

Anger & Violence

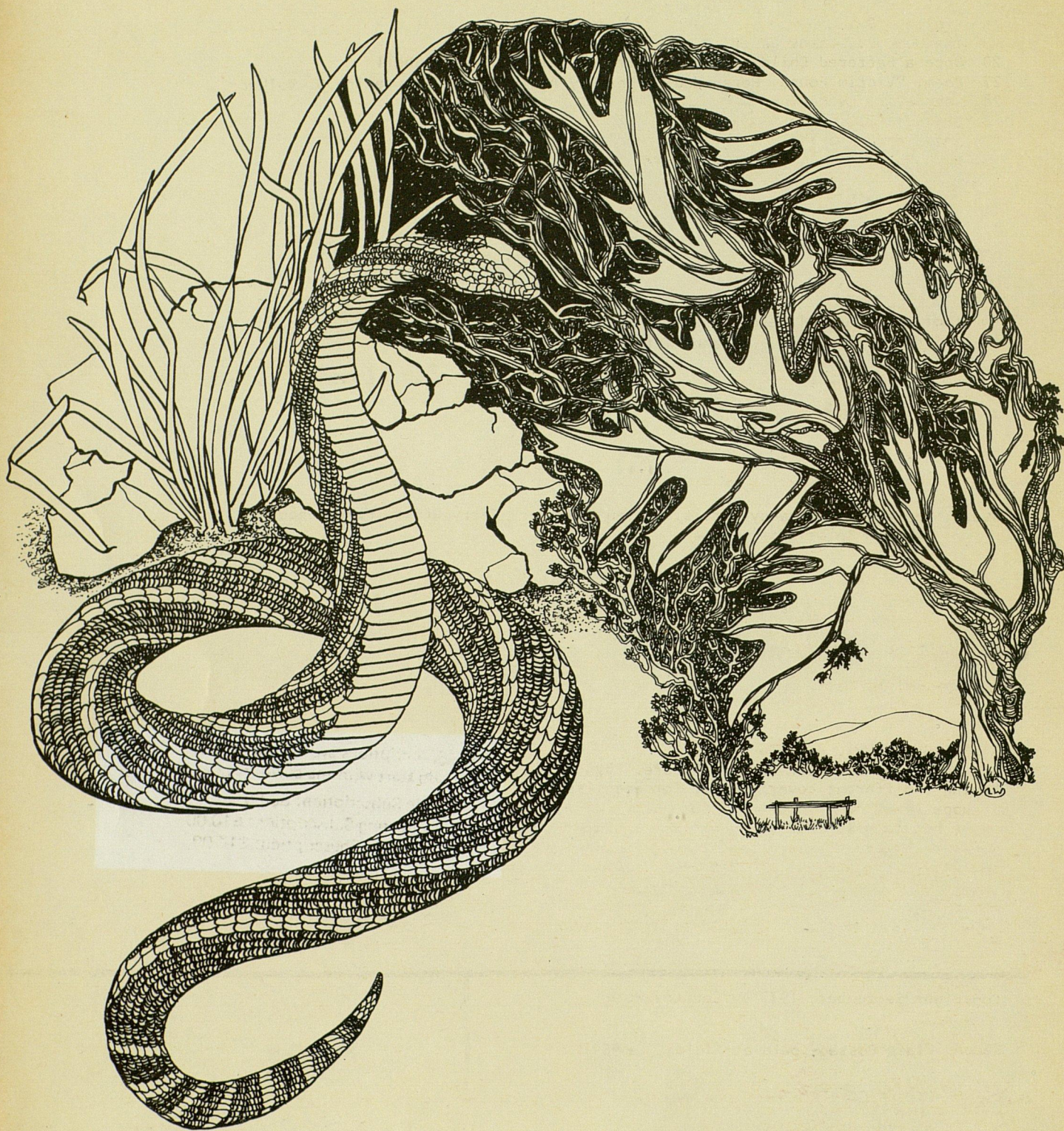
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This Familiar Story

by Ellen Bass

Janet, I would like to write for you of moons, and how the honey bees thicken the flowering quince with their humming wings this day of the new moon. How the robins with their dusky red breasts and the jays and the sparrows feast on warm, heavy pyreanthus until they are drunk and fly in dizzy swirls. I would like to write of the nights we live in each other's dreams, how I leave you a note which is, you pause for the words and I am knowing the words you will find, so loving, so loving; or how you looked last night, your hair drawn back from your face, your bones exposed, the green-blue iridescence of your blouse, the way it changed color as you moved. I would like to make poems of all these things, but they come to me only in glimpses these days. I am drawn to speak of the other—of Annasuya crouched in her trailer, lights out, holding a kitchen knife, ready for the intruder; a warrior, she has the spirit of a warrior, you say, and it is that which I must write now, that which I must live with, for my survival, for yours.

And so I tell this familiar story:

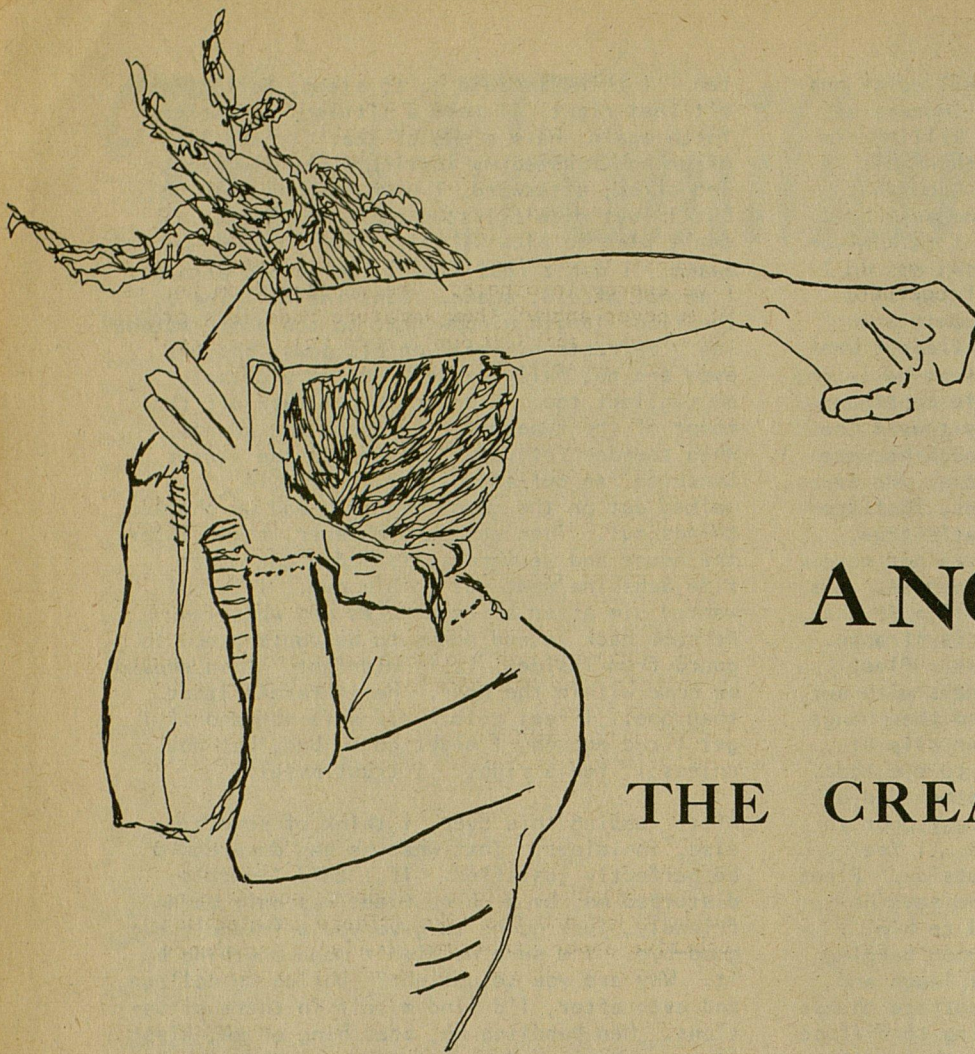
I am sitting in my nightgown at my desk, putting away papers from the day. I have just taken a shower and had dinner. It is 10 PM and I am very tired. My arms and shoulders a little sore from dance class yesterday, self-defense class tonight, tired from the long day. A car pulls up on our side of the house and I wonder if it could be Alan although he shouldn't be home so early. It is not Tim. Tim always parks on the other side. I wish it would be Alan, but hope it's not since that might mean he felt too ill and had to come home. As I am wondering, a man's face appears in the window. He is smiling and I smile. He is definitely familiar, but I cannot place him and that is disturbing with no one home. He approaches the door and I go first to the bedroom to put on a robe and then walk to the door. Sunshine is barking all this time and when I open the door he barks more. The man enters, saying he is Fleet. I say, yes, I remember, which I then do. I am relieved that he has told me who he is. As I think about it now I'm not sure what the difficulty would have been to simply say, "Hello. Of course I remember you but I've forgotten your name." At the time I didn't think of being able to ask. Sunshine will not enter the house. He stands at the doorway barking and I will not close the door with him outside. I want him available. I tell Fleet that Tim's not in. (Or did I say no one's here.) Again, as I think back, I should have said, no one's here but me and Alan. However,

I didn't think of that and made it known in whatever words that Tim, Jane, Karen, etc. were out. He asked if Tim was, what did he say, on the road or something like that. I said he might be at a basketball game. I wasn't sure since I'd just gotten in myself. He said, officiating? I said possibly. Then he asked if Jane had moved out. I said yes she was in her new place. I didn't know the address, but on Glen Arbor, and I had the phone number. I picked up the piece of paper with her number and showed it to him. He asked could he use the phone. I said of course. (It didn't, however, sound anything like this.) All the while Sunshine is barking and growling. I coax him to come in frequently and keep talking to him, telling him everything is all right. Sunshine is not interested in what I say nor in the tone of my voice. He feels my inner feelings. He feels his own. Sunshine trusts his instincts. It is like trying to coax him into the water. He will go as far as he can stand and that's it. No matter how many times you tell him it's all right he will have nothing to do with it. He knows his limits. He knows what's comfortable for him. Fleet says that Sunshine is picking up his heavy vibes. I wonder to myself why are the vibes so heavy. I ask him something like that, expecting him to let me know whether he intends me harm. He says he has black belts in several martial arts. I wonder if this is true. He says all dogs pick up on it some. Sunshine more than most. I say that Sunshine is very protective. If he is going to throw around his assets, I'll mention mine too. I am still coaxing Sunshine inside, wanting him close. Finally he comes in. He's clearly very afraid. I pet him and tell him it's okay. Fleet reminds me of the night he stayed here with Tim and Jane and walked into Sunshine asleep in the dark kitchen, waking him with a start and causing Sunshine to run outside and bark the circumference of the house a dozen times. I say perhaps that's why he's so disturbed now. I don't think it is. But I am not willing to admit there is anything for Sunshine to be disturbed about in the present situation. I say, there's no problem, Sunshine. Nothing to worry about. I say, you'll know when there's a problem. You will know. No problems yet. I am saying this for the benefit of Fleet. I am letting Fleet know that when Sunshine really senses me in danger he will be ferocious, not just loud. I am not really afraid. It is a different feeling. I am alert and observant and careful to stand up straight and to breathe. I am fluid, and watchful. Tonight I have learned how to get up when a man has pinned me down. I have

practiced again my punches and I feel quick and prepared. His black belt does not impress me. I would have no reservations about killing him if he tried to hurt me. I do not think his energy would flow so free. I also know that the situation will not begin as long as I hold my ground firmly. I am pleasant. I talk nicely to him. However I do not sit down nor do I invite him to. I am afraid he will say he'd like to stay and wait for Tim. I don't know what I will say but I am sure that I don't want him to. I try to make it obvious that he is not welcome to stay. Sunshine meanwhile continues barking intermittently. Fleet goes toward the phone. He moves very slowly as though he were afraid of alarming Sunshine even more. He says that Sunshine is afraid of his vibes, that Sunshine is threatened. I can see that's true. But Fleet looks afraid also. He does not move matter of factly, simply, as other people. His elaborate slowness, designed to be less frightening to Sunshine, is more so. It is strange. Sunshine feels it, the not-rightness. Fleet calls and Jane is not home. He speaks with her roommate, asks a question or two and then hangs up. He writes the number on another slip of paper to take with him. I am glad to see that. Sunshine has now edged toward the other end of the living room and goes out his doggy door in the kitchen. I am sorry about this. I feel somewhat less protected with him outside. Fleet and I exchange a few more words. He says he moves too fast for dogs to get used to him. That if he came and spent an afternoon hanging out with Sunshine he'd cool out. I laugh and say that next time we'll get some cottage cheese he can give to Sunshine. I am trying to diffuse the tension I feel. I am insisting that nothing is unusual. I am not willing to let him create his aura of threat. Cottage cheese, no one is hurt amidst genial things like giving a dog cottage cheese. Fleet is at the door. I think he has opened the door, although I'm not sure. I smile and am saying good-bye. He smiles and reaches out opened arms to me, approaches as if to hug me. It has been a long time since someone has tried to run this number on me, but it is unmistakable. The smell never changes. I take a half step back and say, curtly, I'm not into it. He holds out his right hand to shake mine. I shake his hand. He has a look of mock apology on his face, withdraws, putting his hands together in an oriental bow and goes out the door. Sunshine goes out after him. He gets into his car. I walk away from the door and stand in the bathroom behind the shaded window. After he has driven away I go to the door and call Sunshine back in. I tell him he is a good dog, good dog. I give him some cottage cheese and pet him and tell him he is a good dog, but next time don't go out. Then I do dishes. I water the plants. I straighten up the bedroom and pull the shades. I think about locking the door, but then I remember all the other doors and all the windows and it seems like too much to start doing. I don't want to live with all my doors and windows locked. I feel hungry. I have a banana, some granola. I am very tired. I have planned to be in bed at

ten. I think I could go to sleep, but it doesn't feel right. I read a little. I brush my teeth again, have a cup of tea. I have too often not trusted my instincts, my feelings. Too often, afterward, I have said, I knew it, but I just didn't listen to my feelings. I don't plan to blow it this time. I feel safe awake. I don't feel like lying in bed afraid. I am not afraid, awake. Sunshine is lying by the floor length window next to the door, watching. He rests his head on his paws, but his eyes are not fully closed. He is vigilant. I am vigilant too. Now and then I turn off the motor of the typewriter to check the sounds. When someone returned home across the street Sunshine ran out and barked for awhile. I walked out on the porch with him and we checked things out. Then we heard whoever it was enter the house and we were satisfied. One other time Sunshine went out on his own. I felt I wanted him after a few minutes and whistled. He came back in and seems to be content now to guard from inside. It is midnight. Alan should be home within the hour. He is rarely later than one. I feel relatively safe now and if I get tired enough, I might go to bed, but not unless it feels right. I trust myself.

After reading this over, I think of something else, insidious. That what he has done could be perfectly justified. If I told Tim this disturbed me, he'd think Fleet was only being friendly, just going to give you a friendly hug good-bye. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it. Why are you so uptight? Dating in college, and even after, I'd find myself in these situations. Men handling me, breathing on me, kissing me, shoving tongues into my mouth, touching the sides of my breasts, touching my knees, my thighs, my ass, putting their mouths on my neck, putting my hands on their thighs, their bellies, their penises, unzipping their pants, unhooking my bra, reaching under my sweaters, grabbing my hand and putting it on their penises, begging me to lie with them, to marry them, all in the name of being friendly, good fellowship, what are you so uptight about. And all during college and after I'd resist some, give in some, compromise my way through the evening, through the ride or walk home, through the good-night, until I could get in the door and close it behind me, until I could get on the bus back to New Jersey and hear the bus doors fold closed, until I could get into the lighted lobby of the dorm. And not until these minutes of writing this did I know why I didn't stand up for myself, why I didn't simply say no. I always thought it was because I was so much needing to be liked, so much wanting to be liked, wanting to be sure that I wasn't thought badly of, thought cold, thought a goody goody, a prude. I am sure these feelings were a part of it, but they weren't the most important reason. The real reason is that I didn't want to be raped. By cajoling, by never clearly taking a stand, by giving a little in exchange for not being forced, I protected myself from violent rape. Tonight I protected myself another way. With the knowledge of my own full strength. ♀



Drawing by Cynthia Yagoda

ANGER

THE CREATIVE FIRE

BY ROSEMARY CHRISTOPH

My jaw clenches, my lips tighten, my heartbeat echoes quickly in my ears, my breathing comes faster and louder, my stomach knots up... I'm angry.

Sound familiar? The question is, do I turn this energy inward, begin to find fault with myself, turn off, turn cold and dull and stuporous? Or do I allow this fiery energy to sweep over me and out, whether by shouting, chopping, running, crying, pounding pillows, or cleaning furiously?

Clearly, most babies are born into the world with the emotional ability to be angry as well as to cry, to withdraw when frightened, to reach out in longing, to laugh and enjoy. Rage is her/his protest against being violated, being in pain or being neglected. Suppression often begins with the baby's first rages; rarely are they really recognized, and given a human response. More often the response is to ignore, to "refuse to deal with her when she's like that", or to smash, to shake the child into docility and "goodness". The suppression of the anger impulse becomes on a larger scale the suppression of the person's ability to defend the outer limits of her own body and psychic space. Anger is about *protecting* the self, at whatever age; when people are not permitted to protect themselves *directly*, the energy is still there and is channelled into indirect forms.

Families play out patterns in which every person has their own peculiar neurotic and ineffectual habits with anger; the father may storm and criticize, injuring everyone's feelings; the mother may be passively aggressive, sullen or crying in the kitchen; the brother may disappear out the back door; the sister is sarcastic, jabs, and makes cutting remarks. We seem most helpless in dealing with the "dark" emotions - anger, hurt, fear, and grief. We hide from them, stifle them, hoping to cut off their energy. We find instead that they continue to live a subterranean existence, undermining us at other junctures, or that in cutting them off, we have cut off our own life-force roots. Each of these emotional responses *has* to be dealt with, and *learned from*, otherwise, the "dark side" will undermine us, drown us, cause us to harden, contract, close up.

Each of the "dark" emotions has an appropriate physical and verbal expression, a rippling motion that releases the energy, empties us, to leave room for the next experience. When we harden or contract against this movement, whether by not crying, not yelling, not shaking (fear), then we are trapping ourselves into eternally reliving it and experiencing the present as though it's the same as the past. Anger is a key piece in this pattern. For anger release not only allows the hurt or rage to ex-

press itself in tears, or words - anger defends, protects the self and says *No*. Anger has to do with standing up for one's own integrity and dignity, insisting upon *change*.

Our emotions *inform* us of how we experience what we relate to, and that emotional information is all-of-a-piece. Fear, hurt, grief, love, joy, anger, awe are all bound together are as interdependent as the veins, nerves muscles, bones are in the body; any inhibition of one will stifle or deform the functions of the others. These inhibitions in our culture lead to those repetitive snarled forms of people who are fixated totally in one emotional state, say fear, or pain, or bitterness, or self-pity, or false cheer. Or to the constriction and shrinking of the emotional range of the person - so that the full flow of love or grief, whatever, never happens; feelings then are experienced very indirectly, mildly, without completion. The powerful experience of anger often unlocks the energy of the other emotions - and reveals beneath it, layers and layers, of sadness, of fear, of love, of strength, of self....the real fullness of the human being.

Why is anger the key to the other emotions? What is the connection between anger and love? It seems to make sense, on a psychic as well as physical level, that one's "Yes" to life, to a person, to a situation, is only as strong as one's possible actual "*NO*". Only with the inner freedom to choose either Yes or No, do we have the back-up which makes the choice emotionally real. We may have learned psychically at a level beyond words that we are only permitted to say Yes, never No. We often learn this in school or in the family from people who are dictatorial, who do no negotiating with our No's. So now as adults if we are secretly convinced that it is not OK to say No, Yes becomes a limp, puny Yes hedged with hidden reservations, evasions, even barbs and wires. Yes/No are two sides of a whole, either of which can be on the ascendent, but both of which belong as a choice to the individual person.

Sometimes a person will become locked into one statement: No (I won't - as a rebel) or Yes (You will - as a bully). These particular stuck places lead us to being attached to winning or losing, positions calculated to render life "predictable" and thus emotionally deadlocked. "Real" life is a learning process involving successes and failures, the rhythms of which are deeply interrelated. The connection of this to anger is that *defending too strongly* means having to *win*, to *conquer* over others to make sure the self is protected (like bullying). I once worked with a woman who when she did a self-protection exercise, had to push everyone out of the circle, and all the way across the room, in order to feel adequately protected. She was used to winning, to being the conqueror, the tyrant, because only when she was "on top" did she feel really safe.

The opposite of this is the Yes-person, who is so afraid of having power and responsibility that she has to lose consistently in order to protect the other party and insure her own guiltlessness. Bending over backwards to never be angry, demanding, or direct or strong, she is forced to live in fear of her own destructiveness as well as in fear of destructive negative energy in others. The message from her is "I'm never angry" (how immature rage is), or "how weak I am" (so don't hurt me), and "don't you dare be angry" (or you'll crush me).

Where does this dread of the tyrannical rage come from? Anger can move with terrifying swiftness from honest emotion to hatred and tyranny over others, unless we handle the energy consciously and make conscious choices about how we use it. Most of us have experienced some form of negative tyranny in living with or near a person (perhaps father, mother, or grandparent) who through destructive attack, criticism, judgment, or violence kept people around them terrified and harmless. Having only destructive models we are soured on anger as a "real" human emotion, and bend over backwards not to be a destructive tyrant also. We have learned the duplicities our parents played with angry feelings, channeling them into eating, sarcasm, lateness, humor, alcoholism, anxiety, depression, "sweetness and light", drug addiction, headaches, tight silences, complaining, guilt trips and the like. There is also destructive anger, tantrums, bullying, violence, which we are indeed well-advised to avoid.

But there is also a real *positive, creative anger force* - a strong emotional current, warm, alert-eyed, involving thumping heartbeat and deep breath; an emotion of transformation. In the New Testament if you read the tirades of Jesus in the Gospels, you become aware that there is such a current of *furious love*, a pure direct force, going to the heart of the matter, to the corruption of the times. Anger coming from the self-center is concentrated; like a pure flame, it melts and crystallizes new shapes and forms within and burns away the excess without. The clearing away of misunderstandings through the exercise of communicative anger is the burning of the waste, the maya, the changing of the clouds of frightened and irritable thoughts into action and release. As such, anger is effective and potent - it can't come out calmly, coolly, indifferently. To have an *impact* or to release the imprisoned energy, it must come strongly leaping out. And strong loud exchanges are OK. We humans were made for strong passionate interactions, not just communions of the mind, the warmth of love, the sensual mingling, or gentle nurturance. And curiously, or not so curiously, often just underneath an anger exchange is the real strong love flow, yes, yes, yes...

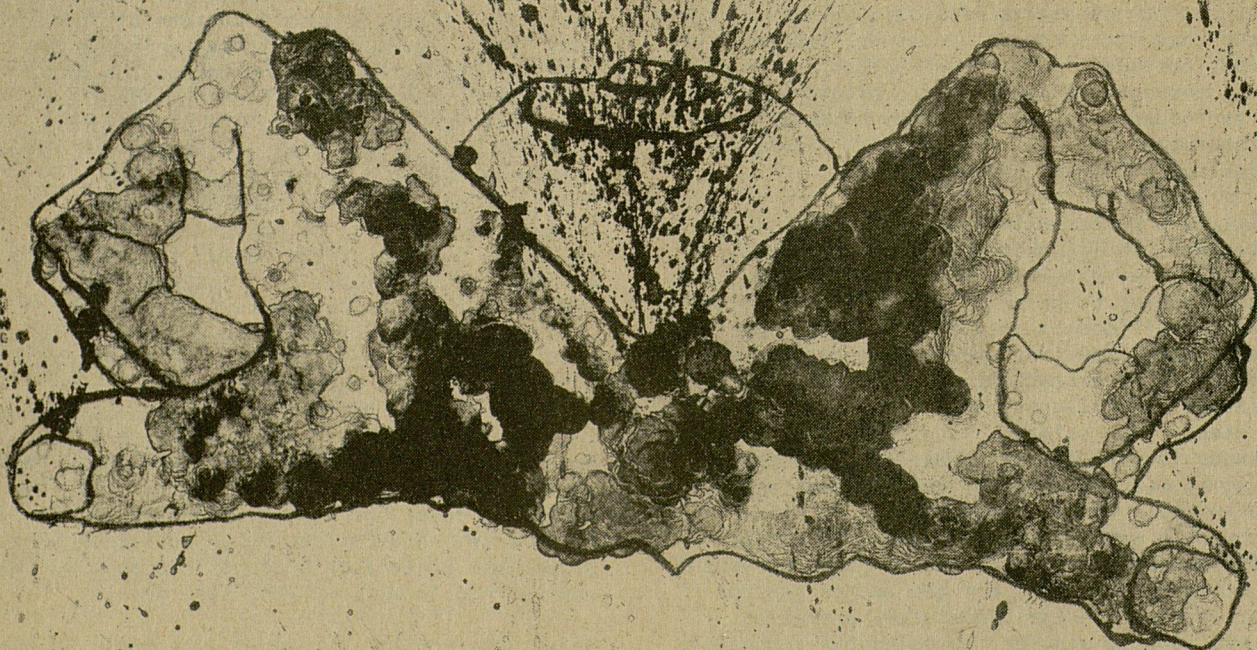
Often when you let out anger, you begin to open up the deeper world of emotion beneath. If you let yourself go beyond the surface here, a host

of other inner realities emerge. See what other statements besides "I'm angry" come up. "I'm hurt", "I'm frightened of losing you", "I'm feeling unloved, unvalued, uncared for", "I'm sorry", "I'm frustrated", "I'm sad about all this", "I love you...". When we connect consciously with these places, we begin to be able to make choices with our emotional lives rather than be at the mercy of our unconscious turmoil and insecurity.

The *anger at oneself* that is at the root of this insecurity is the hardest of all to deal with. It makes sense that since we are always in a developmental process of learning in life, we never feel complete at any given moment. This lack of completion causes a yearning, a dissatisfaction and a pushing which leads us to be violent towards ourselves in our efforts for change. In this area, we are so "close" to the subject matter (ourselves) that we lack any vision or perspective. We tend to go at ourselves with bludgeons and hammers, when we need to be most tender and slow in chiseling out the shape of our lives. Since our lives are unfolding in time, like music, like dance, any one moment, any one chord, or gesture, is only a tiny fragment — it is the whole, the *shape* of the motion

that we need to keep focused upon. In terms of working with anger at oneself then, *keeping the positive aim*, the constructive changes in mind, rather than brutalizing oneself for mistakes and failures, is the real goal. A three step process for articulating this is:

1. Express loudly at an object (or person), addressing yourself directly, all that you're angry about. ("I'm furious at you for not finishing anything!")
2. Tell yourself what changes, aims you'd like yourself to bring about in your character or life. ("I want you to focus in on one or two things and finish each before you go on to start something else.")
3. Make a brief list of a few specific ways you can begin to implement these changes, in the coming week or month. ("I want you to write those three letters you've been avoiding by this weekend. I want you to just concentrate on finishing your dream journal until it's caught up.")



There is a translation process that happens when we're not direct with ourselves or with others, which is that the emotional energy that isn't dealt with comes out via other centers — physically, in illness or violence, or mentally, in the form of judgment and criticism. Criticism is an activity that occurs when angry emotional energy hasn't been dealt with, and so changes into cerebral energy which picks apart, finds fault, puts down. Look to see if anger is at the root of it. The impact of criticism on the other person is condescending and patriarchal, looking down from above. It doesn't deal straightforwardly with emotional realities, yet it has a charge behind it. Anger, on the other hand, is direct and egalitarian, eye to eye, self to self. "I feel angry that you didn't take care of my things when I trusted them with you." Criticism says, "You've always been unreliable. I should have known better than to entrust you with anything, etc."

Criticism is what happens with cerebral energy caught up with blaming and complaining about others, and their faults; it can also do the same to oneself. But there is a positive function of the mind in connection with anger and emotion, *consciousness*. Awareness of what's going on, what's being said, where we're going, what the undercurrents are, what one's purpose is. Too often people "think" that if they are angry, they are out of control, can't think anymore, have lost their mental processes to this overwhelming primitive force. Your mind doesn't stop functioning because you're in an emotional state any more than your body stops functioning because you have an idea. However, it is true some people behave as if they've lost touch with their center, their values, their thought — and this gives them the excuse to vent without regard to others. In fact, one's mind can be as present or absent as one chooses. And for the sake of all concerned we need our full capacity of *consciousness* present in an anger exchange to make choices and negotiations that go beyond mere venting to actually working out solutions and hearing one another and learning from everything that goes on.

