommodating. All a survival response, as I see it to the harsh realities of our place as weaker members in this power-oriented, male-dominated society. I gagged on my past that night, and threw it up.

I feel more comfortable sparring now. Since I am not so freaked out I can work on perfecting my skill. Self defense is the name of the game. Only in the perfection of the art does it achieve its useful end. Anything that blocks perfection laziness, boredom, fear, low energy - must be overcome. I struggle with all these facets of myself, and so become a stronger woman.

(The regular self defense column will continue next month.)



GREENHOUSES



When winter hits, it truly distresses me to find myself and family back on a heavy solid starchy diet with little greens and lousy salads. I mean, I miss all those lovely little spinaches and zucchini and tomatoes and fresh tender young beans and all those other delectables.

Well, greenhouses do make it possible to change the seasons, and you'll really find it rewarding to watch your plants thrive in the dead of winter. Plants will grow much slower in winter due to fewer hours of sunlight, but in the protected atmosphere and humidity of a greenhouse they will grow faster during the few hours of sun they do get. Find a spot that gets at least three hours of sunlight in winter and you will be able to grow those wonderful things so dear to your heart. If you want you can supplement the light ration with fluorescent lights, but that seems a little extravagant to my mind. The sun does fine by itself and even cloudy days can provide enough sunlight to warm your greenhouse to a spring atmosphere. The best exposure is South or Southeast except in extremely hot dry areas where you will want to have an East or Northeast exposure to let you keep your greenhouse cool enough in Summer. When Winter really starts making itself felt, my greenhouse becomes my favorite spot on the land.

Greenhouses pose no building code difficulties. You might consider making it a portable structure; however, build it sturdily. Use 2 x 4's for framing. Allow plenty of headroom to insure against heat build-up, and build it bigger than you think you need - you'll find plenty of plants to fill it. Consider the snow-load and hail which it must hold up under in a heavy winter when deciding the structural strength and the cover material. Include a bench or small potting shed on the side for a work space.

White corrugated fiberglass* is the best thing to use for a permanent greenhouse for it will last a long time and is inexpensive. It comes in 20" x 8' sheets. The corrugations give it strength so you need less of a frame to build on. It diffuses the light well, but where more shade is needed, stretch pieces of muslin horizontally a foot or two above those tender shade loving plants. Drill small holes to drive the nails through to keep from cracking the fiberglass.

Polyethylene and polyvinyl sheeting can be used but they deteriorate due to heat, ultra violet exposure, and the wind, and are somewhat difficult to stretch. Although it is the least expensive in the beginning, it will have to be replaced often, every year or two. Auto upholstery shops carry polyvinyl chloride, which is used as the slipcovers of cars and furniture. It is the most resistant to destruction by the

sun and it's quite thick. It is fairly good for the outer walls. Since it has to be stretched, the frame you build would have to be more rigid. Use lath strips to attach the sheeting.

Glass has been considered the best covering for greenhouses, but I find it is most expensive and it has to be whitewashed in the summer to diffuse and block out the strong rays of the sun. Old windows are a good source of glass. The main problems in greenhouses are bugs and disease, and glass may be a little less apt to encourage fungal diseases.

Whatever the material you use your greenhouse should be air tight. Slant the roof for good drainage. It can be a real drag to see your greenhouse roof sagging heavily inward as the rain is pouring down outside.

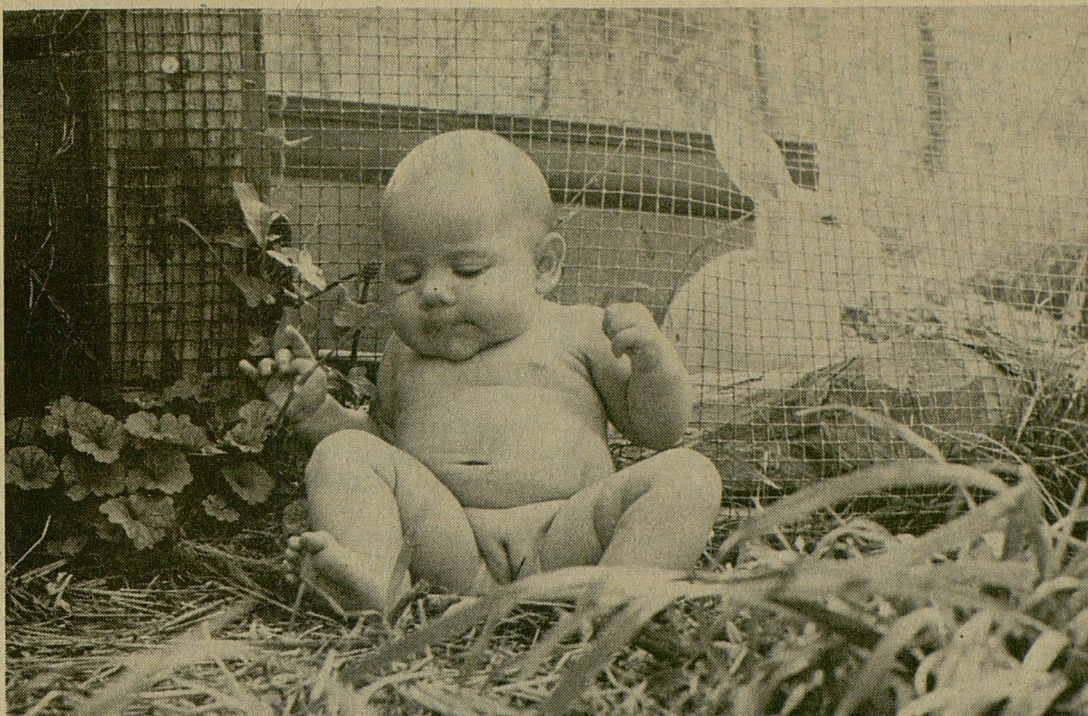
If at all possible your greenhouse should be double walled, especially if you live in a very cold climate. The double wall heightens the magnification of the sun's rays and minimizes heat loss as well. Since the outer wall of corrugated fiberglass will screen out the ultra-violet rays that cause deterioration, the cheaper polyethylene can be used inside simply to provide a barrier wall to trap air. This makes it easier to heat in the winter and provides insulation from the cold. You will save in fuel the first winter what it costs for this double layer.

Heating can be done in a number of ways; electrically, or natural gas or a propane stove, all with thermostatic controls, are ideal. But if these are not available you can manage admirably with a wood stove. Build a big fire and bank it well late at night (cover glowing coals with a thick ash layer) and you should be able to get by. Keep an eye out for news of severe frosts and take care to check your fire if the cold becomes severe. Some plants can survive a frost, but most of them won't. Under no circumstances should the fumes from kerosene, gasoline or oil heaters be let into your greenhouse. Install this type of heater outside your greenhouse with a pipe to carry the heat inside.

Ventilation and cooling are most important to a successful greenhouse. The best system brings warm air in from the bottom of the building through small screened vents, past a humidifier to be drawn out through screened and shuttered vents near the top. These upper vents should be closed at sundown in cool weather to keep the heat in at night. An automatic vent can be very helpful in preventing heat buildup. Check the ads in "Organic Gardening" magazine and mail in coupons for brochures and price lists. There are electrically operated vents and minerally operated vents which use material that expands in a cylinder.

We once positioned a fairly large greenhouse, a forty footer, to take advantage of a strong breeze that came up early each afternoon and funneled it through the vents by having the low vents on the side toward the prevailing wind

*Greenhouses by Peter Reinmuller, The Greenhouse Man, Point Arena, California



and the upper vent on the opposite, protected side creating a slight vacuum to draw the air out. You'll need to do this to keep the temperature inside your greenhouse moderate. On hot summer days it can become intolerable in your greenhouse and your plants will wilt.

If you live in a cold climate build your greenhouse as a lean-to right against the south side of your house near the eastern corner and you'll gain by soaking up heat from the house and get the maximum winter sun. You are surely going to have to heat your greenhouse if the area you live in has continual frosts. Using elevated planting benches takes advantage of warmer upper air.

You can buy an automatic humidifier which produces a fine spray or use a wick in a pan of water to help saturate the air with cooling moisture. A brick floor soaked with water is also an effective humidifier. A hygrometer will also be most helpful in measuring relative humidity to take the guesswork out of keeping the best temperature. An exhaust fan can be helpful in circulating the air. It is important that the warm moist air be circulated and changed often.

If your greenhouse has electricity you can get your seedlings off to a fast and comfortable start by planting seeds in regular size flats in good soil. Place these flats in an extra large flat which has been filled two inches deep with clean sand in which a thermostatically controlled heating element has been buried. Heating coils are an inexpensive and effective way to propagate seeds.

The most important thing you need to know about watering your plants is that splashing water from the soil to the foliage can spread many leaf borne diseases. Watering can be done by careful watering of the soil surface with

nozzles set into a hose or pipe around the edge of the growing benches. Make sure the spray is flat enough to only water the soil. If pots are used, put a wick (a twisted piece of rag) through the hole in the bottom half in and half out of the pot. Set this in a tray of water. Wash the pots once a month to remove surface minerals. Water your lovely plants in the morning when the temperature is rising and only when it is sunny. Dig to the bottom of the planter and if it is dry, water enough to moisten it thoroughly.

Loose soil with at least one-third organic material is best. It provides nutrients and aeration for the roots. Never re-use your greenhouse soil, you're asking for trouble from fungi, bugs and other diseases. Also, be careful not to carry bugs into your greenhouse on your shoes and clothes. Mix one third organic matter such as decomposed manure with field soil for a good planting mixture. If the field soil is clay mix it half with clean coarse sand and then with one third organic matter. Let it stand for two or three weeks before using. Check for harmful insects. It isn't necessary to fertilize your newly mixed soil right away, but later on fertilizer will aid plant growth. Fertilize around the end of February or in March.

Empty your greenhouse completely by the end of June or early July. Most plants benefit from a month or so out of doors in the shade of trees. Inspect your plants for insects before returning them to the protective cover of the greenhouse.

