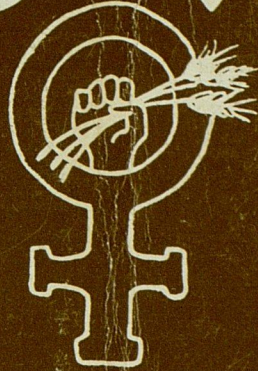


Country Women



animals



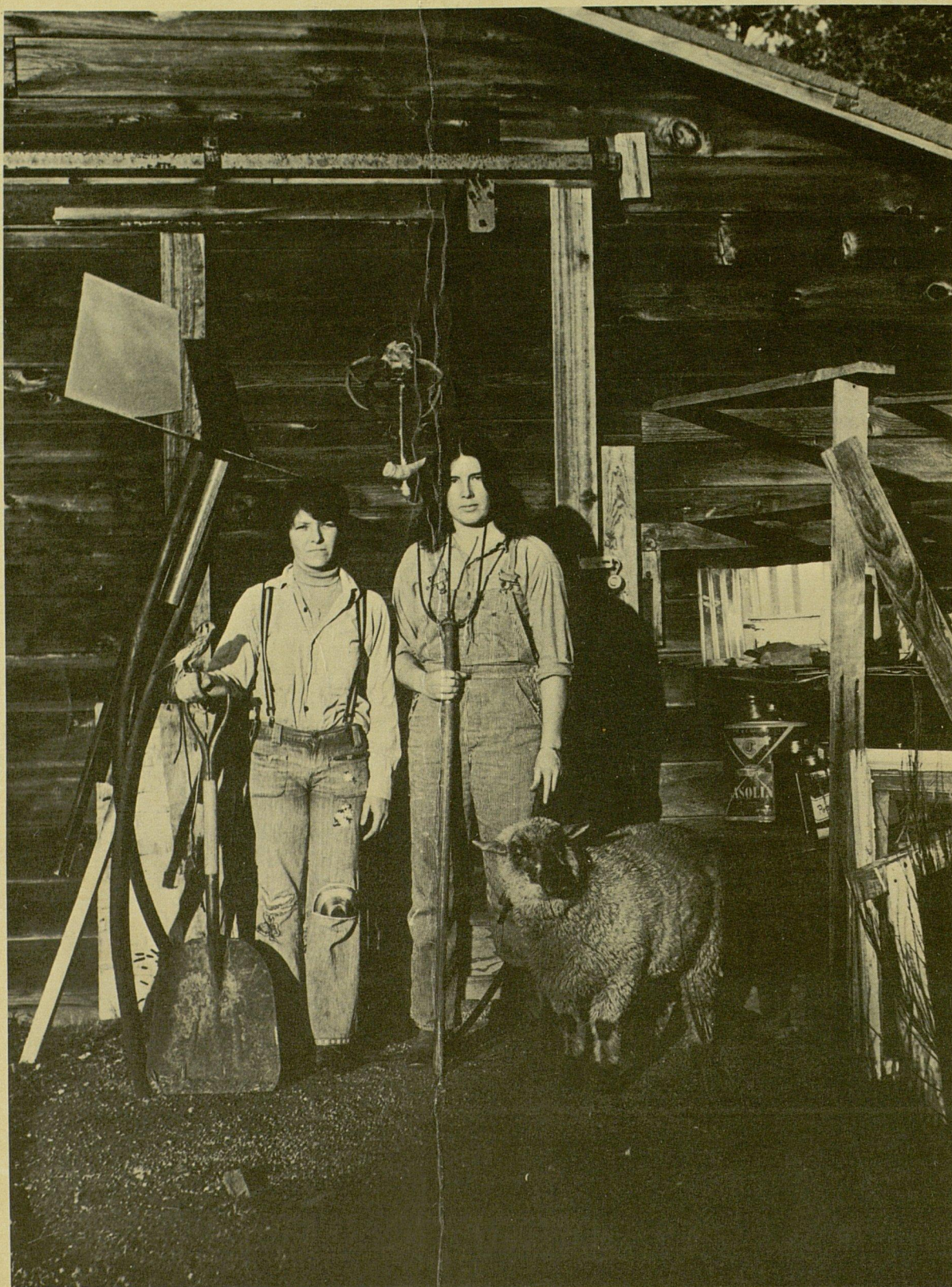
"Timothy" the Sheep

Theme

Man Kind?
The Bleeding
Where Wilderness Roars;
Tasting the African Plains
Woman's Best Friend
Thoroughbred Racing

Practical

Solar Energy: A beginning
The Making of a Female Farrier
Weather-Tightening Old Windows
Training Your Horse
A Holistic Approach to Contraception



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A TALE OF HOW I BECAME A REALISTIC FARMER

Text and graphics by

MARJORIE MOUNT

Ever since I have been able to walk, and remember dreams, I've always wanted a HORSE. Up at the beach (in the San Juan Islands, Northwest Coast) I would ride an old piece of driftwood, making all the authentic horse sounds, stopping at the water hole, and talking horse talk with MY horse - a real live cowgirl. I'd get up at dawn, before anyone else, and sneak out to the old farm road and try to ride the cows, until I discovered there was one human up before me, the farmer, so that put an end to that. When I was eight or ten, I kept begging my parents to get me a horse. On one of those birthdays, I dreamed they got me one, and it was grazing down in our lower field. I woke up believing the dream and ran so fast - only to discover that it was but a dream. Later, I found out they almost did buy me a horse but couldn't decide what to do with it in the winter while they taught and I went to school in Seattle but, I thought to myself, I WOULD HAVE FOUND A WAY.

In spite of never getting a horse, I've always had lots of dogs and cats, and started early in my adulthood to dream of the PERFECT WORKING FARM. It started off kind of pseudo by renting one-half acre with a summer cottage when I first started teaching in Seattle. It had a barn, but, due to a small beginning salary, I never had livestock. I did have two huge plum trees and I was determined not to let those plums go to waste. That was the winter of plum wine. For a first attempt, it wasn't bad, except I wasn't into dessert wines, so most of it went to friends.

When I came to California to go to art school, I lived in Mill Valley and experienced my first success with a healthy vegetable garden. After pulling those tomatoes fresh off the vines, I was hooked. I had been "talking" goats for a couple of years by then and all my friends just said, "Sure, Marge, someday." When I finished school, I moved further north and felt, for the first time, I had room to get some goats and "really" get into farming. I pursued my dream and bought a pregnant two year old Saanen/Toggenburg mix, formally named Magnolia, but commonly called Maggie. Maggie became what can be called a pioneering experience. In other words, she taught me! She had a normal birth, but I, never having seen one, assisted her anyway by literally yanking the kid out. It's a wonder he and I ever became friends, but we did. I decided to make him a pet. My excuse was that Maggie needed a companion. (Which is true; goats do get lonely, but get two working goats, not a "pet"). Magister Ludi (the kid) was beautiful and charming and all those things baby anythings are. I would sit and study his antics for hours. Then my love and I went on vacation for a week and when we returned, our "housesitters" said Magister Ludi had a cold. Not only did he have a cold; he was dying of pneumonia. Well, I decided to try and save him. I consulted all vets, friends, books, and gave him massive doses of "you name it".

For two weeks it was touch and go, but one morning (I was keeping him in bed with me - much to the consternation of my lover), he stood up and

gave a good healthy "I'm hungry" yell. I rejoiced. But, the warning from vets of "don't bother saving him; he'll only die six months later due to irreversible lung tissue damage", kept nagging my mind. I made a mistake by not pulling him off Maggie. He became nice and overweight but, on only a milk diet, Ludi was not getting sufficient nutrients to make him a healthy goat. Sure enough, six months to the day, he keeled over and died. It was a hard lesson to learn and a hard death on me.

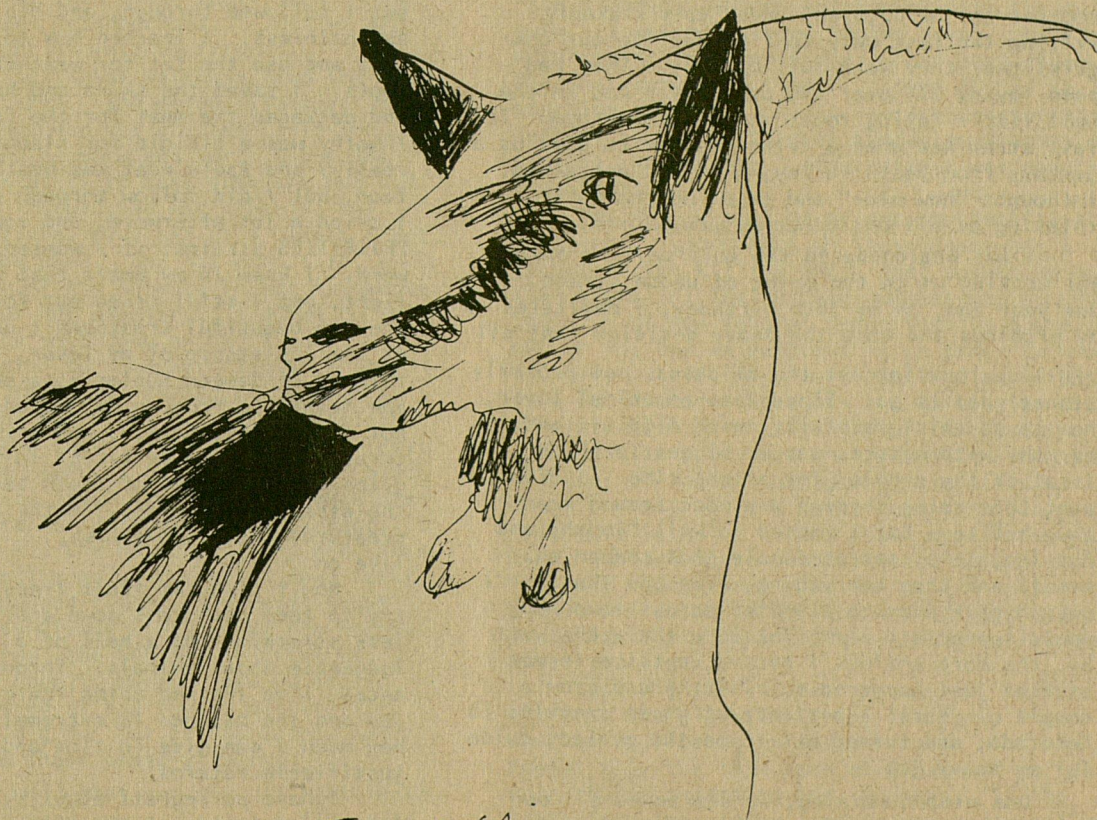
Maggie had two more seasons of healthy kids while we were at Lagunitas. I pulled them off her udder early and did all the right things. Then we moved further north to what I thought was going to be a real five acre working farm.

By then, a friend had given me "a replacement" for Magister Ludi and I bought a couple of sheep "to graze" the property. We have a wonderful pine grove and fifteen apple trees plus precious firs and other various trees so the first priority was to fence the goats in their own yard. Unfortunately, the property is on a slant and the only place to put the goats was in a little house right below the main house.

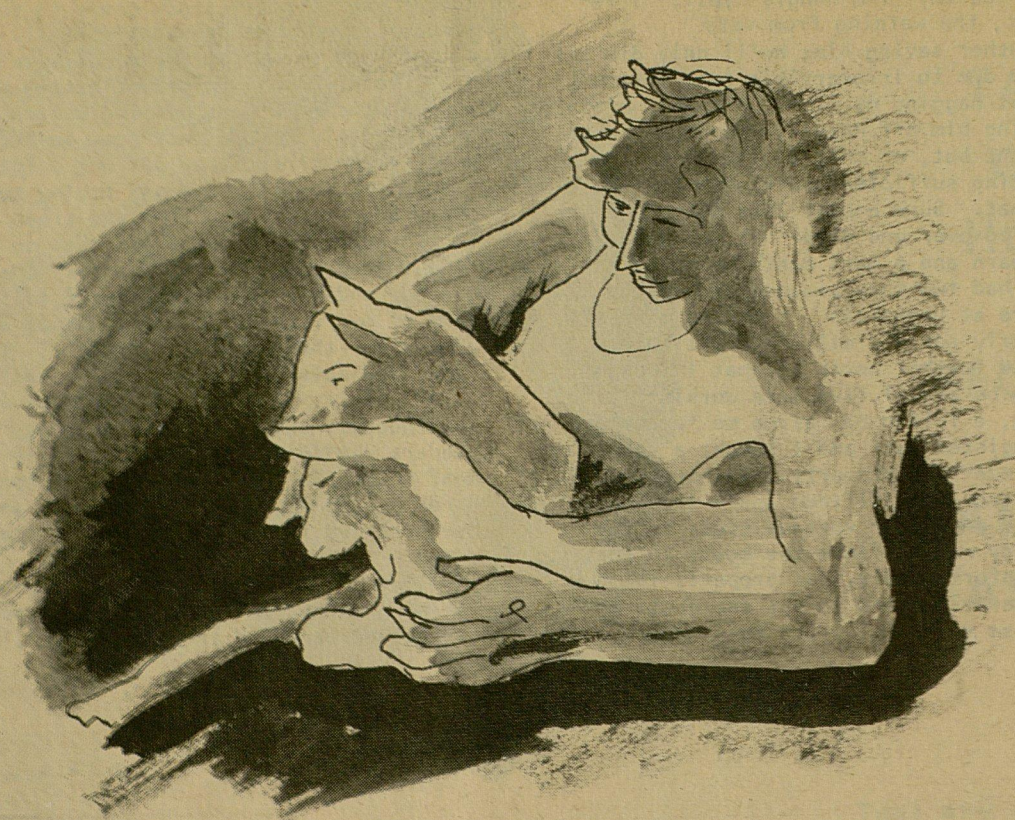
(Never pen your livestock close to your bedroom window if you want peaceful dreams). Hauling alfalfa and straw was torturous. We had to drag heavy bales down a flight of narrow stairs and through the main goat housing before we could get it safely to the tack room in the rear. Hauling the dirty straw out was a lot of fun too.