Some years ago, at the time of the Vietnamese War, a Buddhist monk was in this country giving speeches about the destruction of village life and rural society that had come about with our technological warfare and strafing and poisoning of the countryside. He was calm and considerate and careful in his wording, wanting to be fair, as he described this. In one city, after making his speech, he called for questions, and after a few, one portly red-cheeked older man stood up and said, "If you care so much about your country, why aren't you back there doing something

about it?" Observers saw the monk flinch slightly, turn pale, for he was weary from many engagements, then with measured tones he continued, answering the man politely and strongly. Afterwards he left the podium and was in a corridor in back of the stage. There a reporter saw him, leaning up against a wall, trembling. He asked the monk what was wrong. The monk replied simply, "I am angry, but my personal rage does not belong here, for I am a representative of my people. In order to accomplish anything I have to channel this anger, this rage, into action that will communicate to even such a man..." This is what the development of consciousness means to the issue of anger. This is what we are aiming toward, where we can evolve to as we learn to channel and control this energy.

How do we begin giving and receiving anger more freely, with less fear, less defensiveness, less investiture in our own fragility? In receiving anger, the crucial practice is to just listen, to receive, to take it in quietly and non-egotistically. Not to react initially, not to defend or justify, but to see what *changes*, what realizations come from what we hear. Listening involves being empty for a bit, stilling one's own ego-activity. It involves a centered receptivity — not judgment or invalidation ("You shouldn't feel that way...", "I didn't intend to...", "But you always...", etc.). Sometimes we need to take turns listening to each other (staying clear with *how one feels* and letting go of judgments, criticisms and attacks on vulnerable areas). This rhythm of listening/expression needs to become mutual, needs to be equal on both sides, for invariably in deep levels between people there are expectations, angers, guilts, and other resentments. These need release. Let it out, let it go and go on to the next emotions, the next situations, other levels of growth and to the *real live now*. This process of letting go, of forgiving, forgetting and moving on, is itself an art, an art that flash-tempered people have mastered more than moody slow-fired people. The healthy active process is as physical as an orgasm — a build-up of energy, a rhythmic bursting/rippling out, then a calm, a peace, with a *renewal* following. But when the process gets stuck at some point on the way, a fixated blocked attitude of resentment results. Then repetition of bitterness, jealousy, confusion, grudge-holding, etc., is played out. We need the practice of a *whole healthy process of anger*, in order not to get trapped in our habitual places. Women have been made to feel that their anger is crazy ("mad" means angry and insane), hysterical, unwomanly, castrating to men, and destructive to children. Men have been made to feel unmanly if they indulge in any kind of feeling whatsoever, whether rage,

or grief, or tenderness - which leaves cold reason or outbursts of terrible violence as the only means for handling feelings. We all have a twisted heritage to grow out of. The next considerations of this article will be the steps of growth out of these dark, dead corridors of violence and depression.

1. *Feel it.* The first step I see is recognition, admitting "Yes, I am angry that...", whatever. You need to breathe with it, looking to see where you are feeling violated, misunderstood, rejected, intruded upon. How does it feel, and where do you feel it - your stomach? jaw? hands? eyes? Not judging yourself, or the other person, for feeling so, but *simply feeling it.*

2. *Question it.* What is the real outer cause? Does my inner reaction come from my ego, my vanity, my pride, my picture of myself? Or is it a deep "core" response from the *center of me* to violation? If I'm concerned with winning or losing, or afraid to say "I'm sorry" because of losing face, then egoism is bound to be mixed in. If, on the other hand, I have a deep primitive fury, say, to protect my child from violence or criticism, and don't act on this, I am denying a strong self-instinct for protection, to the loss of both my child and myself. So the question of where does my anger come from, ego or self, is really an important one. But all my anger is bound to have some ego mixed in - I need to be aware of how much, and to try and get to the *self-level* beneath. Regardless, our learning can only come from plunging right in, so go on to the next step.

3. *Express it.* Expression, crudely, fully, in a safe situation, away from the cause, is the next step I see. One can learn to say, "I don't like that", "I resent your attitude", or "I'm angry when you misinterpret my confidences". In anger groups, we practice making strong statements in response to harassments of any kind, whether from family, friends or strangers. We also practice releasing anger physically, growling, yelling, wrestling, punching - *in a safe context* where no one will be hurt. This phase of crude expression can be enacted alone, in a friend's presence, or in a support group, away from the infuriating situation. But its purpose is not mental - it's just pure feeling, getting it out, regardless of irrationality, shoulds, shouldn'ts, etc.

A) Verbally, examples: (possibly shouting at a chair that represents a person)
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO
GET THE HELL OUT!

GET OFF MY BACK! (swinging shoulders)

LEAVE ME ALONE! (arms pushing)

WILL YOU DO THE GODDAMN DISHES?

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

STOP INTERRUPTING ME!

LISTEN TO ME!

I WANT YOU TO STAY HERE AND WORK THIS OUT!

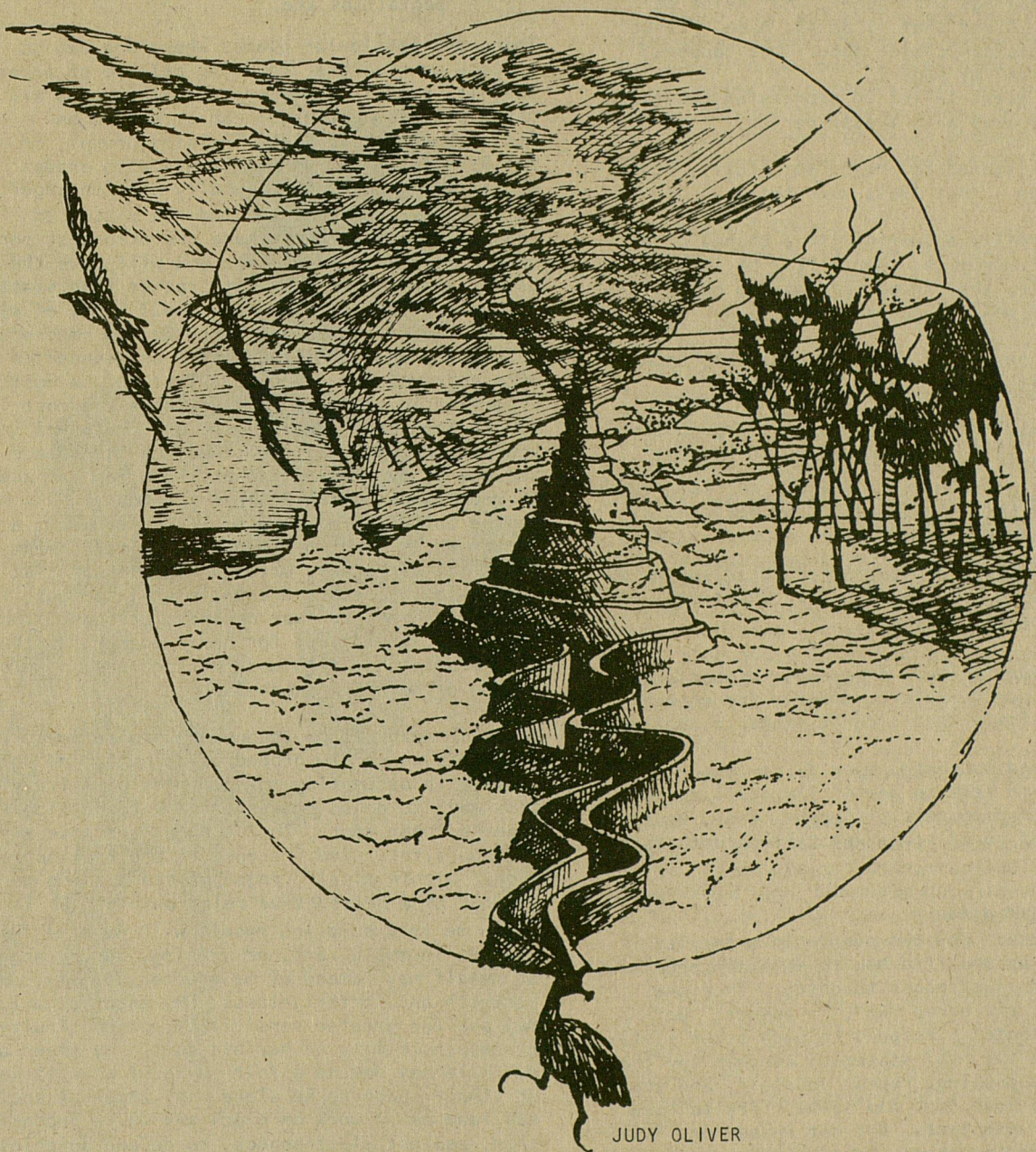
B) Physically,

Pounding pillows, hammering, chopping, throwing darts, running, kicking cans, yelling sounds.

4. *Center Yourself and Channel It.* The next step is very compelling and important. You attempt to center yourself in your deepest purposes and to channel your energy directly and appropriately to change what needs to be changed. *So you go directly to the person or persons and say what you feel using sentences that begin with "I feel", rather than "You always", or "You never".* (Blame and accusation will not bring about change, just resistance.) You try to stick to one or two occasions, not bring up multitudes. Remember your direction. *What specifically do you need changed?* Your goal is to be heard, and to begin to bring about compromise. Getting it out may be enough. Or you may need to persist; or to let go and try again later on. Getting it out directly is your responsibility; listening receptively is the other person's. Negotiation will put it together into a whole that reflects your differences.

5. *Let it go!* The next step with anger is to really let it go. To be able to enter into a cause or situation with anger, assertiveness, and then step out of it in order to make room for other experiences, other feelings, other situations. This can be much more difficult than it appears on the face of it because we humans like to seize upon a feeling and crystallize it into a mood or attitude that is defined and fixed, that helps us know "who we are". So learn to *let go*, say it, get it out, forgive, and go on. In practicing letting go physically, an exercise I have found particularly helpful goes through it quite physically and literally. I bend down and imagine myself to be picking up, grappling with a heavy weight (my feelings). As I lift it, it becomes heavier and denser, and finally requires a huge grunting effort to support it. But as I lift it above waist height, lo and behold, it begins to be lighter and lighter. Up, up I lift, till with a push of my fingertips and a great fling of my shoulders, I release it into space! Ahhhhhhh.

6. *Bridge back.* The last step with anger is to bridge back fully to the other person. After a heavy exchange, there is invariably a lot of turmoil and insecurity in the air - so re-affirming with a touch of the hand, or a warm statement



JUDY OLIVER

that re-connects, helps you both to really know again the deeper aspect below all the surface struggles. That aspect is love, is connection, is relationship - or it wouldn't be worth going through all these struggles in the first place. So touch the person. And say, "Shall we have a little tea together?" or whatever re-connects.

In my own dealings with anger, what helps me? What works? Given that I do not have a large range of conscious choice about what happens, what "comforts" my anger?

1. There's great relief in expression, whether directly, or away with a safe person.
2. If I'm listened to, heard out, fully, repeated back, even - that feels even better.
3. If I'm really answered with a change or a negotiated compromise, then I feel my impact, that I matter, that things are worked out to reflect me, as well as others.

There are a number of possibilities with anger-provoking situations as to results:

1. By expressing anger, exploding, *I establish my identity, my psychic space*, quite clearly.
2. I may need to *persist* for a long period of time to *change something*.
3. I may *change the situation by changing my own attitude toward it* - my thoughts, reactions, beliefs, responses.
4. I may *have to leave impossible situations* that either don't yield to efforts for change, or move so slowly that I can't stand to continue.
5. I may need to *center myself*, go deeper than ego to my core self to see if I'm still angry - or if the perspective's different here. Perhaps I need to let go of some expectations/demands of others.

Some exercises are:

1. Yes/No Push. For two people in a tangle. Match hands up and find how to maintain equality, pushing, with just hands touching. Then one yells "Yes", the other "No", in answer. Get louder and louder - respond to each other - stay equal. When the real statement emerges say that, but continue pushing, repeat yourself, and stay connected to your feet and spine. Try to take care of your own space, but not invade or invalidate the other's space. ("Yes". "No". "Yes, I want more". "No, I can't give you anything more". "Yes, you can". "No, I can't". "Yes, you can". "No, I won't"...)
2. Writing exercise. Take the six basic emotions: anger, fear, sadness, love, joy (humor) and awe. (And any others that are particularly important.)
 - a) Write out your family "rules" regarding each.
 - b) Write out your own "rules" now. Are they any different? How far have you evolved beyond your family?

3. Writing exercise

- a) Write out your expectations of yourself.
- b) Write out your expectations of another important person in your life (friend, lover, husband, child). See how much of your anger has to do with unexpressed expectations of either yourself or of others. Check out how realistic these expectations are.

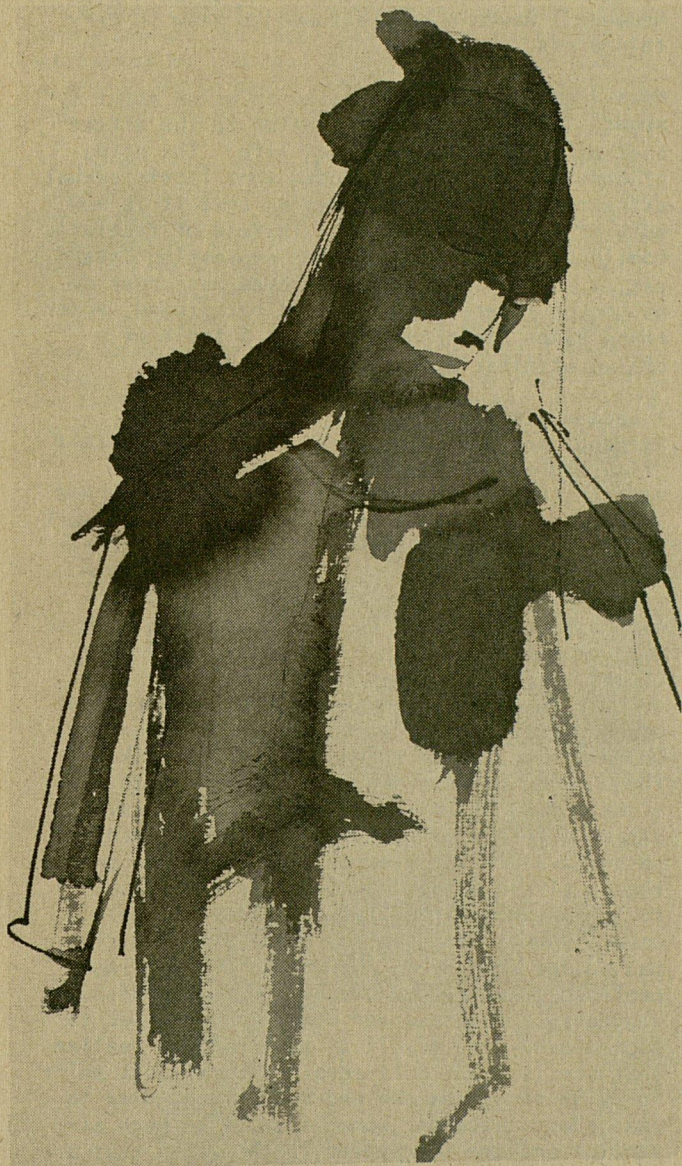
There are particular places where one can go to work on problems requiring release of anger. Gestalt, primal, and bio-energetic groups are often places where anger can be worked on. George Bach's Fair Fight Training Groups, or the Berkeley Anger workshops are also groups where you can very specifically work on anger. Politically, you need to find the places to channel anger where you have the strongest personal *feeling*, places where you will have the psychic persistence to last, rather than scattering your resources. There are all kinds of situations that need change, where beings need protection, places and issues that are connected with angry energy. You will last and be most effective in the ones that you have the most direct knowledge, experience, and *emotional insistence* about. My choice may be Greenpeace because of my feelings about the ocean and whales; if your father was a Mexican-American, yours may be the United Farm Workers; if you've known a person who's been in a mental hospital, then yours may be Madness Network News, or Suicide Prevention. There are countless situations, in juvenile homes, runaway centers, prisons, schools, hospitals, crying out for human energy for change. You need to choose to work on the ones in which you have *the most personal roots*.

Anger is meant to be channeled into *actions*. We are treading on new ground psychically and spiritually, in attempting to use anger positively in this way; to do so necessitates a connection with anger's inner roots, *love*. Anger and love are not opposites - indifference is the real opposition. Within myself, anger may be pushing me to get out of a destructive relationship. Or it may nudge me to discipline myself with my creativity, whether in music, art, or writing. Or my anger at myself may demand of me greater honesty, strength and forthrightness. My anger at a lover may ask for greater sensitivity, or continuity, or responsibility on her/his part. My anger at my child may demand a fair share of work/tasks, or simply space to be alone. My anger at society may lead me to work on black and white reconciliation, against electroshock, to defend dolphins, wolves, trees, or to protect children's rights, prisoners' rights, gay rights, women's rights, men's liberation. Whatever form anger takes, it is vitally needed in order to transform society into a really human place in which to exist and grow.

(Reactions, feedback and suggestions are most welcome. Write to Rosemary Christoph, Berkeley Anger Workshops, 1637 Francisco St., Berkeley, Calif. 94703)

NAMING

by Ellen Bass



BECKY MATLIN

Preface:

I was talking with friends. About rape, murder. Amy said, "I can't get into a car with a man anymore. I tried once, since, but my heart just started pounding. He was a perfectly nice man, but I had to get out." Alan said, "I've just never wanted to drive through the South. It happened years ago and not even to me, but I never seem to want to drive through the South." I didn't speak, but I thought about David Greenwald.

That night I dreamt:

I am on a beach, waiting for David Greenwald who will jump from a plane. First he throws me a bouquet. It does not fall straight, but lands angled and fast, hits a few feet away, hard. Then he jumps. I crouch, flatten, in case he falls on me. When he's landed, I go for the flowers. I think I should greet him first, but I want to retrieve the bouquet, see the flowers are not hurt. The bouquet is thick rose stems with large, strong thorns, no blossoms. I wonder were the blossoms ripped off by the wind? Are they something to plant? Were there ever roses? Then the rain starts. David says, "I didn't leave you waiting in the rain alone." He is pleased with himself. The car is parked nearby. We could sit in the car. But I don't want to. I make reasons for myself: a beach is a nice place to sit, a car is dull. These are not the reasons. I stay on the beach, thinking the rain will let up. It seems to.

Afterward:

It is hard for me to use David Greenwald's name. I have written about him before, but I have never used his name. I am willing to use my mother's name, my father's, Alan, Herb, Beverly, Earl. I name Judy Lockitch and Marcia Trautenberg. And yet, I have never used David Greenwald's name. Even now I hesitate to use it. I imagine people reading this will say, "You didn't have to use his name."

I am protecting him. I am protecting myself from this backlash, this implication that it is I who am at fault. I am protecting this man who shoved his penis into me, shoved his gonorrhea into me, never cared what damage was done.

Last night someone asked, "Why isn't there publicity on recent rapes and murders of women? Why don't the newspapers print it?" This is one reason why. We have been protecting our rapists. We have been protecting our rapists, rather than protecting our women.

I will do it no longer. I will name him.
David Greenwald.
David Greenwald.
David Greenwald.
Name with me.

♀

Getting Older, Getting Angry

By Camille Pronger

Last January I started to write an article for the Class issue of *Country Women*. I was unable at that time to get beyond the basic first step of pouring everything out - thoughts, feelings, reactions, experiences - onto paper. It was obvious to me, though, that a strong theme flowing through my material was ANGER: anger revolving around my loss of sexual appeal to men as a result of my aging. (I am 51 years old).

Then in April I began to write an article for the Personal Power issue. I still felt anger over my loss of the power to attract men because of aging, but there were other areas that were equally as important to me. I went two or three steps beyond the basic one of getting the raw material out, but I still didn't, couldn't, complete an article to send in to *Country Women*.

When I started trying to write an article for the Anger and Violence issue, I realized that much of my anger still revolved around my sexuality and its valuelessness. I felt much anger and pain that no one wanted to share it with me, no one wanted to share bodies with me. I felt rage that I had no sexual choices. I had a number of women friends, but with them, whether gay or straight, the sexual pull seemed to come first. When they got involved with someone sexually, that took their time, their interest, had top priority.

I could see clearly where my anger was but found it difficult to write about because it seemed trivial and unimportant. After spending two or three months working on this issue, I now feel that the way we view our anger is closely allied to the way we view ourselves. Is my anger really inappropriate, really trivial, really too unimportant to express? All too often I think that my behavior is inappropriate, my attitudes are trivial, and my concerns are not really important. Are all of these just different ways of feeling that I am unimportant?

To habitually and repeatedly ignore my anger is like ignoring pain in some part of my body: it not only gets worse, I close myself off to some important ways of enjoying life. Anger defines my boundaries, lets me know how close in I want people to come, lets me know what areas are off limits for other people. It also indicates areas where my growth has been stifled, and

sometimes overlaps with the frustration I feel because I haven't been allowed to grow in certain areas.

Once I gave myself permission to write about my anger, I could turn my attention to the effect that aging has had on my sex life. The aging process has definitely eroded what little sexual attractiveness I had for men so that it is now more or less non-existent. Instead of receiving continually-returning glances expressing interest, I now notice that their eyes pass over me as though I were a part of the background, something taken for granted such as a table or a chair, utilitarian but unnoteworthy.

I became strikingly aware of having become "ground" instead of "figure" (as in the Gestalt "figure/ground" theory) in the halls of the Veterans Administration Hospital where I worked as a librarian. Both in connection with my work as Federal Women's Program Coordinator, and because I had many women friends, I would often stand in the halls for a few minutes and talk with a woman I knew. When I was talking with a much younger woman, in her 20's or early 30's, it was rare indeed that some man did not stop to talk to her, feeling quite free to interrupt our conversation to do so, or call out a remark to her as he passed. However, when I walked through the halls alone, or was talking to an older woman, it was as though a veil of invisibility shielded us from the gaze of the men who passed by. Their detectors recorded: no gold there. Their Geiger counters did not click. I could say, with Erica Tate in Alison Lurie's novel, *The War Between the Tates*, "The spirit has passed from me." (Her husband, a college professor, had become involved with one of his students, a much younger woman, causing her to look closely at herself in a mirror and realize that she is now middle-aged. She reflects painfully on something she and her husband used to joke about: Younger women receive so much attention and are so revered in the media that a stranger to our planet would no doubt conclude that they are goddesses, and worshipped accordingly). Or, in contrast to Minta Doyle, a young woman in Virginia Woolf's novel, *To the Lighthouse*, who experienced a golden haze which at times so enveloped her that in men's eyes she could do no wrong, I had been permanently deserted by the golden haze.

Women have to overcome both inner and outer obstacles to become sexually assertive. For older women, it is doubly difficult. I have totally internalized all of society's messages about dirty old men, and translated them to "pathetic old woman". There is at least some power in the concept of a dirty old man, though the image is not a socially appealing one, but to me, the image of a middle-aged or older woman who has sexual interests and who wants to express them is either pathetic or disgusting, or both. I saw a man at the local health food store who attracted me. He had a slim, attractive body, a beard, curly brown hair and wore glasses. He had a boy child with him, and I liked the way he related to him. Part of his attraction for me sprang from my wanting the kind of nurturing from a man that he was giving to his son. I was angry because I didn't feel able to strike up a conversation with this man. If I had spoken to him, I felt he would have had one of two reactions: 1) Would interpret it *only* as friendliness, with none of the overtones or undertones that would probably have been there if I were a young, attractive woman, or 2) If by some chance he did get some kind of sexual message, he would be appalled and/or disgusted. Looked at realistically, even if I were young, I would probably have had some difficulty in making contact

with him. However, after this incident, I felt immense, intense frustration because it was a repetition of so many other, similar experiences.

The next incident that related to my age and sexuality went beyond frustration and touched real anger, perhaps because I knew the man involved and therefore had expectations of him which were not fulfilled. I've known him for about a year and a half. He is fifteen years younger than I am. He is a professional photographer, and our first contacts revolved around his taking some pictures of me. Without making any special effort to, he triggered some responses from me that came from a deep psychic level. I was interested in relating to him at sexual and emotional levels, but he showed no interest in this. We carried on a low-keyed, quasi-friendship (I asked him over for dinner, he came; he asked me to go to a special movie, I couldn't go) for about a year. We saw each other no more than half a dozen times. Last February I called and asked him if he would be interested in collaborating with me on some articles; me writing them and him doing the photography. He was very interested in this and I suggested that he come to my home and take some pictures, as there was a wealth of photographic material here. I told him he could stay

cont.



HEATHER FEATHER

with me but I was careful to indicate that we had a spare room. About two months ago, I received a letter from him indicating that he would like to take me up on my offer to come to visit me. He also asked if he could bring a lady friend. My first reaction was to feel hurt and rejected. After that, I began to slowly feel angry. Then I felt torn: If I felt angry, was I morally obligated to tell him about it? Or could I just tell him a half truth? (That I was going to be out of town, which was true.) The anger began to grow stronger and to take this form: I WILL LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT SOME OLDER WOMEN LIKE TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS BEING SEXUALLY ATTRACTIVE! We don't like to be written off as old bags or old hags!

My next reaction was to defend him: How would he know how that would make me feel? Perhaps he only thinks of older women as being maternal beings. I worked through my feelings to the point where I was able to write him a letter. I told him that I had been interested in the past in becoming sexually and emotionally involved with him, but had not felt he was interested. Though I now had no expectations or hopes of getting involved with him, I still did not feel able to handle seeing him with (presumably) a sexual partner. This was six weeks ago, and I haven't heard from him since.

Another incident that triggered my anger happened in a local restaurant. A man in his twenties was sitting next to me at the counter. He was turned around in his chair so that he could talk to a middle-aged man and youngish woman sitting in chairs behind him. The woman, talking to the man next to me, said: "You have to be careful when you're taking Vitamin B6 that you don't O.D. on it." He said, "What are the symptoms?" She said, "Hot flashes." Both men laughed — the middle-aged man said, "You don't have to worry about that yet", and I've forgotten what the younger man said. I felt enraged that I was invisible. This middle-aged man was making *me*, in effect, his Dorian Gray portrait: projecting onto women his own fears about his own aging and then laughing and making fun of them. My first thought was: If you want to joke about your own impotence or decreased sexual interest, feel free, but keep your cotton-picking hands off *my* symptoms! The words "hot flashes" seem to be automatic laugh getters, masking, I suppose, some severe uneasiness about menopause. In stark contrast to his seeming dismissal of a whole phase of my life with laughter, I recalled some of my own reactions to menopause while I was going through it. I wish that I could have received some genuine compassion for the real symptoms: hot flashes and increased irritability. I would have liked to have some ritual, some rite of passage for an ending and a beginning. I wanted and needed some understanding, some sharing of the psychic significance of the end of my physical participation in the moon cycles. I needed some guides to help me find new paths. There were none. I needed clues as to how I might profitably and

excitingly spend the rest of my life. I could not find any. As I looked at the women my age that I knew, I found no role models. (This was ten years ago; now, I'm happy to say, I could find plenty). There were no role models in the media. Older women existed there only in their roles as wives and mothers and grandmothers. In fact, if you judged only by the media, you would think that there *were* no older women in this culture, that they all died off or disappeared in their early thirties. The only alternatives for older women were to become grandmotherly or try to pass as a younger woman.

Menopause has been trivialized by doctors, and viewed as an inevitable and inescapable menace by women who have not yet been through it. Men have laughed about it while women feared it. I am convinced that this has been so because women who have been through it have neither talked nor written about it. They have not told about what the journey was like as they went through it, nor have they described the landscape on the opposite side. I am convinced that most of the so-called perils and drawbacks of menopause are simply that — so-called, and not real. I do not miss losing the lining of my uterus every month in the form of menstrual blood: My life still has rhythms, but now it is clearer that they are my own rhythms, tied to my individual moods, my personal needs, and not just a result of having my "period".

Those few words that had been spoken by a stranger aroused intense anger, and with it a determination to translate that anger into action. This article is partly a result of that determination. My initial impulse was to write up what had happened and post it on the bulletin board in front of the restaurant, but my inhibitions prevented me from doing this. Then I flashed on something: I'll bet that's the way some women in the past got their reputations as witches and crazies. They rode their anger and were vilified for it.

In essence, living through and working through my anger about the way my aging has caused men to view me as no longer sexually appealing has freed me from most of the concern I used to feel about this. Whatever my present stage of sexual development/awareness could be called: lesbian, asexual, celibate, or some combination thereof, it has been freeing to remove my sexuality from that shadowy heterosexual marketplace where theoretically it could still have some cut-rate value. My vision of men has been sharpened, now that I am no longer looking among them for a candidate for a sexual/emotional partner, and oddly enough, I am less angry with them.

The most important thing that has come out of this close look at my anger is the realization that sexuality is not just a specific time/place involvement with another person, but a loving, sensual openness to all of life. I need to grow in experiencing, understanding and expressing this aspect of myself, and my anger has been the clue to help me find this out. ♀



Violence Between Women

By Carol Seajay

In the morning (in the time between waking and sleeping) is the time when my mind is clearest. This morning I was remembering my anger of yesterday. Someone had come in and intruded on space that I had clearly defined as mine. I didn't take on her mood. I didn't feel sorry for her. I was terse, then angry. She left. I reclaimed my own space and mood, in a shorter time than ever before. I was pleased with my anger. Pleased with learning to set limits, learning not to be imposed upon.