Besides growing food for yourself, a greenhouse is an ideal medium for houseplants which propagate so easily you can even make enough money to pay the heating bill by selling plants to stores and folks (a venture I engaged in successfully.) Houseplants are so beautiful though, there have been times I've had trouble parting with them.⁴

DRYING FOODS

Many of us think last, if at all, about drying as a means of preserving foods. I was certainly among the "us", being city-bred and "educated". My de-education and re-education in country living, however, has included learning this oldest of methods for storing foods, and I'm regretting the many years without this knowledge. The foods are delicious, nutritious and convenient. It's easier, cheaper and less time consuming to dry foods than to either can or freeze them.

With a relatively small garden, yielding a steady flow of small surpluses, and a limited, budget, drying foods is, in every sense, the economical method for preserving them. I still do some canning - fish, pickles, etc. - but I'm not faced with a need to buy sugar or honey, pectin, and jars at current prices (a saving of at least \$100 a year), I've given up the freezer chest (at a saving of three- six dollars monthly for electricity!), using only the freezer section of my refrigerator. And I do not find whole days taken up with processing. These savings are important to me, especially in view of the often added nutritional value of dried foods. There is some loss of Vitamins A and C in drying, and one must plan menus with this in mind, but other vitamins and nutrients are preserved at considerably higher levels than canning provides; freezing is supposed to capture more food values for longer periods of time than either canning or drying, but my own experience was negative on texture and flavor with freezing of many vegetables, even after following directions, most especially after several months had passed. So far, experience with dried fruits and vegetables indicates fine texture and excellent flavor, even two years after drying.

Fruits, vegetables, herbs and teas are all on my list of drying subjects. There are several ways to handle the process: strings, poles, bunches, racks cookie sheets, - in the sun, in the oven, or indoors in out of the way spaces. I string, pole, bunch, rack and cookie sheet all indoors, because here on the Mendocino Coast we are blessed (or cursed, according to one's inclination) with considerable fog, especially during the summer months when fruits and vegetables are plentiful. I seldom use the oven, since I've found the slower air-drying to be the best insurance against mold, the only "hazard" I know of associated with the process. This can only occur if the foods aren't thoroughly dry before storage.

Strings Vegetables suitable for stringing include snap beans ("leather breeches"), snow peas and almost all the leafy greens-cabbage, chard, spinach, mustard, radish etc.

Preparation Snap beans and snow peas to be strung need to be washed only if they are dirty. To preserve maximum inner integrity, I leave about one quarter of an inch stem on each. Nature's perfect package is thus utilized fully.

Greens are, of course, separated and washed carefully. I also dry each side, so the evaporation of the plant's own water can proceed forthwith.

After preparation, vegetables are strung on a strong thread with a knot at the end, using a large needle which is run through the center of the vegetable. Beans and peas so strung may be hung from a nail on the wall. Strung greens are suspended between two nails on opposite walls. In every case it is important to allow space between each leaf or vegetable for air circulation while drying.

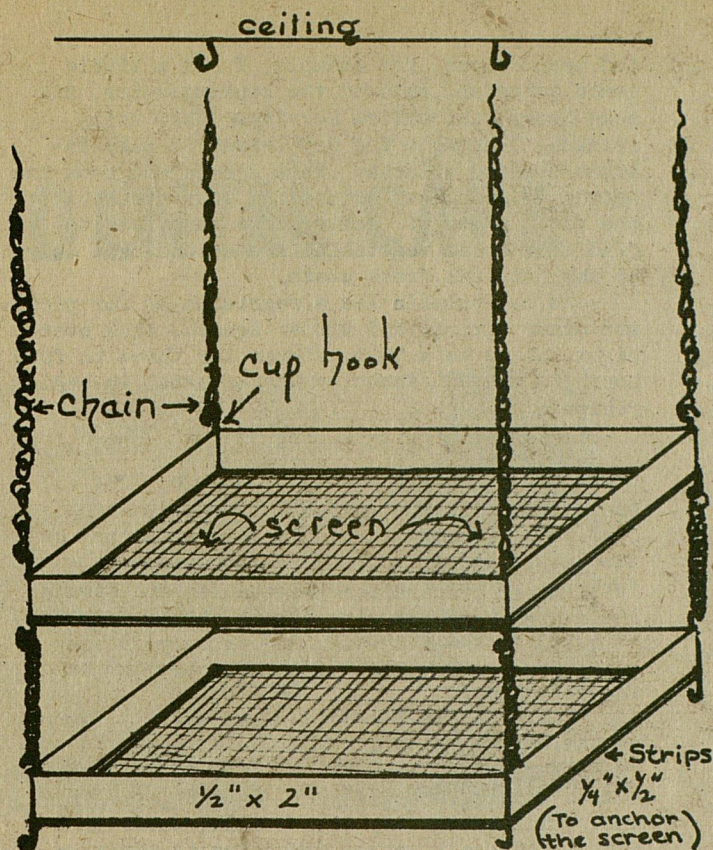
Poles Any fruit or vegetable which makes circles with holes in them when sliced can, I believe, be "poled", with the obvious exception of avocados (which don't dry well due to their high oil content). I use a broom handle for pumpkin and winter squash circles, (both of these can also be stored whole, though) thinner dowels for onion and apple rings. Ends, or pieces which are not circles, are dried on racks.

Preparation Slice pumpkin, squash 1/2" to 3/4" thick after removing the seed (which may be dried on racks or cookie sheets). Remove outer onion skin and slice into rings 1/8" to 1/4" thick. Wash apples, core and slice into rings 1/4" thick. Space circles on poles to allow air circulation and suspend between rafters or curtain rod holders.

Bunches Most herbs and teas can just be bunched together at their stem ends and tied with a rubber band or string and hung, tips down, from a nail to dry.

Preparation Herbs and teas to be bunched need to be examined carefully and any cobwebs or foreign matter removed before washing to remove dust, etc. I use the spray nozzle at my sink, which "feels right" to me, its sprays penetrating to the inner reaches of fine leafed plants. (Speaking of "fine leafed plants", carrot tops, fresh or dried, are excellent "herbs" for flavoring soups, stews, gravies, etc. They taste just like carrots.) Shake bunches well and "pat" dry with paper or cloth towelling before bunching and hanging.

Fine leafed and flowered plants should be hung with large bags (paper or cloth, not cheesecloth though!) covering foliage, or much will be on the floor and lost. It is important that covers be large enough to permit air circulation while drying. (Do not use plastic.



which causes moisture to collect and will ensure a moldy product!) Larger leafed plants (eucalyptus, bay, labrador tea, etc.) do not tend to fall off as they dry, so they need not be covered during the drying process; just bunch and suspend from nails.

Racks My racks are in constant use. There is no season which doesn't present abundance and seasonal flavors desirable all year round, and seldom does a week pass without the laying out of some delicacy on the screens. Almost all fruits and vegetables (including those strung, poled and bunched) can be successfully dried on racks. Mine hang over my kitchen stove, where heat from the "trash burner", which heats my kitchen and on which I do most of my cooking, rises to provide a fairly even and constant drying source. Racks hung from almost any ceiling in living areas will obviously suffice, though the drying process will be slower if far from heat source.

Preparation Mushrooms, onions for seasoning, and most fruits should never be blanched. Short blanching of many vegetables and some fruits seems to help them keep their color better and to dry faster (it also stops the ripening process). They are as flavorful as if unblanched and, for some, the additional beauty and faster drying may be worth the effort. Whether or not I blanch is inevitably determined by the time available; if the surplus appears at a time when I'm in the middle of a construction or gardening project, I don't blanch! I never blanch as long as recommended below.

blanching - Steaming is preferable to boiling for the blanching process, less nutrients lost, of course. The U.S. Department of Agriculture recommends the following blanching times:

for Vegetables: asparagus - 10 minutes
beans (snap) - 20 minutes
(lima and soy)- 15-20 minutes
beets (whole) - 45 minutes
broccoli - 10 minutes
brussel sprouts- 10 minutes
cabbage- 5-10 minutes
carrots- 8-12 minutes
celery- 10 minutes
chard- 5 minutes
corn- 10 minutes
kale- 20 minutes
onions (for eating)- 5-10 minutes
peas (shelled) - 15 minutes
(6 minutes if boiled)
peppers- 10 minutes
rhubarb- 3 minutes
spinach- 5 minutes
summer squash- 7 minutes
tomatoes- 5 minutes

for Fruits: grapes- 1/2 minute
plums- 2 minutes
prunes- 2 minutes

All except tomatoes would be rack-dried after blanching. Tomato pulp is dried on cookie sheets or glass or plastic sheets.

Some (especially old-timers) peel everything before drying. I don't and find textures and flavors fine. I'm also confident that food value is considerably higher.

Whether blanched or unblanched, both fruits and vegetables should be unblemished, washed clean and sliced thin (or, in the case of berries and grapes, left whole) for rack drying.

It is important to space slices carefully to allow full circulation of air around them, do not allow them to touch each other. This ensures more even drying and prevents mold from developing. Pieces should be turned over several times during the drying process to hasten even drying.

Cookie Sheets For drying fruit leathers or vegetable pulps, cookie sheets are ideal or, as mentioned above, glass or plastic sheets may be used.

Preparation For fruit leathers, fruit is steamed over low heat, with fruit juice or water added if necessary, until the fruit is soft. Fruit is then strained and the pulp is run through a food mill or sieve to further break it down. Pulp may be sweetened "to taste" with sugar or honey, and flavoring extracts may be added. It is then spread, about 1/4" thick, on oiled cookie sheets, covered with a single layer of cheesecloth and placed in a warm, dry place to dry. The drying process takes from one to two weeks. When the leather is dry enough to lift from the cookie sheets it's "done" and can be dusted with cornstarch or arrowroot powder and stacked (with waxed paper between each leather) or rolled up, like a jellyroll, and wrapped in wax paper for storage.

For tomato (or other vegetable) pulps wash, cut into pieces and steam for about five minutes, then run through a food mill, removing seeds if desired. Strain through cloth, removing as much juice as possible, and spread

cont.

on cookie sheet. As it dries, turn pulp often, until it flakes.