After several years of trying to tether the goats discreetly away from the trees and teach the sheep that they weren't goats so they really didn't need to strip the bark off the trees, I gave up and kept them all penned in. By then, many of our friends looked to us as a dumping ground for their unwanted animals. You know - "Gee, you have lots of room...wouldn't you like...?" First, we acquired two geese which fought continuously until we found out they were two ganders who couldn't live peacefully in confinement together. Then we got a shetland pony that threw everybody, got cantankerous, and used up our precious time chasing him all over the five acres.

Our chicken raising was just as naive. Thinking it was so "aesthetic" to see the chickens roam around the property "free", we lost a
cont.



"Apu" French Alpine



lot of our vegetables, some chickens and a rooster to the dogs and ended up mistakenly killing the rest only to find out (to our chagrin) that they were full of eggs. They had been laying all over the property - not in the meat little laying roost we built for them. The last straw was when a friend wanted to give us a jackass from Death Valley, wild and untrained. I thought "how nice" and said "no thanks", thinking of all our other misadventures.

I was beginning to see our "working farm" was working us to the point of undue stress. One year ago, on my 38th birthday, I meditated on my problems and made the heavy decision that all

the livestock (except the chickens, now properly penned) had to go. Since I am an animal lover, how to do this gracefully, with dignity, and in harmony with nature, was my biggest problem. So I sat on the problem for a long time. I didn't want them going through any more trauma than they had to. So, I wanted to kill Timothy and Apu (Maggie's castrated male goat companion) myself and save everything, even the skulls. I gave Maggie away to a 4-H'er across town who would appreciate her. The more the weeks went by, the more anxious I became, until a former student just happened to visit, fresh from a couple of years' experience of sheep ranching in Colorado, and turned out to be the perfect guide for my heavy job.

One winter morning, we sharpened all our knives (we thought of using a gun to make it quick but with Apu's horns we doubted it would be quick), and prepared for the ordeal. I led Apu down first to the lower orchard and with

total trust, he followed. My heart cried out, but I followed through, and his death was quick and painless. I learned how to dress out a carcass and use the fat for weatherproofing winter boots. I saved the skins and had them tanned and packaged the meat for the freezer. I admit Timothy was a bit old for slaughter (mutton, really) and Apu's meat was best only for dog food, but I did follow through on my convictions. I cried a lot afterward, and vowed to keep my PRIORITIES straight if I wanted my homestead to work. I knew in my heart that what I'd done was right, yet I still cried out for the absence of the two beautiful creatures I had slaughtered. At the insistence of my lover, I went to a lecture by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross on *Death and Dying*. She helped to broaden my awareness that death is not a finality; persons and animals and creatures never leave us except in body. I came to grips with the idea of death because I realized the essence of Apu and Timothy and all the other creatures that I have lost, in fact, still live on.

Now I tend the fruit trees and chickens and try to keep the grass down and feel a little less stressful and a hell of a lot more knowledgeable about animals. Through all my experiences, I've learned animal care is a full time job and the balance is extremely delicate between how much I can give in time and energy and have justifiable returns.

I have no regrets about my first dreams and I truly can't regret the span where I learned the lessons the hard way. Now, at last, I can be contented with the farmer I have finally become. ♀

THE BLOODING

BY RAY GWYN SMITH

My favorite time of day is the hour before dark. It is then that I am most in tune with the forest, when machine sounds no longer hum in the distance and the air is cool and still. On light summer evenings I stay outside long, listening to the birds settling and owls hooting high in the fir trees. Swallows and an occasional bat swoop low over the meadow. I can feel damp rising from the earth. In the last moments of twilight everything becomes silent; the day shift is over and the night animals are quiet. Then, in the gathering darkness every move I make seems too loud, strident, out of harmony. I stand on the porch and call the cats home. My voice cuts through the air, the valley holds its breath. The cats sit high up trees, invisible in the gloom. They are embarrassed at my crassness. They prefer to wait until I have gone inside, then sneak home anonymously.

Sometimes, in the daytime, I imagine forest animals watching, incredulous, from the undergrowth as I scythe grass, chop wood, speak into the telephone out on the deck. Strange antics they must seem. And so each night I have been putting out scraps of food, an offering, some kind of apology for moving into their territory. This is a multi-species neighborhood...since we are neighbors we might as well be friends.

Last night, as I sat watching from the window, a grey fox came. She moved silently, very cautious, looking over her shoulder into the darkness and running back and forth along the edge of the deck as if to make sure she had not been followed. I could see her clearly, her face small, delicate, eyes set at a slight slant, ears pricked wide open. She was exquisite, a perfect creature of the forest, in her movements, all the wisdom of her ancestry. I ached to reach out and touch the soft down on her flank.

It was painful to remember that as a child I hunted these creatures, chased on horseback with the fox-hunt for miles across the English countryside to the chorus of hounds in full-cry. Fox-hunting, the sport of gentlemen, their black bowler hats, white pique stocks tied immaculately, the neatly tailored jackets, the correct string gloves. And the horses, strong and glossy steaming and panting as we funnelled down lanes, charged over ploughed fields, our heads bowed against the clods of mud flung up by the horses' hooves. The horns, the huntsman's cries of "Gone to earth, gone to earth", and we milled hot, mud-splattered at the covert waiting for the terriers to dig her out of the burrow and the hounds to do their dreadful work.

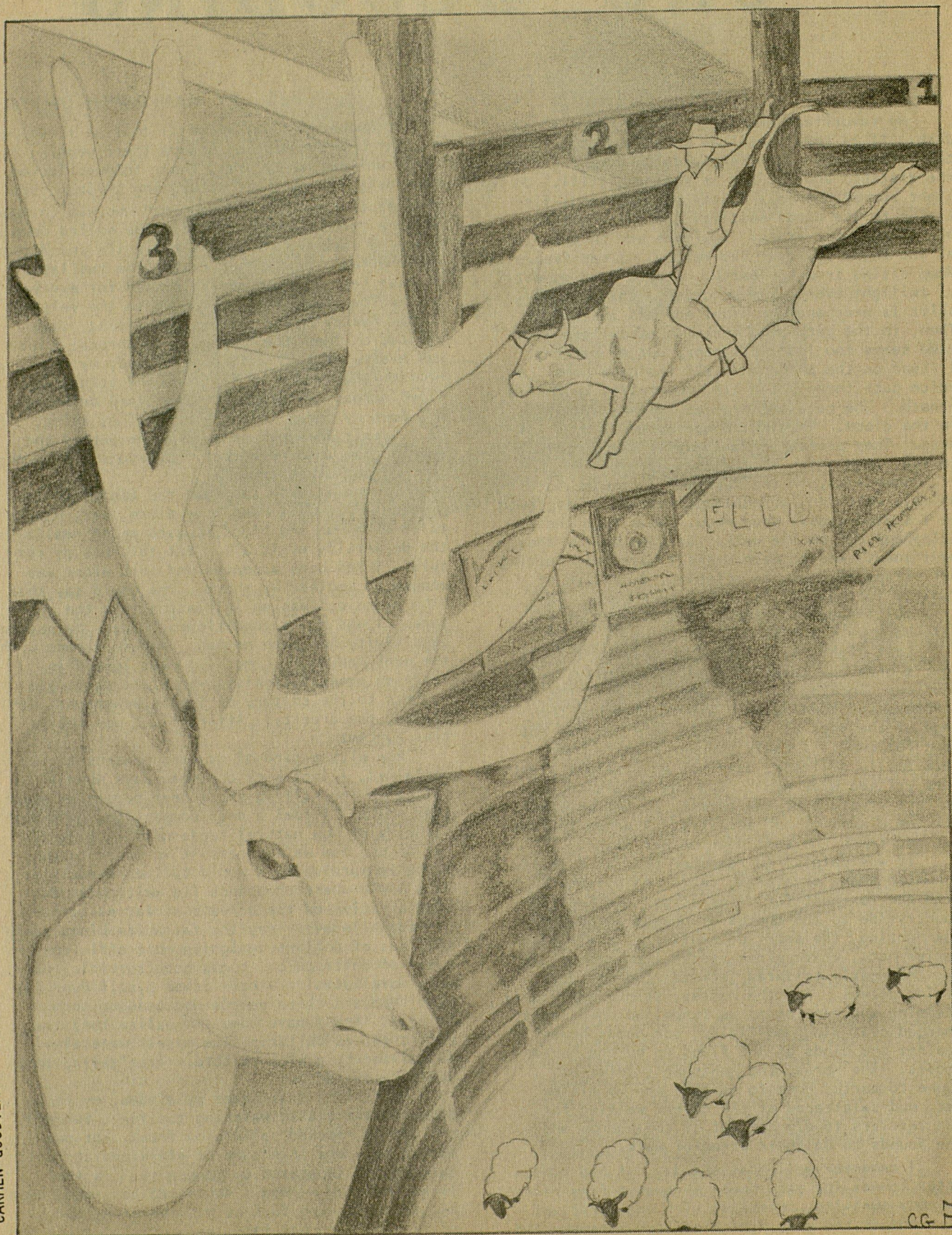
I remember well that one day, I had ridden after hounds for many hours through a fine rain, my pony sweating, trembling with the thrill of it. And at the end, "the bleeding" ceremony and it was I who was chosen.

Dismounted I was so small that as I made my way through the massing hounds their wagging tails whipped at my arms, their tongues licked my cheeks. I remember struggling through them towards the "Master of the Hunt" who was to name me as a "true huntsman" (sic). He smiled down at me as he took from his pocket a knife and hacked off the fox's paw. Then taking the mutilated carcass held it high over his head for everyone to see, before flinging it down to the yelping pack. Hysterical now from the waiting, they pounced on the fox ripping it to shreds; blood was everywhere. I waited paralyzed, my eyes squeezed shut. Then I felt it, the sticky paw wiped across my forehead. The blood dribbled hot down my cheek into the neck of my shirt. "A souvenir for you" he said as he pushed the severed paw into my pocket. Everyone was watching. I dared not cry.

I wish I could say that the confusion and nausea I felt as I rode home alone, wet, plastered with mud and blood, caused me to realize the perversity of it all. But this was my culture. I had been accepted and this alone was enough to smother my shock. One could say that "the bleeding" was an initiation into the culture. I was now a conditioned being. My natural sensitivity had been numbed. And so I rode with the hunt many more times. I even joined in scorning preservationists who wrote desperate letters to the editors of Sunday newspapers deploring the cruelty. After all, I was now "a true huntsman".

Now with a mind of my own, my sensitivity reclaimed, I look back on those days when I joined in the killing and I feel something other than shame. I feel a deep compassion, an understanding of how natural tenderness is squeezed out of us, how we suppress it in order to emotionally survive in a world full of atrocities; in a world where thousands lie waiting to die of starvation on the streets of far-eastern cities while every day the fat white kings spend millions of dollars designing more efficient means of destruction, bombs more terrible, poisons more lethal. I have asked myself over and over "Who are these people who condone such things?" And I have come to realize they are people who as children like myself were also brutalized by a sick culture. Tragically, they never recovered.

Last night I sat near my window, my face close to the glass, watching the fox. Suddenly she saw me, looked up into my face. For one moment only the thin pane of glass and our delicate skulls separated our thoughts. In the light from the window I could see her eyes, keen and shiny staring back at me, the silky curves of fine hair on her face, pale grey blending into russet and I was sorry. God, was I sorry. ♀



MAN KIND?

BY CARMEN GOODYEAR

What animals, non-humans that is, did I see yesterday? I'm sure I saw a good many more than most people. There were the pets: a dozen cats and a dog; the farm animals, goats, chickens, pea fowl; a lucky sighting of a sea otter playing in the waves off the headlands; and at night, by flashlight in the apple orchard, two deer. Friends that live inland on an isolated mountain see occasional porcupines, wild pigs and coyotes. But all these together are so few in number and variety compared to what existed on this continent four hundred years ago, before white men, and I do mean men, came. I acknowledge that men of all races and some women have contributed to the misery or annihilation of much of the earth's animal life, but white men, especially in conquering this last frontier, have surpassed most other civilizations in their barbarous treatment of other species.