Then my thoughts drifted around to another part of anger, receiving someone else's anger. To being hit. To being hit by my woman lover. Understandings came, and words came. I did not reach for a piece of paper on which to write them down, although they came in poetry form. The words were too quick. I was too vulnerable. I have tried to talk about this violence between women with my friends. It hasn't worked. The issues of violence and anger are very difficult for my feminist community to deal with, and the issue of violence between women is especially difficult to deal with. Violence between women has been part of my life. It is real. I cannot tolerate the silence on this topic.

Two years ago I wrote a long poem about something that has haunted me: a woman friend died of a gunshot wound. There were two realities in my community: suicide, and murder by the woman's woman lover. There was never an investigation. Eventually my poem was printed in the anthology, *Poetry From Violence*. I also read it to a thousand women at a conference's poetry reading. The responses were many and varied. Some women understood for the first time what it is like to live outside police protection, and that that is how lesbians, Third World people, poor people and others have always lived. Some women ached for the accused woman who had no way to clear herself. Few women ached for the subsequent destruction and disease in the community. Everyone ached for the life of the woman who died.

One of the women I have been closest with said, "I can't believe that those women could even *think* that that woman would kill her lover." But that was why I wrote the poem. Because my experience was that, quite possibly, this woman's lover *had* killed her. That possibility was my reality. And no one would talk about it with me. Nowhere could I find a place to go to deal with my anger and my pain. No place to

move from this anger. No way to change a reality that is denied. So I dumped my reality into the laps of the thousand women who sat in the room listening to poetry. None of them spoke to me of hearing the real violence that *does* occur. And no one has ever asked me to read the poem again.

How to talk about the smaller things, like getting hit, when some feminists won't even see the most blatant, like killing. My life now is different than it was before gay liberation, before feminism, before I moved to San Francisco, before I started to think about class in a personal manner. I try to reconcile differences between the way I lived then and my ideals, community, and life now. I try to talk about these things with my community, because there is no other place to do it. But I haven't been able to talk about this experience, to share my feelings about being hit, with the women in my community. Whenever I try, the subject is dropped or changed. Maybe it isn't important, I thought. Maybe it would be important if I had been really seriously beaten instead of only hit. How much 'hit' equals 'beat'?

If I really pushed the topic sometimes I got "appalled" responses: "How could you love a woman who...?" "How could you live with a woman who...?" and "How could she hit you?" These are the "What's wrong with you/her?" questions. They make it clear that something is wrong with one of us. They establish blame. They stop the conversation. The other response has been: "Things were different then." The understanding, sympathetic, 'you've come a long way, baby' line. You were fucked up, but now you've seen the light. Gay/Feminist liberation has saved you. Now you're okay. You're one of us now. Well, I guess being saved is better than being blamed, but it sure doesn't give much credit to who I/we were then.

Things *were* different then, this is true. I was different. She was different. But I am also the *same* woman now ten years older. She is a woman I loved, a woman I lived with. I gave her three years of my life. I would have given her my whole life if she would have had me. There was not something wrong with her. There was not something wrong with me. We were ourselves. We were nothing to be saved from.

We can talk about horizontal hostility in the black community, in other places, in someone else's life, but not in our own. Or we talk



about it lightly. We do not talk about it deeply. "It doesn't happen here." But if we do not deal with the reality, if we do not own the manifestation of anger, how can we be anything but a slave to its effects? How can we end our repression if we will not see it?

The first time she hit me was in an alley, with her fist. In anger. I was eighteen. I thought: this is how lesbians live. This is how it will be for me. If not all the time, some of the time. The other times she hit me were likewise always in anger. They weren't often.

The last time she hit me, we were no longer lovers. Someone had just told her that I had helped her lover to leave town, to leave her. I did not know she knew that. I walked into her house. Then there was a woman in rage, attacking me. There was also a man there, who was as big as she, and stronger. He held her back, held back the pain turned to rage long enough for me to get out of the house. To get into a car. To get around corners more quickly than she could find keys and follow me. A friend had a farm where I could escape, long enough to find myself, return to life. I was careful not to go where she was for many months.

We are both feminists now. And now there is much more of a community. Many more feminist values. Much more theory. Clearer expectations of how we are to be and how to behave. But some things have remained the same, like social pressures. This is accepted. That is not. Either certain things don't happen, or they're not talked about. Which is it?

Something is changing. Anger is coming around again. In my community, anger is now being recognized. Some women are beginning to talk about anger, are doing and going to anger workshops to learn to own their anger. Soon I will take a workshop to learn to put theory into practice, learn to do what my lover ten years ago did automatically. I could have learned it then, from her, but I'm sure that what I will learn now will have some more socially-acceptable manifestation than blows. I hope it works as well.

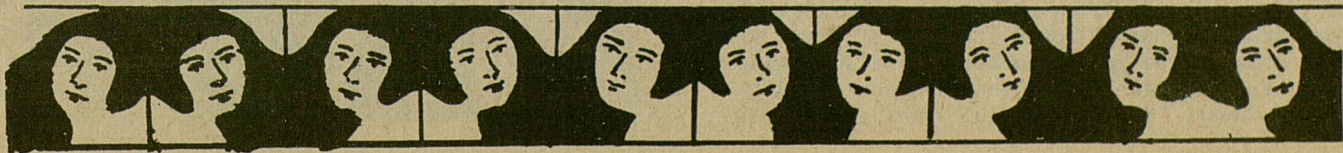
I am confused. What she did worked. I was not hurt, certainly not physically. Limits were built in. The greatest rage was only let fly when someone else was there to stop it. I had other ways of dealing with my anger at her, middle class ways — sniping and pot-shotting at her ego. Did pot-shotting do her less harm than her hitting me? I don't think so. More? Are there other ways to deal with the anger, ways neither of us had then? I hope so. I hope someone is learning them, and will teach them to me. This is why I am going to the anger workshop.

Something is changing. Nowadays, in meetings, some women demand a place for their anger, a place for their pain to come out. A time to yell, to scream, to tell a woman off if she is being offensive, and not to have to be nice about it, either. Not to have to be articulate, not to have to spare her feelings at the cost of their own. These women are clearly working class women, or women who have been studying class and how it works in our own lives. In contrast, I think that the women who are thinking and talking about the anger workshops are middle class.

It is important to know that women of different class backgrounds come to anger, and the ideas around anger, differently. That we think and act differently, have different needs. It is important to know that we are many women, all approaching the same topic at the same time, and that we come to it differently from each other. Anger and rage are being reclaimed, even as violence is still being denied. And my understanding of anger and violence is changing. Part of what I am understanding differently, more completely, is connected to the idea of class, and the differences between women of different class backgrounds regarding anger and violence.

Where I was living then, we were all middle class. To the extent that we were male-identified, we would have denied being working class if anyone had even suggested it. We had almost all been to college. We all had, or were going to get, "good" jobs. Didn't that prove that we were middle class? To the extent that "middle class" meant "good enough", we all demanded and fought to be middle class and to be recognized as middle class. Middle Class meant okay. But we knew that we were not okay. We were lesbians.

In the sixties, our values, like everyone else's, were shaped out of the McCarthy fifties. Our defenses as lesbians were against the particular form of terrorism inflicted on lesbians at that time. We or our friends' friends had been kicked out of the services for being identified as lesbians. Dishonorably discharged. We knew that we could be arrested/imprisoned at a moment's notice. That we could be kicked out of our jobs, our professions, be attacked on the street, raped, killed, upon discovery of our loving, our way of living. Being middle class was a way to balance out being queer. It was a defense system. We fought to have middle class privilege, or the appearance thereof, because it seemed that we would be less likely to suffer the terrors, the consequences, of being gay. Wanting to be middle class was a form of self-protection; the best, and only, self-defense we knew. cont.



It was somehow easier to put energy into appearing to be middle class than to face our oppression as lesbians. Being middle class meant that we could pass as that which is acceptable in the society we live in. Passing was the privilege we sought, for passing equalled survival. This privilege, however, cost us directly. It was the old divide and conquer technique. Privilege always is. This privilege separated us from other lesbians, from those who couldn't or wouldn't or didn't try passing as middle class. And this, in an already small and intimate community, causes alienation and division: in-groups and out-groups, bar types and professionals, winners and, consequently, losers. All based on some strategy for getting this one class privilege—for passing in an alien society. Though it was no real privilege, it was also no small need.

We even developed some kind of funky class analysis around these divisions. It went like this: we are middle class lesbians. We are happier, and have better relationships, with our own kind. So we avoided being with lower class lesbians as much as we could. Even those of us who were working class bought this. Those of us who were of mixed class backgrounds remembered everything we were taught in school, in the media, and this way of passing was an integral part of our lives back then.

My own class background is confusing to me. My primary school years were working class, with increasing white skin privileges as our neighborhood changed. I learned to read but not to spell. My family appeared to be middle class when I was between the ages of twelve and seventeen. But I left home at seventeen, a lesbian, definitely losing a whole lot of whatever class privilege I had. You cannot be middle class (acceptable to society) and lesbian at the same time. All you can do is pass. It is very difficult and painful to remember all this.

My lover then was definitely from a working class background. She would not have agreed with that then however. I don't know if she would agree with it now. In any case, our gay sub-culture was working class in many ways. The gay culture was where the races and classes met. We were a neighborhood bar culture, a drinking culture. Violence was physical, overt, and expected.

When I have tried to talk about this violence in my life, about being hit by the woman I loved when she was angry, my friends would act as if this violence came out of the air, from nowhere, or else they would act as if something was wrong with this woman I had been loving. Now, finally, I am understanding that her actions did not come out of the air; they came out of her class. In a class context, understanding that some working class people are direct and physical with their anger, her actions make perfect sense. She was acting out, expressing her anger, plus acting out some horizontal hostility, i.e., if you can't hit back at your real oppressor, hit whatever, whomever, is available. Be it your own class, race, lover. Me. Meanwhile, I was acting out

of some understanding of all this by staying with her despite the hitting, but also out of the over-layers of middle classness in my own background; by being immobilized, appalled, disgusted; by accepting the role of victim because of my smaller size.

According to middle class culture, violence is not nice. Repression is, however. Girls and women of the middle class get this message more strongly than men. Another tenet of middle class doctrine is this: pretend that what is unpleasant does not exist. The ability to ignore (violence, among other things) is a survival tactic. For middle class people, seeing the unseeable comes just before losing or giving up their class position/privilege, which is in some ways equated with death. To the middle class, if you are lower class, you are invisible and hence do not exist. To be non-existent to your own people is to be dead. When my middle class indoctrinated friends would not/could not talk about the violence in my life with me, they were protecting themselves.

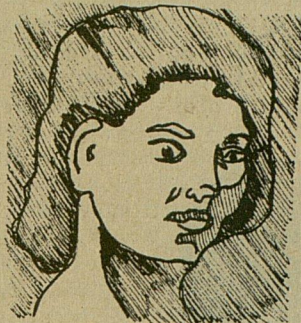
I am not the only woman that has had this experience of having her life denied while other women protected themselves. I am *not* saying that women should be beaten, but I am saying that if we explored anger and violence from an understanding of class, we would come to new understandings that would change our lives. We would stop denying our own and other women's realities; we would push back even further the limits of what feminism can do, and we would find new, better, and stronger ways to survive. ♀



BARANDIN

The Women

by Cathy Bauer



YVONNE PEPIN

I wanted to read a piece written on the experience of being a woman in a mental institution. I wanted to read it, you see; certainly I could never write it.

So instead I watched a spider rappel down the sheetrock in the bathroom and then dared to wonder, why not?

I have been called "Honey", have had my arm held as I was steered into halls with no exits. I have had my pockets and my brain rummaged. I have had to ask for a dole of Kotex. I have seen strong black women, strong white women, strong Chicanas, funneled into a line for "medication, girls." I have watched those whose flesh refused to swallow a forced needle.

I have seen lobotomy scars on shaved skulls, heard screams of anguish and fear silenced by "be a good girl, now," watched the pain of women whose tongues could only give the sounds of their own language, seen them pushed aside, no attempt at communication, and have watched these same tormentors take the time to care with male patients whose throats birthed the same sounds.

And I have heard a nurse ask for me because she needed a translator for a woman inmate, have seen her put down by a male doctor who wrote me off because I, too, was a "patient" and therefore invalidated.

I have watched a woman hide the dignity of her gray hair under a black wig in order to effect her release by showing she cared about her "personal appearance."



I have held the heads and hands of women whose pain was refused, of women as frightened as myself. I have seen doctors who will let men speak freely and silence the women patients; I have watched in vain for a doctor who was a woman.

And I have seen pictures of children lost to the State, the photographs all that remained of the flesh, have heard their mother cry out to me, "Where are they now? Where are they now?" and I could only shake my head and turn away from her grief.

I know the paternalism, know what it is to be identified in terms of who your doctor is and having your value in that, never being able to be yourself. I know what it is to be ignored, to listen to them talk as if you were not there, questioning another about you instead. I have felt the pat on the shoulder, the "run along and be a good girl," retched at "Honey" and "Dear" and "Sweetie" while the male inmates were seen instead as real people with real faces and real names, were even called "Sir".



Smile, Honey - we don't want the doctors to think we are depressed, do we?

I have seen cold eyes question my sanity when I refused the meat in their meals, ignored the plastic they tried to pass as food, preferred hunger to pollution.

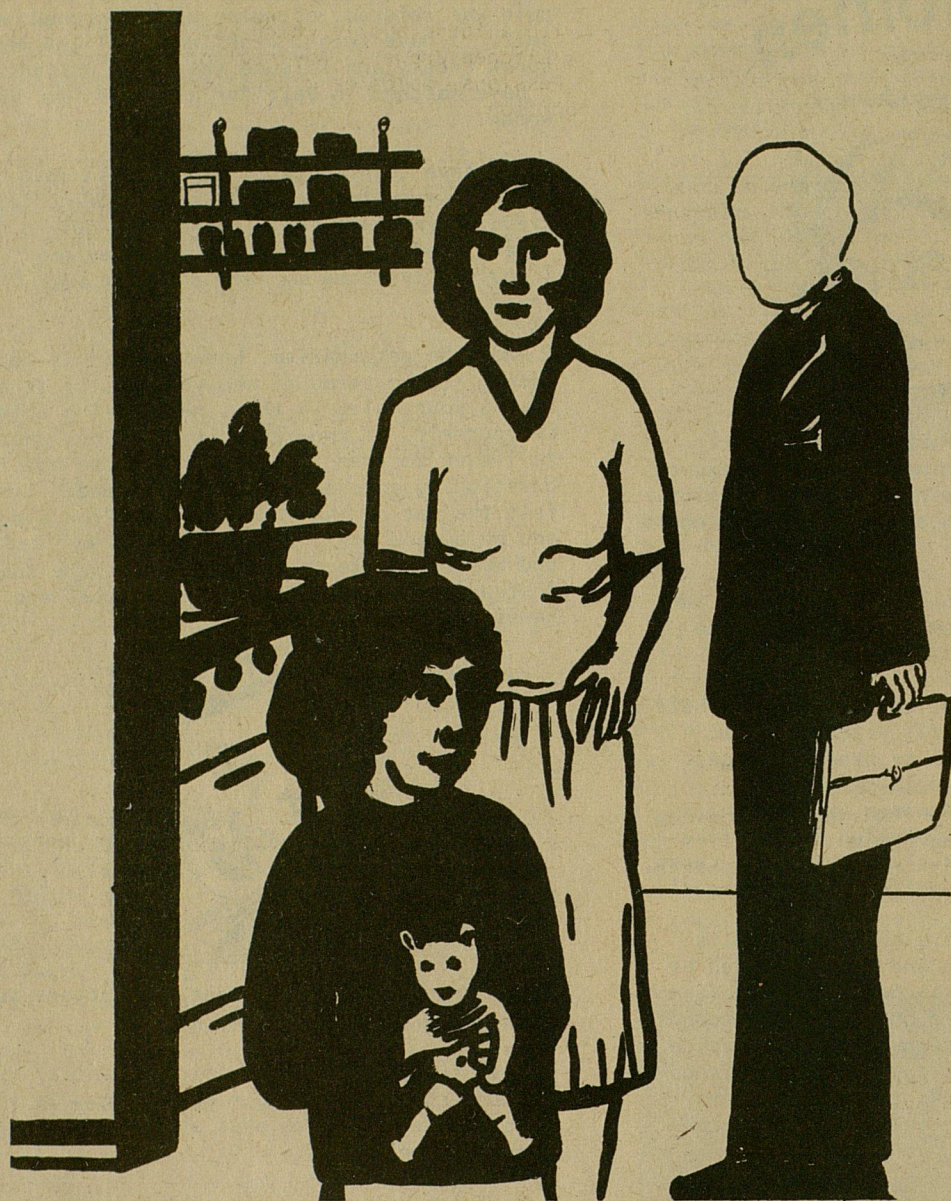
I have let my actions lie, have played the games. And I escaped. I have covered my rage with a smile, twisted with the pain, spoken quietly when I could have more easily destroyed, given words because I knew they were wanted, not because I felt or believed them.

And I am the sister of Martha Nelson, institutionalized in a State hospital 99 years, death her only freedom.

Yes, I've been there. Briefly, I know. But I know these things and more. I know the fury etched into my brain, the desperation coursing through my veins.

I have cried with the pain of my sisters, hurt for their anger.

But I couldn't write about it, could I.....
Better a spider rappelling off a wall.
Better a dream that will not fruit.
Better--



JANET NEWELL

**ONCE A BATTERED CHILD,
ALWAYS A BATTERED CHILD**

*"Child abuse, exposed to the feminist inspection, can only be seen as the reaction to overwhelming desperation and powerlessness of women and children within the family. It is a symptom and definitely not a "disease" as it is advertised. To treat the symptom and not to examine the whole organism for the source of this oppressive condition is to mask the root-reason for the existence of family violence. Family conflict is not cancerous; it cannot be removed from an individual or an individual situation, and not be expected to re-occur in another individual or another situation. It also re-occurs in "cured" individuals and "treated" situations - because it is not a phenomenon. It is a condition that begins at the most primal level: the division of power among the family, and the (anger at) inequities between men and women and adults and children."**

Part 1

I was a battered child and remain so at the age of thirty.

My mother was alone with me for almost three years (2 to 5 years old) while my father was serving in the Army overseas. Much of the time she was distraught over the news and, I imagine, being isolated with a young child in a small apartment. Around my fourth birthday, she began doing what I now consider cruel and abusive things to me.

These first of many traumas inflicted by her in the next 12 years began a withdrawing process within myself and stopped any real love or even friendship that could have developed between us. A very psychic woman I met once, asked if I had had traumas connected with my mother; did she sort of flip out when I was four? Suddenly, it seemed quite possible that is what happened. Loneliness and caring for a small child not her intellectual equal, day in and day out without a break, no social life, etc., finally snapped her mind. Books call it "loss of impulse control", i.e., freaking out—doing whatever your gut level emotions lead you to do.

When my brother was born we lived in the country in a small cabin. While Dad was at work, my mother began whacking me often with a wooden paddle. At six years of age, I felt horrified and thought this was quite unjust. I still do. On a couple of occasions she reacted with primal anger, those incidents scaring me immensely. Besides her lashing out at me being an outlet for her frustration and anger, I now get a feeling that she *enjoyed* tormenting me and hearing me yell, scream and cry.

It seemed like life at home was a constant battle and struggle. For about five years (11 - 16), she beat me with a 2 1/2" wide heavy leather belt

with a large buckle which was kept rolled up in a kitchen drawer. Any real or imagined transgressions, major or minor, were blown out of proportion.

Her violence was even more awesome considering that she didn't *drink* to achieve these wild states — they occurred from her own load of raw frustration and anger. She exploded in a fury of irrationality and desire to hurt and destroy her female child who was the symbol of and the supposed cause of her frustration. My brother, who sat cowering in the corner, was never touched.

I never fought back. She was bigger and heavier and would actually be more enraged if I merely gritted my teeth in anger at her treatment. I even stuffed rags in my mouth to try to muffle my screaming. The rain of blows came year after year, sometimes drizzle, other times, torrents. I never fought back with my hands or feet. Mentally, however, I was always plotting for future freedom and withdrawing from everything into library books or poetry. I wrote stories which she would search for and tear up in a rage, since she never understood them or pretended not to.

I can read about a feminist perspective on child abuse and totally agree with the *theory* that the debilitating and narrow roles which patriarchal society has forced upon all women and children, and the subsequent anger and frustration at these confines, cause the parent to strike out against the smallest piece of "property"/it "owns" (takes care of, so therefore "loves"). I can accept it as a fact, but after finally facing the horrors of my early childhood, I find I cannot accept the pain and anguish being violently abused has caused me and blithely forgive the originators of that pain. These last 2 years I have owned my anger unlike the 12 before that I tried to forget and forgive.

I curse and rail against my father who preferred to remain oblivious to my suffering. He hid behind the paper and TV and never once tried to stop her. The beatings happened mostly after my mother got home from work around 4. After keeping an iron grip on 30 fourth graders all day, she needed some outlet for her tension, for her disappointment and anger at my father and their relationship; projecting that on me, saying I enjoyed making *her* miserable. Intellectually, I can rationalize and theorize but at a deep, emotional level, I hate that portion of my existence. I deal with vivid, non-stop surfacing memories, insomnia, rage, contempt and indignation at my father as well as mother for *never once* intervening and stopping the pummeling, insults and false accusations.

The physical abuse stopped pretty much around the time when I was 16 1/2 and had had it with the 4-5 PM beating routine. At lunch one day at high school, I called up the local police depart-

ment and asked to speak with someone concerned with child beating. I asked them how bad it had to be before a parent was reported for child abuse? Just curious. They asked my name and location and I was later called out of chemistry class to talk with two plainclothes officers. They were accompanied by the Dean of Girls who was quite flustered that I had done such a thing on my own. I told them what was and had been done to me by my mother. Since my mother was an elementary school teacher right in the community, I explained, I didn't want a big deal made of the facts to jeopardize her job, just the beatings stopped. They assessed the damages and the story and said *it wasn't bad enough* - unless I could show them some scars and bruises right then, there was nothing they could do. I was admonished by the Dean of Girls to talk to her first about these things. Now it occurs to me that maybe she had a talk with my mother. All but the heavy slaps across the face and the verbal barrages and tirades stopped around that time.

Now at 30, I see no reason for continuing a facade of caring for my parents, of corresponding because that is one way they have controlled me in my life. I want NOTHING to do with them. Let them suffer in my present rejection of them. Things come full circle. I did not deserve the treatment I got - no one can make me believe I was so bad as to warrant the type of "punishment" I endured for years. The negative attitudes, criticism and physical abuse I became accustomed to built up lasting patterns of self-negation, insecurity and super-sensitivity which I am now aware of and attempting to substitute with more healthy attitudes and positive patterns. No apologies can fix the sleepless nights, blind rages and gut-aches I've known.

So, I was a victim as they call it. But I don't want this to become only a maudlin purging of details. Mainly, this personal account is intended to help illustrate the serious importance of communicating with each other about child abuse, setting up networks of stress hot-lines, child care swaps among neighbors. Information and referral centers for child care and play-groups, as well as parent support groups, and follow up concern and assistance with known abusing families.

My mother was a victim too: a victim of frustration in the role of wife and mother of two children and, as it turned out, at times sole or main support of the family. She was also a victim of the war my father went off to and came back from traumatized three years later, another victim. When I read about really terrible child abuse cases, it seems that in comparison mine was not so serious. I wasn't systematically burned with irons or cigarettes or thrown against the wall as a baby, for instance. What makes it difficult to deal with is that it went on for *years* on a mental-verbal level and too long on the physical level for me to believe

that the neighbors couldn't hear me yelling, that the couple of teachers in junior high school whom I trusted enough to tell couldn't have done something.

One and a half years ago, I was browsing in a library and a book caught my eye called *The Psychology of Melancholy*. I had just two days before described myself as melancholic. I looked at the index of the book and saw a section on *the battered child syndrome* which I had not read much about up to then. I began to read it and started crying. Suddenly I was reading a description of symptoms that I could identify with totally. I could point to stages in my life when they occurred as a *result* of having been battered by a parent. The book forced me to grapple with some intense realizations about my parents and the events in the past which up to then I'd been trying to "forget" through school, work, writing poetry, spiritual quests, music, and having a baby.

The book pointed out that one result is that women battered as children compulsively desire to have a baby. This is explained as the female knowing intuitively that during pregnancy she will feel a "fullness" which she craves intensely since her growing up has been so empty and hollowly devoid of love. Then it is a rude adjustment when the child is actually born. She finds it cannot fulfill her intense desire to be loved and nurtured herself, and, depending on the circumstances, the abusing or battering cycle is continued with the new mother expressing anger and isolation through mistreating her child beyond the limits of "normal discipline" as she "loses control".

This is what began to occur with me and my son whom I cared for alone for three years. During the last months I began to have eerie feelings that my voice pitch at times was uncomfortably similar to my mother's in her railings at me. I felt an empathy with how she must have felt in those little apartments with *me* day after day as I too faced day after day in make-do apartments on welfare, barely existing from month to month.

I reacted to *my* "trappedness" by actually leaving my child asleep in the crib and driving the short distance to a band practice or friend's house at night. I knew his sleep pattern: once he was down, he was out until morning so consistently that I felt it was OK to go out. Besides, what choice was there with not enough money to pay a sitter to "watch" him while he just slept. I was lucky that some friends did not turn me in, although I did have a couple of random run-ins with the police over my son and "lax supervision".

After the second one, I was in an anxious state. I requested that a commune family I knew take over caring for him as I felt myself "slipping" and capable of anything. Specifically, I



JERRI FINCH 1974

feared what I had learned from my mother: to cope with frustration and anger, beat on your child. I might add that the three times I actually called up an organization or church asking for help with my son, I was given nebulous, dead-end answers and "Sorry, but your case isn't bad enough to warrant foster care." My son has been cared for by a good extended family now for three and a half years. I am fortunate to have been able to "place" him with people informally and with understood and encouraged visiting opportunities. I am gradually coming to accept that what I did in giving him up was an intuitively farseeing act of protection for him and myself. I wouldn't have wanted him to have the memories or the subsequent psychological patterns of behavior I now cope with steadily.

Part II

WHAT IS CHILD ABUSE/BATTERING? WHO DOES IT?

There are few studies of abusing and neglecting parents and there has been even less research concerning the children. Doctors Henry Kempe and Ray Helfer coined the term "battered child" and the "syndrome" was first described by them in 1962. Since then, more and more cases have been reported and more legislation concerning child abuse has been enacted.

Kempe and Helfer found that child abuse is usually inflicted by parents who were themselves beaten as youngsters. These parents identify with an aggressive, authoritarian figure yet are also angry at the treatment they received and so take their wrath out on their own children.

Neglecting and abusing parents are most frequently described as being poor, out of work, on relief; badly educated, alcoholics or addicts; in poor physical and mental health; socially isolated; having a lot of unwanted, unplanned, frequently out-of-wedlock children; having an unstable family. Most of all, they are described as living under conditions of great stress. However, child abuse occurs in families at *all* socio-economic levels. Most published studies have been of working class groups and this has *merely* reflected the nature of the available population for investigation: people served by a particular hospital or social agency. Child abuse is known to exist as well in families with higher education, financial security and social standing.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF ABUSE?

The conditions of family life in America are such that the possibility for violence is always there. The hierarchal, patriarchal structure is

cont.

set up in such a way that the frustration and anger at tension and stress created in the family and at work can be passed down through the pecking order. When the child acts out the pain and confusion then the tension breaks into a pre-abuse or abuse situation.

Other factors which are present: 1) Abused children often are viewed as "*different*" for a number of varied reasons. They may be undernourished and so appear retarded, or may be suffering from undiagnosed hyperactivity (related to preservatives in food), hypoglycemia (low blood sugar), or possible allergies to certain foods resulting in irritating, drive-you-up-the-wall behavior; 2) The infant is the most commonly *fatally* beaten child because it is unable to protect itself and because the mother is traditionally *solely* responsible for an infant. Laws and guidelines for setting up an infant day care center are prohibitive so there is actually no relief for the mother of an infant who must live with a socially-induced guilt if she leaves the child to go to work after its birth; 3) First-born children make up a large percentage of those involved in trauma studies probably due to the fact that the fantasies that parents place on their children are apparently as unrealistic as the expectations placed on motherhood; and finally, 4) The sex of the child seems to have a definite impact on abuse. It is reported that approximately 87 1/2% of the children abused are female. This statistic says something about the treatment and value of female children in America. Because children are at the bottom of the pecking order in any family, it is even worse for female children - they are essentially at the bottom of the bottom of the heap.

The 'madonna and child' myth that mom must be patient and loving 24 hours a day and the equally insidious 'bundle of joy' or 'Gerber-baby' myths create the expectation for the child to be a constant joy. These myths are perpetuated by TV commercials and golden ads in women's magazines which set women up for crushing disappointment and frustration in the holy, supposedly singular function of females - the rearing of children.

With the amount of pressure and the rigidity of expectations, every mother lives within the structure of impending disaster. Every mother is a potential child abuser in this culture. Abuse is not only likely but predictable. Traditional statistics and feminism agree on this but when the blame is placed solely on the mother and not on the attitudes and conditions that create violence, the agreement ends.