Storage When drying is properly done, there is almost no limit to ways of storing the end products (they take up much less space than with other preservation methods). For me, herbs and spices go into colored air-tight bottles; beans and peas into paper bags; teas into jars with tight lids; vegetables and fruits into coffee cans. I do not use plastic, having been told that mold is more likely to develop with it.

Rehydrating Replacing the water lost in drying is necessary for all vegetables and sometimes is desirable for fruits (if they're to be used in compotes, etc.) Some references suggest "1 and 1/2 cups of boiling water to each cup of vegetables or fruit," (they should be soaked until they will hold no more water) but overnight soaking in the same amount of lukewarm water achieves the same end. If there's water left over after soaking, use it!

Using Dried fruits and vegetables are excellent for everyday use in the same ways as fresh fruits and vegetables. They adapt well to favorite recipes - experimenting is fun, with texture differences often enhancing otherwise "smooth" or "fine" dishes. They are indispensable for backpacking or camping. I use dried fruit "as they are" for snacks, for baking, in puddings, on cereals, etc. However, many references suggest rehydrating before use in baking, and this would be essential for sauces, etc.

For vegetables "as vegetable", they should always be rehydrated before use. After soaking until they'll hold no more water, cook them for about five minutes in a minimum amount of water if they've been blanched before drying. If they were not blanched at the time of drying, cook them somewhat longer. Dried vegetables can be really delicious. I vary how I cook each vegetable to enhance its own flavor. With rehydra-

ted beet slices, for example, I add a little lemon juice and salt to the cooking water, and some honey just before serving. When using spinach, I crumble the dry leaves to make instant chopped spinach. Then I soak and cook the leaves adding green onions and sour cream to the final product. You will be surprised to find that dried vegetables are second best only to the original fresh state.

To use pumpkin (as a vegetable or for pies and other baking) and winter squash, soak overnight, bring to a boil, simmer for three to four hours. Mash and serve or use as usual in baking recipes.

When using dried vegetables in soups, stews, etc., where there's plenty of liquid, there's no need to rehydrate them ahead of time, just toss them in. However, do keep an eye on the liquid level, as your veggies will be absorbing, rather than imparting liquids, so you'll no doubt need to use more broth or water or juice to compensate.

Here is an example of a special way to use dried foods:

"Cold-Day in the Woods Meal"- Fill thermos one third full with combination of wheat berries or bulgar, dried carrots, onions, celery tops, tomato flakes, green pepper, cabbage, turnip, etc. Fill to the top with boiling water or broth. Add salt, cap. After two to three hours-a hot meal.

My knowledge of drying foods is drawn largely from personal experience, but several friends and several publications have been invaluable in the development of that knowledge. No matter how many books one reads or tips one receives from others, there are so many possible variations of method with every survival skill, depending on times, places, tools and spaces. This article represents only a hint from a relative beginner. Let's share more knowledge as we learn. ♀

BUILD A LIGHTHOUSE

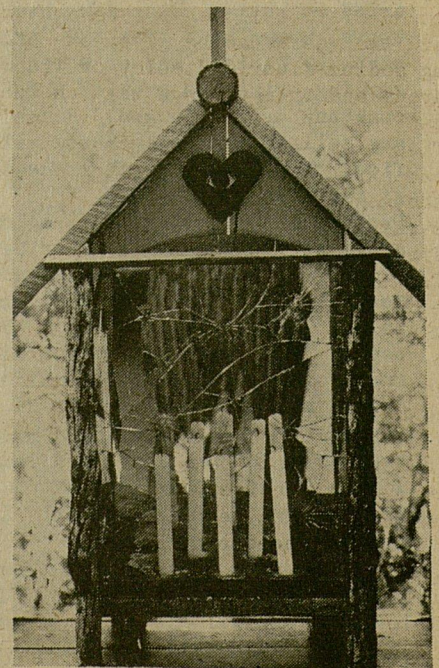
INCREASE YOUR CANDLE POWER

Build a little house.

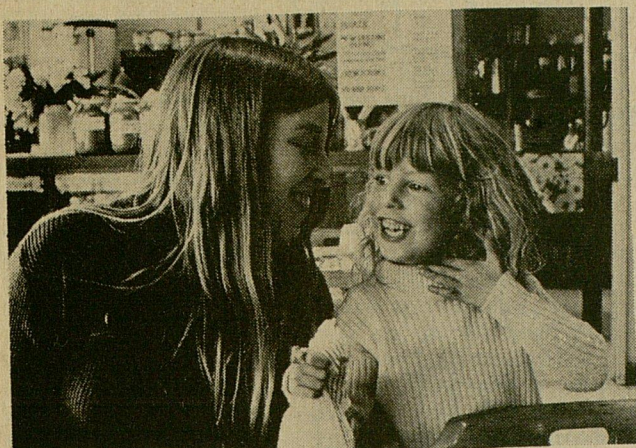
Line it with old pieces of mirror.

Drill holes for the candles in piece of wood.

If the bottom slides in and out it will be easier to replace the candles.



DENTAL CARE



Carrie Cavity infiltrated my buccal cavity when I was only a small child. She has done her work thoroughly. I have combatted her with silver, gold, plastic and tooth paste and soon there will be no place further where she can hide her awful holes. It has been an uncomfortable union for me, although I have managed single-handed to keep a number of dentists in business. Now that I have a little child of my own, I would like to see that Carrie Cavity doesn't have such an easy time of it with her. Prevention always seems to be the best solution to disease and dental destruction is no exception. Besides a balanced diet, children between the ages of zero and two years can be given one half of a 2.2 mg sodium fluoride tablet or fluoridated vitamin drops and from the age that chewable vitamins can be mastered, they are available fluoridated. These require a prescription from your child's pediatrician or your dentist. Medical covers the cost of fluoridated vitamins (even some sugar free types) for children under the age of five and little salty tablets of sodium fluoride for all ages, child through adult. It is most effective when taken up to the age of fifteen, while the tooth enamel is still hardening.

Fluoride is added to the water (one part per million) or is naturally there in a few areas of the United States. Information on the level of fluoridation in these places is available from the public health department so that the correct dosage for a fluoride supplement can be determined.

Teeth need care from the very beginning, and as soon as a child is old enough to manage a tooth brush, get him or her one to their liking. I've found that little fingers like little tubes of tooth paste and so that is just what my child

has, fluoride tooth paste, of course. The brush should be small and soft or medium soft, a child's size for eight or under, a junior size for twelve or so down, and a small adult size for anyone else.

Before bedtime we have a little ritual of taking vitamins and fluoride - a little salty one first then a chewable multiple vitamin and a vitamin C. Then we brush. From the beginning, Juli and I have brushed together every evening. It's a kind of ritual and I often get down to her level so she can see just how I do it. At least once a week, oftener in the beginning, I brush them for her - always gently and with cheerfulness. I want tooth brushing to be a pleasant experience so that when the time comes for her to do it on her own, she will.

We use a small amount of paste. We tried it once like in the ads with a whole bunch on the brush and foamed so at the mouth we thought we must have gone mad. We brush from the gums both on the outside and the inside. It is necessary to turn the brush upside down to get the insides of the teeth. Of course, it is recommended that we brush after every meal, but if this is not possible, swishing the mouth out with warm water will go a long way in removing decay-causing particles. Always brush before bed, that is most important.

It is not only sugar foods that are bad for our teeth, but any carbohydrate the body turns into sugar. These include bread and milk as well as fruit. Almost any food left on the teeth can cause cavities.

Between the ages of three and four bring your child to the dentist to have her or his first check-up. Try to find a dentist that likes or specializes in children. Do not use terror tactics to get your child to brush or you will find that going to the dentist has become a frightening event. Simple dentistry is almost painless and I am pleased to find out that even after three fillings my child looks forward, for reasons beyond my understanding, to her six month check-up. Every six months, she has her teeth examined, filled if necessary, cleaned and treated topically with fluoride.

The controversy over fluoride seems to center around forced ingestion through the public water system. There is no evidence that it is harmful in recommended dosages. There is no evidence that it is effective when taken prenatally. But the beneficial effects of hardening the enamel of growing children seems to be well worth the cost and effort.

I started using dental floss when I was sixteen, however, many dentists give instruction as early as ten. A young child is unable to control properly the movement of the floss, and pulling too hard away from the tooth against the gums could cut the gum tissue. You should ask your dentist for a demonstration on how to use floss as it really gets off a lot of plaque that you are unable to reach with your toothbrush.

May Carrie Cavity never more find a buccal cavity to her liking. ♀

Dressing a Deer

A while ago we picked up a deer and I butchered it. There's one thing about dressing a deer, I learn about my own body and parts. I will be walking along and I will start to squeeze my body and remember what this bone looks like and how this joint connects. It's really very intriguing to know what goes on inside. Anyway, we got this deer...

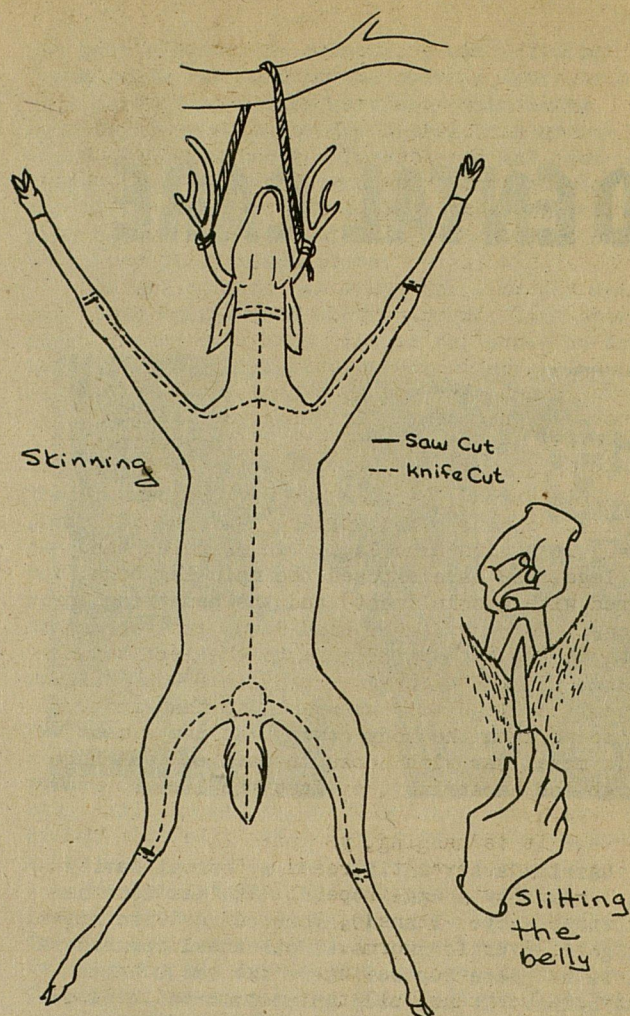
We brought the deer down to right outside the house; it was dark and we set up a lot of lights. The wind would sometimes blow the lamps out, and Rainbow would light them again. I borrowed a good skinning knife and I gutted the deer giving the heart, liver and kidneys to Max. I got some help (there was lots of that) and hoisted the carcass up to skin it. I noticed people watching and wondered what they were thinking, a barbaric scene? candles, lamps, blood?