I suppose one reason for this is the general lack of intuition, right-brainness, whatever you want to call it, on the part of white, "civilized" men. It seems that as the patriarchy continues to gain power over women and over peoples with more androgynous cultures (i.e., Native Americans) animals continue to lose respect. In this century, in this country, animals have lost not only respect. They are no longer even seen as living beings. They are here only for men's use.

Most women can empathize with other life forms. For this reason I think we could not perpetrate some of the cruelties that are commonly done to animals. We may stand powerlessly by and let them continue, or some women may even participate alongside their masters, but I doubt we could actually create and sustain the structures that now control animals' lives.

Imagine yourself a circus lion. Feel the anger of being caged; genetic memory of the grasslands of Africa making your muscles twitch. Feel this memory grow dim under drugs. Roar when the whip snaps. Jump through a burning hoop in order to eat.

Or worse still, try becoming a cheetah at the zoo. You never leave your concrete box, you pace back and forth, back and forth, the fur rubs off your sides against the metal bars. In most zoos, the large cats have been given larger enclosures either because of their popularity or their inability to survive those conditions. But the smaller ones are still pacing, trapped and miserable. The plaque outside the cheetah cage reads "The Cheetah, swiftest animal on foot, runs down its prey. It has been clocked at a speed of 75 miles per hour."

There's no denying that lions and other cats are dangerous. Something has to happen to them as the human population grows, needing more of their territory for domesticated animals' grazing land. They can't co-exist with us like the deer; their appetites are too large to make them economical pets; cages or death are the only choices. Not wishing extinction for the lion, I support the idea of zoos.

The circuses and zoos as we know them both originated in England. The circus of Roman times was a horse or chariot race. The Chinese had a zoo in 1100 B.C. called the "Intelligence Park" which was strictly an educational and scientific place. What we call a circus began in England in the 18th century. It was carried to its worst extreme by P. T. Barnum in America and seems to be either dying out or reforming itself now. During its popularity it was a show to stimulate the senses. The bright colors and exotic smells were magical but the appeal to the baser senses was overriding. There was the fear and danger of controlling wild animals; there were the trapeze acts with their potential for sudden death and the side shows of freaks. Would women have created the circus?

Zoological gardens began with Henry I in 1100 A.D. They were the playthings of the rich, private menageries of wild animals, aviaries and aquariums. Only the rich could afford to shelter, feed and care for such a range of animals. Today, zoos are supported by the public who go to see the animals for a variety of reasons. Congress founded our National Zoo in 1889 "for the advancement of science and the instruction and recreation of the people." The advancement of science means keeping other species from becoming extinct. For me, part of the instruction comes in watching the monkey pen, watching a mother rhesus protect her clinging baby and growl as the dominant male approaches. In the corner the underling male masturbates. People who come to zoos for only some recreation are generally the ones who don't understand the animals at all. They just want to see the cute bears sitting up or laugh as the huge walrus tries to work her way up the stairs leading out of her tiny pond. Stairs for a walrus?

Zoos have to be near large cities to meet their expenses and, therefore, the animals are more crowded and more harassed by onlookers. Ideally, zoos could be supported by government money, allowing them to move to the country and become game farms or even preserves. In northern Canada, I visited a game farm where many of

cont.

the animals had large pastures. I had to wait by the fence until the musk oxen or hippopotamus came strolling by. Others, such as the cats, were still badly housed, but being a private farm, this was probably due to lack of funds. Further north, we went to the Wood Buffalo National Park, an immense preserve. As we drove across it on a road through the forest, the buffalo watched us approach. Then up flipped one tail and they all stampeded into the woods. In a second they were gone, not a sound, not a movement. Thirty massive animals hiding behind stunted tundra trees.

The priority of this culture is not to preserve animals. When oil is discovered in the Northwest Territories, the wood buffalo will go the same way as the plains buffalo. The direction of life on earth is towards complete extinction of most animal life, except humans and their parasites.

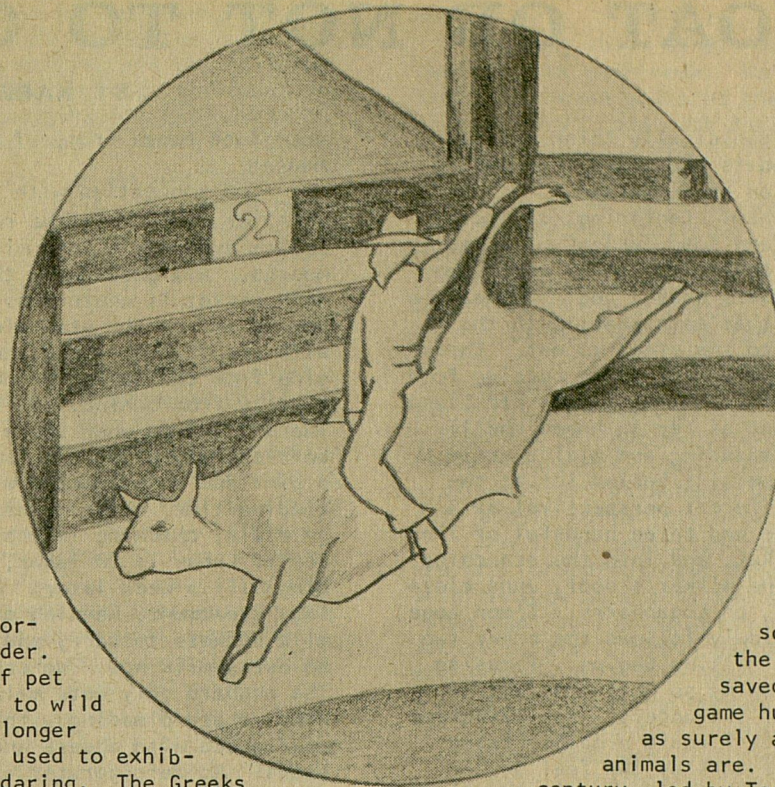
It would seem that domestic animals, after such a long association with men, might have fared better. Women began these symbiotic relationships and as long as women have played some part in farming there has continued to be a mutual respect. In this country we can now see what happens when these "friends of man" lose their guardians, women. Unlike the family farm where women share equally in the work, agribusiness actively bars women from its activities. Sally Hacker (*Second Wave*, Summer 77) documents the incredible misogyny that exists in corporations and university extensions. It is this loss of women in the care of livestock that has allowed animals to be seen only as monetary conversion machines. Put in as few dollars as possible for food, drugs and fencing; get back as much as possible at the slaughterhouse. To keep profits high, animals are kept in the most crowded conditions they can survive. There are feedlots where hundreds of steers or hogs stand packed together, gaining weight from induced hormone imbalance until they're fat enough to ship off to slaughter. There are the chicken batteries where thousands of birds sit unmoving in tiny cages, pecking the food in front of them and dropping their eggs regularly for the automatic egg collector. After a year, when they've stopped laying "efficiently", they're slaughtered. (Because sheep are more economical browsing barren hillsides and because dairy animals must be kept contented for higher production, they haven't fared as badly under agribusiness). The rationale for these cruelties is that as the human population grows we must have more meat, therefore, the small herds and flocks of before won't do. *Diet for a Small Planet* by Frances Moore Lappe exposed this myth for what it is. An artificially-created demand to bring more profits to the corporations. The human body does not need a pound of meat a day.

However, domestic animals raised on traditional family farms or even feminist farms, like my own, don't necessarily escape hardship or trauma. Most of the males and non-producing females are subjected to the livestock auction. I have come to see it as a necessary evil for me. As a vegetarian, I don't want the meat myself

and "turning them loose in the wild" is usually crueler to these domesticated beings than a quick death. If the farm has a surplus of goat kids or lambs, there must be a ready market for their disposal. Feeding them for even a month longer while trying to sell them can use up all the farm's scant profit. The livestock auction is this ready market. Ours is about fifty miles away and is held every Saturday. The prices vary enormously, especially for goat kids who sometimes go for pets at high prices or for meat at much lower ones. Whether the farmer is bringing three goat kids or a trailer truck of old ewes, the auction seems like a necessary appendage to animal raising.

The auction yard itself, however, is what makes me see it as largely an evil. Again the animals are treated as commodities rather than living beings. They wait in filthy, crowded pens and are then herded into the ring by cruel adolescent boys with electric prods and whips. Here they are dragged or prodded around while bid upon and then sent out to another pen to await their fates. A quick death at more merciful. And again this treatment is rationalized in economic terms. Spend as little as possible on pens and hygiene; get as many animals through the ring as fast as possible. A society with its priorities in the right order would perhaps create different yards for different species, more spacious pens, the owner guiding the animals through the ring just as she guided them at home to lessen their terror of the unfamiliar. "But, after all," says the squinty-eyed cowboy, "they're just meat."

The buying and selling of animals has culminated in another modern cruelty, the pet store. Domesticated pets also need a marketplace and probably a clean, well-run pet store where the kittens and puppies are protected from too many "loving" people is the answer. Most pet store owners, by necessity animal lovers, get carried away, however, by their fantasy of running the zoo. So they begin to stock exotic pets, which is a euphemism for captured wild animals. I helped manage a pet store one time and I'll never forget one trip to the wholesale warehouse. It was the usual huge brick building in the industrial part of the city, but filled with cages and cages of captive animals. The hardest to see was a full grown cougar, the owner's personal pet, caged in an eight by eight pen, presumably for the rest of its life. This wholesale animal dealer was not an animal lover in any way; in fact, the sadistic pleasure he derived from his job must have come from intense hatred. There were cages of South American capybaras and Tamandua anteaters. There were litters of baby raccoons and foxes whose mothers had been killed so they could become pets. Who buys these poor animals? Mostly the rich, as the exotic or rare ones are high priced. And why? At best, for the desire to share the consciousness of another species but mostly, I fear, for the desire to control a wild and maybe dangerous animal. One day a black man came into our pet store, wearing the uniform of the Panthers. He wanted to buy a black panther. I was shocked to see the owner look up in her wholesale catalog and read the



CARMEN GOODYEAR

price and shipping information. Captured on order.

This discussion of pet stores had led me back to wild animals. They are no longer plentiful enough to be used to exhibit men's strength and daring. The Greeks and Romans kept leopards, lions, bears, elephants, antelopes, giraffes, camels, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, ostriches and crocodiles to be slaughtered at the gladiatorial shows. Nowadays, it's the domestic animals that are used as entertainment. Rodeos, bullfights, cockfights, horse and dog races all give men a chance to compete using the bodies of other animals. The rodeo is our own American brand. The first official competition in Texas in 1883 was a direct offshoot of roundup time, the working cowboys exhibiting their skills at steer-roping, bronc-busting and bull-riding. This Western male way of subduing animals with violence is unnecessary but at least in those times, the rodeo skills were needed to drive large herds of cattle across the plains. Today we have left only a "show" carried on by rodeo riders who make fantastic money if they don't get injured or killed during the season. The events have been scaled down to the smaller rodeo ring; steer-roping is now replaced by calf-roping. Terrified young animals are chased by two men on horses, lassoed, dragged for a distance, then flung over and tied immobile - all in the fastest time possible. The broncs that are "busted" seem to be relatively manageable horses that are girded with a tight cinch so that they buck until it is removed. In general, the treatment of the animals seems unnecessarily rough and lacking in respect. The "sport" is for human benefit.

The last, but actually most primary, relationship of men to animals is hunting. Universally described as one of man's basic instincts, the connections here are perhaps most clear. In twentieth century America, how much hunting is actually done for food? Deer hunting has degenerated in many cases to a vacation with the boys, a drunken shoot-out in the woods where the maimed or dead animals are left for the

scavengers. Or maybe the head is cut off and saved as a trophy. Big game hunting is dying out as surely as the last wild animals are. But earlier in the century, led by Teddy Roosevelt, men reveled in the killing of rare and inaccessible species, only for the trophy of their head. Even when I know that the whole deer has been eaten and not wasted, it still repulses me to see its head stuffed and mounted. There are two heads on the wall of the auction yard office; their glass eyes stare down on the transactions of other animals' lives.

Deer have learned to co-exist with humans well enough so their numbers are constantly growing. Other wild species still being hunted for meat have not adapted so well and are rapidly being made extinct. The whales have the most notice now and still an international pact to stop their slaughter can't be formed. Is it really a demand for that particular meat or is it the lust to conquer and kill the earth's largest mammal and thereby feel more powerful?

So there's the picture. A canvas covered with caged tigers, terrified calves thrown and tied before cheering crowds, and deer maimed by drunken hunters. It's the picture of how animals have fared under patriarchal culture. What would look different if humans had developed more androgynous ways? I think animals would be treated as the unique and holy living beings that they are. The unquestioned assumption that they only exist for men's use or pleasure would not ever have developed. As women gain more control over our own lives, hopefully we can bring some changes to the lives of other animals.

♀

TO GOAT OR NOT TO GOAT

BY KAREN RAKOFSKY

I am trying to consciously think out my feelings about our goats and about the meeting we had tonight to plan the future.