Whatever the actual statistics (which reflect only reported cases), children are physically abused in this country under circumstances which cannot be explained as accidents. Their injuries usually result from recurring acts of violence, rather than from a single expression of anger or loss of control by the adults who care for them. The abusing mother may have dependency needs that have never been satisfied. She may find that she cannot gratify her own child's

needs. The child's demands are a painful reminder of the "bad" child she was. The child's increased demand for care intensifies the mother's own feelings of dependency. She wants someone to take care of *her* and turns to the child for satisfaction which the child, of course, cannot provide. Her inability to satisfy the child makes her unconsciously equate the child with her own critical and demanding mother. She re-enacts with her child the rejection and humiliating experiences she herself had as a child. When the baby cries or when the small child does not yield, she cannot tolerate the feeling provoked within herself and attack is the only solution she knows.

The effects of abuse are *long term* and the extent may never be fully known until adults who were abused as children communicate their feelings about the psychological effects they deal with in later life. What *is* known is that violence breeds violence, that children who were abused may grow up to become adults with violence as a prominent aspect of their behavior. This is the most important sequel of child abuse: *violence is a self-perpetuating lifestyle.*

MYTHS/FACTS

MYTH: Most child abuse is committed by single women. FACT: The greatest stress time is a young couple's childbearing time and the situation is intensified if the birth of one child is accompanied by the birth of a brother or sister within a year. The parent who loses control is the parent who may seem visibly "happily married" - this facade may be a cover for serious trouble in their marriage/child rearing.

MYTH: A prime candidate for child abuse is the mother who is either too young or too old. FACT: Most injuries committed by a mother take place in the 20-25 year old age group. The stress period falls in the most common childbearing years.

MYTH: Families involved in abuse to children are all on public assistance. FACT: Families on Aid to Families with Dependent Children are under much more scrutiny by public agencies than those who are not and the ever-present threat of the State may *inhibit* a mother from seeking help. The poor woman on public assistance is *not* in the majority of those involved in abuse.

MYTH: Child abuse/neglect is committed by working mothers who do not have enough time for their children. FACT: The opposite is true. A great number of mothers who were involved in trauma surveys had *given up* working when the child was born. Additionally, a pre-condition to the stress-filled state that accompanies abuse appears to be *isolation in the home with lack of outside association.* Inherent in the

LEGAL ASPECTS

By 1967, all 50 states in the U.S. had laws that encourage or require citizens to report child abuse. *Reporting legislation* does not incorporate any strategies for prevention and treatment and it does not require reporting of child abuse occurring in institutions such as schools, foster care, detention facilities, training schools or any public institutions. While laws for reporting do not, of themselves, achieve protection of children, they constitute a beginning.

The steps involved in treatment of actual cases are: identification (or reporting) of suspected child abuse, reporting to a protective service agency which employs trained volunteers, social workers, psychologists and psychiatrists. While a child is being treated for physical injuries, a rehabilitative therapy program should be instituted for the parents.

The criminal process in law is not a solution to child abuse. It has *some* deterrent effect on parents capable of controlling their own behavior.

24-hour unpaid "non-job" of housework are the conditions for abuse. Unemployed men, home for the first time in years due to a failing economy have put statistical abuse on the rise. After years of "gainful" employment they simply cannot take the unbearable strain of isolation and loss of self-esteem.

MYTH: Catholics with lots of kids are always beating them. FACT: This is a common fallacy. 68% of the families involved in such cases are Protestants, and overwhelmingly the majority of these cases are white families. It is estimated that as high as 73% of abuse/neglect situations involve white families. The most reluctance to admit to an abusive situation is shown among white, middle-and-above class families.

When the existing myths are debunked, the facts show an interesting composite: The highest potential for a child abuse situation comes from the stress and strain of everyday, "normal" American life: a family with a mother and father and children, white, working class, isolated from the world, in financial distress, with all members in the traditional roles. Even the so-called joyous family celebrations seem to produce an incredibly stressful situation and according to one Child Protective Service, "more abuse occurs during the Christmas seasons and on school holidays than any other time of the year".

Child abuse prevention and treatment requires co-operation from legal, social, psychiatric and medical workers. The fear of getting involved must be overcome. This fear is the main cause for failure in reporting by observers such as teachers, physicians, nurses and private citizens (neighbors). People *can* become involved without fear of civil damage actions.

PREVENTATIVE MEASURE AVAILABLE BEFORE ABUSE OCCURS

In today's world, people simply do not want to assume any responsibility for other people's children. This causes the immense feelings of isolation that are currently inherent in motherhood. Many times, it is possible to prevent a child beating by making sure the mother has enough space for herself, or a place to care for her child while she is working. One impressive dent some women have made in their own isolation is the development of "mutual support networks". Simply, this is mothers helping each other. In this way, a community begins to build and perhaps by removing the individual from the isolated situation, the situation will improve.

The facts are that mothers are even more isolated in rural areas and unless there is a communal, collective or extended family living arrangement, there may be no alternative but to be with the children 24 hours a day week after week. Metropolitan areas have begun to develop stress hotlines and organizations which attempt to locate and help abusing and potentially abusing parents and the young victims. Perhaps measures along these models might be experimented with in rural areas.

Hopefully, the material following will serve as guidelines and inspirations for parents in other areas to use in setting up their own stress services and mother support networks.

MOTHER'S EMERGENCY STRESS SERVICE

Called M.E.S.S. in Sacramento, CA., this service started when a group of women working at the Sacramento Women's Center began to realize that mothers had nowhere to turn when confronted with an immediate crisis. There were medical services and a child abuse referral service but nothing designed specifically for mothers in stress and not in the abuse stage yet. The service provides a 24-hour telephone crisis line to aid in stressful situations, trained staff members who can hear and help, up-to-date referral listings to aid mothers in stress in finding long term counseling, an active relationship with the women's center to provide an on-going development of discussion groups, emergency child care on a temporary basis, an atmosphere of trust, concern and sharing for those mothers who need help in stressful times. Their address is:

M.E.S.S.
2220 J Street
Sacramento, CA. 95816
Crisis #: (916) 446-7811
Business #: (916) 446-2791

cont.

AN INFORMATION AND REFERRAL SERVICE

Called BANANAS in Berkeley, CA., this service provides information and referral on child care programs of all kinds— family day care homes, children's centers, babysitters, special programs, school-age care, family day care support services including a relief care program, toy lending library, substitute list, scrounge porch (for cast-off and usable items), and referrals to homes, pre-crisis counseling by a trained social worker on all problems relating to childrearing.

Bananas/A Place to Find Playmates
3025 1/2 Shattuck Ave.
Berkeley, CA. 94705
(415) 548-4344

CRISIS/STRESS LINE FOR CHILD ABUSE PREVENTION

Parental Stress Service, Inc. in Oakland, CA., now has available a manual for phone-in stress line trainers and a cassette tape with models of a crisis call, a follow-up call, a third-party call and a stress call. This would be helpful for any group interested in setting up a hot-line in their area.

Cost: Manual \$5.00 — Tape \$4.00 — Both \$8.00
Please include \$1 handling charge with an order.
Contact: Parental Stress Service, Inc.
154 Santa Clara Avenue
Oakland, CA. 94610
(415) 655-8988

NEIGHBORHOOD/AREA CHILD CARE SWAPS/EMERGENCY CARE IN STRESS TIMES

Simply organizing in your immediate area to share taking the children off each other's hands for specific and planned upon times during the week, or during stress times upon an SOS call or signal, can take the psychological pressure off both mothers and children so that abuse is prevented.

MAKE INFORMATION AVAILABLE WITHIN YOUR COMMUNITY

Use bulletin boards at stores and community centers and notices in local newspapers to make information available so that abuse loses the mystery and social stigma attached to it.

DIRECTORY OF CHILD ABUSE PROGRAMS

Maricopas County General Hospital/Special Care Clinic
2415 East Fillmore
Phoenix, AZ. 85003

SCAN, Inc. (Volunteer Service, Inc.)
Hendrix Hall
Arkansas State Hospital
4313 West Markham
Little Rock, Arkansas 72201

Parents Anonymous
2930 West Imperial Highway
Suite 332
Inglewood, CA. 90303

Quality of Life, Inc./Parental Stress Hotline
220 Miramonte Ave.
Palo Alto, CA. 94306

CALM (Child Abuse Listening Mediation, Inc.)
P.O. Box 718
Santa Barbara, CA. 93102

The American Humane Assoc./Children's Div.
P.O. Box 1266
Denver, Colorado 80201

National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect
1001 Jasmine
Denver, Colorado 80220

Family Life Achievement Center
836 West Wellington Ave.
Suite 17705
Chicago, Illinois 60657

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse
111 East Wacker Drive, Room 510
Chicago, Illinois 60601

The Children's Hospital Medical Center
Family Development Study
300 Longwood Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts 02115

SCAN, Inc. (Suspected Child Abuse and Neglect)
Kent County, Michigan
C/O D. A. Blodgett Homes for Children
805 Leonard, N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49503

New York City Dept. of Social Services
Emergency Children's Services
Central Registry for Child Abuse & Maltreatment
241 Church Street
New York, New York 10013

New York State Assembly Select Committee on Child Abuse
270 Broadway
New York, New York 10007

Parents Anonymous
250 West 57th Street
Room 1901
New York, New York 10019

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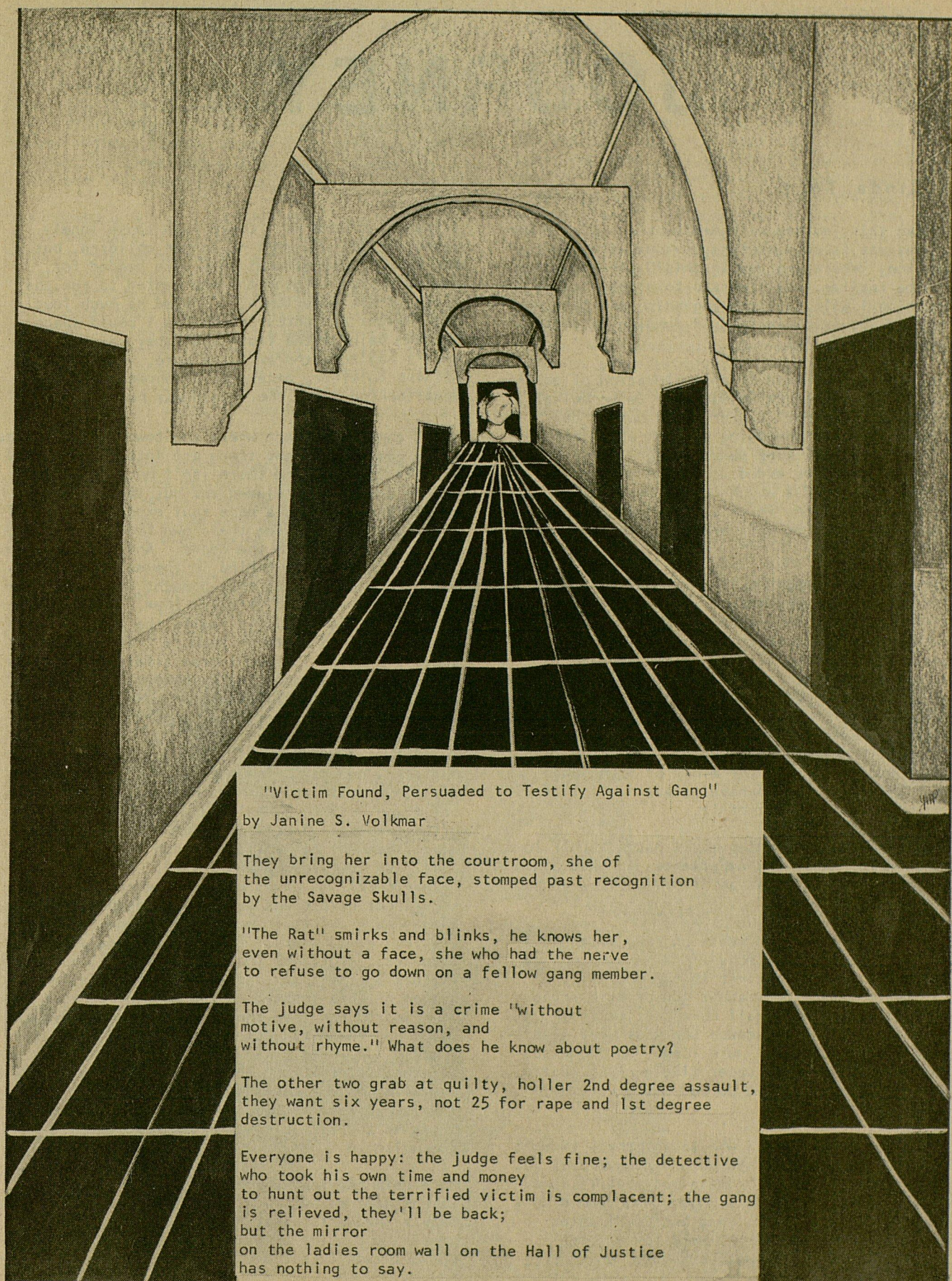
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"Victim Found, Persuaded to Testify Against Gang"

by Janine S. Volkmar

They bring her into the courtroom, she of the unrecognizable face, stomped past recognition by the Savage Skulls.

"The Rat" smirks and blinks, he knows her, even without a face, she who had the nerve to refuse to go down on a fellow gang member.

The judge says it is a crime "without motive, without reason, and without rhyme." What does he know about poetry?

The other two grab at guilty, holler 2nd degree assault, they want six years, not 25 for rape and 1st degree destruction.

Everyone is happy: the judge feels fine; the detective who took his own time and money to hunt out the terrified victim is complacent; the gang is relieved, they'll be back; but the mirror on the ladies room wall on the Hall of Justice has nothing to say.

JOURNEY

by Linda Ford

I began this journey with descriptions of two women and was faced somewhere en route with the question, "Where are you in this?" The question made me realize that I wanted to start back at something I will call the beginning and take you along on the trip, instead of dumping it full-blown into your lap.

The trip is some kind of an exploration of questions like, "what are we supposed to be doing?", "what *are* we doing?" and/or "what *can* we do?" We have all *done* something as soon as it becomes evident that something needs doing. We've noticed. Most of us ended up in the country as part of the process which we had begun by noticing that the places in which we lived gave us pain. And when the pain got great enough, we reacted.

I finally felt enough pain one morning in 1972, while driving to the school where I was teaching in East L.A., to notice that tears were streaming down my face and that the smog was eating up my eyes. And that was at 8:30 in the morning in February, the slack season. So, I finally had to admit to myself, with great pain, that I could no longer ignore that the air, and noise, and anxiety and general madness, were not good for me. That they caused me pain, which I had been trying to avoid while in the midst of them, and that I was finally going to have to avoid all that by not being in the midst of it.

And it wasn't easy to leave. I had a lot of love attached to people and experiences in that place and when I left, it was as if I left it and them to their fate.

So, what I did was to leave and say that, in my life, all that was no more. And I went to live in a small town by a river in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada and taught junior high school in a suburban area a half hour's drive from there. It was neat because the kids were glad to see me, because they were lonely in their suburban, over-privileged, upper-middle class ghetto, and I was lonely, so it worked out pretty well for awhile.

Except the other people who taught there thought that the way that everything had always been was the way that it should remain and that if someone who was forty years younger than them didn't agree, they were "bad". And because I often agreed with the people who were forty years younger than them, I must be "bad", too.

I shared as much as I could with those lonely young people, who were no longer children, but who had no idea of what they were headed for. And each time I found one who wanted to see the truth of his experience, I shared as much love and insight and encouragement as I could spare. But the pain of the truth that they saw was such that I had to withdraw, once more, because I had nothing to offer, except to encourage them to keep looking. And their pain was hurting me.

So, I came to a place where the town is two stores and a gas station and there are lots of trees and the air is clean and there isn't much noise and people are pretty relaxed and put their energy into trying to make a more real experience out of their lives by growing their own food, or fishing it, or finding it in the woods. And where people are trying to leave behind in themselves all the pain and madness that they brought with them from the cities, where it infected them. And we even begin to believe this is really the world. And I don't try to do anything anymore that puts me under a strain; instead I grow alfalfa sprouts as a small business and finally have had some success with growing a vegetable garden and have settled in and feel at home, for the first time in my life.

But then, one day a few months ago, I stopped to pick up a woman who was hitchhiking. I had known her slightly for some time and knew that she was often involved in ecological issues. But I had never seen any connection between her life and mine. We just passed and smiled. That day, she began to tell me about her involvement in a concern about herbicides being used by the lumber companies to kill hardwood, expediting the "harvesting" of conifers. That the chemicals being used were defoliants that had been outlawed in Vietnam as too toxic and here they were being dumped on this county, to the tune of 15 tons in four years, and that they are bioaccumulative and have been shown to cause mutations and birth defects. And while I was still trying to digest all that information, she said in a crisp, business-like voice, edges sharp as a knife, covering the wail of a woman whose child has just been stuck in the stomach with a bayonet, "We're being poisoned."

More than the fear and horror, the feeling which washed over me was fury that once again I had been ripped off. That I had come to a clean green place which appeared to be healthy and that not only was it not healthy, but that you couldn't

even *see* the disease this time. What a totally royal rip-off, that this time we're being poisoned invisibly.

And I realized then that I had to *do* something more than I had done before and asked the woman if I could help her and meant that I would, right then, without further rhetoric or diffusion of energy, *do* something with my anger at the rip-off, the insidious invasion.

We rapped a poster that afternoon, and in the next few days, I designed and lettered it and had it printed out of my own pocket, because there are never any funds for what the people need, because only the people themselves give a shit about what the people need. And we hung some of the posters, until a woman whose horror was better controlled than ours said that it wasn't cool to make some of the emphatic statements that we had made in the poster, or that maybe the skull and crossbones at the top was a bit dramatic.

But, nonetheless, that experience brought me into a new part of the process. That right here, in my home area, where I intend to stay, I began to stand with others who were saying, "No! We don't want to accept what you're doing to the land on which we live. We want the poisoning to stop and we have a right to want it to stop." So the voice increases in volume and pretty soon it has to be noticed. Maybe not causing much change yet, maybe not respected yet, but noticed.

Knowing that this issue of *Country Women* would be on Anger and Violence, a couple of months ago I asked Terry about submitting some material, and she invited me to work on the collective which really excited me, because of the connection with other women and the chance to flex my journalistic muscles and the hint of a further reaching experience which hadn't yet come into focus. And sometime, shortly after that, a nebulous idea began to form to the effect that maybe there was a connection between feminist anger and the needs of the planet, our home, our Mother. That maybe the timing is such that women have found their voice and their indignation and fury about the personal levels of oppression and hurt that they have experienced as women, and with that practice under our belts, the time has come when we can fulfill our role as spokespersons for the Earth Mother, with whom our experience as women in this lifetime gives us identity.

Susan Bodine and I have become close friends since the herbicide poster — comrades in exploration — and Susan's activism seemed to make her a natural for a model for the concept I hoped to develop. Susan's work in the last few months has included writing open letters to government officials and publishing them in newspapers, organizing letter-writing campaigns, appearing and testifying at hearings, and most important, simply rapping out the issues with every chance contact on the road and in the community. She tells the truth about what's happening to *her* home and what's being done to it by people who don't realize that it's their home, too. cont.



But before I could reach Susan, I noticed that a woman named Oh Shinnah Fast Wolf, an Apache-Mohawk servant of the Medicine, was scheduled to speak in town. The name rang a bell as a friend of friends with whom I've worked on Native American concerns. So, I went to hear her speak and encountered a small, energetic, powerful manifestation of just the image I had hoped to put together. "Osha", she explained is the Earth and "shinnah" is the rhythm, the heartbeat, the sound of the song of the Earth. Her father told her, at eleven, when she received that name that there would come a time in her life when the Earth Mother would be very sick and she would have to speak for Her.

In many ways, listening to Oh Shinnah was tremendously affirming to both my concept and my personal processes. "Women are growing up and realizing that we have to do something...In light of cosmic influences and the current needs of the Mother...it's phenomenal to see...in relationship to women's rights, women's liberation.

She is a multi-faceted woman, who explains, "I don't study just my Indian ways, I study all people's ways. I get a little bit of truth from each one because the truth is vibratory and when you hear it or see it, there is a response in your heart, the rose."

"We must live our lives with passion," she asserts, "feel the Earth Mother with passion. Life is a celebration. When we forget to celebrate, we forget our Earth Mother. This Earth that you are standing on is real...the only thing that you can put your trust in. We need to experience our humanness."

"Yes, we are a happy people," she describes the native peoples of this continent, "in spite of the genocide - and I do mean genocide - because we consider Life a great gift."

With the same passion as in affirmation, her anger carries the truth in denunciation. "Take your children out of school and don't pay your taxes." She feels that the future can be changed in two generations, that we're at a fork in the road, in which the institutions are maintaining the moribund status quo. She took all of her own children out of school because of the lies. She reflects on the history books from the point of view of a native person and says, "they're reading nothing but lies."

She talks of the Navaho being relocated because of the so-called overgrazing when, in fact, the water table is being depleted by "Sodom and Gomorrah" - L.A. and Las Vegas. "You don't know what's happening to the land because of those two places." She alludes to her anger through facetious metaphor, but finally finishes with a simple statement, powerful in its understatement, dry and flat, "I get angry."

She speaks of the prophecies of the Hopi, an elder race to all native peoples of this continent.

"The prophecies talk about purification: not just our prophecies, but the Bible, the Kabbalah, the Sufis, the Bahais, all of them. Everywhere I look, I see the same prophecies; purifications and tribulations. How bad that's going to be is determined by how much good spiritual energy those of us who know, put out, and how much we try to change those around us."

"What can I tell you," she asks, thinking of how to begin to act. She answers herself with another question. "What kind of soap do you use? If you're using a soap that you can't dump the suds on a plant, you're using the wrong soap."

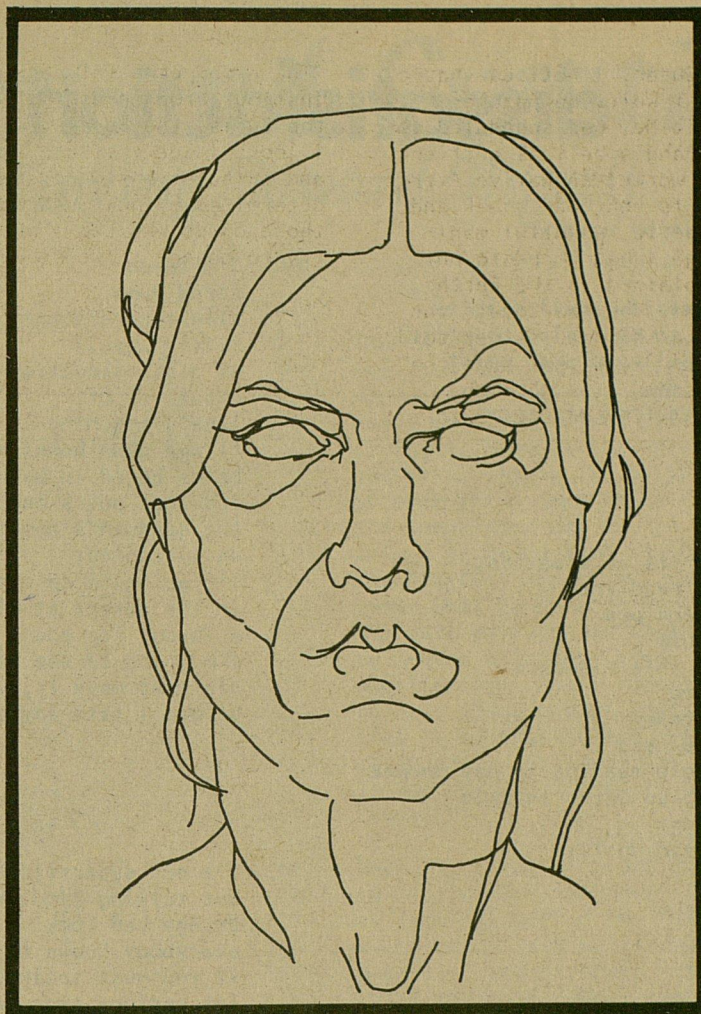
Susan showed up two days later and we began to rap about her experience within her activism on the part of the environment, the planet. We dealt with her frustration with the role of reformer, when in her heart she feels, "I want to convert everyone to revolution."

Big business has been an aggressor in this continent for a century and a half. Susan described greed as the outmoded survival trait which is destroying our only home. That capitalism, as a manifestation of greed, must be overcome before it destroys mankind. "Revolution is conscious evolution."

The inner development of humanity - which doesn't necessarily occur in all individuals - includes the creation of a social ethic to replace greed ("personal incentive") as a motivating force for our activity on the material plane. This (r)evolutionary process might be described as "historical imperative" - leadership qualities are pulled out of the people by their social condition: our fight for social justice will become more clearly directed as our environment becomes more oppressive. Cherishing a rural and contemplative lifestyle, ruefully she thinks "history will ferret me out."

We touched on many of the instances of atrocities manifested in maintenance of our destructive society, such as the neutron bomb, which destroys life but not property, "What about a weapon that destroys only weapons," she retorted. She sees a people's war as the only solution.

We traced the process of the individual's response to negative effects upon his environment, beginning with pain, followed by withdrawal. This is the point at which many of us found ourselves moving to the country, for cleaner air, water and land. Next we became aware that the mess is still back there where we left it, that it's seeping and creeping at a geometrically increasing rate till there's smog 150 miles north of San Francisco in hot weather. Aware, too, that the hungry hordes - hungry for clean air and water and peace and quiet are daily creeping into our lives. Worse still, aware that our hideaway is actually an illusion. That profit-motivated lumber companies are dumping tons of herbicides on us yearly.



BECKY MATLIN

So what are we gonna do with this awareness, which has the effect of sickening the stomach, the soul and hopefully arousing a fury which can be used for response. Because there ain't nowhere to withdraw to, no more, baby.

This may be the point at which I took a mistaken turn and tried to convince Susan that anger is the energy which creates action. But, honest woman that she is, she wouldn't cop to it. As a revolutionary, "You don't tell people lies," Susan pointed out to me. And my predigested image of Susan, the *angry* activist woman, simply wasn't the truth.

Susan became involved originally in ecological issues when the Albion River was under threat of clearcutting a year and a half ago. She describes her motivation in retrospect as a territorial protective feeling. "It was *my* river," and she wasn't going to let them do that. Susan's leadership was instrumental in causing that logging project to be shelved.

Susan described to me the experience of the motivation or energizing for the work she does. "This column of clear space inserts itself in the top of my head and tries to come out through my hands." Susan is an artisan and from this space she may design a garment, organize a fair, write an essay, embroider or draw - as she says, "Work that stands in its own right." Spinning wool,

an integral part of her craft, is also her yoga, and serves to recharge her for energy expended. She refers to the "clear space" imagery as "fertilizing, yang, and then the conception, yin, can manifest in the immediate area. "I feel very androgynous with the creative process. That's my most common real experience."

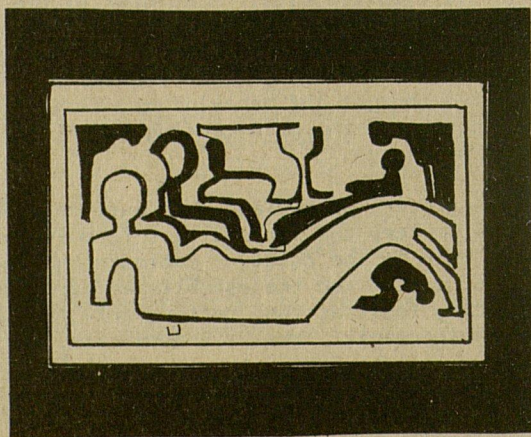
And now that what she was really saying has finally sunk in for me, I feel very humble. Whereas I wanted to insist that anger was the energy from which action could derive - that she simply wasn't feeling her anger, she has taught me that anger is simply a clue. A pointer to the fact that something is not right, that it needs to be changed, replaced by something new. That's the creative process. Anger can show us the need for creative thought and behavior by which to find an alternative to the pain-causing experience which makes us angry.