About halfway finished, Rainbow brought me some heart and liver; it did taste good.

I guess I will assume that a deer has come into your hands - here I will deal with the carcass and not go into procurement. The first thing you do is bleed the animal, if it needs it. Draining the blood out of the meat makes it store better and taste better. Deer are usually "field dressed" - bled and gutted right after they are killed. The bleeding must be done then, although the gunshot wound itself may automatically do this - eliminating the need to cut the throat. Cutting is done in the field for convenience, so that you won't have to pack so much weight out of the woods. Generally, you only have to cut the throat if the deer was killed with a head or neck shot; a shot through the shoulder or body cavity will have already let the blood out. If you need to cut the throat, place the animal with the head downhill, or hang it by its hind legs. The cut should be deep enough to cut through the jugular vein, but do not sever the head.

Next, on the inside of each hock joint on the rear legs (like the elbow) is a small pouch of skin. This is the musk gland and should be removed before the deer is gutted. Just cut off the pouch at its base. Then castrate the deer - slit the skin covering the balls, pull each testes out and sever them by cutting the cord at their base.

Now you will want to open the tummy up. To do this, you cut down the center of the belly starting at the end of the breastbone or ribcage. Make a small starting cut, then put the tip of your skinning knife under the skin and move along running two fingers, in a V, on either side and slightly ahead of the knife tip, to raise the skin and guide your blade from going too deep. Cut just the skin, not the inner membrane. Next go back and repeat the procedure, this time cutting just the inner membrane. You will be able to see all the innards, but be very careful to



not puncture any of them. As you cut, the guts will start to come out; try to keep them back out of the way of your knife. When the cut is complete, let them spill out.

Next, locate the bladder (a small white-yellow balloon or sack in the pelvic area); pinch it at the end of the tube and cut it out. Be very careful, for urine will spoil the meat. Now pull the rest of the guts out, and don't be afraid to pull. When field dressing we just removed the bladder, stomach, intestines, etc. but left the liver, kidneys, heart and lungs inside to make carrying them home simpler. Leaving the diaphragm intact until later will hold these organs in place (the diaphragm is a membrane which divides the whole cavity).

Now, get the deer home and find a place to hang it: a barn beam or a tree branch will do, but choose something high enough to raise the deer completely off the ground, but where you can keep it at a convenient height to work on. A block and tackle makes it easy to raise and lower the carcass. When we're working at home, we lay the deer on a plank table in the barn to remove the feet and start the skinning. However, most people do everything with the deer hung, so do which ever is easier for you.

Now, slit the hide down the inside of each leg, to several inches below the hock joint. Then make a perpendicular cut around the leg. Peel the skin back from each edge of

the long slit and work it free going up the leg to the thigh. You may need to use a knife to cut away the connective membrane; if so, try to keep the blade as close to the skin as possible. Cut the feet off by cutting through the leg bone just below the hock joint. There's a point right where the bone first begins to thicken towards the joint where you can cut through with a knife. Be careful not to cut the joint itself, or you won't be able to hang the deer. If you think you are going to break open the joint itself, take a hacksaw and saw the legs off below the joint.

To skin a deer you generally hang it from its horns - just tie a light rope around the base of the horns and attach that to your meat hook or rope. If you have a doe (which is illegal as well as bad practice) or want to hang the deer head down to bleed and gut it, you will need to hang it by its hind legs. In skinning the hind legs, you have exposed the main leg bone, covered with muscle (meat) and the hamstring (or tendon). To hang a deer head down, put your meat hooks, a bar, or a stick through the leg, between the bone and the hamstring, above the hock joint. You want the legs to stay apart, so that it's easy to work on the body cavity, so use a meat bar (a metal bar with hooks on each end which go through the hamstring), or lash the legs apart on a branch.

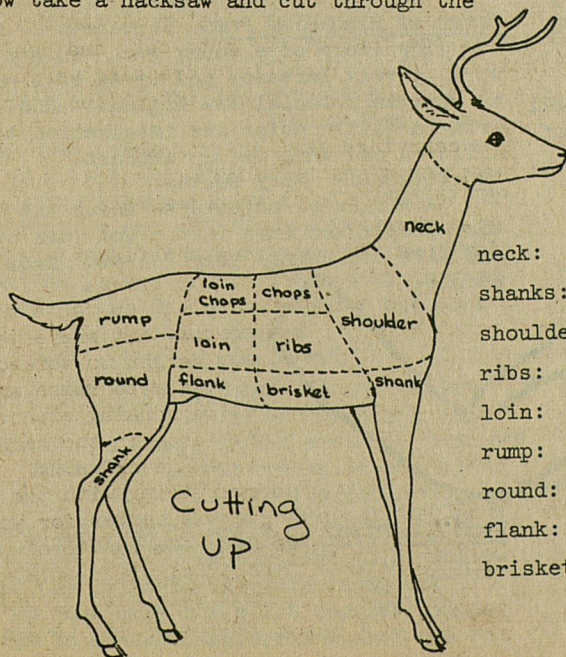
Once it is hanging, you need to finish the gutting if you haven't already. Cut out the kidneys, small fatty egg-shaped balls (that look like large kidney beans!), then cut out the liver. Check the liver for worms. Both the liver and the kidneys are good eating. Next you come to a thin red membrane wall that separates the whole chest cavity. This is the diaphragm and should be cut out around the edge. Pull out the lungs (beige-pink), cutting off the windpipe where it enters the lungs. Then take out the heart. Slit the hide from the bottom of the breastbone, up the center to just below the head. Then slit it around the neck and work the hide off of the neck. Now take a hacksaw and cut through the

center of the breastbone, all the way up to the neck. Take hold of the esophagus and windpipe and pull them out through the center cut in the breast and neck. They will pull out completely.

The next step is to finish skinning. Starting at the neck and front legs (or rear legs if the deer is hung head down), work the hide from each slit, trying to pull it free from the muscle as cleanly as possible. If you want to tan or preserve the hide, it will need to have no patches of flesh on it. Use a knife if you need to and remember to keep the blade against the skin, pulling the skin up and out as you work it off. In some areas the skin will just pull off - work slowly, pulling with one hand and using the thumb and fingers of your other hand to break the connective tissue. Don't hurry. If you get to a hard spot, where flesh is starting to pull off with skin, go at it from another angle. Keep working around the carcass as you go down. Cut down the under side of the tail, and pull the tailbone up and out, leaving the tail flap on the hide.

After you have finished skinning, wipe off all the blood and hair with a rag, but don't use water. At no time should water come in contact with the meat - it will induce mold. Finally, lower the deer on a clean ground sheet or table, and cut off the head just where the neck comes in. Use a hacksaw or crosscut saw to do this.

You will probably want to age your meat - aging is a tenderizing process. To age it, hang the carcass by its hind legs in a cool shaded place. A good meat house is best - it has screened windows on opposite walls for ventilation and is fly and predator proof. We don't have one, so we just wrap the carcass in cheesecloth so that no flies can touch it (it takes three to six packages of cheesecloth), and then we hang it in a cool place out of reach of other animals. The length of time you hang it will depend on the weather. Cool and dry is best, and the longer it ages the more tender it will be (this is especially important in older animals). Meat can be aged anywhere from two to fourteen days; in wet weather it can only hang two to four days before it starts to mold. If mold should start to form, wipe the carcass with vinegar.



neck: ground meat, stew, mincemeat

shanks: soup

shoulder: roast or stew

ribs: stew or broil, chops on top

loin: steaks, chops, or roast

rump: end chops and stew or a roast

round: steaks

flank: swiss steak, ground meat, or stew

brisket: stew, ground, braising

When you are ready to cut up the aged carcass, you will want to quarter it for ease of handling. To do this, you just saw right down the center of the backbone with a crosscut saw, starting at the tail of the hanging carcass and going clear through the neck. Then cut each half into quarters using a sharp knife and cutting just above the last rib (this cut should be slightly angled to follow the line of the ribs).

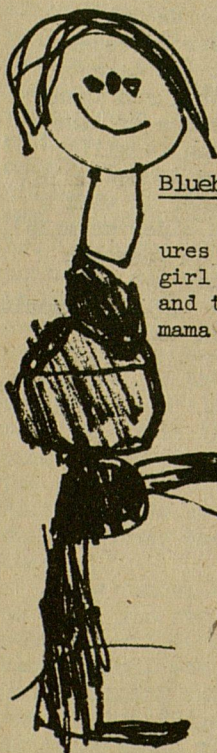
Butchering is somewhat hard to describe because it is largely a matter of personal choice. I learned from a neighbor who has cut up deer for the last sixty three years. He kept asking me how I wanted it done and I didn't understand the question since I didn't realize how many different ways there are to cut up the same piece of meat. Deer meat tends to be dry and gets tough with long roasting or frying so we cut up a lot of stew meat and chops (for broiling) instead of roasts. For cutting up we use a good, very sharp knife (this may have to be resharpened as you work), and a meat saw (a large hacksaw with a special blade). Cut through the flesh with the knife and use the saw just for cutting through bones. The saw will tear instead of cut the meat.