Why do I want them? Centering, calmness, connection to earth and food cycles, milk and dairy products. My head slows down, stops running through its numbers when I begin to measure out the hay, notice that each goat is in the barn eagerly coming to the stage to eat. Checking for the Little D kid, carefully putting food where she can reach it. Giving 4 year old Llama plenty of hay in front of her in hopes she'll let Little D eat. Measuring and mixing grain. Thoughts of the day melting behind (or at the least taking on a different perspective) as 3 horse, three complete and three handful of linseed go into the bucket, and into the stanchion. Lotus is already at the milker's door, Juna close behind. "Loganberry, oh Loganberry. C'mon Loge, let's go," and she slowly follows the other two onto the stanchion. Milking begins. Focusing in on Loganberry, knowing so well the feel of her udder, of each of the udders. Realizing one night in the barn that I could probably recognize each goat in the dark by the feel of her udder. Loganberry rarely (dare I say never?) fusses on the milk stand. Easy milker. Milk into buckets, thoughts out of head. Singing or thinking goat thoughts. Glancing up to make sure everyone is eating. Strip, dip, weigh. Keep the cats away from the milk. On to Juna. Our prize winner - but I like her anyway. Can be nervous but stays calm if I do. Juna Banoona ... She lets her milk down when I stay centered, attentive, right there with her. Lotus next - calmest milker of all - good one to learn on. Milking her I space further and further out. Brought back by Juna knocking Loganberry in the head about who is eating who's food.

Give an under the tail check - no scours, any signs of heat? Sometimes a quick body rub - check for anything unusual. Then back to the herd and the rest of dinner hay for those three. More grain, then eagerbeavers Llama and Llammas. "Now Llama, hold still while I dip your teats. Ah, got one, now the other. Good. No teat dip spilled tonite." Tail check and back to the herd. Feeding kids. All three hungrily at the door for their hay and grain. Tail checks, and on to see if water's clean and all gates are locked. And goat chores are done save for straining the milk and feeding the bucks.

Why do I like goats? For the rhythm. For cycles other than my own. For getting me out of bed and starting my day constructively. The structure of the schedule helps me to keep my life in order. For giving me the room to space out. For allowing me to relate to non-humans whose demands and realities are so different from those of the women I live with. For giving me clear reason to be home, working here, doing what I enjoy. And for the food - cheese, milk, yogurt, butter, cream, ice cream. All foods I love, basic mainstay of my diet. Know where

your food comes from. I know. I help make it happen.

The connection with it feels positive. This, of course, is the rosy side of it. It's fall - everyone's been milking for at least four months. All goats know that stepping in the milk bucket is unacceptable. They've learned how to get on the stanchion, no more coaxing with sweet words and a handful of grain, or tugging from the collar or pushing exhaustedly and angrily from behind. No kid bottles to feed. There's a time when there are three sets of bottles, day-olds on colostrum, a few weeks with a pint and a few months with a quart. It's not kidding time. Time of high excitement and energy drain, checking in the middle of the night to see if Lahav is in labor, and then her not kidding till a week later. No mastitis now, testing, treatment, keeping milk separate, extra milk buckets to carry and clean, milk to dump. No extra milk now. We can use or sell it all. The rhubarb only gets milk-fed in the spring when we are pleading with people to buy it - are overloaded with cheese and consider taking milk baths. No refrigerator spilling out bottles of sour milk that haven't been delivered. Now is the calm time. I am calm, as are the goats, and the joy I experience with these animals is crystal clear.

However, a change in the goat keeping is happening - a change in method, people, numbers, location, economics. I've been doing goats for two years with a woman who is planning to stop soon. She's been raising goats for eight years and is ready for a change. I, on the other hand, am *not* ready for change - but will change anyway. I like doing the goats the way we are doing them. Upgrading our animals, taking them to shows so we can learn how well we are doing, so people will know our goats and want to buy the kids. Almost breaking even money-wise (but not quite) with sale of kids and milk. Trying to make these goats such fine dairy animals that they can support themselves and possibly even us. But the bubble is breaking. I will no longer have a partner to do this with. Living in a basically non-farming community offers no support for this kind of work. I don't want to do it alone. Last year when my partner was away I considered taking a few goats to the county fair. I talked to other people about it - everyone thought I was slightly nuts to want to spend four days at the fair just to show goats. I didn't go - Juna would have won the second leg of her Grand Championship there. I felt bad about my decision for weeks, but I was not strong enough to go into an alien environment alone. So now it's me and a herd of goats and lots of decisions to make. One clear difference in the goat raising will be economics. My partner has some inheritance money that she has been putting into upgrading the goat herd. Having this money has allowed us to keep goats whose potentials were questionable. It allowed a new

barn to be built and room to dream, dream of a Grade A or B dairy, dream of increasing the potential of the herd by not having the total pressure of both of us working off the farm for money. There was room to try and experiment, to see if these animals could really earn a living for those who cared for them.

All this changes when my partner leaves. I feel ambivalent about having to work extra hours off the farm to support them and spending hours caring for them. So I am faced with trying to decide what to do with this fine herd of goats.

Two women who live on the farm are interested in the goats. Each on a different level. One is mostly interested in continuing to have the goat milk and cheese in our diets. She likes the animals but primarily is interested in the food. The other feels equally interested in the food and in the animals. We tried to figure out how we can work it out. Toying with the realities of having three, four or five milkers, and none, one or two kids. Do we want only as much milk as we can consume and therefore we pay for the goat's keep? Or do we want a couple of goats above that so we can sell the milk and earn some money? That involves deliveries. Neither of them feel open to delivering milk on a weekly basis. Then there's the responsibility of five lives versus seven lives. Both women vacillating about that. There is a difference between five goats kidding or getting sick and seven goats doing the same. There might not be a lot of difference between actually milking three or five, but there's a great difference in dealing with extra milk from five good producers. How many goats do they each feel they can adequately care for? One woman not wanting more than three milkers and two kids. And me, wanting five milkers and two to three kids, wanting to continue upgrading and keep the results of the breeding. Willing to take a third of the responsibility of selling the milk, wanting the goats to pay for themselves. Wanting to keep them on test so the kids will be more easily saleable. But, if they're not interested in part of it, am I willing to do all? I don't

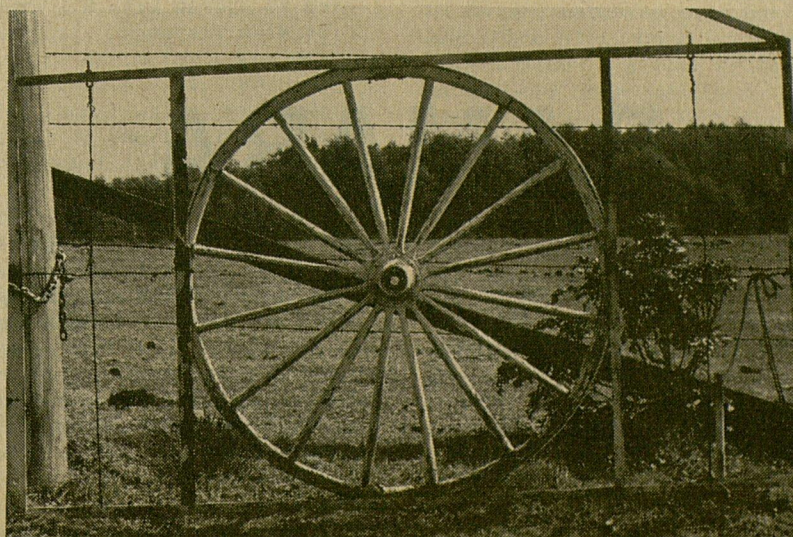
know. For some things probably yes, for others no, not now.

Knowing that, we all work outside for money several days each week. How much energy is there for seven goats at the end of a full day of carpentry? How much desire to spend part of Sunday delivering milk? Is it more appealing to split the cost among all the people here and only keep three goats to meet our dairy needs?

And so, it leaves me having to make radical changes. I moved here having two milkers, then I kept a kid from each of them. I felt pretty content with those goats. When offered the chance to work with the larger herd, I took it, to see what it was like, to make goats a larger part of my life. I got involved. The first year breeding confused me - breed a Nubian to a Nubian and not too much in-breeding was all I could figure out. Now I can see body conformation and udder attachment whereas before I would look and it sorta just looked like goat to me.

Now I can understand upgrading because I see what breedings have done, and can do. I am able to look at a goat and see some of what she lacks and can figure which of the bucks we have access to will improve her daughters. I've had a chance to work with goats on a larger scale. I've just whetted my tongue and it intrigues me. But it is stopping; I have to pull in a lot of the places that were just beginning to expand. Now I have to gather my own goat energy and see what that is.

Entering a new stage. Knowing I have to let go of many ideas, dreams and also many of the goats. Knowing what the three of us do will be different from what the two of us do. Trying to remember that I can still have quiet centering space with even three milkers. I will still be close to these non-humans, these goats I love. This change will free up some time for me. I know that if I really find this size herd not meeting my needs and I am willing to put more time into the goats, I can keep more kids one year and double the size of the milking herd by the next year. Knowing that it's change - and by its nature, not easy. Trying to go into this one with a positive attitude and thereby making it a change for the better. ♀



MARJORIE MOUNT



MARJORIE MOUNT

RAMARA

BY VIRGINIA BUTLER

The day Ramara was born under a warm Taurus sun, I was asleep nearby in tall grass. It was 2:30 in the afternoon. I had given up waiting for her mother Rama to lie down and push out her kids, waiting in vain, because the mother-dame would wait forever if necessary, holding off final labor until she could be left alone to kid.

No hope of dominating this genetic blood-line of females. Rama was the sort of doe who would throw herself over a cliff to die rather

than submit to management by a human being. No cliff available, she would elude me by climbing up a blank wall or board fence as a young doe, jumping away, running to turn and face us with defiance. When her kids were raised and safely outside her immediate need, she would condescend to give her milk into a milk pail, enough milk for my needs and a little over for the cat and the dog, the chickens and the turkeys.

About 3:00 PM I suddenly woke up as if from

a dream. It could have been the tall Oregon grasses moving in the breeze that woke me, or it could have been a sound from the kidding room...On soft-sole, I moved up to the doorway, without breathing, searching the shadows for signs of new life in the hay. My eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness. Two large doe kids were standing, one on each side of their mother, eagerly sucking. Dry, clean, tails away in ecstasy. Bodies good, weight eight pounds each, or more. One was a basic red-brown color with even, large, white spots. Feeling deeply, not thinking too hard, I stared in joy at the second doeling. Perfection of form and an exact reproduction of her mother, a silver blue with white crown and white ears, *Ramara*.

A goat woman I am, from my first early-life childhood under my germanic-english grandmother's tutelage. In the backyard in Glendale, California before the Depression, my grandmother raised Toggenburgs. Now, today, I have forsaken the Alpine breeds in order to spend half my life raising a female family line of Nubians. *Ramara* is tenth generation. *Ramara's* ancestresses came from Africa and Palestine and other Mediterranean lands. Perhaps *Ramara* and I would be more attuned to one another if I were of African or Mediterranean genes. Or, if she had anglo-germanic traits more in evidence.

The way things are, I know that *Ramara* has touch with the millenia, her genetic imprint reaching back through time and places which are a mystery to my time and places, to my background millenia. I, a woman of the ancestral sunrising seashore of England, born beside a warm sunset seashore of California, am thus even farther way from the land of *Ramara's* Nubian origins. I whose genes were prepared under northland conditions now learn to know her, my African doe.

She and I stand apart from one another as alien earthlings, but in love and admiration. She has black skin and slanting eyes. She has, in her understanding, rhythms unfelt by me. On a warm day *Ramara* and her daughters seek the warm sun. Her black skin protects her from the dangerous rays that would threaten the well-being of a pink-skinned goat of the up-eared Alpine types. *Ramara's* ears are long, hanging down, preventing sunburn and wind damage or entry of blowing sand or dust. *Ramara's* milk is sweet and rich, creamy for quick fattening of kids and fast growth to achieve early independence without plentiful summer water, on lands of desert. Her lactation is shorter than that of cold-country does who must lead their young over snowy crags and down into valleys two winters before turning them away for the new generation to be born.

She knows her value; *Ramara* is not to be toyed with, and she would make a shambles of a show or a fairgrounds. She is of value to the small farmer, collective or tribe, in a small herd of goats, of her own-family only. She doesn't tolerate outsiders or commotion. Back through fifteen thousand years...she can feel herself as the provider, robbed of her freedom and independence, forced to spend her days inside a small fenced area or barn or on the end of a tether-rope, prevented from doing her nor-

mal things, like browsing from plant to plant, free to sleep on clean grass or soil or sand or warm rock, free to hide away, alone...