At the present Susan says, "We must do everything we can to keep the corporations from increasing their hold on the county - encroaching. To some extent, we can use the established bureaucracy, including legal action, particularly in light of new environmental laws." Secondly, she feels that we will be forced to use guerrilla tactics. She says, "We know that the next helicopter that goes to spray the forest with herbicides will get shot down." ♀

dissatisfaction

by Paula Inwood

- I. There is no beauty in my poetry
how could there be?
it comes from me
a plump child in tortoise shell glasses
I have been waiting to be called beautiful
but could not have believed such words
had they been given me
I do not accept gifts from strangers
- II. I read murder mysteries at breakfast
but not the morning headlines
I ran over my shepherd pup
but could not bury him
I can't seem to get this violence
underground, interred
it surfaces in my dreams
like a seal's arched head
I step round tidepools meaning to pay homage
but anemones squish up water in pain
I stand on live things
as I collect tiny dead shells
- III. Even my name is not beautiful - Paula
my father Paul's first son,
first disappointment
Paul of the rigid orthodoxy
who hated women to be in the sight of god
Paula, labia, vulva
need undulating, without subtlety
Paula - paw of a bear
it smashes what it wishes to caress
Paula - la la la la la la la
pop melodies in an overstuffed opera
singer's throat
- IV. I'm bored
bored dumb
silent persistent
little weevil
of dissatisfaction
cheats me of
love's touching
flings down books and lives
holes bored in my head
and what pours out is sand
the sandman's coming
early tonight
I'm going to be a sphinx
in the desert at eight pm
a lapdog for god
I'm going to see what
his next move is,
before I take any action
- V. I'm not superstitious
but talking about happiness
brings bad luck
everybody knows that
if you must speak of joy
let serious eyes deny the smile
dwell on the bad times past
imagine some future dread
you've got to deserve happiness
and no one does
I left a marriage
before the children were grown
and demanded new love and commitment
as if I wasn't over thirty
cancer's probably riddling my cells
the baby will abandon me
though he clings with milk fresh sureness now
I will be alone with my dissatisfaction
- VI. I want to stop having other people's
nervous breakdowns
I want to dance on my back
with my eyes in the trees
to be kerosene lantern
hissing and glowing in a dark camp
I want to know how
harikari feels to the sword



ARLENE REISS

Anger and Creativity

Moving Toward Myself

by Adele Clarke

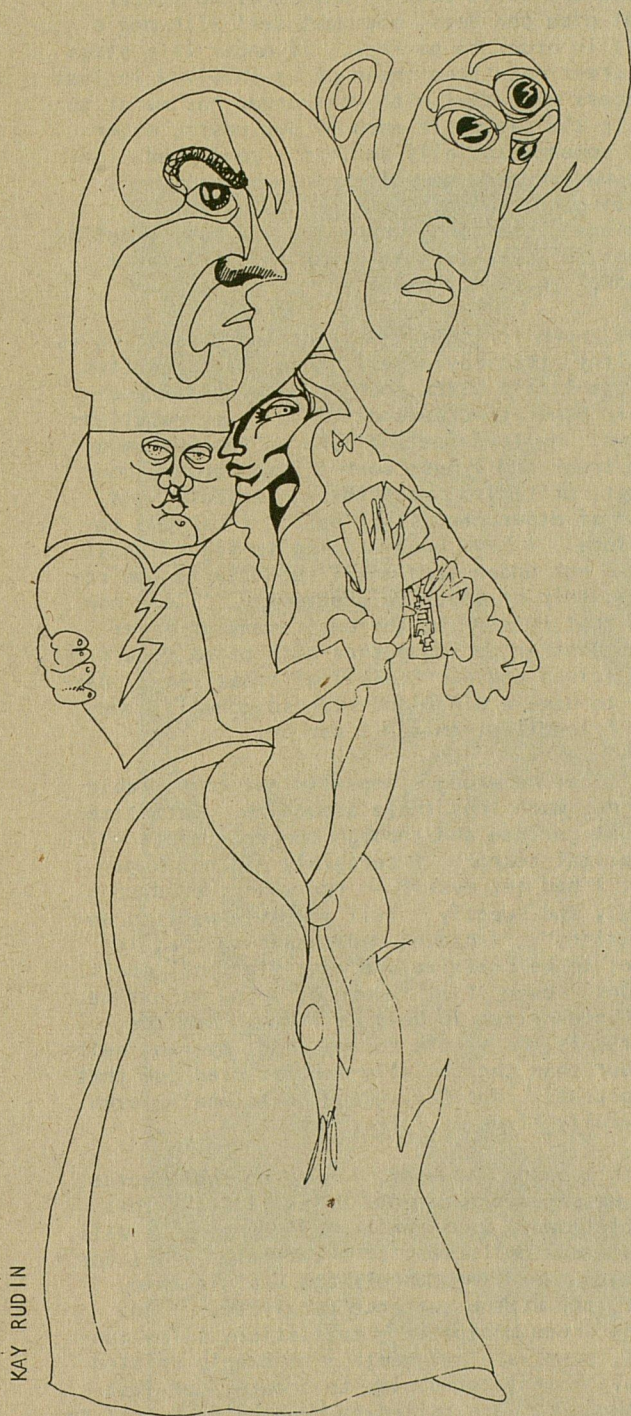
"I want to write, goddamn it, and I want to do it now!"

That's Adele the Writer speaking. At this point she is a very manipulative, angry adolescent whose major strategy when she doesn't get her needs met is to haunt all the other Adeles, muttering at them as they try to go about their business. Adele the Dutiful, busy taking care of everything that needs taking care of. Adele the Competent, out in the world doing worthwhile things to bring home the bacon or cheese. Adele the Playful, who on her monthly outing barely knows what to do with herself. Adele the Friend, who puts everyone at their ease and makes certain that all *their* needs are met—especially emotionally. Adele the Lover, who comes next to last (just before Adele the Playful) when time is allocated, and probably only then because Adele the Competent has learned that sex is healthy and therefore it becomes another "should".

There is a lot of anger going around among these various aspects of myself. My rage comes from my internal battle for balance—my struggle to even acknowledge my various wants and desires, much less act on them. It will likely continue until there is some harmony inside me. It reminds me of the Chinese medical practice of reading twelve pulses—one for each major bodily organ. Each pulse is measured in terms of the heat it generates *and* its harmony with the other eleven organs. Health is harmony among all twelve. I've got a long way to go, but my anger tells me that I am at least on the path.

Anger must precede creative energy because unless one gets really pissed off, taking responsibility for yourself never happens. Blaming the world is no better than blaming the victim—and as women, there is nothing we understand better than how absolutely perverse blaming the victim is. But also as women, we know we have been denied the very right to anger. The reason is that *anger is power*: power to define our spaces, power to define our lives, power to create. Anger, after all, makes the natives restless.

This understanding of the relationship between my anger and my power and creativity did not come to me in a dream, nor did the notion of my sub-personalities in heated conflict with each other. They came from other women, a psychic and a therapist/writer. But they came from them to me because I took the responsibility for seeking help with my rage/depression cycle and my writing/procrastinating cycle. And, perhaps hardest of all, I try to hear what these notions say.



KAY RUDIN

Among the things the psychic woman said is that I'm angry because I've decided *not* to go passive, to procrastinate and be indolent with my life. Now I am participating in my life and with a vengeance. The process of getting out there and *doing it* is going to bring up anger which has been camouflaged by all the other things I've been doing. "It's all right. It's just power. Don't worry about it. Big deal - so you get angry for awhile." I realized that not only is anger an *allowed* feeling, it is a *good* feeling - alive and awake rather than numbly off in zanzibar. When I feel anger, I feel excited. I can work with that energy, write with that energy.

I am still in the early stages of the process of getting in touch with my creativity. It is apparently at this point that anger plays its greatest role in moving toward my self. The anger can be a phase - until I learn to channel it. And the phase part has both short and long-term aspects. In the short term, this very article was something I was going to do "next week". Yesterday I had a huge fight with someone, and spent last night and this morning moving from anger to understanding, back and forth. I started thinking seriously about anger and got so excited that I hopped straight from my bed to the typewriter. This is for me no small achievement considering I usually "tidy up" at that point in the day. Damn! Even my favorite routines are challenged and must be re-evaluated - to maintain or abandon them? And when?

Over the long term, the anger phase of generating my creativity has resulted in what I have been calling "anger spells". Weeks of feeling trigger-happy rage, part of me just waiting for some excuse to pounce and holler and scream and bite and kick. The feeling is closest to the temper tantrum that has been labeled crazy for an adult in our culture, and disgusting, though understandable, in children. I am coming to find such tantrums just as understandable, and probably even more necessary for grown-ups.

My anger comes in "spells" because once anger is up, it stays up. My psychic friend said that anger is one of the highest raising energies - it gets up to your chest. The desire to punch someone is chest energy. It is energy that takes me out into the world, gets my ideas out of my head and onto paper. At this moment, I could punch a pillow just as easily as write.

The flip side of my anger is very deep, intense and bloody fear. It comes up in night and day dreams of mutilation: arms and legs and breasts cut off; dark, slimy tunnels that I *must* go into or hate myself; fears of being in car crashes and dying or becoming paralyzed before I've gotten my writing together. When I get lost in my fear space, I am paralyzed. The most I can manage to do is either get lost in busy work, obsessing about cleanness or having

a good filing system, or else space out with beer and a murder mystery. But with a little help from my writer/therapist/friend, I am beginning to *act* in the fear space. That action takes the form of consciously going into the terror places and exploring them in guided fantasy with her and in both dream work and journal-keeping on my own.

Somewhere Doris Lessing says that no matter what else one does, one must deal with one's past in order to be free. If anger is a stage of creativity then those of us involved in that process must deal with what anger has meant to us in the past. In each of our pasts, anger was somehow socially defined - good, bad, loving underneath, now allowed to be felt, disgusting, childish, sincere, hysterical, irrational, exciting, whatever. We must redefine anger for ourselves in order to use it as a channel to our creativity.

I've known for some time that angry fighting is healthy, that saying all those things written in the little black book in my mind diffuses their power to create distance in my relationships. My love feelings are on the bottom of the trunk and I must sort through anger, contempt, criticism, resentment, jealousy and lots of other hard stuff before I can get to my love. I have been willing to fight. What I did not understand until recently is the relationship of anger to creativity. I can now see that my sharing the excitement of anger with another person pushes both of us toward our selves and our individual creativity. Daring to have a big fight with someone is among the friendliest things I can do.

Don't get me wrong - anger is not comfortable for me, much less those around me. Each time I must go into and through the fear space which is primal terror. I certainly did not know what I had let myself in for when I said so simply and sweetly, "All I really want to do is write!" I had no understanding that in order to be creative one must fight *all* one's demons - even if it is one or a few at a time. The anger rises to help me fight. And the battle is the battle for my *self*, my real self rather than the socially-manufactured one that competently, dutifully, and occasionally even playfully lives my life.

At this point, however, I have no real choice. The messages are clear. Unless I fight this battle I will never be a whole person. I will be armless or legless or breastless. If I don't go into the slimy tunnels and explore them, I must stay at the entrance paralyzed. I see these dream metaphors - mutilation, slimy tunnels, paralysis and death - as deeply related to all women's struggles to create, not just my own. We were raised to be paralyzed, not to explore our "slimy tunnels", to be only partially human, never whole and fully able to move and act and do in this world. In terms of creativity, we were raised to be dead.

Anger at least is definitely aliveness. I strongly suspect that anger is a stage in getting to one's creativity and may not always be necessary. For the present, when my anger is 'up', the task is to channel that energy into my writing.

The work I've been doing has reconnected my limbs, with scars in various stages of healing,

and one of the tunnels I explored was lined with inlaid abalone shell. In fantasy, I now make journal entries while inside that tunnel. But best of all is the relief of no longer having a choice about my creativity. The anger helps, and I'm grateful for all the help I can get. ♀



Prairie Jackson

FARM NOTES

Dear People at Country Women:

I am 69 years old and do enjoy your magazine. I do, however, have a concern about something which is happening not only in yours but in most of the current crop of new-life, do-it-yourself publications. This is the tendency for very inexperienced people to write how-to articles while their own knowledge is still pretty shaky.

I refer specifically to "The Queenly Art of Beekeeping" in issue 34. Most of the information in it is all right, but there are a few quite startling lapses. As a beekeeper of many years' experience, I'd like to provide an antidote before some unwary neophyte makes some real blunders.

First is the casual reference to building or designing your own hives, as if this were something on which one could just give rein to one's own imagination. Granted that there may be ways to improve on standard equipment, it should be attempted only by a very experienced person with a thorough knowledge of why hives are now built the way they are. The article makes no reference to the basic concept of the bee space, which made possible the modern movable-frame hive. This is a rather precise dimension, big enough to allow bees to move about freely, but not so big that they will mess it up with wild spurs of comb. Hives are now built in such a way as to provide precise bee spaces where needed, and any change must be made with full attention to this requirement.

There are options within the existing equipment standards, and one which was not mentioned is that one does not need to use full-depth brood chambers at all. I have converted to the exclusive use of what are called medium-depth supers in the trade. I use three of them for brood chamber, and pile more on top for surplus honey. This is good policy for most women, and many men are doing it too, because the full depth can get damned heavy to handle. Like lifting 70 or 80 pounds full of buzzing bees, who mustn't be joggled much, and setting it down very slowly and gently so as not to crush very many. Especially if the hive is getting high with surplus honey, so that you have to do this lifting from maybe chest height...you get the idea. Some people still use one full-depth hive body at the very bottom for brood, because they think they won't have to lift the bottom one very often. The catch to this is that you lose the advantage of having your frames interchangeable throughout.

I am purposely not trying to clarify my language so as to provide a blueprint for beginners, because no brief article is going to be an adequate textbook anyway. Get "The ABC and XYZ of Bee Culture" and keep it handy. It's

like having a wise old beekeeper at your elbow, ready to discuss at length any problem you may have. No matter how many books you read, you are likely to find sometimes that your bees didn't read the same book. They will do unpredictable things at times. But with the aid of "The ABC and XYZ" you can usually figure it out.

Another shocker in the article had to do with installing package bees. The reason for removing five frames from the hive body when hiving the package is that this makes enough room to set the package inside and let the bees come out by themselves. There is no reason to leave this space empty if you are going to shake the bees out of the package. Just set an empty body on top to make an open space to shake into. They should quickly go down enough so that you can remove the rim and put on the inner cover.

Then the article says to wait two or three weeks before inspecting the hive. If you left them with all that empty space for so long you would find the space all filled with comb built any which way by the bees, and you would have one jolly mess on your hands. Also, you can't assume that everything is going according to plan in there. Give the bees four or five days in which to get settled. Disturbing them sooner might make them kill the queen. But you do need to know that the queen has been released and is doing her thing. On a fine day (not evening) you open the hive, remove the queen cage, and look into two or three of the central frames to make sure that eggs and young brood are happening. Eggs are tiny white things standing on end in the bottoms of the cells. It may take a little practice to see them. Turn the frames so that the light shines into the cells if in doubt. If you see any eggs, all is well. You don't have to see Her Majesty herself. By her fruits you shall know her. Close the hive up for another ten days or so.

But it can happen that the queen is still in her cage. It should be safe to release her by this time, as she should have taken on the smell of the hive. But I have had the bees kill a queen released directly at this point. To make it safer, dip your hive tool into honey in the same hive (if there is any) and smear it on her, or dip her in sugar syrup (if you have any handy for feeding), or put a drop of vanilla on her. Anything to keep her from smelling like a stranger to the bees. Introducing a queen is one of the trickiest operations in all beekeeping.

If the bees seem contented and are working well, but there are no eggs to be seen, it is possible that the queen has only just been released and hasn't got organized yet, or you may have failed to see them, or she may not have been mated before shipping. She should have been

mated, but errors do occur. Give her another four or five days before looking again. If two weeks pass without her beginning to lay, it is time to try to get another queen. Bee supply places often keep them in stock during the active spring season. Otherwise, southern breeders will ship them by Air Mail.

There are a few more minor points in the article which I could discuss, but they are not such as could really mess someone up, like the ones I have mentioned.

Oh yes! One more small point. She says to blow smoke under the inner cover and then wait a few minutes before proceeding to examine the hive. If the word minutes were changed to moments this would be all right. Just long enough for the slight buzzing to die back to normal. Also, the less smoke you use the less you upset the bees' routine and rile their nerves. With some gentle colonies you may not need smoke at all unless you are going to do a major operation, but it's always good to have the smoker handy in case they get uptight.

And the best smoker fuel, if you have it available, is crumbly rotten wood.

Another point, the article says you may want gloves. I should say gloves are necessary. You may sometimes feel you don't need them, but there are times when you definitely do. And they add greatly to peace of mind. Until you are experienced enough to be sure you won't drop a frame if they start stinging, better wear gloves. The bee inspector does.

And if you wear gloves, you'll really appreciate a frame grip - a tool for lifting frames out of the hive, as it's hard to get them neatly with gloved fingers.

You should know that you must register your bees with the State, so the bee inspector can watch them for diseases. Bee inspectors are usually friendly and helpful - good people to know.

Enough for now, and blessings on your efforts.

Peace!

Bea Liu

April 3...a beautiful, sunny, blue-sky day, but the wind is chilly. Penelope and Rupa and Selene are nosing around in the leaves looking for and eating acorns. Hazel is eating some acorns and some hemlock greens. The kids mouth everything! Who can say what they are actually eating?! They appear to be ingesting: rotten wood, last fall's leaves,

birch bark, old dried grass, earth, hemlock greens, and mountain laurel. All the other goats have learned to stay away from sister laurel with her succulent evergreen leaves, but each spring the babies must learn for themselves; they take a "trip" on mt. laurel and, after throwing up for 12 to 48 hours, they have conditioned themselves to avoid those delicious-looking mt. laurel bushes. It is impossible for me to cut down all the mt. laurel that grows here. In fact, it is illegal to cut it down. Its masses of red-flecked white blooms are an incredible sight in May; so each goat must learn the lesson of the laurel.

They usually stand with their head in a corner of the stall, looking glassy-eyed and spacey, and staggering drunkenly when they try to walk. One of my goats regularly poisons herself on mt. laurel each spring - I think she enjoys the "trip"! (She also likes to eat tobacco and marijuana!)

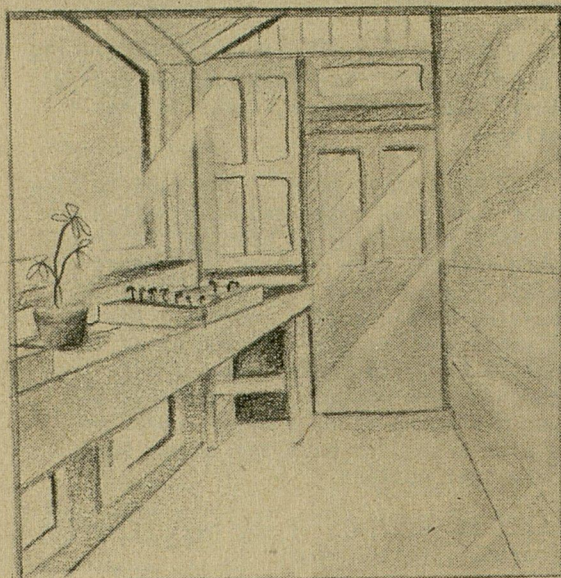
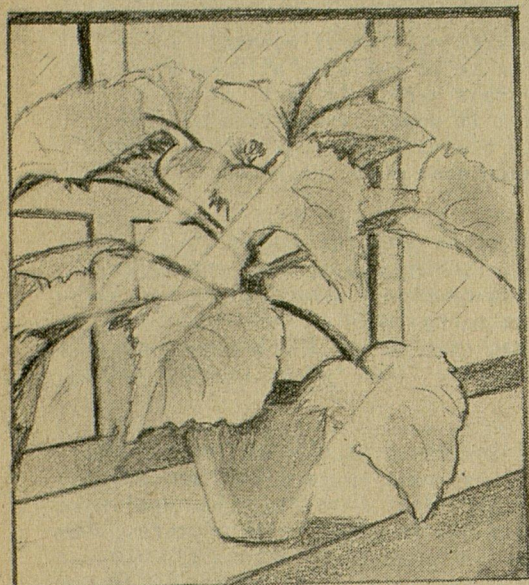
So long as I see the goat eliminating the mt. laurel poison by vomiting, pissing, and shitting, I feel confident that she will survive her indulgence and be wiser in the future. The only assistance I give is to offer her warm water (or warm water and milk) often, but I don't leave a bucket in the stall, as she could stumble into it and perhaps drown. On very cold nights I wipe the vomit - which is watery and distinctive smelling - off her to keep her from getting chilled. When Selene ate mt. laurel last year I had to carry her down to the stream to drink for she refused to have water from the bucket. She was staggering too much to get there by herself. (Whenever she comes near a mt. laurel shrub now she snorts and jumps away as if she were shocked.)

April 10...This morning Arya and I went over to John's to collect the last load of wood he owes me. (He traded me a full cord of hard wood for a baby doe last spring.) His two doelings were roaming free on the mountain side. They smelled so sweet and sunny and fresh. The one who is Selene's twin sister seems a bit thinner and much shyer than Selene. I guess Rupa has *taught* Selene her devilish ways, not transmitted them genetically. John's doelings have learned not to eat mt. laurel, even though their hillside home is totally covered in mt. laurel shrubs! I didn't see either of them so much as sniff a leaf of it the whole time we were there. Mostly they followed us around as we hauled and loaded wood, stopping now and then for some greens from the hemlocks. There were plenty of acorns lying about, but they weren't eating them at all. Perhaps it is an acquired taste. But they were eating that same bright green moss that Annie is fond of chewing on, and bits of bark and some rotten wood. Their foraging choices are limited on that densely wooded and mt. laureled, rocky, steep slope.

Susun S. Weed

♀

Simple Solar



Greenhouses

CARMEN GOODYEAR

Greenhouses were once considered only for commercial use or as a plaything for the wealthy, and rarely in either case were they designed to receive the most benefit from the sun other than its light. Now an attached solar greenhouse can be considered the wisest addition to any home. Not only does it provide heat and humidity but fresh greens, vegetables, herbs and flowers, plus an early start on garden plants. There are many prefabricated models on the market today but most are freestanding ones not meant to be attached to the house, which means the house doesn't receive the generated heat. For the same price as one of those, a person can build a better, bigger, more productive and more efficient attached greenhouse, not to mention the opportunity provided for creativity and innovation. The solar energy field is wide open to all of us, despite the growing number and increasing loudness of the experts, and this article will try to give the basic background information for planning a low-cost, low-technology solar greenhouse of your own.

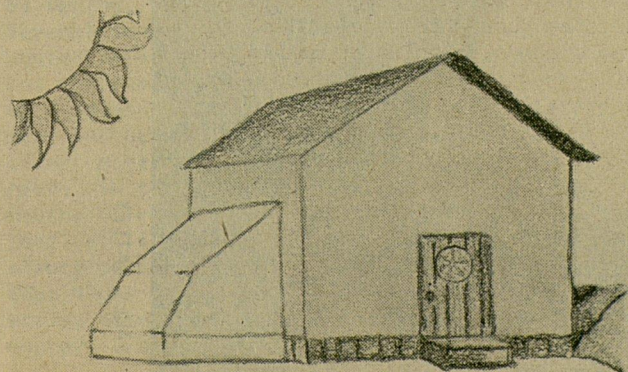
The first consideration is location, and the only good location is the South wall of the home, a

Southeast exposure being preferable to a Southwest one. If you have deciduous trees on the South side, they will provide welcome shade in the summer while allowing the winter sun to shine in. The size and shape of the greenhouse will depend on the length and formation of the South wall. Should the greenhouse cover the entire wall or only halfway; do you want it square or semi-circular? Take into consideration the doors and windows to the house as they will allow for access and heat flow. A door directly from the house to the greenhouse is better than an outside door which would allow for heat loss. You might also think of opening the house entirely or partially to the greenhouse, joining it directly to the living space. Next, decide what kind of foundation and floor will be wanted. It can be designed so that plants grow in the dirt floor itself, or so that the floor provides heat storage and the plants are in boxes. Either way, the foundation should be dug down below frost line level for best insulation. Also, this will bring the roof of the greenhouse to the level of the window or door top so that the rising heat won't be trapped but can flow into the house. A heat storage floor would mean insulation be-

neath a layer of thermal mass, thermal mass being adobe, cement, or stone. With either floor, additional heat storage can be obtained from 20-50 gallon sealed barrels of water, 5-gallon sealed cans of water, rocks or flagstone paths. Thermal mass is the most practical as well as the cheapest principle to be used for insulation, building and heat storage. This, like the water barrels, will absorb heat during the day to keep the air cool and radiate heat at night to keep the air warm, thereby maintaining the even temperature best for plant growth. Surfaces should be painted flat black or dark green or brown for best heat absorption.

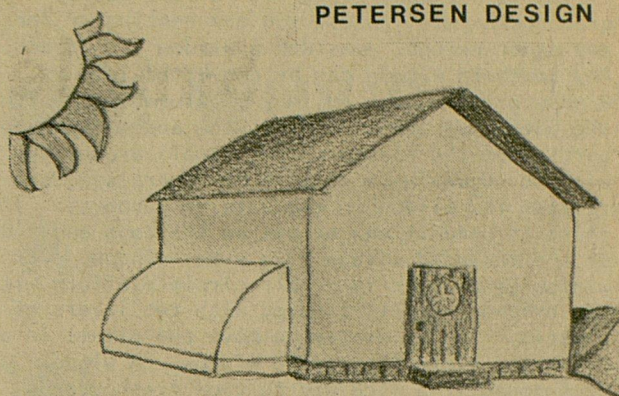
So, you have chosen your location, considering the windows, doors and entrance-way to the home, and you have dug out the foundation space. Now you can use cement, adobe, brick, or railroad ties (uncreosoted) for the foundation, and then if desired you can insulate and cement the floor also. You can lay out paths of stone either in the cement or in the dirt floor or make paths of gravel. You line up small cans of water along the outside wall and some barrels along the inside wall, all painted black. You might also consider putting cement steps up to the doorway, another heat storage method. If you only have a window between the house and greenhouse, you would want to put vents along the top and bottom of the wall to facilitate the flow of warm air in and cool air out of the house. From this point of construction there are several ways to go. The two most common plans used here in the San Luis Valley are the Yanda design and the Petersen design, both with their advantages. The Yanda method attaches two-by-four supports at two foot intervals to the foundation. These supports slant at an angle, determined by the sun's path in your area, and are joined to two-by-fours that attach to the wall of the house forming roof supports. These are then covered with a translucent material and make a square, slanted greenhouse that is very efficient for heat collection, because the slant makes the most of the sun's rays. The Petersen design uses less lumber and is therefore cheaper to build. This plan calls for rip-sawing two-by-fours into ten narrow strips. One is attached to the foundation, then curved and fastened to

YANDA DESIGN



CARMEN GOODYEAR

PETERSEN DESIGN

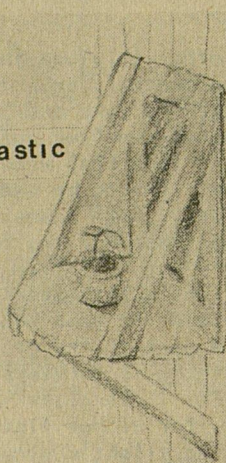


the wall. Another is glued and clamped onto the first and then another, so there are three 1/4" strips laminated to make one 3/4" arch. The arches are spaced two feet apart. This design is aero-dynamic in a high wind area and is very attractive, but it must be used with fiberglass instead of glass. Both plans have insulated wood or thermal mass for the East and West walls.

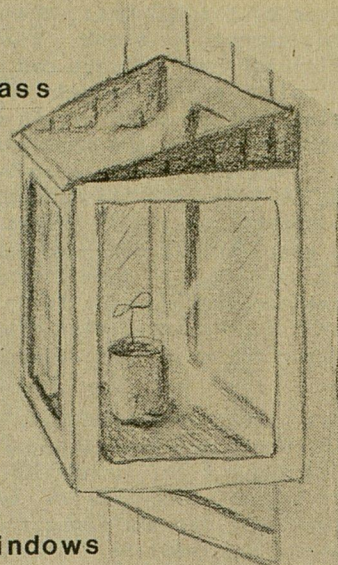
The kind of translucent material you choose at this point depends on your budget, as it is the most expensive part of the greenhouse. The fanciest way to go is double-pane glass costing about \$3/Sq. Ft. Fiberglass is the next choice at 84¢/Sq. Ft. for either flat or corrugated, the latter being slightly stronger. Be sure to buy greenhouse-quality fiberglass that comes with a guarantee not to yellow with age, and do not buy tinted fiberglass as plants need the full spectrum of light. For an impermanent greenhouse, two layers of polyurethane plastic can be used; this would not work for all winter but would extend the growing season by several months. Again, buy greenhouse-quality plastic with the same guarantee; it costs 5-20¢/Sq. Ft. depending on the thickness or mil. The higher mil (4, 6, 8, 10 mil) should be used for the outside layer, a lower mil can be used on the inside. Recycled windows can be used and sometimes old double-paned glass can be found, such as from the front of store refrigerators. Whatever is used, two layers will be needed for best insulation -- double-pane glass, glass and plastic, fiberglass and plastic, or two thicknesses of plastic. The rest of the building can be built from recycled lumber, bricks, adobe bricks, stones, or railroad ties. Ask at the lumber store for a bargain bin; try to find someone with a small cement mixer. Keep in mind that wood will need insulation, an additional cost. Shades, shutters, or curtains may be useful for shading in the summer and for insulation on winter nights. Mylar, the reflective space-blanket material, can be used to line cloth curtains which when drawn will not allow heat to pass. In the summer, glass or fiberglass can be painted with a hydrated lime solution for a cooling effect. These will be your basic material considerations. cont.