If you take each quarter and look at it and at the diagram, you will be able to figure

out where to make each cut. Exactly where is where the personal choice comes in - do you want one large roast or two? stew meat or steaks which may be tough? how thick do you like your chops? and so on. The chops come from along the backbone of the animal. When you get to the rib section, you will see that part is thickly fleshed and part is mostly bone. Saw the thick part off from the rest, cutting perpendicular to the ribs. Then slice this section into chops, using your knife and cutting between the ribs. The "loin" area makes the best chops - this would be the sirloin on a beef cow. The hind legs are usually cut into round steak by simply slicing across them as thick as you wish. Do this carefully, it's harder to get an even steak than you would think. The lower part of the hind legs is the "bottom round" and makes tougher steaks. The rump area may be left as a roast or you can keep on cutting chops until there is too much bone; the last bit then goes for stew. I do it that way since venison doesn't roast too well. Don't be intimidated about the cutting up. If you go slowly, you will find you recognize a lot of the cuts from years of supermarket shopping.

I feel good about my butchering experiences; I have learned a lot from doing it and feel one step closer to providing for my own needs. It has made me very much in tune with what it means to take and use another's life. ♀

children's books



Cradle of the Deep Joan Lowell

Excellent true story of a girl raised by her father on a sailing cargo ship.

Blueberries for Sal Robert McCloskey

Story with full-page magnificent pictures of a young, strong and active country girl and her mother going to pick berries, and their encounter with a bear and his mama doing the same.

Indian Captive Lois Lenski

An adventurous tale of Mary Jemison, a young pioneer girl who is captured and adopted by the Sioux.

The Sheep Book Carmen Goodyear

A gentle story of a farmer and her sheep as they experience together the passing of the seasons and the cycles of life on a small California Farm (2-7). Lollipop Power Inc., Box 1171 Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514. Other good books from Lollipop Power are Martin's Father, (2-6), Exactly Like Me, (4-8), Joshua's Day, (3-6), Did You Ever, (2-5). Lollipop is a small publishing company whose book list reflects a non sexist point of view. New books: Jo, Flo, and Yolanda (3-7), Grown-ups Cry Too (all ages), Carlotta and the Scientist (5-9), The Magic Hat.

Witch of Blackbird Pond Elizabeth G. Speare

The story of a young girl who grew up on warm, lively Barbados and moves to a small town in Puritan Colonial New England. She tries to bring a little color and imagination to the children and ends up an outcast.

The Borrowers Mary Norton

A series of adventures about the Borrowers - tiny people who live in the woodwork of a house and live off things they "borrow" from the big people.

Swallows and Amazons Arthur Ransome

The first of a series of books, about a family of English children who camp out on an island lake during summer vacation.

From the Mixed Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler E.L. Konigsberg

The great story of Claudia, who takes her younger brother Jamie and runs away to live in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Three Strong Women Claus Stamm

A surprising Japanese story of a heroic wrestler on the way to the emperor's court. In trying to play a joke on a young woman, he has one played on him as she literally carries him off to her hillside home. Viking Press. (ages 3-12).

Penelope Goes to the Farmer's Market Shirley Boccaccio

An imaginative story of Penelope and Peter and their friends, the salamander and raccoon as Penelope flies them to the Farmer's Market where they exchange plane rides for food. Illustrated with drawing/photograph combinations. Joyful World Press. (ages 4-9).

Charlotte's Web E.B. White

This classic tale is the funny sad story of a spider, a pig, and a girl who live on a farm. One of the first children's stories to deal with death in a straightforward way. Dell. 3-12.

The Chronicles of Narnia C.S. Lewis

Seven books, each one an extraordinary excursion into magical lands and enchanted happenings. Collier Books. (ages 7-15).

Dragon Rider Nancy deMuri and Leona Walden

The Wee Wag of Wallob's wildest dreams come true when she climbs aboard a singing dragon who has black flowers growing from its head. This little book can be colored. Paperback. Freestone Collective, Box 373, Albion California 95410 (Ages 4-10)

The Whys and Wherefores of Littabelle Lee

This is the wonderful story of a strong willed back-woods girl and her struggle for economic independence.

Little House in the Big Woods and Little House

on the Prairie and six others all by Laura Ingalls Wilder. These books tell the story of Laura Ingalls Wilder's life as she traveled by covered wagon through the midwest with her family. There are times of deprivation and hard work, and times of love and joy. This series captures the best of the American pioneer spirit. In paperback. Harper and Row, (5-15)

Bunya the Witch Robert Kraus and Mischa Richter

Bunya didn't believe she was a witch, but when she accidentally turned all the village children into frogs she learned the truth. This is one of my favorites to read to younger children. Windmill Books, (ages 1-6)

Women of Courage Dorothy Nathan

A fine collection of five biographies of women who pursued their own goals. Includes Susan B. Anthony, Jane Adams, Mary McLeod Bethune, Amelia Earhart and Margaret Mead. Random House 201 E 50th St., NY. (Ages 7-12)

Harriet the Spy Louise Fitzhugh

The very funny story of a girl who spies on people and keeps notes on her discoveries.

The Wind in the Willows Kenneth Grahame

The classic and delightful story of Mr. Mole, Mr. Toad, Water Rat and Badger. It appeals to a complexity in children that adults often overlook. (Ages 5 to adult).

Pippi Longstockings Astrid Lindgrin

The story of the strongest child in the world who lives with her horse, monkey and no parents. Scholastic Book Services, N.Y.

The Little Princess F. Hodgson Burnett

Not a real princess, but a girl who acts like one through all her unexpected troubles. It is an exquisite story.

The Island of the Blue Dolphins Scott O'Dell

Totally isolated on an island, except for a wild dog that she tames, a girl lives alone for eighteen years. (ages 7-17). ♀

Calico Captive Story of a white girl who gets taken from a wagon train and raised by Indians, then later returns to white "civilization".

The Secret Garden Frances Hodgson Burnett

A little girl goes to live in a bleak house on the English moors, and discovers and nurtures a secret garden, learning the wonders of growing.

Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH The tale of a group of mice and rats who escaped from NIMH after being used in an experiment that made them very intelligent. They help out Mrs. Frisby (a mouse) and set off to start their own community in the mountains..

The Dragon and the Doctor Barbara Danish

This is a tale of an ailing tail. Published by the Feminist Press it is a clever story about a woman doctor who unzips the problem tail and relieves the winsome dragon of his pain. Box 344, Old Westbury, N.Y. 11568 (ages 1 to 8)

Rain Makes Applesauce Julian Scheer and Marvin Bileck

A delightfully silly book, a fantasy of magically interwoven words and pictures. Holiday House, New York, 1964. (Ages 1-8)

The Adventures of Beetlekin the Brave

Jean Dullieu

These are the harrowing imaginative adventures of a little old dwarf whose appearance caused him to be dubbed Beetlekin. Each of the seven adventures end with Beetlekin overcoming his adversary without apparent injury to either. In the end he is too tired to claim his reward of the hand of the Sultan's daughter and once again makes a miraculous escape.

The World Publishing Company, (ages 5 - 12)

Harriet and the Promised Land Jacob Lawrence

This is the true story in rhyme and pictures of Harriet Tubman, born a slave in Maryland in 1822. She made a daring escape to the North and freedom. This book is dedicated to the courageous women of America. Windmill Books.

Girls are Equal Too Dale Carlson

With its humorous and lively style, this book offers a good introduction to feminism for teenage girls. Atheneum Books.

C♀W QUESTIONNAIRE



A winter's morning; rain flying constant, the wind in its highest power, rushing madness through the trees. The goats are milked, chickens and horses fed, the woodstove rumbling, Jenny and I sit with our respective cups of pero and coffee, drying off. A month ago our dirt road washed out, leaving us truly isolated on this mountaintop. Our minds wander from full dullness to sun-touched craziness. This morning we are playing with a fantasy of wondering... "do you think any other women live like this?" "I wonder how many women who read C♀W actually live in the country?" etc. until we suddenly find ourselves with the beginning of the C♀W questionnaire. A few obvious questions show themselves to be relevant, and others come flashing, while a few struggle to appear. Twenty minutes later we have a collection of a very strange hue and we are exhausted. "What's this question here for?" "I'm just curious is all." "You can't ask questions like that, no one will answer them."

The next evening in the library, we are joined by a friend, as we begin the reality of a questionnaire. What had seemed at first so easy took hours of going over and over to get down to basics and common reality. Our friend, who was not as involved in the women's movement as we helped us by pointing out assumptions we made, concepts that are not necessarily held by, or understandable to, other women. "What do you mean by 'your conscious growth as a woman'?" In our own way, we were being elitist. The questionnaire became yet another tool for consciousness-raising.