I attempt to help *Ramara* achieve some independence from her domestic duties by opening the gate showing her the faraway woodland (100 yards away)...and then the shock comes to her and to me, just as it must come to a freed slave and owner. She recoils and shrinks before the distance she must venture to the pay-for-work area, browsland. She would rather stay in her welfare state, feeder and feed pan full, kindness of her keeper, paying me reluctantly when I fasten her in her stanchion and pull from her my own demands. *Ramara* is not my companion by choice, and yet she loves me. I find her eyes searching after me, lovingly, almost imploringly, when I am not looking her way. I turn suddenly, accidentally discovering that look on her face, but she closes her eyes quickly and turns away.

Ramara had a yearling daughter at her side whom she had nursed as a kid. The yearling kidded on her first birthday, one large healthy doeling. *Ramara* was on the milk stand the morning following her young daughter's first kidding. I fastened the yearling to the feeder and began to attempt to milk out her colostrum for the new granddaughter. A fight to the finish. The yearling wasn't going to let me do it. The feelings in the milkroom were full of anxiety, fear, life and death from birth pains, hate and anguish from separation, and love and devotion, all the myriad multitude of feelings that come at birthings. I was failing to get any colostrum. The life of the newborn depended on it. The yearling also refused her kid, her udder too small, her teats also, her gangling legs too long, nature in her rebelling at the responsibilities that come along with motherhood. She is still a daughter, not a mother yet.

I am struggling for this colostrum. Anger clutches at my muscles as I tie her tighter and hold her down. The colostrum squirts loudly into the container in heavy, golden, yarn-size threads. The yearling screams out her dismay. I rest my hands and look away toward the matrix, *Ramara*, who stands in silence upon her milkstand watching me. Our eyes, pupils dot and sharp slit, bore into each other. On this goat's face is a look of such intensity that I am ashamed of my selfhood, my humanness, my human-animalness. This goat is intelligent, she has intelligence! She thinks, she understands, she feels for me and her daughter. Communication between *Ramara* and me. Anxiety, imploring for understanding of needs. Her eyes close tight under my stare. She turns her head into the corner.

I get up off my knees, put the colostrum in a safe place, untie the yearling, speaking gently, knowing that she could talk intelligently out of a living soul if her tongue, mouth, throat, voicebox could only form words, words of the human-being language. I am certain of this knowledge, now; ten generations of creation is my experience, the empirical wisdom of our femaleness together. ♀



GERI AGER

the mothering instinct

by Auguste Elliott

house shakes with the fury of a winter storm

walls sweat with the breath of babes
new babes, nested in their mother's own

plastic windows no fair match for whirlwinds
babes squeal at the gust of cold

mother grows wild-eyed, afraid for all their lives
milk grows thick as clotting blood - how could they all survive?

and so, in instincts's one quite final act
with roaring thunder there to urge her on
the fluffy doe did all of what she must
by eating, one by one, her precious young.

RABBIT JOURNAL

BY CATHY BAUER

August 19

The day before yesterday, when I went out the front door, I almost stepped on a rabbit sitting on the welcome mat. I tried not to startle him and whispered for the others to come and see.

I needn't have bothered worrying about startling him.

He spent the day on the porch eating tomatoes and peppers we pilfered for him from our canning stores, and he relaxed there while five adults and three children traipsed in and out all day. And while he sat, he listened to the dulcimer.

He wouldn't go home. Or else he decided he *was* home.

All day I wondered what to do about him. He didn't seem sick, but I considered taking him to the veterinarian to see. He had a couple of old-looking wounds on his back that I treated with Vitamin E oil - the frustrated veterinarian at work!

In the evening we put him at the bottom of the porch stairs, hopefully convincing him that he really didn't want to adopt us. He was in no hurry to go, in fact, two days later, he hasn't really left yet. I see him looking through the garden fence. He stands outside the dogs' yard and torments them. He explores the underbrush in the manzanita. And he continues to eat peppers and tomatoes that I continue to take him.

Sometimes Rabbit will be gone for an hour or so doing whatever it is that he does. But before long I'll hear the dogs bark, and there will be little gray Rabbit.

He's likely the same rabbit that has kept the garden totally pruned of anything but squash and pumpkin plants, despite the impressive-looking but non-rabbit-proof fence. I should make rabbit stew.

He knows vegetarians when he sees them.

Michelle wanted to keep him, to make a place for him to stay. We talked of how he doesn't belong to us, how he belongs to himself. She understood it very well.

It's a lot more special to have Rabbit trust us and come around us because *he* wants to, not because he is forced to.

It's nice to have Rabbit for a friend.

November 3.

I've promised to pick pumpkins tomorrow.

I've promised it before.

So when will I do it?

Patient orange gourds, don't stop waiting.

Don't go with the rain and the frost into waste. I'm coming, I'm coming.

The jars await you; they drum their fingers

anxiously against their boxes and dream of winters filled with pumpkin pies and pumpkin soup, hearty Aztec food. I feel their anger against me for letting you lie there in the garden, your vines dead and blackened around you. If those jars could do it, they would pick you; they would show me up by doing it themselves.

It's not that I'm ungrateful. No, I am softened with the abundance of your generosity, am thankful for the harvest that awaits. It's just that time no longer moves for me; there is no tomorrow in which you will rot until that tomorrow suddenly presents itself to me, and I am much surprised by it.

And then it is too late.

Rabbit himself shows his disapproval at my laxness; he never ate pumpkins before - now he has gone past the peas and lettuce of spring, through the tomatoes of summer, the apples, the pears, the peppers - and now he has come down to the pumpkins of autumn. I am embarrassed by his efforts at salvation, chagrined by the stores he is building up under the woodpile where he lives. He carries an apple into his wooden cave; he harvests another pumpkin.

And the jars that meant to show orange through their sides stand empty.

Tomorrow I will pick pumpkins.

November 4..

The pumpkins encountered now, 387 pounds of them, this year's largest, 65 pounds.

Is that how we measure success, by size alone?

What about the one that grew from a vine that scaled a Ponderosa, grew to my promises of getting it pictured, never doing it.

Or what of the one so small and perfect it could not be individually weighed, or the one shaped like a jalapeno pepper - the closest we got to peppers this year, as Rabbit got *very* close to them while they were still seedlings.

Or the one that bled into my hand when its stem was severed, and I swear that I could hear its pain.

Volunteers, all of them; gifted honestly from the earth, a bonus of abundance from seeds we never planted.

My shirt anchored around my waist, the coolness of orange skin is a welcome contrast against my own.

Carrying them back up towards the root cellar, I step over an oak leaf prostrating itself against the dampened earth; red, green, yellow and brown all at one time, telling me winter will be following behind. And the water no longer flows from the well to the garden, is now intercepted by the house alone.

cont.

"Still Rabbit" January 13.

Rabbit, soon five months. His escape and mine, so close to each other, so paralleled. And together we had run for the freedom of the trees.

He tells me the day's weather with an unprecedented accuracy. If it is to rain or to snow, there is Rabbit, out early, foraging the garden for what will chase the hunger when the clouds run in. An hour, maybe two, before the skies fill, he is curled warm into the uterine woodpile.

And then we know the snow.

Rabbit, his granite-backed fur digging at the compost, riding the mulch bales to crop the grass, accepting a summer tomato, the lettuce of a contrived spring, now, when the garden itself holds autumn crops, the heaviness of pumpkins and roots, the gift of winter grass from the hay.

Rabbit, learning more the ways of the natural world, a direct contrast to his chosen garden; twitching an ear now at an unexpected noise where before he would have not heeded it, catching the scent of a stranger approaching, talling himself to his small limit on hind legs and passing a newly-cautious eye to suspicion.

Rabbit, learning the paranoia of survival.

And this spring, my friend, we must again close the garden's gate, or of this community it will only be you who eats; you, as you check pea vines not yet beyond cotyledon leaves; you, as you mouth to extinction the plants that would never bear peppers.

Give me at least that power; we're in this together. Let me see that we all may eat; let me show you, teach you?, how much more plants can do with a little of the time you would not give them. Let me show you that there is not the urgency you fear, that we are one, that we breathe and eat and survive not at each other's expense.

Let me show you I know you're there and that I am softened by your acceptance.

Rabbit, in the garden, under the woodpile, up the driveway sniffing at the car; wood in the stove - pine to cheer the fire; oak to solemnize it. And cedar to love it to sleep.

This - and the twisted dreams and fantasies of a broken sky.

January 25.

I have not seen Rabbit for several days, and I fear for him. The lettuce left before his woodpile lies untouched. The grass on the hay grows unchecked.

And within me I feel the emptiness of that fear, the loneliness, and resent those emotions as invalid - as intrusions upon his right to live and breathe and even die as he sees fit. I have no right to either control or regret.

Were you but a dream I created, a life I clayed? Have you outlived what purpose I may have read into you?

And will you come again?

Rabbit, stay. Don't leave me yet. Don't run in fear and sudden mistrust. Don't give yourself to the dogs and the coyotes and the

hawks that you have outrun for these past five months.

But even if it were not so, even if you are only spending a few extra days curled into your hidden burrow, even if you are alive and comfortable and only a temporary loss, even if you were to return, unaware of the pain I feel, even if you were to stay another six months, a year, three, I know I would be no more ready than now to withstand the loss as you no longer appear, no longer share what we have known together.

Rabbit, please.

I ache for you.

"Between" January 27.

Still I watched at the woodpile, expected to see him in the garden or on the hay, listened for the feet that did not rustle the brush.

Still he was not there.

And when I could at last allow myself the truth of a tear cold against my cheek, I knew with dread the pain of that acceptance. I! I who had sworn it, who had said, No; I will not allow it, will not let myself be overcome by a feeling, a love, that will only turn on me in the end and bare its monstrous teeth in laughter.

But I remain a fool. A fool who wants not to love, not to care - a fool who cannot deny people and incidents and rabbits and dogs in the feeble attempt to avoid the pain that must at last be endured.

And still the granite-backed rabbit did not dance on the tin sheltering the woodpile, still the lettuce did not move from the gravel.

This morning, asleep, the sun itself not yet opening its wintered eye, I hear you as you go out, the door closing quietly behind. And, still asleep, I hear it open again, listen to your boots upon the steps, feel you lean onto the bed and kiss me awake.

"Rabbit's back," you said.

February 4.

It's rather like losing a child. I see him at times quite far from here, from the woodpile which was his home. We come upon burrows he has dug and left.

He comes back maybe once a week now for a good meal and to do his laundry.

And then he says his good-byes and is gone again into the big world he has found.

But he comes home again; he remembers.

"Rabbit's Leaving" May 1.

Seven months you were here. It was the time you needed, the space, between what had been and what you had yet to know. It was the semester of survival before you believed you could go.

And now your woodpile stands empty while you love the new world you have found. And now, with the passing of the snows, you have trickled away, slowly, until this time - until you and I are both secure in your going.

Funny, how it went. Not sharply, with that sudden agonizing moment of separation. Instead you went slowly, testing out your new life a few

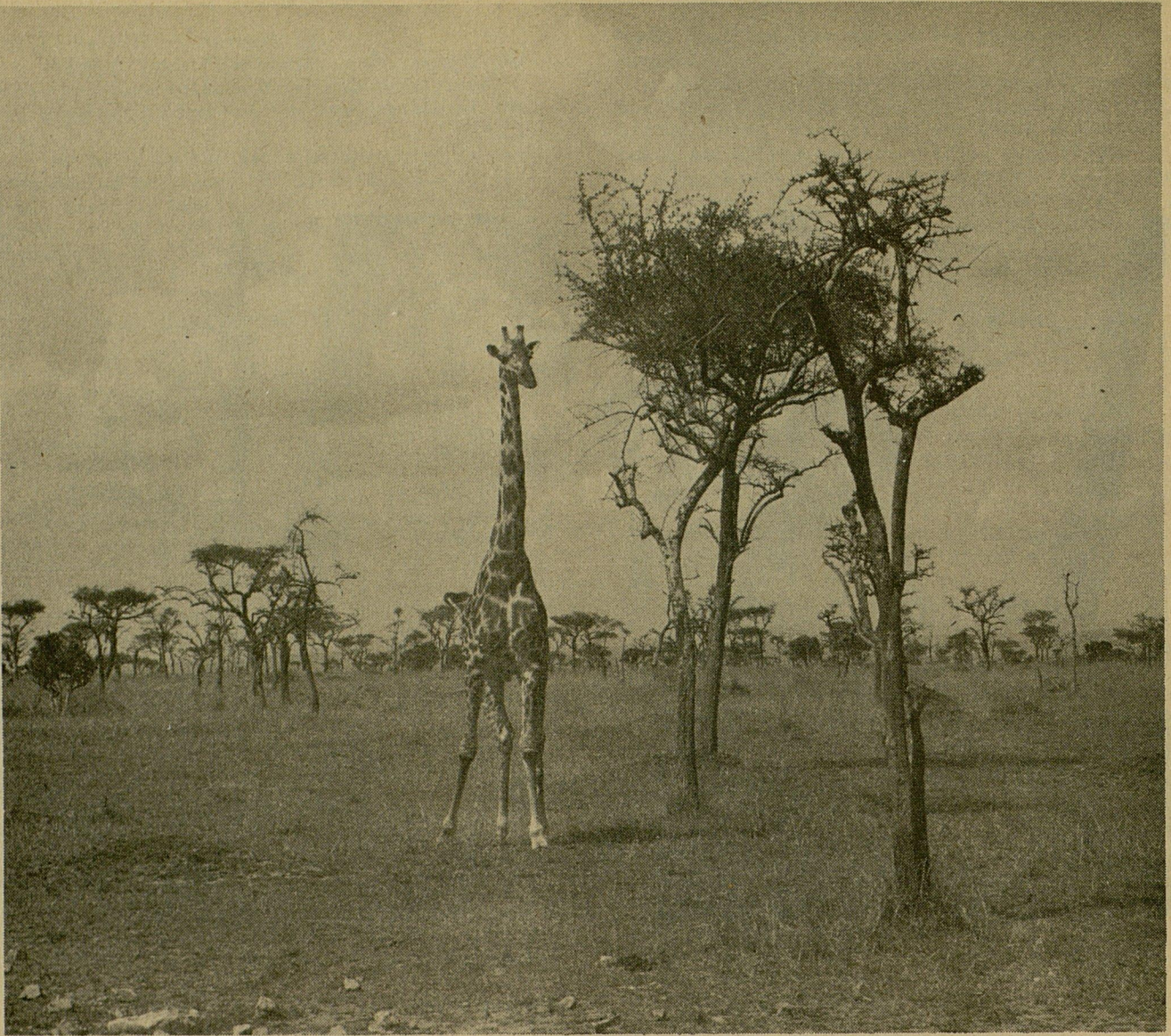


RASBERRY

days at a time until, with a determined gradualness, you were gone without my awareness. And I thank you for that ease.