If you do not want to go with a full-scale greenhouse yet, because you are renting or for any other reason, consider a window greenhouse. Any Southern window can be converted into a window greenhouse. Build a platform level with the bottom of the window outside and attach supports from the platform to the wall around the window. Cover with plastic or fiberglass, or reframe the window on the outside supports. If glass is used it can be put on the tops and sides of the extended window like a bay window. Our window greenhouse is a half circle platform with one-by-two supports covered with two layers of plastic. In the winter we move the plants in at night and close the inside window. A window greenhouse is a nice way to grow fresh greens and herbs at very little expense.

plastic

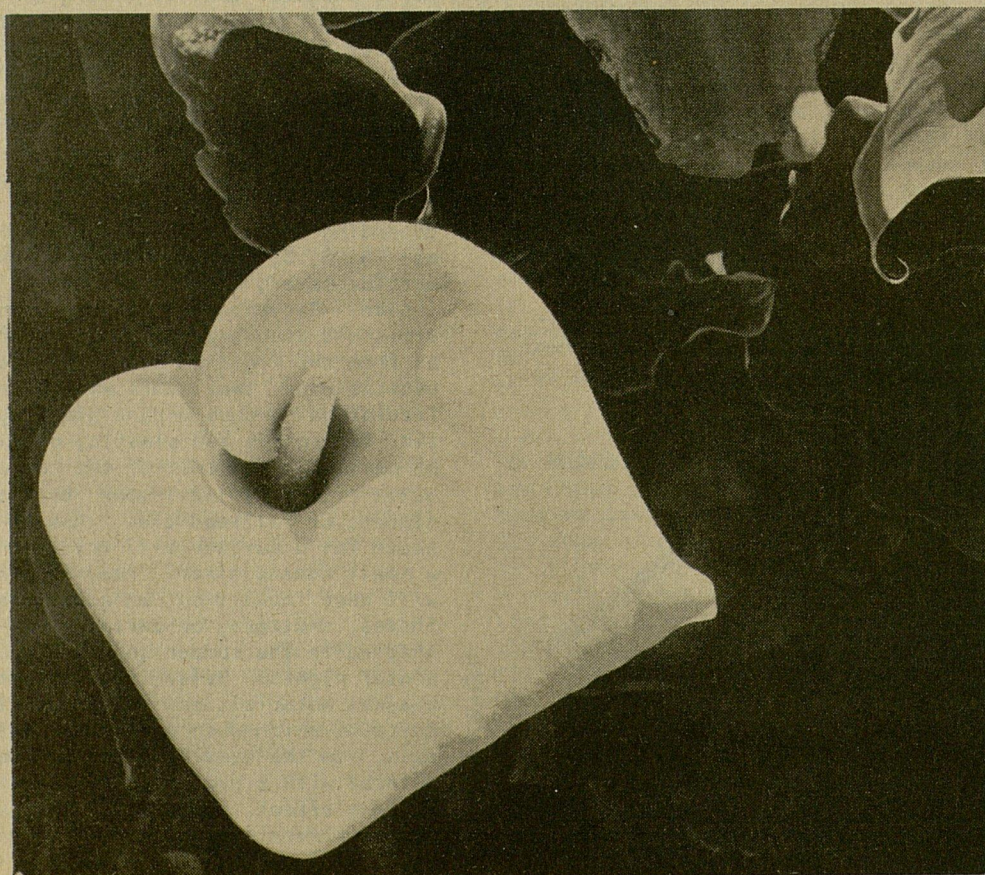


glass



windows

And the nicest thing of all about any greenhouse is that while everyone is talking about harnessing the sun, you are harnessing not just the fire of the sun, but air, earth and water too, all to create and sustain life and beauty. When you are thinking about harmony, independence and self-sufficiency, consider your own solar greenhouse. ♀



SALLY BAILEY

THE HOW'S AND WHY'S OF A LOCAL SOLAR ENERGY ASSOCIATION

by Martha Harvey and Julie Dunsmore

The San Luis Valley is a mountain valley 80 miles wide and 100 miles long in southwestern Colorado; it is the poorest region in the state. But it now can boast the highest number of solar collectors per person than anywhere in the world. This is more than an impressive statistic; this means that hundreds of people once dependent on gas, oil, or electricity now enjoy their own low-cost non-polluting heat source. Older isolated ranch people, young homesteaders, Chicano and gringo alike share the benefits of el Sol and the credit goes to the San Luis Valley Solar Energy Association. A local energy association is the best and fastest way to learn and teach about solar energy at a low cost, low technology grass roots level.

The SLVSEA was organized as a direct result of the growing, misleading propaganda from the fuel companies and the governments about the high cost and complexity of using solar energy. A TV ad by a New Mexico utility company shows a \$50,000 house, partially heated by the sun and concludes by saying, "Don't worry, we are working on it." Several people in the Valley were worried and wanted solar power in the hands of the people, not the fuel corporations. They decided to "get us dummies together" as initiator Julie Dunsmore put it, and chose a date for an organizational meeting. This meeting was publicized on radio, in the newspaper, by poster and word of mouth. Direct invitations were sent to the local utilities co-op, lawyers, reporters, construction companies and any other businesses that might give or receive, directly or indirectly, benefits from the development of solar energy. The thirty people at the first meeting

elected a volunteer board of directors to plan activities and a representative from each county to channel local information. The rural utility company, which has since been very supportive of the solar movement in this area, donated the time of their lawyer to draw up non-profit status. A church group donated office space. The membership fee was set at \$5.00, purposely kept low to encourage people of all income levels to join. The members felt that the most important responsibility of the association was to share information and material sources, and to stimulate local communication about solar happenings. They wanted to do this in a simple, practical way. Volunteers developed and mimeographed a newsletter offering an energy conservation tip of the month, simple solar theories, definitions of solar terms and news of local and national energy developments.

In one year the Association has grown to over 200 members, the newsletter, now offset, is distributed nationally, and the Association will receive private funding to hire a full-time director. This success is possible only because the Association has been careful to assess the local need for activities and information and to act to meet that need. The board plans solar tours, taking groups of interested people to see various local collectors; in one place the group would see a beer can collector made of beer cans cut in half and painted flat black, in another place they would see a solar greenhouse. The tours are very popular as they allow people to see different collector designs in action or under construction and to see the great variety

of design, theory, materials and uses of solar energy at a grass roots level. The tours also offer support and publicity to local solar efforts. A reference center is being planned by the Association where all books, designs, information and material and people sources would be easily available to members. Pictures were taken of many different collectors and greenhouses in various stages of completion. These were set up into a slide show with several members trained to give an energy educational talk along with it. This slide show has been in great demand with women's groups, men's clubs, churches and schools. Other activities are offered at the monthly Association meetings. The board meets first to determine the next month's activities, then there is a public meeting with some sort of energy program. At one meeting, the utility company explained how they arrive at their rates; at another, a local college professor gave a lecture on complete energy self-sufficiency; another meeting was devoted to learning about insulation; and at others local dealers of factory-made collectors explained their products. This time allows for experts to share their knowledge and experience but keeps the power and direction of the Association in the hands of "us dummies".

The one factor that contributed the most to the rapid success of the SLVSEA was the development of a simple, low-cost, low-technology solar collector that could be built in one day. Bill North, an original member, designed the collector which costs about \$200 to build. This collector lent itself to "hands-on" workshops which allowed people to actually help construct a collector and see the theories and principles of solar heating in action. If someone wanted a "North" collector they bought the materials and the Association advertised and conducted the workshop. These have been very popular throughout the Valley. When member Robert Dunsmore attended the Annual Rural America Conference in Des Moines, he listened to tale after miserable tale from farmers about the high cost of fuel, the energy crisis, the high cost of living, etc. He showed the solar slide show, arranged a workshop, and turned the conference into a solar energy class. He was one of the few to offer a solution, however small, instead of another problem. Since then SLVSEA has been hard put to keep up with the demands for workshops all over the country and the "North" collector plans have been mimeographed and are available from the Association.

So don't wait for the experts; don't wait until the government or fuel corporations start renting out sunshine. Start exploring the individual use of the sun's energy now. Assess the resources in your area; is there a professor offering a solar class at a nearby college, is there anyone with a working collector, are there enough homes for a solar tour and slide show? Assess the needs of your area; is there a desire to learn

about and to conserve energy, is there knowledge and experience that is not being shared? Publicize an organizational meeting and start a simple newsletter. If you have enough interest, investigate non-profit status; this gives you bulk mail rate privileges, it frees any member from financial liability for the group, and it gives the group official legal recognition from the state. Plan interesting educational energy programs and publicize them well. Find a reporter, sympathetic to solar energy, who will cover your meetings; such reporters are not hard to find. Go as small, as slow, and as simple as you have to at the beginning, but if you stay local and meet the local need, success is guaranteed.

Every person can benefit from increased energy consciousness. In organizing such a local association, you are not only helping yourself to better, cheaper heat, but your community to wiser energy use, and the earth to a longer life.

PostScript: The SLVSEA is more than willing to help any individual or group start a solar association. Send requests or questions along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

San Luis Valley Solar Energy Assoc.
P. O. Box 1284
Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Phones: (303) 589-3003
754-3795
589-6270

If you want the plans for the Bill North Collector, please include \$1.00 to cover printing, handling and mailing costs.

Thank you and Good Luck!

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JENNIFER THEIRMANN

Comfrey as an

By Heather Harnist

Evening Chores - The goats are milked, waiting now for their alfalfa dinner. I put fresh green leaves of the first comfrey cutting in their feeders, thinking, "What a treat! Fresh unsprayed good food at last." The goats rush to eat but their heads back out immediately; they look at me as though to say, "Great joke, now where's dinner." Five minutes later, after a thorough stare down, talkout, I go and get the alfalfa, totally crushed. However, it wasn't long before comfrey was the favorite meal; the goats prancing and calling when they saw me bringing it in.

I've heard a lot of stories similar to the above where the animals refused comfrey. The solution I found was to keep offering it to them until one decided she liked it. When the others see her gobbling it down, they generally cannot resist and before you know it, they're fighting over it and there's never enough. The days of the four day old barely nibbled, ignored comfrey are over.

The main reasons for growing comfrey for animals are: 1) It's economical, easy to grow and maintain, production exceeding other green leaf feeds such as kale, chard, etc. You only plant it once to last 20-some years. 2) It is an excellent high protein feed rich in minerals and vitamins and prefers to be grown organically (comfrey actually dislikes commercial fertilizers). 3) Animals cannot bloat on it and it will prevent and cure scouring due to its allantoin content. (This is especially relevant to those raising young calves, where losses are often high from scouring problems). You do have to be aware of maintaining a balanced diet. Comfrey has a fibre content of between 10%-13% as compared with alfalfa which is about 24%. So, while comfrey has the ideal fibre content for pigs and poultry, it is much too low for goats, cows and sheep; therefore, you need to find a complementary feed which contains a high fibre, such as barley hay.

I have read many glowing reports of how comfrey increased milk yield, egg production, weight gain, etc.; however, I notice no such staggering improvement. This could be because I don't have enough plants to feed it daily for an extended period of time. But I do feel that quality-wise it far surpasses the sprayed hay, the BHT and EDTA in the store-bought grains. I am most interested in it for this quality as a feed, as well as its economical value as a Spring through Fall partial replacement feed for continually higher costing alfalfa.

The only problems I have had with feeding comfrey is deciding how much to feed per goat (as alfalfa replacement) and how many plants are needed to achieve the desired poundage. Because you are feeding a fresh, uncured leaf (comfrey is very difficult to dry large scale) you are actually feeding 80% water, which must be taken into account when compared with a cured hay. After fumbling around, I have basically settled to feeding 2 1/2 - 3 lbs. comfrey as a replacement for 1 lb. alfalfa. Fed at this ratio, milk production stays on the level of an alfalfa feeding and I feel I'm not overfeeding for the goats' enjoyment and my economic loss. (I've recently read where 5 lbs. of comfrey is equal to 1 lb. grain, however, as this does not seem very economical to me, I'm ignoring it).

Ideally, I'd like to feed comfrey once a day through its productive months (roughly April to November). With some experience and whatever facts I could find, I've finally decided I need 20-25 plants per goat to achieve this end, expecting a 3-6 lb. average per plant, each plant harvested every 4-6 weeks. As comfrey takes 3 years to reach full maturity, you must be patient and not expect bountiful harvests and a huge reduction in your feed bill the first 2 years. (You will receive small cuttings the first year and more the second). Try to plant it as near your animals as possible so that neither transporting it nor bringing the manure to the comfrey is a major ordeal. It is not wise or economical to graze your animals on it.

Up to now, I've not had enough for my goats, continuously, so I have no experience feeding it to other animals, other than as a once-in-awhile "treat" to my horse, who of course would have been far happier with a carrot or grain. He has not had it often enough to develop a habit for it (much like cultivating a taste for beer in the human animal). One of the more popular tales of comfrey is how it makes horses appear and act 10 years younger. I do feel it would be an excellent feed for him eventually when there is excess. Comfrey seems to be an excellent grain substitute for chickens as one poultry requirement is high protein and as low fibre content as possible, which is what comfrey is. I've read that if you hang bunches of leaves, the chickens can peck at them and will consume more; leaves will not be lost in the bedding and wasted. It seems as though any animal you can entice to eat it, will gain by it; and you, also, by saving feed costs if you seriously figure out your needs and then plant enough to make a dent in your feeding program.

Animal Feed

Once you have decided to feed comfrey, the following thoughts might be helpful: 1) Introduce it slowly (as with all feed changes) so digestive systems are not strained and possibly sickened (often not a problem with comfrey as the animal takes so long even getting to the first bite, let alone overeating). 2) When determining how much grain or hay it replaces, I'd suggest gradually feeding more comfrey and less hay/grain until milk/egg production begins to fall. As for sheep, horses, rabbits, perhaps until they look unhappy? 3) Check out what protein, carbohydrate, fibre content needs the animal has and balance the comfrey with whatever is necessary. This may result in a totally new feeding program but most probably it will be cheaper.

The following chart published by North Central Comfrey Producers (Box 195, Glidden, Wisconsin 54527) is a qualitative comparison of comfrey to alfalfa.

QUALITATIVE COMPARISON OF NUTRITIONAL VALUES OF COMFREY AGAINST ALFALFA

PROTEIN %	FIBER %	ASH %	OIL %	CARBO- HYDRATES	TOTAL DIGESTIBLE NUTRIENTS
COMFREY					
21.8 to 33.4	13.8	14.7	2.0	36.9	86.5
ALFALFA					
12.2 to 18.6	23.9	10.9	2.3	36	78.9

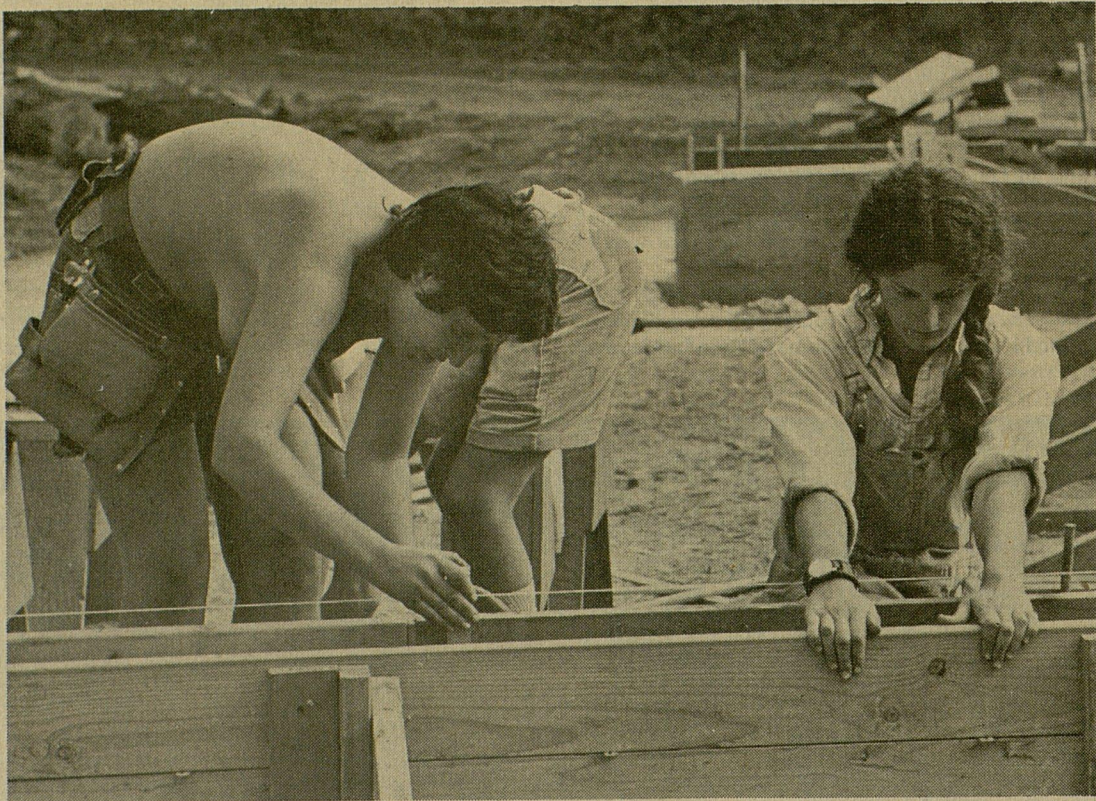
For more detailed information on the specific properties of comfrey, see "Country Women" Issue #24, Page 56. ♀



NANCY ADAIR

BUILDING WITH PIERS

by Jeanne Tetrault

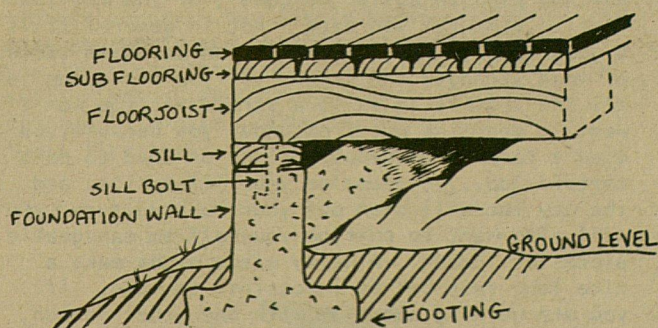


LYNDA KOOLISH

on my hands and knees, scraping dirt carefully, a few more grains from this corner, and then cautiously lowering the pier back into place placing the level on it, watching the bubble slide inevitably, frustratingly, outside of that line again remove level, tip the pier out of place again stop a moment to lean my head back, rest aching neck muscles, gather my patience setting the piers in place is work as precise, time-consuming and trying as laying out the building lines the days before spent making batterboards, running strings, balancing over infinitely tiny adjustments seemed to take forever; now the piers take their own forever gazing over at our neat stacks of lumber, imagining the pieces assembling themselves: girders, joists, flooring, walls fly effortlessly into place our cabin magically completed, cozy and wonderful and up before the rains...but now back to my work the tedium, half-meditative, the digging and placing and checking roseann is already two places ahead of me, working with mattock and shovel, finishing another rough hole I focus myself on the details of pier and level and tiny grains of earth one by one the piers are placed, the work progresses the cabin begins to claim its shape

Much harder than the actual work, trying to organize and write out the details and tricks and ideas behind building with piers...With the experience of building two small houses, a room addition, a steep-hillside deck, all with pier foundations, I've grown a healthy respect for the complications of simplicity! This article has scratched its way across reams of scrap paper, been graced with countless discarded careful outlines, kept me awake nights...still I'm sure I've overlooked some crucial point, taken something for granted, forgotten to explain...What follows is some attempt to share with you what I know about building with piers. Some of the "whys" as well as the "hows". I hope it will give you the basics for building a good foundation, and that your house will grow above it as magical and fine, imperfect and lovely, as ours.

A foundation serves two purposes for a house: it supports the weight load and it distributes it evenly over the ground, and it makes a protective barrier between the wood members of the structure and potentially damaging contact with earth/moisture. It is paradoxically an anchor with the earth and a separation from it. In my area, old houses still stand on foundations that the building inspectors would shudder over. Some are hovering on old "skids" (big, rough-cut redwood beams that are lying right on the ground). Others are built upon old redwood stumps. Some are up on posts and piers; some have "conventional" foundations of concrete or brick. In the East Coast of my childhood, houses had full basements below, foundations of concrete or rock and concrete. Most new houses going up today are built with a continuous concrete foundation which runs under the exterior walls (or perimeter) of the house. These foundations may be low enough to leave just a crawl space beneath the house, or deep enough to make a basement. Whatever its height, this type of foundation creates a stable base for the house and protects the wood from earth contact. A cross section of this type of foundation might look like this:



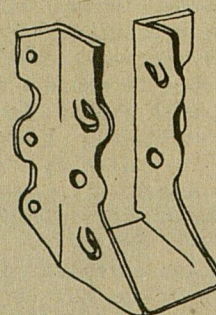
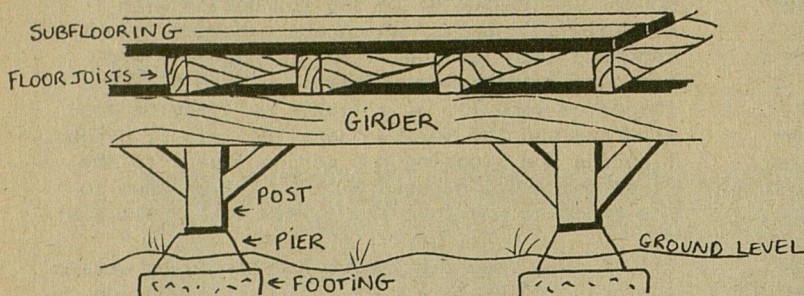
The footing is a broad base of poured and reinforced concrete, thick and deep enough to be protected from earth movement due to freezing or thawing. The actual dimensions of footings and foundation walls depends upon the size of the

house (and number of stories) above. The foundation wall must be high enough to give at least six or eight inches clearance between the ground level and the wood members of the house. If the house is built on sloping ground, the foundation will be higher in sections and "stepped off" to compensate for the slope. The sill is a piece of decay-resistant wood (redwood or cedar commonly) which forms a connection between the concrete foundation and the wood framing of the house. It is bolted to the foundation with special "sill bolts" which are embedded into the concrete when the foundation is poured. The floor joists may rest directly on the sill and be toenailed into it, or a little wall may be constructed and the joists toenailed into it. Subflooring and flooring run perpendicular to the floor joists. The stud wall is nailed down to the flooring and into the joists where possible.

All of the above discussion for something we are not going to use? A pier and post foundation utilizes the same principle of downward-bearing pressures. Above the framed walls, the roof rafters bear down, sending the weight of the roof along with the weight of the walls down to the foundation and ultimately to the footings, where it is distributed to the earth. If you are building with piers, you should consider making a footing for each pier. This will give you a stabler base, with less possibility of movement. If you live in an area of extreme temperatures and winter/spring earth movement, footings are absolutely vital. If you live in a temperate climate, and are building on more or less level ground, you can get away without footings if the rest of your work is carefully done and well braced. A pier is simply a block of concrete - it may be pyramid shaped or box-like. It may be "precast" - i.e., one that you buy ready-made from a building supply store - or it may be one that you cast yourself in the shape and size you want. Precast piers are cheap, easy to work with and perfectly suitable for most work. They come with a wood block embedded in top which allows you to toenail a post in place on the pier. This wood block takes the place of the sill discussed above - a connection point between the concrete and the wood of your building. If you are casting your own piers, you can use a wood block similarly embedded, or a special metal attachment called a "post anchor". The post anchor has an advantage in that you can remove a post easily and replace it if you need to later on. It is, of course, a much more expensive attachment than the wood block.

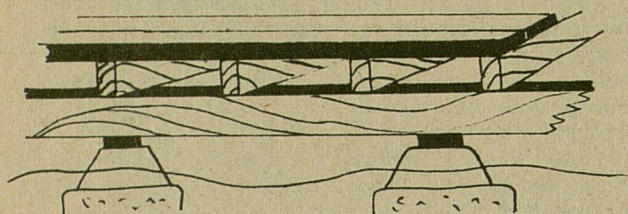
Above each pier is a wood post. All wood posts are cut level to one another, and a girder rests on them. The number of posts used and how they are spaced will depend upon the size of your building, the size and strength of your girders, and so on. You can build a little differently by making all of your piers level to one another and laying the girder directly on the piers. For this alternative to work, you will need a quite flat (level) building site. In most instances, you will probably need the flexibility of the

posts. Your floor joists will rest on the girders, and your flooring on your joists. From this point on, the framing and building may be identical with that of the continuous-concrete-foundation house. The system of footings, piers, posts and girders may look like this:

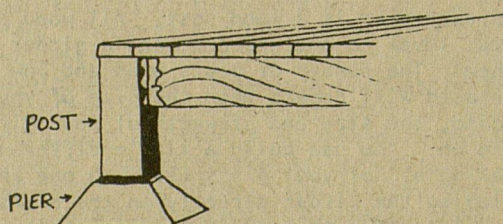


JOIST HANGER

or this:



Note that all of the pressure/weight bears down, wood stacked upon wood upon concrete. This allows for maximum strength. Sometimes you will see a building done like this:

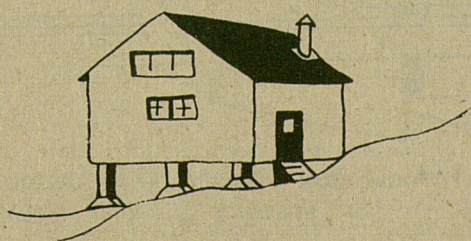


Here the weight of the building is literally hanging on nails. While this might work out, it is not as strong as the above method. There is a special metal attachment called a "joist hanger" which may be used in this instance for more strength.

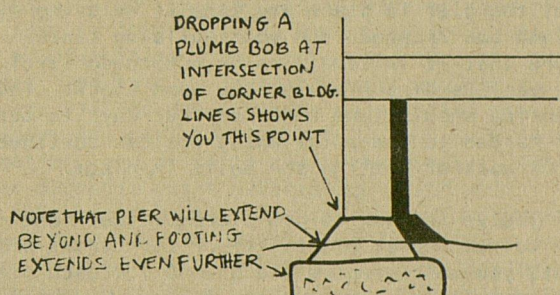
Those are some of the generals - now to be more specific. If you want to build, for example, a 16' by 20' cabin, how do you work out your substructure, your spacing of piers, the size of girders, the size of floor joists? It is usually most economical to run your floor joists the shorter distance (in this case, the 16'). This works because a floor joist of a given size can only span a given distance, and you want to use the smallest size floor joist that is safe (it will be cheaper). For example, a 2" x 10" Douglas Fir construction grade floor joist can safely span 12'0" (with a plastered ceiling below) or 13'0" (without a plastered ceiling below) if used 24" on center. (Uniform Bldg. Code, Vol. VI). For specifics in planning out what size floor joists to use, consult the tables in the Building Code or a general carpentry book. There will be variations from area to area, depending upon the local codes, the species of wood used and the grade of wood, and so on. You may not plan to build "to code", or you may just have to use what you have - but in general it is a good idea to pay some attention to these tables of wood strength and spans. If you are going to all the trouble to build a structure, you won't want it dropping out from under you because you used a totally inadequate piece of wood to do a certain job...In choosing your joist sizes and the way you will plan out your substructure, you will also want to confine yourself to manageable pieces of lumber...A hefty piece might make a nice long span but be impossible to move. If you are working alone or with one other person, this should be given a lot of consideration. You may want to use a smaller joist with a shorter span and run an extra girder along the middle of your house to break the span. Figure out the economics and feasibility of different possibilities before making final choices. The girders present a similar problem. They will, of course, run perpendicular to the floor joists - in this instance, the 20' dimension. You will have to

space your piers/posts under the girders according to the span the girder can make carrying a specified load. Here again, you will have to consult a general carpentry book - and surprise! Very few carpentry books have any information on this form of building! At least all those that I've seen pretty much avoid the issue. If you have an architect friend or a good library, you may be able to find what you need. Otherwise, you'll be reduced to what we were - using what's available in related data and overbuilding, to be sure. One book I have says that 4" x 4" girders should be supported every five feet with a pier and post; 4" x 6" girders every seven feet. Another book says that the 4" x 6" can span six feet; a 4" x 8" ten feet. We decided to use 4" x 6" girders (construction grade Douglas Fir) with supports every four feet. Here again, don't try to "economize" by using a girder that is clearly too small to do the job - your whole structure rests on this and you can't "bargain" too much...Remember to plan for lifting - if you need 20 feet of 4" x 6" material, consider using two ten foot pieces so that you won't be lifting a monster!

The span your girder can make will give you the number of posts and piers you'll need. Remember too that you'll want some support under the floor joists that run at either end of your building. Add in piers and posts for these. Your posts should be at least 4" x 6" material if your building is in the size range we're discussing. A smaller building can use 4" x 4". Or you can economize a little by using 4" x 6" in the corners and center of your building and 4" x 4" everywhere else. The material you will need for your posts will depend upon how high up you want the building and upon the slope of your land. You should be able to get a fairly close idea of what you'll need by using your building lines to determine the heights of various posts. Leave yourself enough of a crawl space under your lowest corner so that you can get in to work on the posts or floor joists if you ever need to. We left ourselves about a foot at the lowest corner and this gave about two and a half feet in the highest corner. Our little house sits on stilts, more or less - and while friends first viewing the house question our sanity, it fits the land and our needs, and offers plenty of firewood storage in winter. From the side, our house looks like this:



We have worked our way down from the girders through the posts, and now come back to the piers themselves. Remember that if you plan to cut your posts level to one another, you won't need to make your piers level to each other. The piers do need to be perfectly in line with one another - this is CRITICAL, as the girder will rest upon the tops of the pier-supported posts. Lay out your building lines first (a back issue of *COUNTRY WOMEN* tells you how - (#8) - or consult a general carpentry book. Begin with a corner pier. Dropping your plumb bob right at the intersecting lines (strings) in the corner will show you where the edge of your post will be. If you picture the pier/post arrangement again, you will see that the pier will extend beyond this (intersecting) point, and the footing beyond the pier.