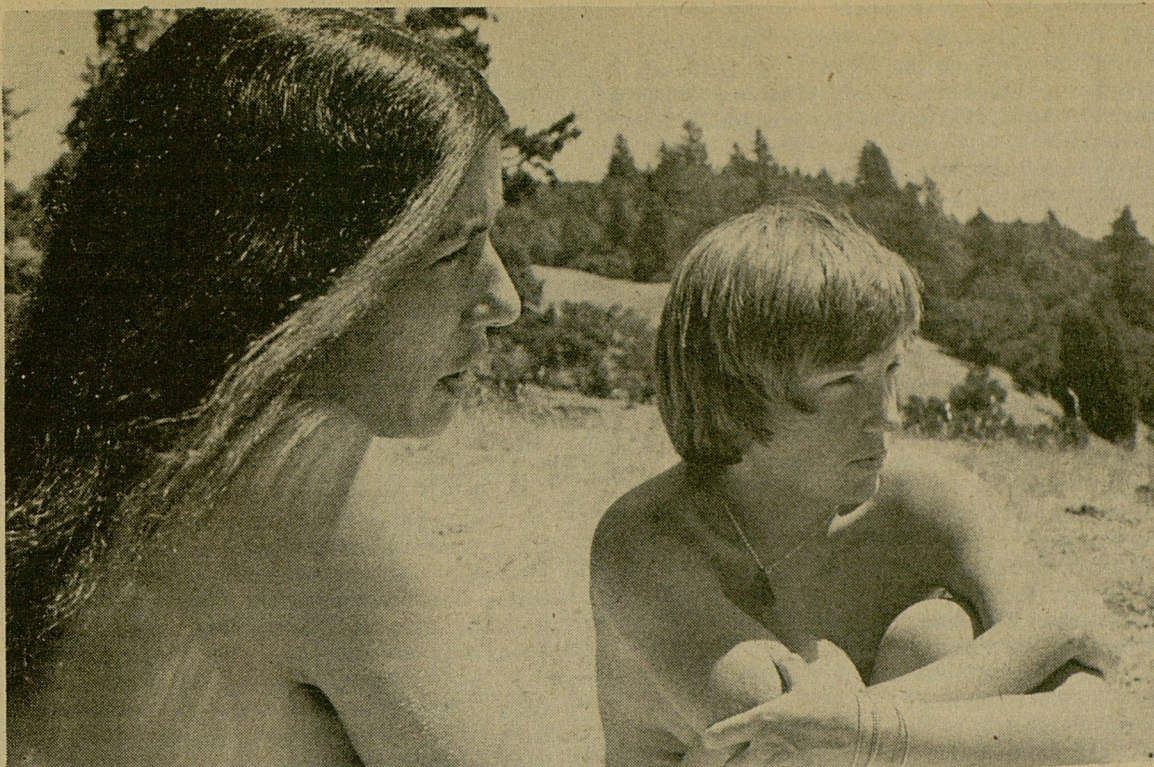
A few rain-full days later, Jenny walks the nine miles down the mountain to a C♀W meeting and offers our questionnaire. The collective is surprised/not surprised. They had been playing with the idea themselves.... It goes out in the next issue. Meaning Sherry mimeographs one thousand copies, and Jenny and

I spend a day stuffing and sticking them into each subscription. As the day drags on and we're on our 850th, we find ourselves growing a bit sceptical. "I bet we see about twelve of these again." "You know, these questions aren't that great, we should have..." Two months later we go to town and open our mailbox to find it overflowing. (Our post-mistress wanted to know if we were running a contest.) The following mornings (days and weeks), we spent reading and collating them. We met so many fine new women, some who do live like us, and some with a totally different life focus. But we do all touch, and have much to say and learn with one another.

We sent out about 900 questionnaires to the subscribers at that time. The total circulation now, stores and subscribers, is 7000. 265 came back to us filled with praise, love, suggestions or criticisms, and strength.

"Dear Country Women Friends: What country women, as reflected in the magazine, are doing fills me with the profoundest respect, delight, and excitement. Every issue I have seen is good, creative, honest; the publication, the lives shared, must be an inspiration to women who are on this path or placing their feet on it. Not diamonds, but land is a woman's best friend - if she has the heart, the guts, the spirit to relate to it - in accordance with its needs and hers."





"I think you're all beautiful. I'm hoping myself that someday I can do something for you that'll mean as much as your magazine does to me."

It has given me more confidence in myself - I find myself saying 'Yes I CAN!' instead of 'I wish I could.'"

"...for though I've never met you...i feel i know you...you are sharing a dream of mine with me...i just want to let you know how beautiful your magazine is...and how beautiful you must be to have created it..."

and on another wave:

"I really don't like your magazine yet tho' I keep hoping it will offer more of what interests me. It seems very 'what I'm doing with my woman friend in the woods', 'What happened to me when I threw out my old beliefs', etc."

"I can say your articles usually have an unreal tone. And when the proverbial trials and tribulations are described they are always concluded with 'but...', when I am sure women often have experiences that they can find no 'but...' to rationalize them with. Sometime when it feels safe, I would like to write you a nice objective letter about my fiasco in the country."

and back to shore:

I think why I originally subscribed to C&W was because I used to live in Elk and Mendocino - I found it quite oppressive - no feminists around and I wasn't a feminist but knew something was terribly wrong with how things were. Was so excited to see a woman's magazine come out of an area that used to be terribly oppressive."

300 women answered our questions. Some women did not answer every question; some had more than one woman answering. All percentages refer to the total number who answered that question, an average of 300.

The age breakdown was:	5	age 17 and under
	50	age 18 - 22
	99	age 23 - 26
	48	age 27 - 29
	54	age 30 - 34
	15	age 35 - 39
	17	age 40 - 50
	5	age 50 - 65
	2	age over 65

175 women answered question two - "What do you do?" This is an incredible one to summarize because labels and categories are so difficult for us to relate to each other with. Yet, we couldn't list our pages of responses, individually recorded and respected. So here are labels; we hope won't offend. cont.



HAPPY PROFESSIONALS: 44 (e.g. investigator Civil Rights commission, nurses, chiropractor, librarians, teachers, urban planner, writers, researcher of birds, illustrator of animals for state museum.)

ARTISTS: 21 (e.g. painters, silversmiths, photographers, crocheters, weavers, calligraphers, greeting card makers, jeweler, leather crafts-women, potters, quiltmakers, embroiderers, musicians.)

AGRICULTURE: 65 including all who have gardens and/or a few animals. 16 have significant income (e.g. carrots, corn, beans and other small cash crops; cattle raising for beef, bees for honey; land leasing; commercial grain.)

IN SCHOOL: 33

WORK WITH CHILDREN: 17 teachers
15 day care

PSYCHOLOGIST/SOCIAL WORKERS: 10 (one of whom is a feminist psychologist.)

HAPPY BLUE COLLARS: 25 (cook on river-boat, ski resort worker, shop owner, accountant, plant nursery worker, lumber mill worker, electronics industry worker.)

LOUSY JOBS /MOSTLY BUMMERS: 18 (waitress, farm labor, housekeepers.)

WELFARE: 4

INDEPENDENTS: 15 (resort manager, toy factory, health spa, natural food store, woman's radio, woman's art gallery, landscaper, masseuse, bike repairer, friends of old buildings, seller of junk to old shops.)

OUT OF TRADITIONAL ROLES: 12 (house-painter, cattle raiser, draftswoman, paper deliverer, forest service crewmember in Alaska, bartender, cement construction worker, wheat combiner, carpenters, dirt race motorcyclist, landscapers.)

As for formal education, more sisters felt it was irrelevant than relevant.

61 found relevance somehow to their present life

89 found none

3 grammar school

13 high school

53 some college or technical

102 college graduates

23 post graduates - MA or less

5 PHD's

A lot of college graduates found themselves in the difficult position of being told they were "over-educated" for many jobs and "under-educated" for the rest. The "relevant" educations were unusual ones like the Friends World College, four years in different communes, or technical training.

One sister summarizes what it seems many felt: "Most people, I think, figure out pretty early in life that schooling is not synonymous with education. Still, some precious, important things in my life were things that I did learn at school. It allowed me to learn to read deeply and to look at pictures with scholarship and passion. More recently,



school has given me a lot of information about farming.

"Dancing and theatre I've always done entirely out of school. Studio training and actual performing experience have been my places of learning in those crafts.

"Still, the people I've loved have actually been my education. They've shown me music that stirs them, and pictures that move them, and gone with me to performances, and eaten meals with me. So that I have been able to look and listen and taste more clearly myself."

In Living Situations:

one fifth of the women live alone or with children only

45 alone

13 with one or more children

For many it is a positive direction: "I'm finding a change in myself. I'm not feeling the highs of being with women that I used to, but feeling very independent and wanting to be alone and somewhat distant from people. It feels good, though very different - I find a strength in myself or a self sufficiency. That's alot of why I'm living alone in the city. I expect to leave in a couple of months to go back to the country and hopefully to live with a woman I love very much. But this time in the city and alone are very good right now after years in communities and the isolation of the country."

Woman-man couples made up about another fifth

51 (not including couples who live in communal situations.)

Communal folk made up a fifth - 48

21 with children in the communes

27 without children

Of those in communes:

11 were independents

22 were half of couples

10 unclear responses

Of other subscribers there were:

20 in woman-woman couples

5 living with a woman friend

39 live exclusively with women

6 of whom live with children also

35 live in nuclear family situations

8 of whom are daughters

In all the above living situations involving children:

36 women live with their biological children

7 with other children as well

7 with just other children

The women who live without men expressed clear reasons for doing so:

"I very strongly believe in separatism for women and for men. I was talking to my sister; she was telling me about watching her friends with men and her own experiences about putting all this energy into teaching men to be half-decent human beings. So there they were with all this struggle just to be able to relate to them. I want to give all my best loving energy to my sisters, for ourselves. She said how women were forever taking care of men. We figured out that if women stopped slaving for men and took care of themselves and each other, then the men would have no one but their own selves, they would have to turn to each other, to learn how to care for themselves. Then it would be them who had all the struggle of their own piggishness. I know it is possible for men to take care of themselves because I have seen gay men do it, and it is so far out. For example, I was at my friends for dinner who has some roommates who are men. After dinner we were sitting there and Paul said his neck hurt. He looked at Susan and said in a hurt voice, "Susan used to rub my neck sometimes but now she's too busy with her own work." I had this impulse to jump up and run over and be a good, accomodating little

slave and rub his neck, even though I was tired and just wanted to sit. So I sat there, tense, wondering if he was expecting one of the women to jump up, run over, and rub his neck. Wondering if he was going to push it and cause a hassle. Susan didn't budge. Bill was sitting next to Paul and reached over and started rubbing his neck. When I saw his hand reaching over I thought, "he's going to touch him!!" When he did I realized that I had never, never, in my life seen a man touch another man gently or kindly. It was amazing to watch. Then Paul's neck didn't hurt anymore.

"I also believe in separatism so that women can get themselves together. They are so far out. The phrase living without men sounds like doing without something. With women only. Only? Only women, oh, just women, that's all. As if it weren't worth it to live with just women. I AM SO SICK OF PEOPLE who have such a hard time believing that women can exist without men. As if men were necessary, like breathing. If I lived with men, I would be forced to be constantly fighting - defending the edges against the encroachment of men with no time or energy to be inside what I am defending - no time to explore or enjoy. What a struggle! Oh shit, I just realized that this whole paper is a prime example of what I am talking about. The question is about women and what am I talking about? hassling with men! That's what I mean about defending the edges with NO TIME to be inside."