Now you are nocturnal, a rabbit of the forest and not of a woodpile. A rabbit whose friends have longer tails and longer ears than you, whose fur is brown instead of gray. And when I see these rabbits cross the road in fear before my car, I think to them that once I had a friend like them, that once I loved a rabbit who they now know.

And I am glad that you are your own. ♀



JENNY THIERMANN

where wildness roars:
tasting the african plains

BY JENNY THIERMANN

"Sunrise is always about seven here on the equator," I remember hearing, as I rise and leave the tent. Indulging in a long luxurious stretch, time dissolves in this rosy sunrise on an African plain. A distant yet large bulk of black buffalo ambles toward a mudhole. Nearby, a lanky giraffe nibbles the sparse thorny tree-tops.

Face to face with Africa! I came to Kenya to experience just this. In the early morning flush, I feel a dawning comprehension of a homeland of wild animals, of a balanced time in a planet's life before humans tip the scale at the expense of other life forms. Films and books lead me to believe East African wildlands are being swallowed up quickly, but this morning I am caught in a vastness that is ageless, wild, and impenetrable.

Huge crested cranes fly over; their atavistic cries prickle my spine. I feel every one of those thirteen thousand miles I am away from the raven's caws and the common brown sparrows of home. Small birds caught in binoculars shine exquisite feathers of turquoise, chartreuse, red, and yellow. So many new animals to meet: from shy warthogs, grazing on their front knees or scuttling away, to menacing buffalos staring at me, their eyes soulful yet far from placid.

My interest and concern for animals brought me to this corner of the world to witness a remnant animal paradise. I become absorbed in this new art of game viewing; finding the small shapes on the horizon that might be rhino, or the lumps in the grass that might be lions. Mammals the size of jackrabbits turn out to be dik-diks, diminutive antelopes. Wildlife, hidden to the novice's view, reveals itself to an experienced eye. For you definitely see a small floating island before you see the hippo, or a dirty log before it becomes a crocodile.

Unfortunately, my safaris became tinged with sadness, as the political and social realities of wildlife conservation became apparent.

Before World War II, wildlife in East Africa was surviving, although it had been fifty years since it was flourishing. Big game hunters had had to put up with a certain amount of danger and hardship to get their trophies, and white colonists hadn't yet managed to eradicate the herds. The hunting lifestyle of native peoples never threatened the extinction of the wild animals.

But after World War II, it appeared fated that the unique African wildlife would have to make way for hungry people and an increasing number of greedy men. New weapons, new roads and transportation, and a population boom, all helped to confine the animals in the "zoos" they are in now. In Africa, it took me awhile to realize that the animals were just in another type of zoo: large land tracts in their own countries similar to our national parks. The land given to a few parks is large by our concepts, some 6,000 square miles, but unlike our parks, where often we have preserved the most beautiful or unique places of our country, in

East Africa, the land for reserves is the worst land, often uninhabitable for people and their stock because of the tsetse fly or lack of water. Except for a few very small parks, it was not variety and numbers of wildlife that determined the areas for preserves.

My travels were primarily in two large areas: Masai Mara, the northern Kenyan tip of the Serengeti, and Tsavo, the largest but most arid and barren game area in the world.

Park land is surrounded by an area where hunting is permitted and Masai tribes live. It serves as a buffer zone between the animals and the densely populated human areas. Most of the large animals are confined to these areas, although ranchers did tell me of cheetah and lion preying on their cattle and goats. But predators are disappearing quickly along with peaceful herd animals that used to frequent large sections of the plains areas of the Kenyan and Tanzanian countryside.

When I was staying in a moderately sized city, Kisumu, on the shores of Lake Victoria, I could walk down to the lake and see a few hippos floating offshore, and a herd of impala grazing on the narrow grassy banks next to the road. One afternoon a six foot monarch lizard crawled across the road. Were these ghostly survivors of the past?

I was delighted because it is so unusual to see any wild animals mingling in residential areas in this country. And my first experience at Masai Mara left me feeling animals had space, protection, and plenty of food. Wildebeest herds of maybe 40,000 spread over the plains: gnus as far as the eye could see. It was awesome to realize how much land was needed to support such a herd, but all the animals looked healthy and well fed.

What a contrast to Tsavo, where the area was caught in a long drought and the poverty of the animals was overwhelming. Nothing to eat but dry sticks. All the grey leafless baobab trees were debarked as far up as elephants could reach. Elephants can eat 600 pounds of food a day and I couldn't see how they were getting even 10. One baby was so weak it could barely walk. How I longed for a truckload of alfalfa, anything to relieve the misery in the animal's eyes. Elephants know where to go when drought strikes, but these were destined to die because they were crowded into this arid land. No more land is available to extend their ranges. They were due for a "cropping". Cropping is a method of reducing elephant populations by killing entire kinship groups. As elephants form a defensive circle, the mothers face outwards while the young and babies are tucked between their legs or hidden behind their massive bodies. The hunters spread in a semi-circle around the tightly bunched elephants and open fire with semi-automatic rifles. They shoot the large cows first, whereupon the younger members mill about in hopeless confusion unwilling to abandon their dead leaders and herd mates. So the hunters can quickly kill the rest. No survivors are left, so word doesn't spread between ele-

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PAT BASS

phant groups. However, when we approached, the elephants nervously formed defensive circles in the distance, undoubtedly remembering the last cropping in Tsavo. In Masai Mara, we had been able to approach elephants within 30 feet with no signs of alarm. Here I watched from a distance an elephant digging in the dry riverbed for water. I couldn't understand how any animals would survive much longer, yet four months after I left, my sister wrote and told me rain had still not come to Tsavo.

Kenya has the highest birthrate in the world at 3 and one half percent annually. Families of 13 children are common and Kenya is a rich enough country so that few infants die. The land demand for a growing population is a constant pressure on the animals' few remaining preserves.

Also the greed of the wealthy is facing many animals with extinction. For example, ivory exports rose from 90,000 pounds in 1970 to 900,000 pounds in 1973. Illegal yet flourishing. Before 1970, the regular demand was supplied almost entirely by "found ivory" from elephants dead of natural causes, by tusks sold by sport hunters who had to purchase a license for each elephant they wished to kill and by the Game Department which shoots troublesome elephants. Hunting elephants for any other reason is illegal. Since 1970, exports exceeding traditional levels are said to be a result of illegal elephant hunting. In fact, it is common to refer to elephants by the poundage of their tusks: "I saw a 140 pounder today." The elephants' plight is similar to that of our west coast redwood trees. Both have few enemies save hunters. All the old elephants (trees) are on the edge of extinction, but the demand for products goes up so it takes even more young elephants (trees) to meet the demand. Thus the demise of the species.

Virtually all of the killing of the animals, either by big game hunters (Asian or white businessmen who fly in for weekends to shoot an elephant or lion, scouted out by native guides, and probably handfed for a week beforehand, so the animal will be around when the "hunter" arrives), or by poachers, or by a few remaining tribal people, is done by MEN. The society in East Africa is more male-dominated than our own. I saw no female game wardens or tourbus drivers. All privileged positions, even those of game lodge and restaurant workers, are held by men. The governments of Kenya and Tanzania now endorse the principle of conservation because it seems to be a bargaining card in deals with the powerful western countries. (Who rules the world is pretty clear when you sit under a Coca Cola umbrella in a cafe in Mombassa and hear U.S. country music.)

The people of East Africa (with exceptions, of course) seem to have little respect for their heritage of wildlife. Unfortunately, they have no access to it for one needs a vehicle to go through the game parks and only a tiny percentage of the population has a car. People that do run into the wild animals, do so in areas of competition for land so the animals are the enemies. The educated people care little also, for they identify the wildlife emotionally with the white men, hunters, tourists, and with a primitive past they wish to forget. Education seems dangerously slow in turning the people on to their own natural treasures.

Our country is no shining comparison in attitudes towards animals what with our rodeos, sport hunters, and trigger-happy cattle ranchers. In both countries, the style has been set by MALES.

I kept wondering, if women were in charge, would things be different? Can there be mutual respect between species, cooperation instead of conquest, or domestication without slavery? Are there basic female qualities in relating to animals? Are there basic female qualities at all?

It does seem in the biological world that all forms of psychic variation occur with both male and female forms. In the insect and fish worlds, where female forms are generally larger and stronger, the females are more predatory and aggressive. In some songbirds, where sex differences appear minor, there exist beautiful models of cooperation between the sexes. Both male and female birds build the nests, sit on and protect the eggs, and share in raising the young.

What do I know of mammals? Although there are exceptions, the male forms are usually larger, more aggressive, and less careful of the young. Obviously, I would have to do behavioral studies of the sex differences in all mammals to back up these generalizations, but what I found myself doing in Africa was looking at the animals' social organization to see if any relevance emerged between the type of society and the gender in power. Let me tell you about three African mammals which tantalized my thoughts about the relationship of the power structure of a species to the quality of life for its members.

The first is the lion, where the male is "the king of beasts". The second is the hunting dog, where equality between the sexes appears operative, and the third is the elephant, where the matriarch rules.

Lions

If you are a lion, you live in a group called a pride. Most commonly there are 10-20 members but sometimes as many as 40. You share territory and sometimes sleep and hunt together. You change companions frequently within the pride and roam alone or in small groups.

If you are a male, you are only a temporary member and are expected to leave either alone or with brothers or pride mates when you are between 2 and one half to three years old. Sometimes you leave when you feel like it; other times you are driven out by older males or nomadic males who come in to take over your pride. Your life becomes very insecure once you leave your first pride. Fewer than 10% of you reach old age. There is a 75% chance you

will be killed by hunters, snares, or battles with other male lions. Also you might starve from wounds, sickness, and the difficulty of finding kills.

However, when you are at your prime, you are gloriously master of the plains, stronger and larger than female lions and able to take over their kills easily. During hunts, you trail behind the pride and kill only one fifth of your food, managing to steal the rest from others; you reluctantly share the meat with other males in order to avoid fights and sometimes let cubs eat with you. You never share the kills with the females until you are full.

You try and defend your position in a pride and your territory by scenting it well and roaring nightly to advertise your presence. But you never know when another male or two will attempt to drive you out. Sometimes when you fight your way into a new pride you will kill the cubs.

Pride membership is a form of life insurance, because you can sustain yourself at kills made by other pride members. But when you are old, you almost inevitably lack such membership.

If you are a female lion, you outnumber the males 3 to 1. You often stay with your pride sisters for life. When you are 2 and one half to 3 years of age, you can choose to leave the pride and take up a nomadic lifestyle. If you do, chances are that you will never raise cubs. You will have them but most likely desert them. If you stay with the pride, you have a more secure place to raise cubs. You accept new males taking over the pride from time to time. However, no new lioness can join your pride without a battle.

When the pride hunts, you and the other pride females are in the lead and do most of the chasing and killing. At the kills, you try and gobble down any meat you can before the males arrive and drive you off. Your cub raising is sporadic; often you desert litters or let them starve, driving cubs off at kills with fierce blows. Sometimes you take meat back to young cubs. When your cubs survive and are 3-7 weeks old, often you combine them with other litters and raise them communally. Although you are loath to share meat, you permit cubs of other litters to suckle.

If you are a lion cub, you have only a 30% chance of surviving the first year. Hyenas, jackals, and new male lions coming into the pride will kill you if you are left unattended. Your mother will desert you or let you starve more often than not. If you survive the first weeks in your thicket, your mother then takes you to join the pride, where you quickly learn existence revolves around a quest for meat. You survive on other's kills until you are 5 months old, when you can follow the lionesses on their hunts. When you are one year old, you participate fully in the hunts.