You can locate your pier roughly by figuring out how you want it to sit beneath this point, and allowing another few inches all around for your footing. Take into account the size of your post and how it will fit on the pier. Now you should be ready to dig out a rough hole for your footing. I can't stress enough how important it is to give each pier a footing if you possibly can afford the time and the concrete! As a general rule, a footing of 30" x 30", or 24" x 24", and eight to twelve inches deep should be sufficient. The actual size should depend upon the size of the structure you are building, the type of soil at your building site, the climate, and so on. You may want to consult with your local building department or with an architect or an experienced builder to see how much of a footing is standard for your area. You'll probably want to do each step of this work all around - i.e., dig all rough footing holes first, place or cast all footings/piers in a row, do all of the posts, and so on. For purposes of this article, I will take the process through each step in order.

It's important not to overdig your footing hole. Whatever dirt you remove should be replaced with concrete, so try to be fairly exact in your work. Make the sides of the hole as straight up and down as you can. Don't be tempted to add soil back if you overdig - this will make your footing/pier much less stable. For most small structures, "readi-mix" concrete will be easiest to work with. This is a premixed, dry concrete that

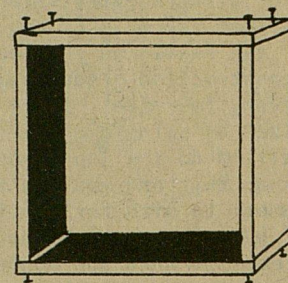
comes in 90 lb. sacks - you simply add the water according to directions and can mix up a batch in a wheelbarrow or small wooden box. For bigger projects, you may want to buy your sand, gravel and cement separately and rent/borrow a cement mixer. It is a little cheaper to buy the component parts separately and mix them yourself - but for a small structure readi-mix may be more feasible. When you mix the dry ingredients with water, wear a respirator (or at least cover your nose and mouth with a bandana). Portland cement is part of the mix - it is an irritant and not healthy to inhale. While you mix the concrete for your footing, have your pier soaking in a bucket of water. This will allow the pier and wet concrete of the footing to bond more strongly and the pier won't draw water from the concrete mix. Fill your footing hole up to four inches or so from ground level. You will want to have a clearance of at least six inches from ground level to the top of your pier (and wood). Set the pier in place and line it up using a plumb bob dropped from your building lines. Make sure that it is level, using a torpedo level set in various directions on the wood block. Your footing should take three or four days to cure or harden to the point where you can continue your work of setting the posts in place.

If you've decided to use piers without footings, or to use corner piers with or the others without, you must prepare the ground for each pier. Get your rough location the same way, dig away any debris and loose soil, and continue digging until you hit solid ground. Use a hand trowel

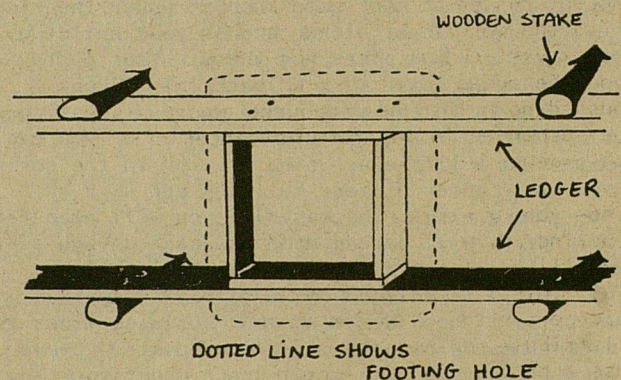
to scrape the area level (a torpedo level is handy for checking). Give yourself enough room so that you can move the pier around and locate it exactly under the building lines. When you have the spot smooth and level, tip the pier into place and check its level. If it reads level, use your plumb bob to place it exactly. If it reads out of level, tip it back and scrape down whatever area/corner is causing the problem. Again, never add dirt back to make things work - loose dirt will settle or change when compacted by the weight of your building, and this can cause the pier to go out of level (this will make it impossible for the post above to take its share of the building load evenly). The work of setting piers this way takes a great store of patience...by the time you are done, you may wish that you had just used footings...

Casting your own piers is more costly and time-consuming than either of the above, but it may be a good alternative if you are building on very steep ground or want a more massive support for your building. In place of a pre-cast pier, you must make a temporary form box which will hold the wet concrete and shape it into the pier block you want. The form box will be removed after the pier has hardened. It must be suspended over the footing hole, and the footing and pier poured as one unit. A form box can be constructed with any scrap material one inch thick - plywood is excellent to use because it is smooth, strong, and can be cut exactly to size. Use

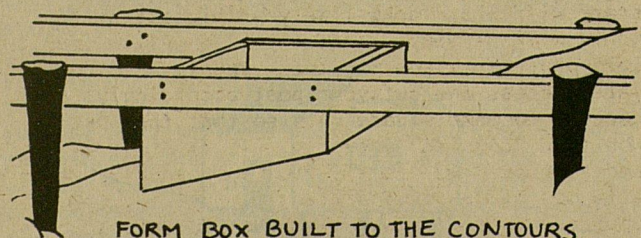
double-headed nails to make dismantling the box easy. Take into account that the *inside* dimensions of your box will be the actual dimensions of the finished pier. All nailing should be done so that heads and points of nails don't protrude inside the box - these would bond with the concrete and make dismantling of the form box difficult. (See illustrations for ideas on making the form box and suspending it over the footing hole).



NAIL FORM
BOX TOGETHER
THIS WAY



Ledger is nailed onto each side of form box, then nailed to wooden stakes driven well beyond footing hole. Level up form box when you attach ledgers to stakes. More bracing may be needed, especially if pier is large.



FORM BOX BUILT TO THE CONTOURS
OF STEEPLY SLOPING GROUND

Your form box should be lined-up exactly the way you would line-up a pre-cast pier - using plumb bob and building lines, and taking into account how the wood post will sit on the pier. If you plan to use a wood block in the top of your pier, drive some nails into the lower/bottom side of the block - these will be embedded in the wet concrete and make a more secure block/pier connection. If you are using a post anchor, it has extensions or feet which will make this same connection. The wood block should be set in place just after the concrete is poured, and made level. The post anchor may be placed at that point, or it may be suspended beforehand. A scrap of 2" x 4" can be attached to the post anchor as a kind of ledger/support that may be set across the top of the form box. Tack it in place. Later, the 2" x 4" may be removed.

If you are casting a large pier, you should consider using "rebar", which is a piece of reinforcing steel. Rebar is used in foundation work to give extra strength and cohesiveness to poured concrete. It is very inexpensive. You can usually buy what you need by the foot, and cut up the lengths you get with a hacksaw. Half-inch diameter rebar should be fine for this work. Don't accept rusted rebar, as it will not bond properly with the concrete. Three or four pieces of rebar stuck vertically into the pier/flooring will give you the added strength you need; the rebar may be pushed down into newly-poured concrete, or it may be suspended in the form box ahead of time with thin-gauge wire.

When you are ready to pour the concrete into your footing/form, use a smooth stick or piece of dowelling to "plunge" the concrete as you put it in. This simply and literally means that you plunge the stick up and down into the concrete to distribute it evenly and push out any air pockets. Use a hand trowel to smooth the top of your pier and clean away excess concrete from your wood block or anchor. Some concrete will ooze up from the footing around the lower edges of the pier - shovel this excess away so that your box is free and clear and easy to dismantle later. All of your concrete-working tools should be washed down as soon as you are done. Keep your form boxes/footings damp for the next three days to allow the concrete to cure gradually.

With your piers set in place by whatever method you choose, you should now be ready to place your posts. If your building is on sloping ground, start with what looks like your highest point (this will be your shortest post). Allow yourself whatever space you think you'll need for later access and cut your post accordingly. Be careful to make square cuts so that the post won't be "rocking" unevenly. If your cut is good and your pier set level, your post should naturally sit plumb. Toenail it in place and go on to your next post. You may want to do another corner post but this means that you must have some means of levelling it to the one you just placed. A long, straight board may be used to "extend"

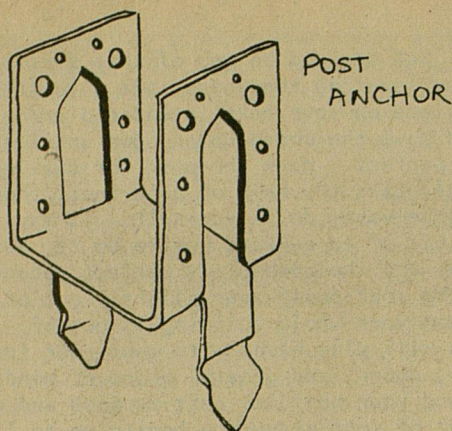
your level. Set one end on top of that first post, put the level on the board, set a length of post in place on your next intended pier/location and move the board up or down until the level reads perfect. Mark the post for cutting. This work will take the help of a partner, though you could conceivably do it yourself. It may seem like a bit of an awkward way to do it, but it guarantees you the absolutely perfect second post. Cutting your posts even slightly out of level may mean your whole building is out of level - this will play havoc with your roof framing, windows, doors, and general peace of mind! Proceed around your building post-by-post and enjoy the sight of your structure beginning to look like something!

With posts in place, you can tackle putting up your girders. These may be cut to size on the ground. It will help in setting the girders if you put a "scab" on the outside edge of some of your posts. This little piece of scrap material will provide an edge for the girder to push against, and hold it in place until you get to nail it. If you put a girder up and find that it misses one post in a corner or some such imperfection, use shims to close the gap(s). The girder probably has a natural bow which will make this problem occur regardless of how careful you have been in setting and levelling your posts. I should mention here, too, the option of placing just three or four posts, setting the girder up, and *then* placing the rest of the posts. I've done it both ways and don't really know which is easiest.

At this point, it is wise to check the level of your building all around. Run a board/level across the span you'll be covering with your floor joists. Check each girder in itself and to its parallel/opposite. Recheck the plumb of posts. If you discover a mistake anywhere, try to rectify it now. This may seem like a monumental task, especially since you've just done the work - but if you let it go, you may find yourself with double problems later.

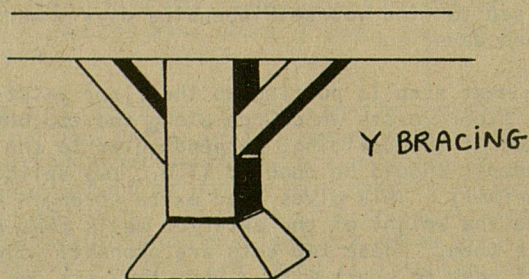
As smoothly as this proceeds on paper, pier placing and foundation framing can be one of the most time-consuming parts of building. Don't be surprised to find yourself spending days - and days - and days!

The next step is putting up the floor joists. The floor joists which run along the two outer edges of the building, perpendicular to the girders, should be doubled (i.e., two spliced together). This gives them extra strength to take the weight of the exterior walls that sit over them. These two sets are probably your best ones to start with. Once they are cut, spliced together and nailed in place, your building begins to look - like a building! Encouragement to go on! As you put your joists in place, try to use each individual piece according to its natural curve or bow. Sight down along the edge and you'll see this arc - the joist should be placed with the arc up, so that



pressure bearing down will tend to straighten the piece out. A very rare piece of lumber will be perfectly straight. When your floor joists are all placed and toenailed into the girders, you should put blocking along the outer edges and spaced midspan as illustrated. The blocking holds the joists in place, keeping them from twisting, and gives the building an overall rigidity.

When your joists and blocking are all in place, you can either proceed to your flooring, or work on bracing your posts. Sooner or later, you should definitely do this bracing but you might be anxious right now to get on to the flooring. One system of bracing I've used is the "Y" pictured below. This bracing may be done with 2" x 4" material. You can hold a piece up at the angle that appeals to your eye and mark it to get your angles (use a bevel to transfer the angle uniformly to all pieces of bracing). This bracing holds the posts firmly centered; they will not be able to turn or twist. Another set of braces should be run from the lower edge of the post back up to the floor joists where possible. This bracing will keep the posts from being pushed forward by the weight of the building - especially important if you build on steep ground and/or if you have not used footings. Material for this bracing may be 1" x 6" or 1" x 8".



If you follow all of the steps discussed, your structure should have a strong, durable pier foundation. Everything is accessible, so that

you can periodically check up on your posts (make sure that they are plumb and that they are free of water or insect damage). You can crawl under to check your floor joists or flooring - or to make use of the storage area. Alternatives to the methods and materials discussed are many. You may choose to build on concrete blocks, on concrete blocks used like piers, on embedded posts, on old-fashioned skids - or on a continuous concrete foundation. From the floor up, your structure may take any form and framing you like. Whatever your choices, extra attention to building a good foundation will give your structure a long and healthy life.

RELATED READING/REFERENCES:

Wood-Frame House Construction. L. O. Anderson and O. C. Heyer. U.S. Government Printing Office. 1955. Inexpensive. My copy of this book is shabby and has lost its cover - testimony to frequent use. It is geared to the small wood-frame house and has some information that other books don't cover. Generally very clear, well illustrated, usable.

Modern Carpentry. Willis Wagner. Goodheart-Wilcox Co. 1973. Hardback, \$10 price range. A more expensive but good quality general carpentry text. (See P.120 for safe spans for floor joists). Very code-oriented but plenty of useful information and clear photographs.

Practical House Carpentry. J. Douglas Wilson. McGraw Hill Book Co. 1957. Paperback, \$2.95. A carpenter friend recommended this one to me and I pass on the recommendation. Information on laying out building lines, building forms, etc. Details for casting pyramid-shape form box for piers. A good clear style of writing. Not mystified.

I Built Myself A House. Helen Garvey. Shire Press, Box 40426, San Francisco, Ca. Paperback, \$2.50. Helen Garvey's account of building "a simple country cabin using post-and-beam construction" may be the incentive you need if you want to build but hesitate, thinking you don't know enough or wonder how to begin. She takes you through her experiences, from choosing a site to actually building. The book lacks a lot of details that you'll need to know (or discover for yourself) but it has an air of simple confidence and enthusiasm that's infectious!

FHA Pole House Construction. U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. A 29-page booklet which reviews building techniques for low-cost houses using embedded pole foundations. Especially useful if you are building on steep or sloping ground, and building with a limited budget. There are illustrations of bracing systems, wood connections, seating poles, and so on which will give you lots of alternatives and ideas. Should be available from: American Wood Preservers Institute, 2600 Virginia Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20037



HELEN

mulch

by Linda M. Hasselstrom

A mulch is a layer of organic matter
used to control weeds,
preserve soil moisture,
and improve the fertility of the soil.
You will not find naked soil
in the wilderness.

I started caustiously: newspapers,
hay, a few magazines:
Robert Redford stared up
between the rhubarb and the lettuce.

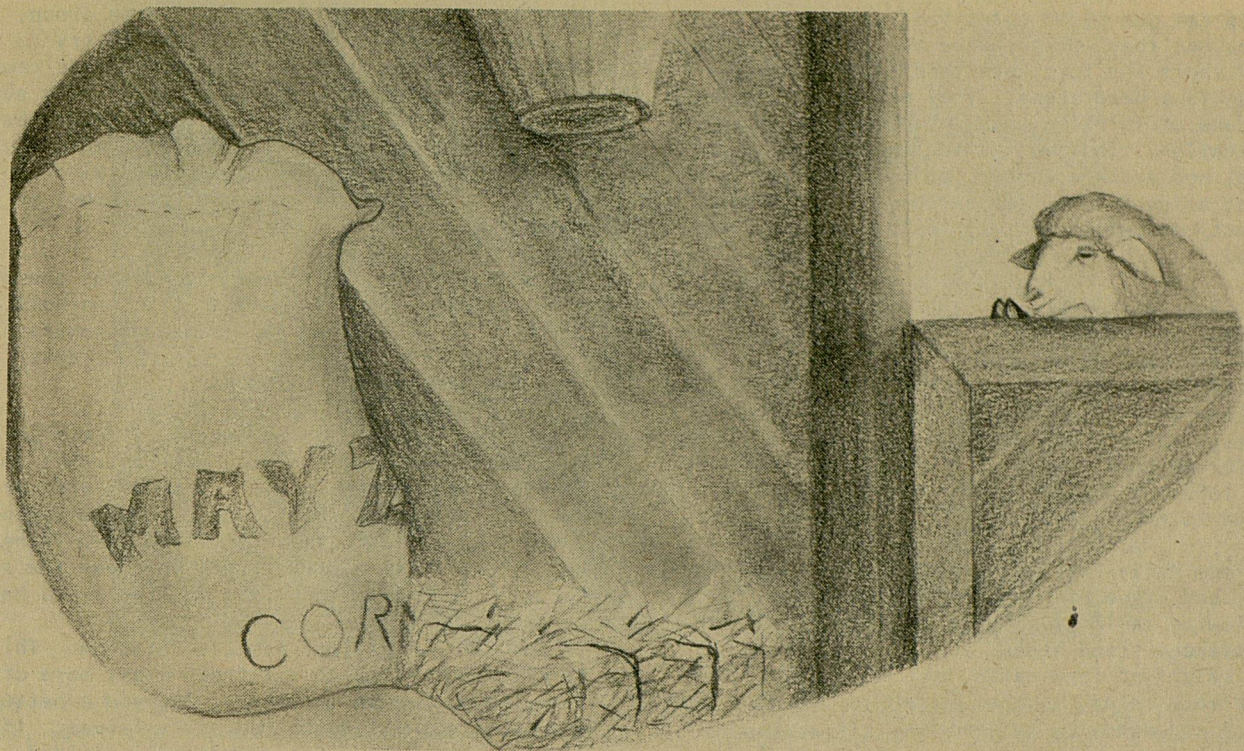
Then one day, cleaning shelves,
I found some old love letters.
I've always burned them for the symbolism.
The ashes, gray and dusty as old passions,
would blow about the yard for days
stinging my eyes,
bitter on my tongue.

So I mulched them:
gave undying love to the tomatoes,
the memory of your gentle hands to the squash.
It seemed to do them good,
and it taught me a whole new style
of gardening.

Now my garden is the best in the wilderness,
and I mulch everything:
bills; check stubs;
dead kittens and baby chicks.
I seldom answer letters; I mulch them with
the plans I made for children of my own,
photographs of places I've been
and a husband I had once;
as well as old bouquets
and an occasional unsatisfactory lover.

Nothing is wasted.

Strange plants push up among the corn,
leaves heavy with dark water,
but there are
no weeds.



CARMEN GOODYEAR

SHEEP NUTRITION

by Pat Lewis

Sheep are often cited as the ideal animal for a small planet since they utilize marginal land and require no grain. Yet on many successful sheep farms, we see fields of cultivated grassland and feed bins of corn and oats.

Most farm flocks operate somewhere between full scale industrialized farming and harvesting nature's unused resources through sheep. If we do feed grain, if we restore pastures to enable them to support more animals per acre, and if we use chemical worming agents, we must acknowledge that we are producing wool and lamb just as Dole produces pineapples. If, on the other hand, we are truly gleaning nature's surplus our flock must be limited to the number which the land can naturally support; that land must not be suitable for "higher" agricultural purposes, and we must anticipate very small profits per animal.

My own lambs are mostly grain-fed, because the most profitable market here calls for young fat Easter lambs, before grass is ready. Half the pasture my flock uses is not really suitable for cultivation but would be used in a country needing more cropland. I consider that I grow wool and lambs as my neighbors produce milk from their dairy cows.

There may come a day when grains are no longer available for animal feed. There will still be sheep, as there are today from China to Saudi Arabia. Like our western range sheep, they will transform plants indigestible to humans, grown on land untillable by humans, into valuable food and fiber.

If I were not interested in cash profit, I could raise a few sheep on the rough land without much cash outlay. Lambing would be arranged to coincide with the best pasture growth. We would cut hay by hand and store it loose. We wouldn't get many twins, the lambs wouldn't be as heavy, vigorous, or fast-growing, and the wool crop would be poorer. In a kinder climate, the sheep could graze a greater part of the year of course.

I have no illusions about duplicating nature's ways. Mother Nature cheers when a weak newborn lamb doesn't make it or when a parasitized sheep dies before she can pass on her susceptibility. I prefer to save the lamb and medicate the ewe, though my goal, like nature's, is to select for strong lambs and parasite-resistant sheep. Saving lambs and feeding grain is simply the only way to make the money to pay the taxes, a problem unknown to Mother Nature!

Sheep can get by on scant food and little attention, but they won't thrive and be profitable on such short shrift. When people say, "A sick sheep is a dead sheep", they may be making the mistake of thinking that sheep won't respond to medication. The fact is that because sheep will live, and even reproduce, on poor feed, they are often allowed to become seriously undernourished. Infections and parasite infestations are then fatal.

For sheep as for people, the best medicine is preventive. Sheep kept on a "high plane of nutrition" can better cope with disease, develop resistance, and even immunity. The major medical problem of sheep (internal parasites) can be greatly affected by diet. Well-fed sheep do not suffer as much from the effects of the worms, and infested sheep put on good rations have been known to expel the parasites.

Minimum daily feed requirements vary with weight, age, and stage of gestation or lactation. The following table gives some nutrient requirements of average sized sheep. Daily Feed refers to the weight of feed eaten, and Total Digestible Nutrients refers to that amount of the food eaten which can actually be absorbed. (See below)

Under optimum conditions, sheep given these minimum rations can prosper. But given any stress, from weather, handling or introduction of new sheep with their attendant ills, the reverses of

the flock may be too low. In a large group, it might not be economically feasible to try to feed every sheep an ideal ration all year round, but it doesn't cost that much more to feed supplemental grain from time to time to a few backyard sheep. Losing a half dozen animals may not be a disaster to a large commercial sheep grower, as it is when it constitutes most of your flock.

Incidentally, fat sheep are not healthy sheep. They do not conceive, lamb, or milk, as well as trim sheep. Trim does not mean under-nourished in terms of protein and minerals, but rather not over-fed in terms of calories.

If the best ration is too costly, and the worst too risky, how do you figure out just what your feeding program should be? First, in the spring when your hay runs short, don't put the sheep out on short grass. Wait until it is 4 inches high and the value of that pasture over the season will more than repay you for the extra hay.

Second, do not neglect pasture rotation. This permits your flock to eat fresh grass more often, insuring higher intake and giving you a better chance of outwitting the parasite larvae. If you have the money, use permanently divided plots. If you have more time than money, fence only the perimeter with dog-proof wire, and use temporary fencing for dividing into sections.

DAILY NUTRIENT REQUIREMENTS OF SHEEP*

Body Weight (Pounds)	Daily Feed (Pounds)	Total Digestible Nutrients (Pounds)	Protein (Pounds)
NON-LACTATING EWES AND FIRST 15 WEEKS GESTATION			
100	2.6	1.3	.21
160	3.8	1.9	.30
EWES - LAST 6 WEEKS GESTATION			
100	3.8	2.0	.32
160	4.8	2.5	.37
EWES - FIRST 8 WEEKS LACTATION			
100	4.6	2.7	.40
160	5.7	3.1	.46
GROWING REPLACEMENT LAMBS AND YEARLINGS			
60	2.7	1.5	.30
100	3.4	1.7	.26
GROWING RAMS			
80	3.2	2.0	.32
100	3.7	2.1	.32

NOTE: Early-cut alfalfa provides 51% of its weight as Total Digestible Nutrient, and 11.6% digestible protein, while late-cut timothy is 50% TDN and only 3.4% protein. Average oats have 66% TDN and 7% protein; soybean meal has 76% TDN and 41% or more digestible protein.



SALLY BAILEY

Third, on mid-summer and late fall drying pastures, watch the flock for signs of empty bellies. When there is noticeably more searching for food and less lying down and cud-chewing, give more food. Change pasture, cut green feed and bring it to them, find some garden waste and surplus, or feed out some hay.

Three weeks before breeding, at "flushing" time, fresh pasture and/or one-half pound supplementary grain will pay for itself in an increased lamb crop. Worm the sheep before flushing so they can make full use of the increased nourishment. A month or so after breeding, you can go back to minimum feed.

In the eight weeks before lambing, feed and protein requirements rise drastically. If the flock is on pasture, make sure it is sufficient for this critical period. If they are confined, introduce more and better hay, and grain as soon as you can afford it. Digestive quarters are progressively cramped, especially with twins, and concentrates can provide more protein with less bulk than free-choice hay alone. Four weeks before lambing, it is essential to be feeding supplementary grain according to the quality of your hay or pasture.

The most profitable feed you will ever buy is that given mothers and lambs between birth and lamb sale day. Don't skimp. Protein requirements of the ewes can double. Unless they are getting exceptional hay (See Table Note) or excellent pasture, mothers of singles can use one pound of a 14% dairy ration a day for a month, and a half-pound a day for another week or two. Mothers of twins can work up to two pounds a day of this type mixture by the time lambs are two weeks old, tapering down to a half-pound at six weeks. Latest research indicates that heavier graining past six weeks will not maintain the naturally dwindling milk supply.

Never neglect fresh water and mineral salt. Ewes in late gestation and milking ewes in hot weather can drink two gallons a day.

Sheep should be wormed before going out on spring pasture, particularly if they have recently lamb-ed. "Clean" sheep on a clean pasture will make maximum use of the nutrients. If the sheep are milking, it is essential that there be pasture rotation or that the lambs be dosed with wormer every 2-4 weeks as needed. Signs of worms in lambs are loss of weight and pale gums and eyelid lining. Lambs are much more susceptible to worms than adult ewes. Good pasture is ideal for lactation if the parasite problem is controlled. After weaning, the lambs should continue to have the best you can provide, and the ewes can get by on the poorest.

To sum up, sheep health is directly related to nutrition. The healthiest flock, all other things equal, will be the best-fed flock. If we could, we would give our sheep unlimited pasture so that they would never have to feed on contaminated ground. They would be turned into lush flushing pastures before and during the breeding season. We would provide confined animals with supplemental grain whenever the hay was of less than optimal quality; our present ewes would get a supplemented diet from 8 weeks before lambing until weaning. In the spring, the mothers and lambs would go out on an early pasture especially plowed and sown for that purpose. At the very least, in the world as it is, we can certainly provide fresh water and mineral salt at all times, year round. We can either rotate pastures or administer regular doses of wormer during the pasture season. We can see that a confined flock gets supplementary feed at flushing time, and from 4 weeks before lambing until 6 weeks after; and we can arrange that early lambs not going out to pasture have a lamb creep where they can eat grain. ♀

BOOK REVIEW:

WORK IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Reviewed by Jeanne Tetrault

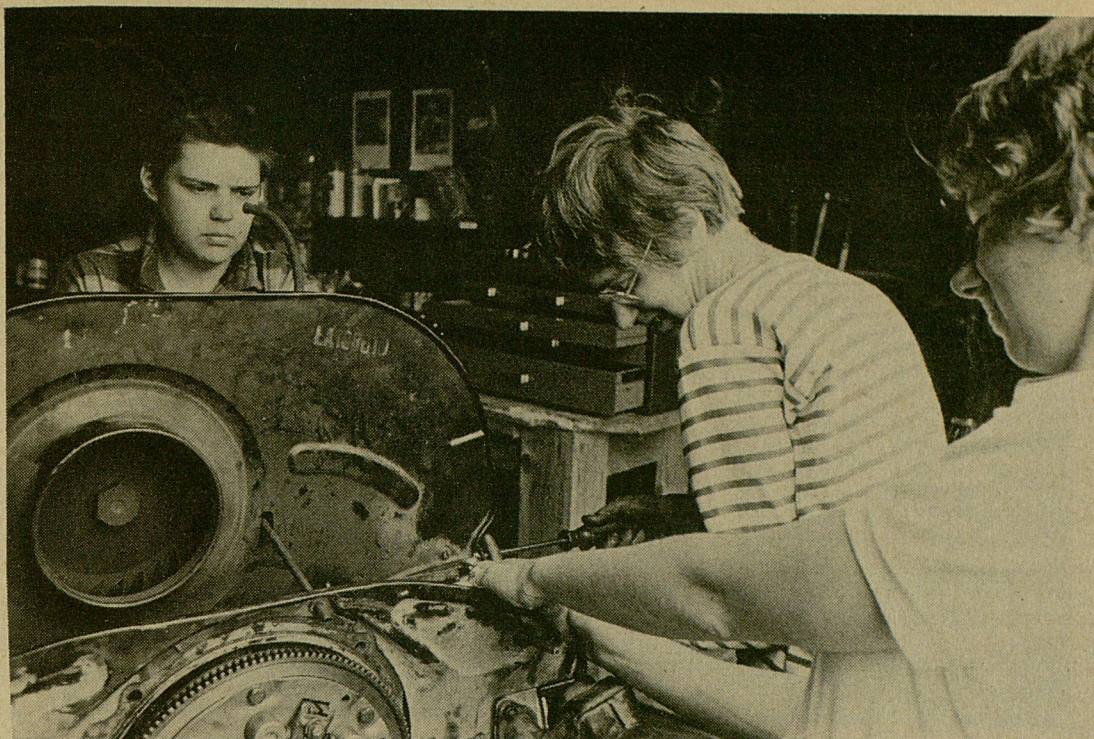
WORK IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH. A Handbook of Health Hazards in the Workplace and What You Can Do About Them. Jeanne Stellman, Ph.D., and Susan Daum, M.D., Vintage Books, 1973. \$2.95.