Few of the women living with men responded in detail about their situations, but some did express positive feelings about traditional families:

"Our daughters are adults, but one lives nearby and we see her often. She works on the Women's News Journal and stays overnight here when they have evening meetings. The other is a back country ranger in Yosemite in the summer and travels/studies the rest of the year and lives with us sometimes. Their brothers are fifteen and twenty and live at home. I like to think that having their free sisters near will help them to know that they, too, can be what they want to be."

In Living Locations:

48% or 133 women live in rural situations

26 of whom are in isolated rural areas

27% are city women readers

20% are small town residents

7% live in the suburbs

There are a handful of women who have both city and country commitments.

18% were renting land

38% had bought or were buying land

12% had bought or were buying houses

29% were renting houses or apartments

6% were squatting with relatives or as guests

In discovering Country Women:

40% were turned onto it by a friend

25% by a review (mostly in New Woman's Survival Catalogue)

15% found it in a store

14% by advertisement (mostly in MS)

4% found it in their women's centers
cont.

2% in libraries

These figures seem to indicate that women are communicating with each other on a very personal and effective level. The grapevine grows well for country women.

We got a lot of good feedback about the personal and practical articles.

176 said they like both types equally

50 preferred practical

36 preferred personal

Of the women who had used the practical articles:

145 felt they were in depth enough to use

27 gave a qualified yes

11 felt they were not in depth enough

26 women had never tried

Our writers have asked for feedback from readers' experiences after using the articles. So if any of you have used them, please write and tell specifically how it went. One woman did give this report:

"Read about a tool in early edition of C&W called a 'wonder bar' - bought one for work. Now everyone on the crew (4 women and 12 men) has a wonder bar as part of their basic tool kit. It's the best tool around for dismantling houses by hand."

Others noted the amateur quality of many practical articles..."although there is an important part to be played by sharing such beginning knowledge we also need authoritative, in-depth articles by women for women to continue where inspiration leaves off." YES!

There was also the complaint that too much of the practical articles applied to West Coast only. Country Women does stress writing from experience rather than book knowledge, and since most contributions come from west coast readers, only you women who live in other parts of the country can balance this, by writing articles about your land and situations.

Reactions to personal articles varied from loving them and finding much to relate to oneself, to feeling they lacked depth, were irrelevant just because they were personal, or were "getting a little smaltzy and over-romantic about life and love."

Nearly everyone felt the personal touches on the practical articles make them more readable.

We were amazed by all the suggestions that came in for future articles and the desire by so many women to start writing them. YES DO. This is what women are asking for - if you have knowledge or experience in any of these areas, please share it! (A few of these were covered in early, now out of print, issues. Please let us know if we should repeat them.)

LAND:

trusteeship of land rather than private ownership
general home repairs: how to caulk a window,
hang a door, etc.

septic tanks, small bridges, dams, waterwheels
city-country connections, possible networks
how women make it financially on the land
farm machines

more large scale agriculture: orchards,
crops, animal feed

economics of land ownership: upkeep, tax
rebates, etc.

forest management, clearing land, terracing,
fencing

more east coast, mid-west, southern land

FOOD:

canning, wild food recipes, food crops

MEDICINE:

nutrition, herbal medicine, first aid, mid-
wifery, women's rights in the doctor's
office

ANIMALS:

cows - milk and beef, horses, local wild ones

PERSONAL:

gay hassles in country versus city

more about men and children

alternative education for children

single parenting

communities and communes: group dynamics (how
the wheels turn), country, all women's

more spiritual articles

sexuality

feelings about our mothers

women caught between maintaining families and
growing independently of family

dichotomy between need to wander and need to
settle, between being free and taking
responsibility

divorce, aging and death, fantasies and dreams
women working together

POLITICS:

how to get along with country people, tradi-
tional country women

community organizing, rural politics, women
organizing to prevent environmental abuse

problems of elitism

political happenings in the womens movement

where women are emerging in leadership positions

transition from city to country

ART:

women's art and culture

rag rugs, woodworking, leathercraft, spinning
and weaving, crafts using natural materials

dance, visual arts, woman or nature folklore

OTHER:

saunas, greenhouses, natural energy sources
and systems

hitch-hiking long distances

identifying plants, animals, and flowers

REQUESTS FOR THE C&W COLLECTIVE:

more contacts, land for sale, etc.

calendar of country women events all over

question/answer column

inner workings and struggles of the collective

Readers had much to say about C&W politics. It seemed to be an area of great concern and great disparity.

92 women liked what they saw as the politics
22 felt it was too radical, mostly too
much man-hating

23 felt it was too soft

25 thought it OK to neutral

20 saw no political content at all

Some thought politics of the magazine "boring,"

"not clearly thought out or articulated,"

"juvenile," "elegant," "odd," "diversified,"

"real," "irrelevant," "in need of new thoughts,"

"a bit west coast chauvinistic," "more together
and relevant than anything else."

Some felt politics to be personal: "please
don't waste yourselves on hassels over the
political image to put across in Country Women."

Just give us the articles with warmth and sincerity and we, the readers, will work out our own political decisions. I think there's something in sisterhood that transcends politics."

Many asked for more country politics:

"I see the fact of C&W - putting so many otherwise isolated women into communication - as very political, or potentially so. But I do feel impatient with the content from that perspective - can't remember reading much that was explicitly political, let alone radical. I'd love to see the magazine become more political since in other ways it's so exciting. Also, I'd really be interested to know about radical women who've moved out on the land - whether they were disenchanted with politics or still see themselves as political, whether they've found political outlets for their energy in the country. One of the reasons I'm in the city now is the opportunity to do political work. I know that in the country there are fights against loggers and developers; cooperative building and buying; women's groups and newsletters; but I don't have a sense of how much those things are going on or of whether many people in the country feel themselves to be part of a revolutionary movement."

"You make some really good radical statements, in feminist protest; I would like to see more broadly based themes - making whole system connections and broadcasting more information."

Some women were concerned by what they saw as an "anti-men" tone: "I live with and relate to men - adults and children - as well as to women. I would like to see more articles relating to turning men on to women's liberation and how we can be whole people while relating to men. I find C&W politics a bit too anti-men sometimes - I feel men are trying, as we are, to get over a lot of bullshit and need some understanding and help."

Of sexual relationships -

21% were lesbians, one of whom felt drawn to another category - "Ideally bisexuality (or just plain sexuality would be nice, but in this society we are overwhelmingly drawn to women."

15% had no present sexual relationships. Of these women, 88% were drawn to other groups: 19 to heterosexuality, 7 to bisexuality, 12 to lesbianism.

11% of the women considered themselves bisexual: 3 women would ideally be heterosexual; 7, lesbians; 2, no sexual relationships; and 21 were contented as they were.

53% of women were presently heterosexuals, 30% of those felt drawn to changes: 43 women to bisexuality, 10 to lesbianism, 6 to no sex, 3 to all.

"It was actually something you said once about our built-in and learned hesitation to express attraction, affection, love in a sexual way with women, where we wouldn't hesitate in a comparable affective situation with a man. That really blew my mind a bit - at that point I just decided that it was time to open with women - it's a slow and painful process, but here again I feel supported in some unknown ways

and feel deeply that this is the next step."

Some women were put off by the question. "It seems a way of polarizing us, of splitting the movement. I relate to nobody on terms of who they sleep with. My only interest in sex occurs when it's happening."

"At my age, a woman is interesting as a culmination of her values."

79% of answerers felt support from other women in their growth as a woman. A fifth of those felt they needed more but were getting some.

21% felt isolated except for the support received through the magazine itself. "I usually try to hide my real self so they won't be offended."

"I live in a community where other women of

feminist views are rare as hen's teeth..." "Just knowing others also go through reawakening and all the agony that it implies gives me support - for women like myself suddenly everything about feminism is important, everything about other women, how they think, what they feel, who they are."

"When I get a new copy of C&W, it's like something special has happened. I carry it around with me and it gives me strength. There's no one around me with whom I can really let go and talk with 'cause they would think me strange and be afraid of me."

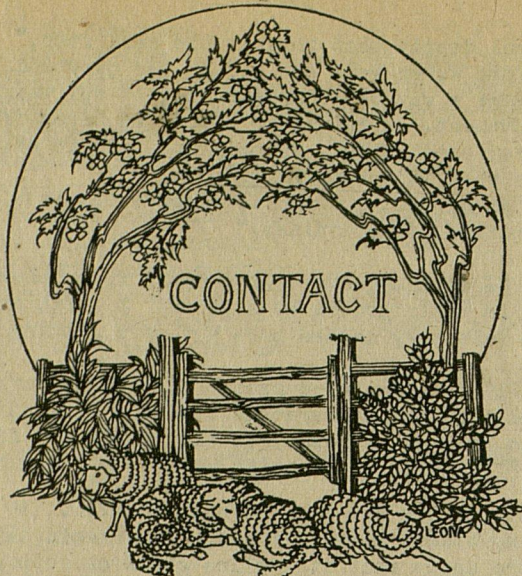
"A lot of the time I feel like I am living a double life - one with them, one secret and hidden. I keep my feminism to myself and avoid letting them know my feelings because of their condescending attitudes - 'oh, how cute, she's just going through a phase' - (I'm younger than them). Since there has been no one to talk to I would think and read and write which are all head trips; it would get scary because I would feel very isolated and - NOT REAL - like it was all in my head. I was so glad when I saw C&W. Thank you. Now I know, I am not alone and that I am real - and I will not disintegrate when I am exposed to people's fears and bad vibes. Now I need some friends to help me continue to grow strong."

Several women were oriented towards growth as a person first and couldn't relate to the question of growth as a woman. Others felt "support, yes, but put-down too", a state of mutual confusion between women relating, and a need to be stronger and more up front about loyalties to women. Some spoke of their difficulty to connect with other women and one woman felt her support came mostly from men.