As a species, lions surprisingly survive well in the wild, for in spite of a high mortality rate among the cubs, adult female lions have no predators and can produce many cub litters in a lifetime.

Hunting Dogs

If you are a hunting dog, sharing is a major feature of your life and extends to all pack activities. Your family usually has about ten dogs in it but can have as many as forty. The

pack stays closely together rather than wandering in small groups. You are excellent hunters and cooperate skillfully to bring down prey, often as large as zebras. You share in all pack activities regardless of your sex, whether it be hunting, guarding, or caring for pups.

If you are an adult dog, you retreat from the carcass at a kill and ward off jackals and hyenas until the pups have eaten their fill. Then all adults eat together. If there are pups and guard dogs back at the den, you regurgitate meat for them.

There are hierarchies among individuals in your pack but these are based on particular antipathies between individuals rather than on any sexual or social roles. Your pack is led by one or two dogs who decide when to hunt and move. Moving is your way of life and you only stop when a female is ready to deliver pups. The entire pack delights in raising the pups for three months, before it returns to its nomadic wanderings. All dogs stay with the pack for life. This custom necessitates packs splitting in half when numbers get large. There is a lot of affection, play, and fondling among dogs.

Although hunting dogs are excellent reproducers and hunters, they are scarce in the national parks. Sometimes entire packs are killed by distemper, but no one has figured out for sure why dog numbers aren't increasing.

Elephants

Elephants live in families of ten females and young males. Most families belong to larger kinship groups which hang out a few hundred yards apart, always within hearing distance. Families combine to fight predators and intermingle around water holes.

Elephant society is a relatively peaceful matriarchal one. Families are led by a succession of mothers and daughters, and females stay with their mothers their whole lives. There is

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a head matriarch, usually the oldest cow, maybe fifty years old, who is related to all. Her great memory and experience is the herd's defense against drought, floods, and hunters. The herd turns to her in times of stress and follows her behavior.

Elephants have terrific threat displays, trumpeting and flapping their huge ears; behavior which prevents much actual violent contact among themselves. The only time elephants attack other elephants seriously is when the males become eleven to thirteen years of age and start acting sexy. Then they are attacked and driven from the families. That marks the end of any permanent attachment between bulls and their family unit although often they linger at the edge of the family for a few more years.

Bull society is fluid, somewhat similar to lions but much friendlier. Bulls hang out alone or with other males for short periods of time. Usually a bull will be within a mile of other elephants. Bulls do a lot of play fighting, checking their position in a hierarchy among themselves. Tolerance between bulls is stretched only when the female is in oestrus, but usually sheer size and threat displays are enough to establish a right to mate.

A personal account of a woman who lived in the bush with her husband for four years studying elephants sums up elephant society thus:

"By photographing elephants day in and day out, I soon discovered that they showed many of the old-fashioned virtues: loyalty, protection and affection towards each other... For elephants, unity of a family is one of the most important things in their lives. I was deeply moved by the constant affection and care which they showed every day within the families; mothers, daughters, sisters, babies all touching and communicating with each other in a very loving way. Stability seemed to be the key to their security. Unlike us they do not have male parents or companions living with them, but perhaps for elephants this is an advantage because they have to deal solely with female problems. They frequent the males only when they need them for mating, and when the bulls arrived, the same greeting and touching ceremony took place. The matriarchs not only perform the usual maternal tasks, but also the roles which we tend to think of as male - leading and defending the family units extremely sufficiently. Whatever the reasons, these female-led families remain united and extremely stable."

I was thrilled to learn about this vegetarian matriarchal society in one of the largest and most intelligent mammals. I say intelligent because of a brain characteristic similar to humans. Most mammals' brains (except humans) are near their adult weight at birth. Elephants' brains at birth are 35% of their weight at maturity. Elephants have a prolonged immaturity of ten years, a time of learning which makes their eventual development all the greater. In humans, long childhood and late puberty are factors associated with the evolution of intelligence. A matriarchy united by loyalty and affection rather than fear and/or sexual dependencies, elephants' communal situation seems ideal: small families together in a tribal fashion sharing territory, uniting when danger threatens, but drifting into the smaller family units to

utilize a wider food area. Individuals are well cared for by each other, and even the males, once driven out, are courteously received for visits. Elephants stand witness to a fine quality of life in a matriarchy.

Hunting dogs also have a fine family scene. The only disadvantages I can find within their society are the need to hunt (which puts some individuals at the mercy of others to share the food) and a higher rate of disease.

How can I help but compare the quality of life between these two amicable societies and the lions' competitive one? Although lions as a species thrive, when one examines the pride characteristics - violence between members, neglect of young, and poverty of the old, it appears a species full of suffering.

I know it is dangerous to anthropomorphize but which creature would you choose for your next reincarnation? And what sort of social structure does that put in the most favorable light?

Let's be aware of an assumption we make about animals' social structures. We view them as rigid, with set dominance patterns that reflect the entire species' history. If this is so, what is happening in our human species with feminism? Why is a basic power struggle again occurring between sexes? Is it because we are saying biology doesn't have to determine roles? Is it because communication is so advanced that the oppressed can unite and resist? Can women hope to change the social order of a presently male-dominated species and society back to the matriarchy of past human civilization?

What happened to me while experiencing African wilderness, and the female images therein, was a loosening of the cement of our society and a growing connection with female powers observed in wild animals. Two strong female images haunt my memory: one of caution, one of fearless composure.

Sitting atop "baboon cliffs", I looked down on a waterhole and noticed a female bushbuck appear soundlessly by the water's edge. First she sniffed around the edge of the water. Then she walked right in and took many short sips between vigilant glances around. Moving through the entire waterhole, she halted for one long drink, and then left.

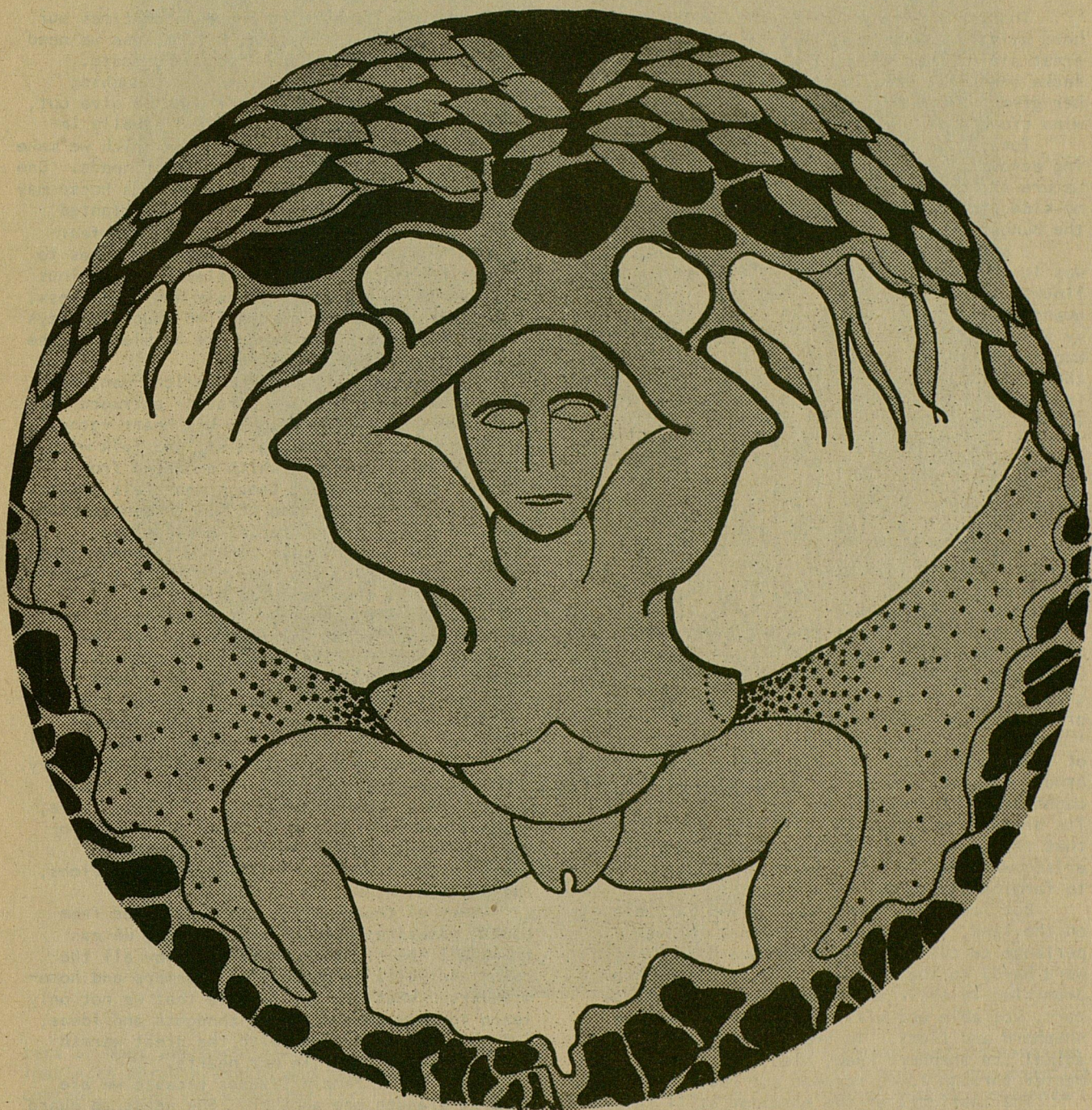
No question of thirst taking precedence over caution every step of the way.

My second memory is of a lioness spotted as we were leaving the plains, driving into a low cloudy sunset sky. There she was, completely at home lying on top of a small grassy hump, a tawny lioness, gazing out into the stormy red sky, silently and clearly radiating an aura of peace and power.

We too are like her in our finer moments of being - so powerfully self-contained that we are beyond the self, aligned with the universe, our greater self. ♀

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NANCY MYRON (PRINTED BY DIANA PRESS)

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

BY JODI FREDIANI

Thousands of years ago, a Hungarian shepherd quietly scanned the horizon limiting the great plain. Her flock of wild, horned and wooly Racka sheep gathered in the evening light, while her great shaggy white dog, alert, nose to the wind stood silently at her side.

Today I watch the gathering shadows reaching across a newly-sown field, and ponder the nature and character of the shaggy white dog at my side, so little changed from her ancestors of the Hungarian plains.

I ask myself in this moment of silence, when was it that dog ceased to be wolf, predator of flocks, foe of humankind, and became companion, guardian, friend of sheep and shepherd? Why does my big, shaggy, white Komondor remain my friend; keeper of my farm and all my white goats grazing the hillsides? How does this dog of mine differ from all the other dogs she knows she must fervently chase from our land?

It seems that a good farm dog, whether it be a herding dog or a guardian, can only result from the correct combination of instinct, careful breeding, and proper training. If the wrong qualities have been fostered in a breed (i.e., size instead of temperament) or been disregarded altogether as in the case of the "non-breeding" of the mongrel, then the working potential of the animal is diminished from the start.

If the proper instincts and temperament are lacking, or even if they are present, but not correctly fostered, then such an animal may quickly take on the characteristics of foe and predator. Chickens are killed at home or afar - soon the fun expands to include the slaughter of sheep and goats. The dog takes its cue from other dogs, not people, because those people who ought to be responsible for such a dog through its breeding and training have neglected to take that responsibility. Such a state of affairs arises when people lose the right relationship to farming and to our Mother Earth.

But long ago, when people lived harmoniously on the land, the Hungarians learned through experience to cull and breed for guard dogs which were hardy to the elements, vigilant and uncompromising in their abilities to ward off predators, yet able and willing to remain loyal to shepherd and flock. In breeding for such an animal the shepherd knew, also, how to be its master through love, respect and understanding.

The instincts of the Komondor still remain strong today. And now it is my responsibility to develop the same relationship of love, trust and respect with my own dog in order to allow her potential to unfold.

Her will is rigid, she "thinks" for herself. She wants to guard. But she does not live wild on her own, so her needs must interweave with

mine. My will is also strong and sometimes our "thoughts" are not the same, but because we need one another we have learned to communicate.

Animals do not understand our thoughts; they know us first by the attitudes we give out, consciously or not. Secondly, and equally important, they know us by the way in which we make ourselves receptive to them and their needs. One must learn that the flattened ears of a horse may mean business, the business of a well-planted hoof. One needs to learn that pigs make fearsome noises without being fearsome. One has to understand that goats are cautious, yet curious and need to be handled with calm and gentleness, yet firmness. Horses need a fine touch; donkeys are thick skinned. Chickens are helpless in the dark and dogs need affection.

A new-comer, a Japanese-American man, once visited our farm. He was a rather extraordinary individual, being centered in his heart rather than in his head. One could sit and talk with him and feel the warmth which emanated from his strong inner character, though many felt uncomfortable with him because of his terseness with words, and his lack of facial expression.