A recent newspaper article prompted me finally to review this book. I'd been planning a review ever since I discovered the book while doing some research about materials used in carpentry. For awhile, I contented myself with impassioned tirades to friends - "Work Is Dangerous--" is quite possibly the most critical book I've ever read relative to bodily health. As much joy as it gives me to see women working in previously male-dominated fields of mechanics, carpentry, painting, etc., this book crystallized a whole area of concern and fears. Common sense and general reading and conversations with other women in the trades made me certain that a lot of what we were learning to work with wasn't exactly the healthiest...a day spent inhaling sheetrock dust, or coming home covered with fibrous glass from rolls of insulation would be enough to make me think twice about how I was earning my living. Watching a friend swab her paint-covered hands in paint thinner and then light up a cigarette while she talked about the success of their all-women painting company made me more than a little uneasy...but it took stumbling upon "Work is Dangerous--" to give me some rational basis for my half-focused fears.

The article that mobilized me to write this review was entitled "Cancer: the Asbestos Epidemic". It discussed the growing number of deaths in this country that are directly related to the use of asbestos, a fibrous mineral that is "virtually indestructible - heatproof, fireproof, and resistant to most chemicals". Asbestos has been proven to cause a number of unusual (previously unusual, now growing more common) forms of cancer. One of every ten workers who regularly handles asbestos dies of "asbestosis", a disease which decreases lung volume, lowers blood oxygen, and invites complicated respiratory infections. Mesothelioma, another asbestos-caused cancer, was virtually unknown thirty or forty years ago - before the widespread use of asbestos. It is a cancer of the membrane lining of the chest and abdomen, inoperable and incurable. Women married to asbestos workers, who handle and wash their husbands work clothes, die of this form of cancer. Asbestos workers have a higher than average incidence of lung cancer and intestinal cancer. What does all of this have to do with

those of us who don't work in asbestos factories or live with someone who does construction work? Asbestos has over 3,000 commercial uses! It is part of the sheetrock that covers your walls, it is found in roof shingles, in insulation, children's toys and virtually hundreds of household items and materials. If you are learning to do carpentry or building yourself a house or working on the house you live in, chances are good that you'll be exposed to the asbestos dust of sheetrock and sheetrock mud. Or you may have a friend or lover who is doing this work and brings home the dust on work clothes or tools... asbestos is just one of the materials that can make "work dangerous to your health".

There is an undercurrent of urgency in this book. Jeanne Stellman and Susan Daum have worked extensively with workers, industry and government agencies in the area of occupational hazards and worker health. Ms. Stellman has her Ph.D. in physical chemistry; Ms. Daum is an M.D. (Internist). They dedicate their book to "a world in which workers have eradicated the health hazards of work". A basic premise of their work, based on their observations and struggles to change unsafe working conditions, is that industry and government will do little to make work conditions safe; it will have to be the organized efforts of workers, whose very lives are at stake, that will change things. On a more personal level, I see the truth of their contention all around me. The industries that manufacture asbestos materials, fiberglass insulation, hazardous solvents and glues, and so on, make *minimal* effort to alert people to the dangers of using their products. A perfect example is the current campaign to convince people to insulate their homes. "Save fuel, save money" is the theme, and yes, insulation will do both. But insulation is made of fibrous glass, which as Daum and Stellman point out, has properties similar to asbestos. It has been shown to cause cancer in animals. It has not been around long enough, contends their book, to make any significant showing in people yet (asbestos-caused cancer may take 20 to 30 years to appear). Fibrous glass insulation should be handled with absolute caution, if it is handled at all. Yet the advertisements and brochures on insulation show unprotected workers blithely installing this material - without benefit of respirators, gloves, or protective clothing. One brochure I picked up showed "dad" insulating the attic on



CATHY CADE

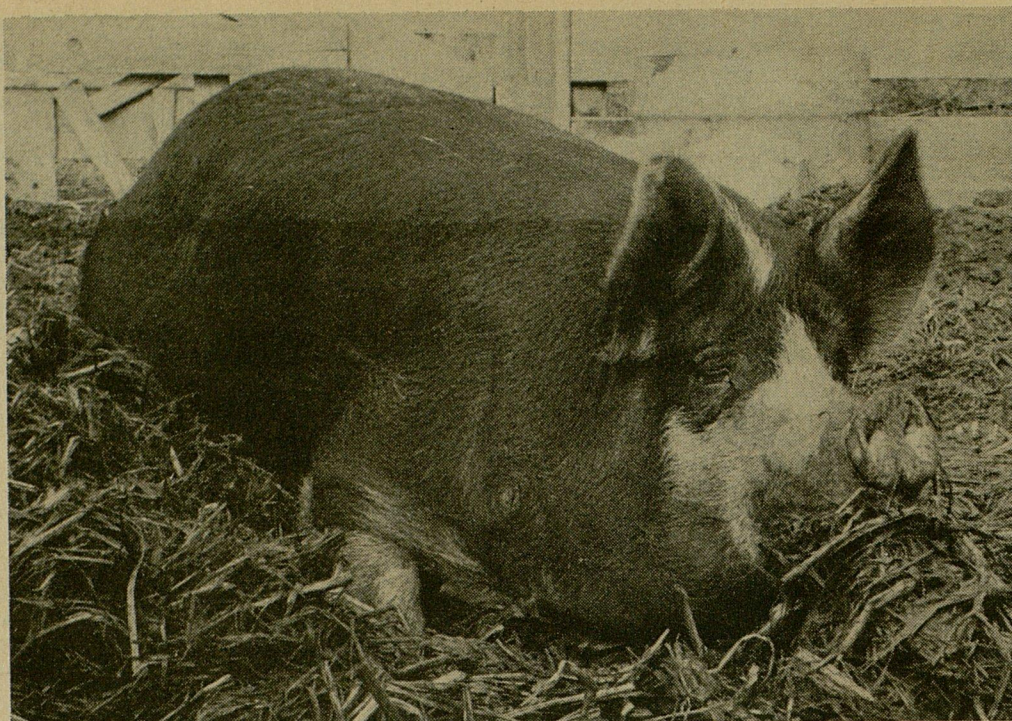
his weekend off...he wore no protections at all and the children's toys were scattered around on the insulation, picking up fibers that could show up 20 years later in the form of a tumor or lung cancer...carpentry books make the same error as these advertisements, and compound the situation. Even those with enough worker-consciousness to mention in the text that you should wear a respirator when you sand sheetrock joints or rough-sand varathened floors between coats go on to make a flagrant visual statement: the *unprotected* worker doing the job. Often it's the picture that stays with you. There is, too, a certain machismo ethic about using respirators or gloves or other protection on the job - it must go something like "if you're a real man, you don't need those sissy things"??? Fortunately, women don't have to play *that* game... "Work Is Dangerous--" is an effort on the part of two educated, dedicated and concerned women to alert us all to the dangers we expose ourselves to whether working "professionally" or at home, in a factory or in a casual situation.

Daum and Stellman wrote their book for the worker, and the structure and language combine to make a work that is clear, accessible, thorough, and totally unpretentious. They begin by discussing in some detail the various systems of the human body, and the relationships between these systems and the environment. There is an excellent section on the back and back injuries which everyone can benefit from. It includes an illustration of the skeletal system of the back, instructions on lifting heavy weights safely ("straight back, bent knees" is *not*, I learned, always the best or safest method), and a discussion of the mechanics of avoiding back injury (or living with it, if you've already injured

yourself). From this section I learned to avoid hurting my back further (I'm one of many with a chronic "bad back") by trying to schedule my work days so that I do any heavy lifting in the early parts of the day - muscles or ligaments fatigued by hours of work are much more susceptible to injury. This is typical of the kind of information this book has to give - it is a rich resource, no matter how you approach it or what your perspective.

The latter half of this book is more technical, and therefore more useful as a reference work. There are chapters on controlling your work environment - including specifics on worker's rights and actual grievance procedures. At the end of the book is a listing *by occupation* of hazards you, as a worker, may be exposed to. Using this list in conjunction with the carefully done index, you can look up specific information that applies to work you are doing, materials you may want to use, and so on. This is possibly the most useful feature of the whole book. Certainly it will help you lead a healthier life and teach you to recognize and avoid (or control) dangerous materials that you might have otherwise just used. "Work Is Dangerous--" is an incredible personal resource - a vitally necessary work.

PLEASE READ THIS BOOK! Share it with friends. Request it from your local library or bookmobile so that it will be on the shelves, available to other people. If you know other women who are working in the trades, building their own houses, working in factories, or ???, urge them to read this book. Review it for other publications. Above all, take "Work Is Dangerous--" seriously: it may save your life! ♀



SALLY BAILEY

Feeder Pigs

BY LINDA PETERSEN

Weaning the pigs from the sow can be done at almost any time after three weeks, but this is considered a very early weaning and the earlier the weaning, the more stress there is to the pig. If early weaning is to take place, certain precautions need to be taken. Housing that is warm, dry and draft-free is usually required, along with supplemental heat, such as a heat lamp. Also, early weaned pigs should not be castrated within one week of weaning time, so as to avoid unnecessary stress.

A general rule concerning time of weaning is 6 weeks of age or 40 lbs. Weaning at this time usually can take advantage of the sow's lactation peak, the limited amount of disease immunity provided by her milk, and can reduce the stress of weaning, particularly if the pigs have been fed creep feed. Various factors such as injury, disease or lactation failure on the part of the sow may demand earlier weaning. Some sows are such good milkers that they will literally allow themselves to be milked to death by their pigs. Sows should be continually watched to make sure that their physical health is not suffering as a result of an abundant lactation. Some weight loss is expected and desired but severe weight loss can greatly reduce the sow's overall resistance to disease and in some cases can result in death.

After the pigs have been weaned, the sow will normally go into heat within the next few days, and will continue to recycle every 21 days until she is bred. I do not recommend rebreeding the sow immediately. It's best to give her system an opportunity to recover from the rigors of pregnancy and lactation and to get her back into peak condition before rebreeding.

At weaning, the pigs should be treated for internal and external parasites. Internal parasites can affect almost every part of the pig. Swine parasites live in the digestive tract, liver, kidneys, lungs, muscles, etc. Pigs usually acquire internal parasites as a result of contact with the feces and urine of other affected animals; through eating earthworms or beetles that serve as the intermediate host; or by invasion of larval worms through the skin. Internal parasites can cause diarrhea, weakness, emaciation and even death. The best method of controlling parasite infestations in the swine herd is proper sanitation. By removing contaminated feces and urine and by proper pasture rotation, a large source of contamination is eliminated.

External parasites plaguing hogs include: the hog louse, fleas, ticks, and mites which cause hog mange. The hog louse is normally found in

the folds of the neck and jawl, in the ears, and the inside of the legs. The louse is grey-brown with black markings and will continually feed by puncturing the skin to suck blood. This causes considerable irritation to the pigs and can cause them to become restless, lose weight and lower their disease resistance.

The mites that cause hog mange spend their entire lives on the host animal. Swine usually become infested by direct contact with affected animals. Lesions will first be noticeable in areas where the hair is thin, such as the ears, lips, and snout. The mites can spread rapidly and cause severe irritation, infection and swelling of the affected areas.

Many different chemical sprays and dips are available to control these external parasites. Application of crankcase motor oil with a good stiff brush also works very well. Again, as with internal parasites, proper sanitation and isolation of known affected animals goes a long way in preventing serious parasite problems.

As far as specific vaccinations at weaning, this will vary markedly from region to region. One thing I would recommend at weaning is an injection of iron for anemia prevention, especially if the pigs have not been in a pasture situation where they have had access to the iron in the soil. Check with a vet for dosage according to weight and other vaccinations needed in your area.

RAISING A FEEDER PIG ---

One advantage to finishing hogs that you've farrowed yourself is that you know what kinds of stresses, both physical and environmental, they have been subjected to. If you are buying feeder (weaner) pigs, try to find out as much as possible about the conditions that they have been raised in.

Outside of raising your own, the two main sources of feeder pigs are the auction barn or private treaty from another hog raiser. Buying at an auction can occasionally result in a real good deal -- sound, healthy pigs for a good price. But be aware (particularly if you have other livestock at home) that each animal that goes through the ring has been exposed to all the diseases, infections, parasites, etc. of all the other animals being sold that day. The area that I live in has recently had a very serious outbreak of psuedo rabies and the feeder pig market at the sale barn has dropped dramatically. No one is willing to risk bringing home psuedo rabies with a truckload of feeder pigs.

Buying feeder pigs from another producer is usually a safer route, although it can be more costly. By buying in this manner, you can see what kinds of conditions the pigs were raised in. You can check on the health of the sow, and see if any general health problems persist in the herd. Oftentimes a producer will let you

have a runt for a reduced price. If the pig is healthy and has survived the stress of weaning all right, then consider yourself lucky and latch on to a good deal. Often being separated from the larger pigs and given an equal opportunity to feed is just the impetus a small pig needs to start growing.

In transporting hogs from place to place, no matter what age, be aware that it is a stress situation. Try to avoid hauling pigs in cramped, dirty conditions and during the heat of the day. If, for some reason, the pigs must be kept in the truck for a prolonged period, be sure to provide fresh bedding, feed and clean water. Always clean all organic matter out of the truck before and after hauling any livestock.

I always like to keep any new animals isolated from the rest of the herd for a two week minimum (30 days is better), especially if I have any breeding stock around. It does increase labor for awhile, but it gives me a chance to observe the new stock for any signs of poor health or stress and gives them an opportunity to get acclimated to the various "bugs" on my place. If the pigs have been severely stressed during transporting, it is likely they will go off feed for a while. It's good to start with a fairly palatable ration of about 16% protein. (Jello makes a good flavor enhancer). This relatively high protein level will somewhat make up for the lack of consumption and help the pigs get a good start. Don't feed this high protein ration for more than two weeks as too long a period on this "hot" a ration can cause other problems.

Also make sure the new arrivals have access to plenty of fresh clean water. A pig will normally consume about twice as much water as feed. For a 40 lb. pig, this is about 1/2 gallon per day. (During winter, drinking water should not fall below 35-40 degrees F).

There are several different alternatives for housing feeder pigs. The weather needs to be considered as does the size and health of the pigs. In utilizing pasture, adequate shade should be provided. A minimum of 7 Sq. Ft. per pig for small pigs up to 75 lbs. and a minimum of 12 Sq. Ft. for hogs 126 lbs. and over. If you have good legume or legume-grass pasture, you can easily run 10 to 15 growing hogs per acre. Hogs, being single stomach animals, can not utilize forages as efficiently as ruminant animals, so most pasture-raised hogs need to be supplemented with some type of protein rich ration. I'll discuss feeds and feeding more in depth in the next article.

Also needed in pasture-raising, as in dry lot, is some type of hog wallow during hot weather. Hogs don't sweat so they need some source of external moisture to cool their bodies. A 100 Sq. Ft. wallow can easily handle 50 pigs provided adequate shade or shelter is nearby. If hogs are being raised on concrete or no wallow

cont.

is available, they should be hosed down if the weather gets hot. To many producers in drought-stricken areas, this may seem like a flagrant abuse of water, but it is absolutely necessary to prevent heat stress that can result in death. Many agricultural states broadcast livestock advisories if weather conditions are such that livestock are threatened.

If hogs are to be raised in dry lot, minimum shade requirements should be met and a wallow provided. During severe weather, housing should be provided with a minimum of 8 Sq. Ft. per pig for small pigs and 12 Sq. Ft. per pig for larger hogs. It works well, when dry lotting hogs, to allow hogs free access either to shelter or the dry lot. When hand feeding hogs in a dry lot or pasture, allow hogs about one linear foot per pig for feeding and also for water.

Whatever type of housing is being used, one of the most important things to avoid is overcrowding. Hogs in an overcrowded environment won't gain well, are more prone to disease, and often fighting and tail-biting will occur. Tail-biting can often lead to infections and possibly even cannibalism on the part of the hogs. Some producers dock tails at an early age but I've found this isn't necessary if the pigs are raised in an uncrowded environment.

When a pig, for any reason, needs to be separated from the herd for awhile or if a new hog is added to the herd - keep an eye on it when it rejoins the herd! The familiar hogs will invariably gang up and pick on the newcomer. At a farm where I worked we had to separate a gilt to be treated for a vaginal prolapse. She was out of the herd for about three weeks and had completely recovered when we put her back with the rest of the hogs. We checked her periodically throughout the day and things seemed to be going well - just the usual fighting and biting. The next day when I arrived to do chores there was little left of her but the skeleton. This type of situation can also occur when small pigs and large hogs are housed together. I don't know what it is that causes hogs to behave in this manner, but I do think that overcrowding has something to do with it. I hope that this dreadful experience I had will help someone else avoid a similar situation.

A word about enclosures. There is a saying about fences that goes something like, "bull strong, goat high and hog tight". If there's a hole in the fence, a hog will find it. They are also excellent rooters and can easily undermine a weak fencing system from the bottom. Whatever

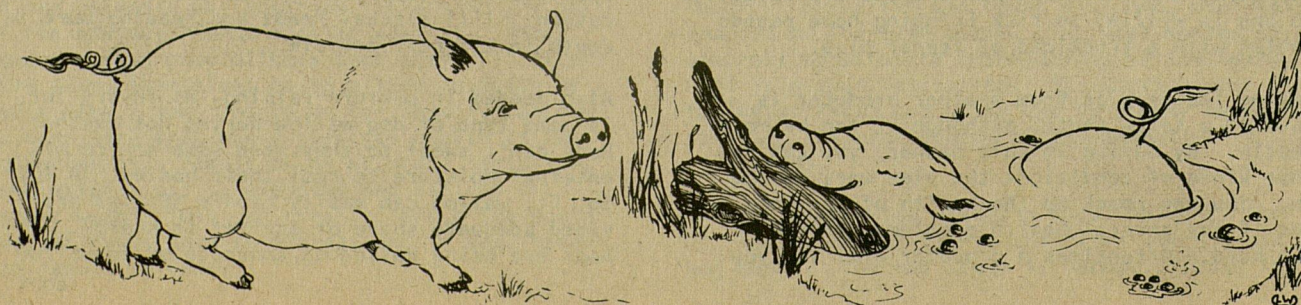
materials are used, make sure the construction is the best you can do. A little bit more time put into building the fence will save a lot of time later spent chasing hogs.

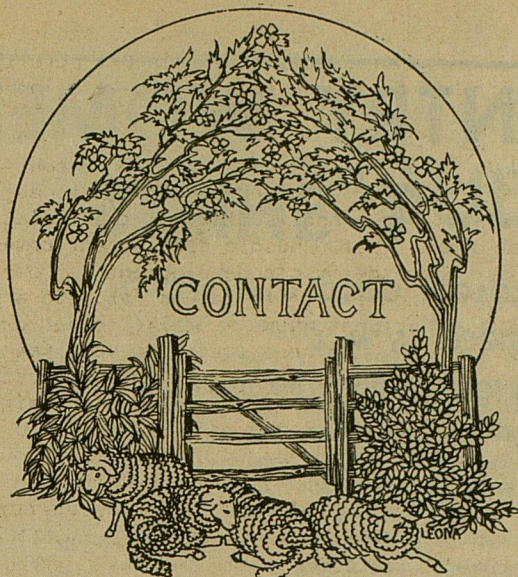
Before closing, I'd like to touch on a couple more topics I feel are very important to any hog raiser. As a hog is growing, the skeletal system grows first. Muscle development comes second. When the muscle development is completed, the hog starts to lay on fat. So a hog is ready to butcher when it starts to put on excessive fat. The best places to spot fat deposits are the jowl, the underline and buttocks (ham). Some fat is desired, especially intramuscular fat which is a great determinant of flavor, but too much fat is an inefficient use of feed and will require excessive trimming at butchering time. Unless this fat is utilized it is waste. In many hogs, excess fat will start to accumulate at 220 lbs. to 240 lbs., although I've seen plenty of hogs that were ready for slaughter at 180 lbs. In the article on breeds and breeding, I covered in depth the type of hog that will be later maturing and desirable as a feeder in feed efficiency.

When you determine your hogs are ready to butcher and you're planning on home butchering, try to find an experienced friend or neighbor to help. There are numerous ways to utilize almost every part of the hog and that's where an experienced person is invaluable. A good resource on hog butchering is, "Slaughtering, Cutting and Processing Pork on the Farm" - Farmer's Bulletin #2138. It can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. I think it's about 60¢.

If you're planning on taking your hogs to market, price, location, and transportation will probably influence your decision on where to sell. If there is a buying station or packing house nearby, that will reduce your transportation costs and save you some money. One way to avoid the packing house is to use your hogs for bartering with your neighbors and friends. Trade your pork for milk, beef, lamb, wool, grains, eggs, or anything else!

Feeds, feeding and diseases make up the remainder of material I'd like to present on raising hogs. Since both these subjects are fairly involved and specific, I've decided to save them for the next issue. ♀





We own 400 acres of canyon bottomland in southwestern Colorado, where our main work is organic farming. We own a food co-op in Naturita, 35 miles from the farm and last spring we purchased a Main Street store front to expand into a general store (there are 4 of us). We are looking for people who want to be better individuals, to create their own place in space, because we don't put down a super trip. No dogs or cats, no exceptions. We discourage married couples because in our experience marriage discourages individuality and makes it difficult to integrate the people into the communal structure. To arrange a visit write in depth and send a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Contact: Magic Animal Farm, P.O. Box 26, 224 E. Main St., Naturita, Colorado 81422 (303) 865-2631

A San Francisco collective is working on a book about violence and women. They are attempting to deal with violence in all aspects of society, including psychological, emotional, and economic, as well as physical violence. The group is trying to make class and race analysis an integral basis in all topics, rather than just tacking it into separate sections. Proposed chapters include: medical violence, parental stress/child abuse, abuse on the job, violence between women, jails and prisons, violence against women internationally, rape, prostitution, psychiatric violence, battered women, and many more. Articles and/or commitments to contribute are needed as soon as possible. If you're interested, write your ideas or an outline first, to avoid duplication. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope!! Contact: San Francisco Women's Centers, 63 Brady St., San Francisco, CA 94103 Attn: BOOK

I'll be evicted in November and am greatly in need of finding a place for 70 ewes, 4 goats and 1 horse. I have \$2,600 to put down on property and \$100.00 a month income. If you should hear of someone wanting to farm, have them contact: Joyce Bowles, 7026 Varden Rd., Vacaville, CA. 95688 (707) 448-5759

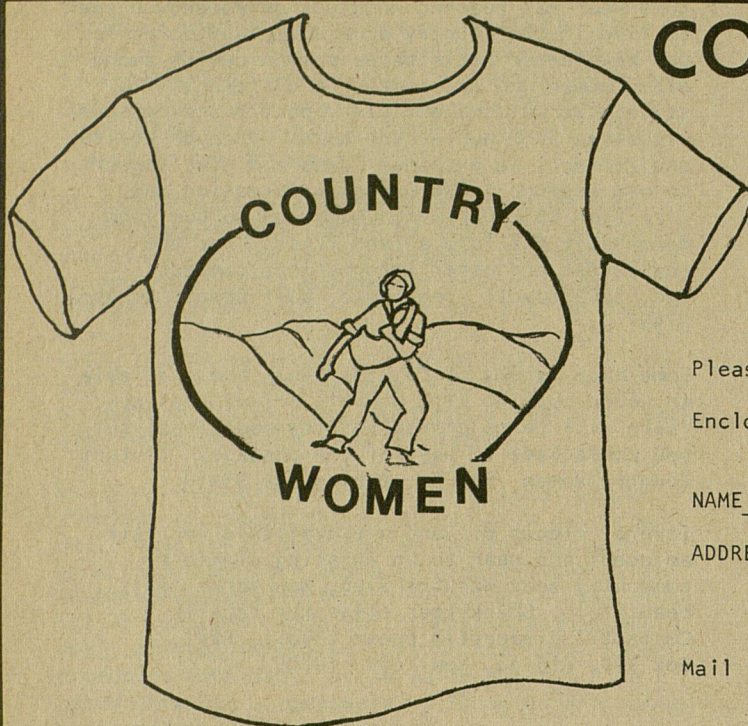
OWN (Older Women's Network) established earlier this year has reached hundreds of women who seek to live in the country or are already doing so. Our newsletter facilitates communication among older women who are seeking a different life style. We welcome articles, poetry and personal vignettes from our subscribers. Through visits and retreats we exchange ideas and give support to one another. OWN offers information and direction to older women who wish to buy land communally and form a land trust. For the newsletter and other information, contact: OWN, 3502 Coyote Creek Road, Wolf Creek, Oregon 97497

Some back issues of *Country Women* are available to women working with women's prison projects. There will be no charge for the magazines, but you would have to pay for the postage. Contact: Country Women, Box 51, Albion, CA 95410

Several pieces of land are available for sale adjacent and near to an existing women's community near Watkins Glen, New York. It's beautiful. Check your atlas for details. Contact: Cinderella Doesn't Wait, RD#1, Box 110, Alpine, New York 14805



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FUTURE ISSUES

WOMEN'S RELATIONSHIP TO PLANTS AND ANIMALS:

An important part of country living is our increased sensitivity to non-human life forms that we share this planet with, whether they be houseplants or fields of crops, our favorite house cat or a barn full of livestock. What is gained and what is lost when we move from "having pets" to "raising livestock"? Feelings about raising animals for slaughter? What are women's historical connections to agriculture and animal tending? What are the means of communication we use with these non-verbal beings? Experiments done with plants based on the Findhorn information? Relationships to wild animals and plants? Do we have a role as earth caretakers? Share your stories. (Deadline Nov. 30)

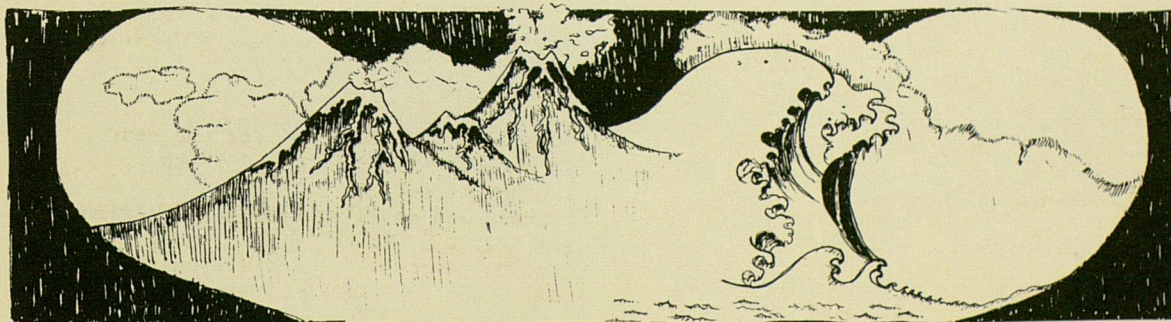
THE LEARNING PROCESS/ EDUCATION: Learning new skills and acquiring new information is the way to growth and change. This never stops throughout a woman's lifetime. We are interested in articles on education of children—feminist changes in institutions and methods. Articles on the way we educate ourselves as we learn new rural skills. The fears of entering new, traditionally male fields. The power of taking control with this knowledge. Articles by older women who have started on new paths. Institutions and books vs. learning-by-doing. (Deadline: Jan. 15)

HUMOR: When we decided after five years to attempt a humor issue Helen said, "It's too late, I'm not funny anymore." We hope you are. What is women's humor, examples, stories, analysis, cartoon strips. The guffaws of living in the country like the time Jenny's longed for Appaloosa foal came out a mule. We want to do a twelve page parody called "Country Girl" so sharpen your satirical pencils. Here's your chance to make fun of us and yourselves, and the whole do-it-from-scratch holier than thou foolosophy. (Deadline March 7)

FUTURE ISSUES DEPENDENT ON ARRIVAL OF MATERIAL:

FARMING WOMEN: Who are we? Young and old? What are the realities of our lives, our history, our farms? Even if you are not a farmer yourself, here's your chance to interview a woman farmer and write an article about her life. Let's make sure our history is not lost this time. Consider writing the interview in the first person narrative rather than question/answer form. Of the skills or knowledge you brought with you to the farm, which has proved most useful? Do you sometimes have fantasies about other ways you might spend your life? Was farming your choice? If country life was your fantasy, how closely has the fantasy corresponded to the reality?

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN: Analysis of women's changing positions in other countries. Letters from women traveling. How is Feminism affecting women outside of North America? What if any are the forms of a women's movement? Examples of female bonding in other cultures.



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