Reading through all the questionnaires, we were thrilled at how much support women were feeling from each other. Many reports radiated it. As one woman said, "The question of support is really vital. It's a basic need, and if we could all get that together - shit, that's the revolution."

So let it grow from all our roots.

***For those of you who wanted contacts with sisters in your area, they will come out in the fall when we have some time to put it all together. The bus trip, (still tentative), would happen the first two weeks in October. &



We are ex-Berkeleyites, two women and three children. We moved here to southern Indiana in the middle of last winter and are fumbling along on 121 acres with cows, chickens, berries, a garden and orchard and a 140-year-old brick farmhouse. We would love to hear from other women in the midwest who are farming or trying to get into farming. Contact: Dorothy and Sandra, Rt 1 Box 135a, Deputy, Indiana 47230

We are nine adults and one child seeking to expand our living-working collective. We're interested in country-loving women, especially women with children. New communities being our thing, we edit Communities magazine and hope to be the core group on a larger piece of land for about 500 people. We have goats, bees, a biodynamic garden and are busy doing conferences on alternative life styles. We three women here place great emphasis on our solidarity and make time for women only activities. Care to join us? Contact: Licorice Root, Communitarian Village, Rt. 1 Box 191, Oroville, California 95965

I am in the process of buying a 20 acre farm near Potter Valley, California. I'd like to donate about 15 acres of it (which includes a small cabin, garden, goat pen, pasture and chicken coops) to a Women's Health Retreat Center. Experienced caretaker wanted. Open hours, no salary, use of cabin while building your own shelter. Start immediately. (No tobacco, alcohol or illegal drugs allowed.) Contact: Mildred Fitting, P.O. Box 225, Potter Valley, California 95469

We are seeking people to join with us - a farm-based, multifaceted, "service"-oriented, family. We are/will be economically communal, ZPG and adoption-oriented, non-pacifist, modified vegetarian. We need mature and non-drug-dependent (including alcohol and tobacco) people who want long-term commitments. Currently, "we" are a country mother and daughter on a rural plot, with farm fowl, animal shelters, and organic gardens. We will relocate onto larger, more completely rural acreage, possibly in Maine. Contact: M. P. Luevanos, Rt 1 Box 245L, Floral City, Florida 32636 (904-726-4378)

WRITERS! ARTISTS! \$250 in award money is being offered for outstanding contributions to each issue of Amazon Quarterly thanks to a new grant we've received. For a sample issue and details send \$1 to : Amazon Quarterly, P.O. Box 434, W. Somerville, MA 2144. Women who have not previously published are especially encouraged to inquire. One thousand dollars per year are available.

I am alone on a farm of over 200 acres. I know a lot about farming, animals, woods, carpentry, etc. I am now 50 years old and have a very strong constitution. I'd like to find some country sisters like myself to join me. Women who like to hike, fish and camp outdoors, travel, and do every day farm chores; who don't smoke and drink little. Contact: Edna Spatto, West Leyden, New York 13489

We are looking for people to fill staff positions beginning September, '74. Openings available for kitchen co-ordinator, maintenance person, carpenter, and craftsperson/weaver. You get room on our 100 acre farm, board (good organic food), medical expenses and a small salary. We want people who enjoy community living and working with teenage people. We are especially interested in finding feminist women for these positions. Contact: Susan Leighton, Woolman Hill, Keets Rd., Deerfield, Mass. 01342 (413) 773-9065 or 772-0453

I'm looking for Core sisters, interested in starting a womens commune. Must be able to commit yourself to this alternative life style, with hopes of becoming self-sufficient. Goals involve supporting our sisters, creating a "family" environment, work with structures, organic gardening, creative talents, living with the land and being ourselves! Would like to locate it somewhere in the lower Catskill region of New York State. Interested? Contact: Celeste Mazzulli, 109 East Main St., Middletown, New York 10940 - 914-342-3796

Country cottage for rent. About one hour from either New York City or New Haven, Conn., in Lake Kitchewan, South Salem, New York. It has 2-3 bedrooms, living room with natural stone fireplace, kitchen with eat-in porch. I would like to rent this to women who can be relatively long-term, and do minor repairs. \$75.00 per month/negotiable. Contact: P.J. Schimmel, 205 N. Edgewood St., Arlington, Va. 22201 - phone 703-243-8815

WOMAN SPIRIT. In time for the Fall Equinox a new magazine will be available to facilitate our communications. Exploring the non-material side of our natures, our mystical experiences, our intuitions, our celebrations; exploring what it all means and where it is headed; articles, poems, photographs, graphics, and letters are solicited from our sisters. It is a quarterly. Subscriptions are \$6 yearly. Write to us at: WOMAN SPIRIT, Wolf Creek, Oregon 97497

Future Issues

Natural Cycles: of all kinds. Write about experiences of earth cycles, life cycles, astrological cycles, menstrual cycles, biorhythm cycles. Keep a journal of dreams, moods, energy, color and food preferences, health, sexuality, physical and intellectual activity. Deadline: September 10.

Foremothers: We have part of an issue of fine material already. This one will be published when we have enough material. We are looking for interviews with old women about early days, remembrances of grandmothers and great grandmothers, old letters, diaries, photographs.

Women Working: what we do to support ourselves; what the experience of working feels like; what it means to be a woman working in mainstream and counterculture institutions; what being in the country means to working women.

**Box 51
Albion, CA**

Graphics Credits

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Announcing Country Women Special Editions

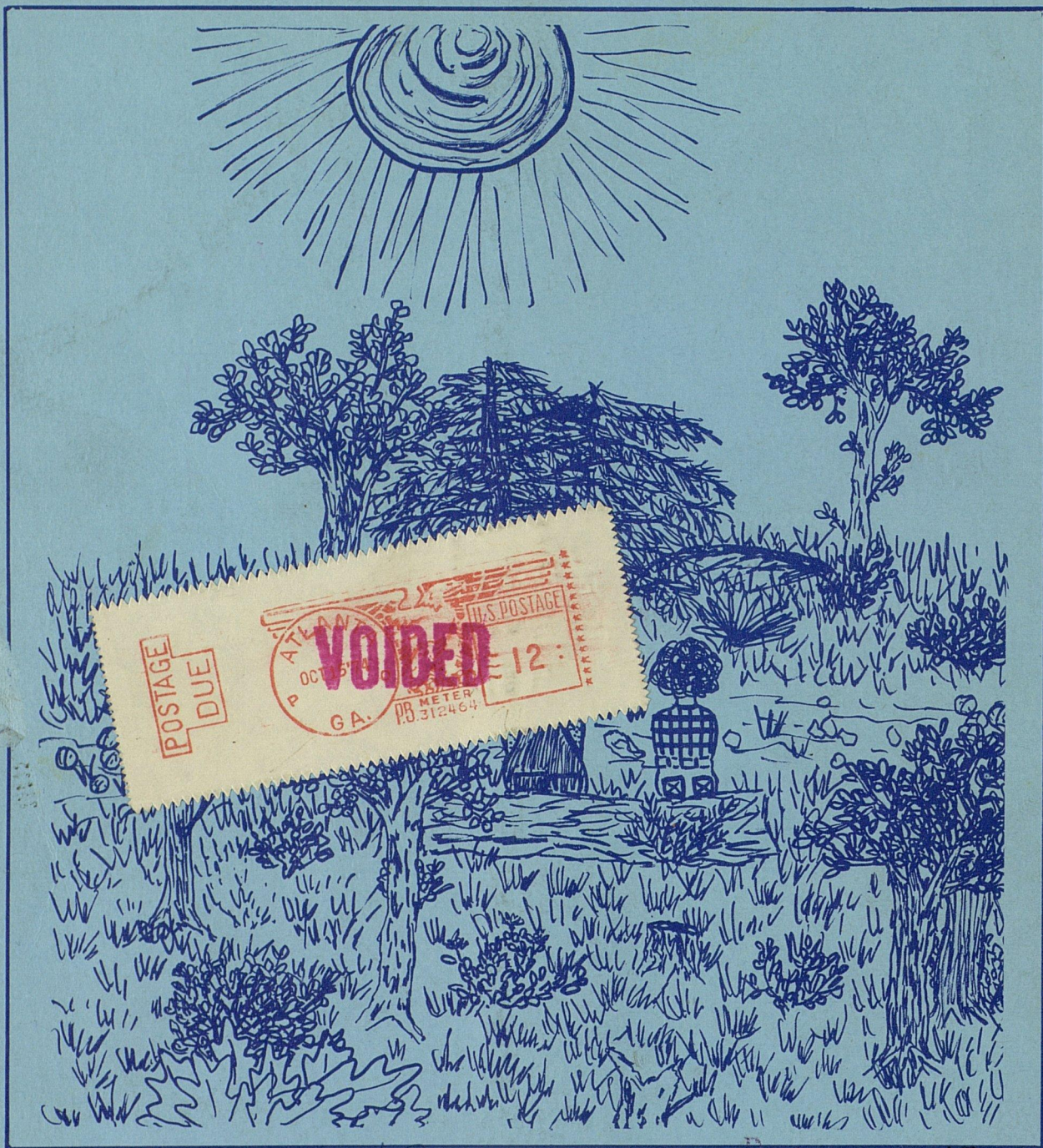
We have been receiving more good material than we can publish or than fits within the format of the magazine. So we have decided to publish four special anthologies of country women's work during the next year. These will be in addition to and separate from the magazine, but distributed by us. We will keep the cost as low as we can and use the profits from the first to publish the second, etc. Please submit work for these anthologies to the editors listed below and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your piece returned. If you would also like your writing or photograph considered for the magazine, please send a duplicate copy to Albion.

Country Women's Poetry - send to:
Box 233
Harris, Calif. 95447

Fiction for Children - short stories or excerpts from longer works.
send to:
None of the Above Ranch
Star Route 1, Box 38
Covelo, Calif. 95428

Photographs of Country Women - a book of portraits of country women and their lives. Send to:
Box 90
Philo, Calif. 95466

Country Women's Fiction - short stories or other short fictional prose.
send to:
Box 508
Little River, Calif. 95456



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