It took me many days to grow to understand this person, but my dog knew his being instantly, instinctively, thus accepted him.

One evening, shortly after our new friend arrived, I yelled at Gala, my dog, when she chased a chicken. She immediately planted herself on our friend's feet, gave me a look of cold indifference and pleadingly looked him in the face asking for protection: a phenomenal thing for this dog who is rigorous in her patrol of all people and animals entering her territory.

To communicate with animals, one needs to start with a clear conscience and develop love, respect and inner clarity. Then one must proceed to learn the nature of each breed of animal - their natural instincts, inclinations, and physical needs.

Many of these things can be gleaned from books, magazines, conversation. Yet, we can think all the right thoughts and know all the rules and still be poor animal farmers and homesteaders. What is important is that we not only learn to know them with our thoughts and ideas, but that we imbue these with the great warmth and feeling we carry in our hearts.

Gala and I remain friends because we are able to gladden one another. She needs to guard and protect as a way of life. For 2000 years her ancestors have been bred for such work. Her nights are busy, restless, as she patrols the farm, warding off raccoons, coyotes, unknown scents and sounds. Her days are filled with lazy sundrenched hours magically punctuated and shattered by her vigorous barking when strange

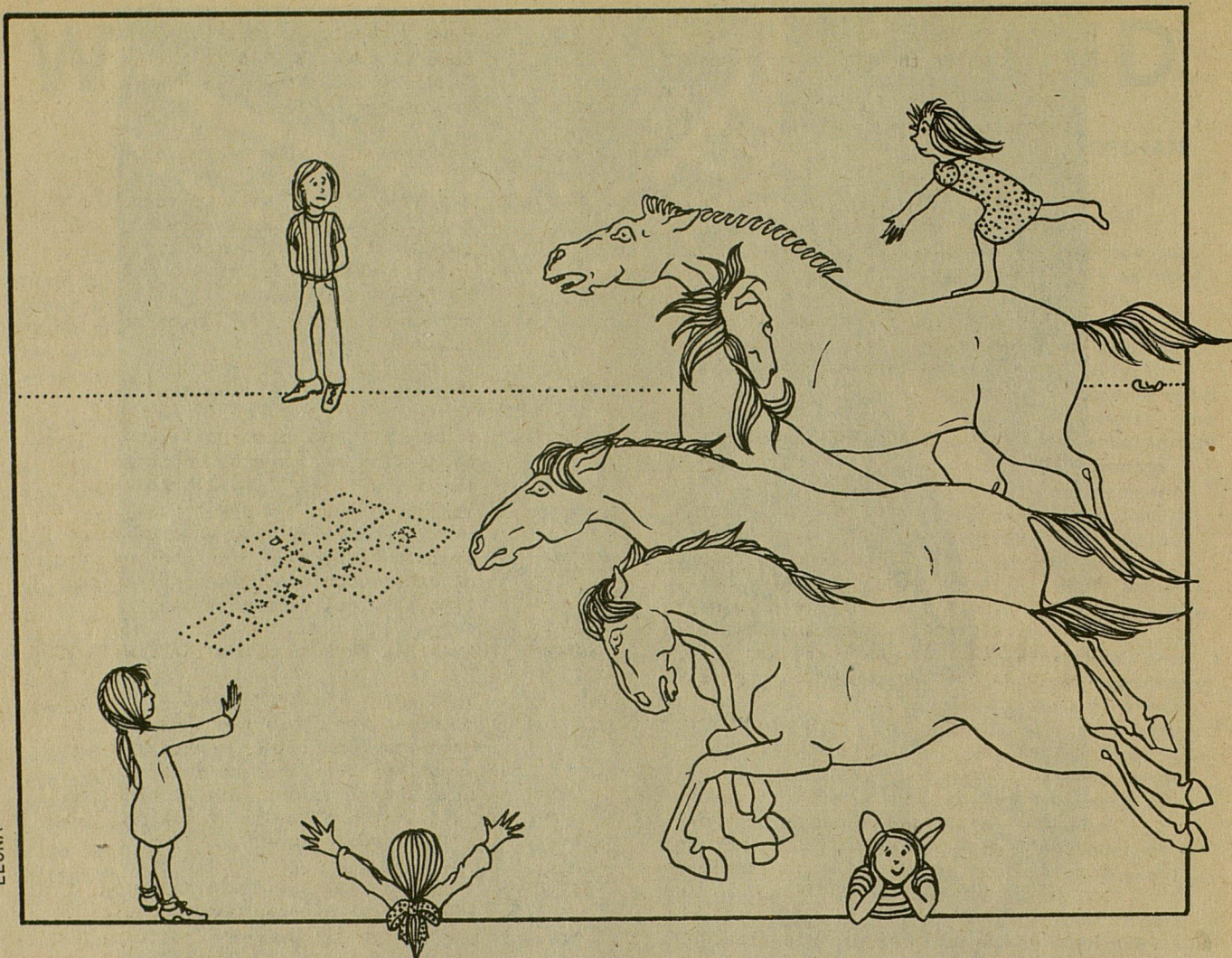


MARJORIE MOUNT

cars or dogs approach. When I guide her inner instincts through praise and reprimand, she is content. When she knows her territory and limits and is allowed the freedom to work her way within them, she is at home with her work. But often our needs conflict, and she must learn to honor mine as well as her own. She will only work for me when she has gained a respect and love for me through right understanding on my part. It is a delicate balance we keep, between

this most rewarding relationship of cooperation and trust, and a chaos of human and dog conflict.

Yet we are each other's teachers and each other's students. We speak the same language, though we don't speak the same tongue. And when she plants a wet kiss on my face in the crisp dawn-awakening, I know we have not let the shepherd down, who stood long ago, watching over the flock, with a great shaggy white dog, attentively waiting nearby. ♀



talking about horses

BY HARRIET BYE

The horse, more than any other animal has captured the imagination and hearts of young women. Whether it's admiration of Equus's beauty, love of its' power, a respect for its' wild spirit or an ancient primal Amazonian connection buried deep within the genes of some women has been debated but is unknown. This interview came from a desire to let the "obsessed" speak for themselves. Lest the seriousness of this obsession be doubted, one need only to cast a casual eye into the room of one of these young women; 13 horse pictures, a legion of plastic, clay and cloth horses, and half the public library's horse books speak for themselves. The main participators at this discussion were three young horsewomen (Elinore, Sanji, and Allison) all age 11. Angelica and Harriet, two aging horse lovers, also speak up from time to time.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST GET INTERESTED IN HORSES?

Elinore: Well, I had my first pony when I was four. Then I stopped for a long time but when I came to Albion, Sanji got me interested again.

Sanji: I've been into horses for a long time. When I was little and visiting my dad, I used to go to the park and go on the pony rides. We'd go everyday; it was my favorite thing. It was all I ever wanted to do. Then I started taking riding lessons on Merrylegs. Finally I bought her.

Allison: Me, too. When I was little we used to go to the rings where they kept horses. Then I saw this pony in Mendocino one day and I just fell in

love. I wanted to buy her right then but I had to wait another five years until my mother thought I could handle it.

WHAT DO YOU FIND SO ENCHANTING ABOUT HORSES?

E: They're so big, and they let you control them. You can ride them and get places on them. In the olden days that was all they had. I wish it was still like that.

A: It's kind of like flying and it's kind of like dreaming. They are really big and powerful and they have to trust you.

YOU SAY THAT YOU "JUST CONTROL THEM", BUT HOW DO YOU CONTROL THEM?

E: A horse that respects you will listen to you because he loves you. As far as I know, Ebony is getting to respect me a little bit more but mostly he respects the bit and not me as a person. Discipline is good and reward is good, but they are partners and you need to do both to teach your horse to obey.

A: But they can love you and still not want to listen to you. When I take Red over a jump and he shies I make him do it again and again so he knows he can't get away with it but when he does it good or just does it at all I pat him a lot because he tried.

Angelica: There are Arabian People who treat their horses like members of their families and bring them right into their tents or sleep out with them; they ride their horses without any bits at all and the horses listen to them.

TELL ME YOUR HORSES' NAMES AND A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THEM.

E: Ebony is my horse's name. He's real smart and he knows what he's doing. I haven't had him long. He knows I'm afraid of him. He tries to push me around a whole lot so it doesn't feel comfortable. I think I need a gentler horse that wasn't so badly treated.

S: I have a pony named Merrylegs. She's real little and I got her when I was just six. When I first got her she had all the control but now she knows me well and is real gentle. I don't know if she just likes me for the food or if she likes me, but I think she likes me because when I go out she follows me around. I want to get a horse soon but when I do I'm not just going to desert Merrylegs.

A: I have a pony and his name is Red Hawk. When I go to the pasture he comes to me and when it's time to leave he looks sad like "Where are you going?" He's very fat.

Ang: Tell us about your horse, Harriet.

Harriet: His name is Pal. I have just had him a little while. He's very big and sweet. I like him a lot but I'm really just getting to know him and to really know horses at all. I think I'm going through my 12-year-old horse craze at 34.

E: What about Angelica's horse?

Ang: I have a young colt who is going to be a yearling next month. He's an Appaloosa stallion. Our relationship changes a lot from day to day, so it is very exciting. He came to me on my 30th birthday. After taking care of other people's horses for a long time, I finally have my own.

HOW DO YOUR ANIMAL FRIENDS COMMUNICATE WITH YOU?

E: When Ebony is mad he puts his ears back and turns his haunches on you. When you look into his eyes you can sometimes tell what he's thinking. Like when I go out late at night he just stares at me as if asking, "What are you doing here?"

S: I can usually tell with Merrylegs if she's in an excited mood because she'll run all over the pasture, but if she wants to be ridden she'll come right up and put her head on my shoulder. When I come with her food sometimes she'll neigh real loud and excited but other times she'll just give a little nicker. When we go riding if she wants to be ridden she'll trot along but other times she'll want to go home and fight me.

A: If I don't ride Red Hawk for a few days he'll get mad at me and just take off. When he wants to be ridden he runs around me in circles and acts all excited. When he's happy he jumps up in the air and if he wants a treat he'll come up and nudge me, kind of kissing.

THERE'S A SAYING THAT PEOPLE AND THEIR ANIMALS GROW TO LOOK OR ACT ALIKE. CAN YOU SEE THAT HAPPENING WITH YOUR FRIENDS' HORSES?

A: When I'm with Red Hawk and he's mad at me I get frustrated and mad at him and both of us get stubborn at the same time. I saw it with Elinore and Ebony too. When Ebony got grumpy and started kicking, Elinore got grumpy and

cont.

started taking it out on other animals like Ebony took it out on other people.

E: Our friends, Janet and Riff, act alike. They both have the same kind of personality and work together. When Janet's happy she runs around and her hair flies out. And Riff's tail flies straight out too.

Ang: I see it with Allison and Red Hawk. They both are real fiery, alert and sparky when they want to be but sometimes they are stubborn and do not want to be bothered. And with Elinore and Ebony, I see a lot of similarities - high spirited and in touch with their instincts. They have a love for what's wild and natural and don't like to be made to do what they don't want to, and will fight for their own way. Ebony's a mustang, not a carousel pony to be ridden up and down. I don't know Merrylegs very well but she looks sweet and she's not a fair-weather friend. She can't be bought with valentines either. If she likes you it's clear but you can't buy her attention. It takes awhile to be friends with her - like Sanji.

DOES TAKING CARE OF YOUR HORSES TAKE UP A LARGE PART OF YOUR LIFE?

E: Yes, if your horse relies on you, you have to make sure that you can be responsible enough to be relied on.

S: There's always a lot to do but I like it. It just fits into your life after awhile and seems part of what you do. I stay home a lot more when I have responsibilities. I think the grown-ups call it "centered" or something.

A: It takes up a lot and if I want to go on a trip I have to find someone to feed and water and ride Red because you can't just leave him. But it's real nice to have a horse for company because if you're upset you can just go out and be with him and he'll cheer you up. It's kind of scary too. Like if your horse died it would feel terrible. We take care of our horses, or so-called ours, but you can't really own another animal.

WHAT ABOUT GROOMING? WHAT DO YOU LEARN FROM THAT?

S: You can learn the mood that your horse is in. Like if I haven't seen Merrylegs for a few days it's a good way to say hello and notice if she's sick.

A: You can also check to see if he has ticks or if there are any cuts. It is real important.

E: Your horse learns a lot that you love him, that you want him to feel good and look nice. He learns what kind of mood you're in too. It's better to go out and groom them and see how they feel than just go jump on their backs.

WHAT KIND OF FIRST AID AND HEALING HAVE YOU DONE AND TO YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT?

A: I watch his temperature and pulse and respiration and worm him and take him to the pond to keep his hooves moist during the drought. If you don't know about horses you really shouldn't have a horse. Like some people don't know about worming. And no matter how many times you give a shot to an orange you don't know what it feels like until you put a needle in a living thing.

S: Merrylegs got thrush and I had to heal that. Also she had mange and that took a long time to treat. If you don't know about your horse you couldn't tell if she was really sick.

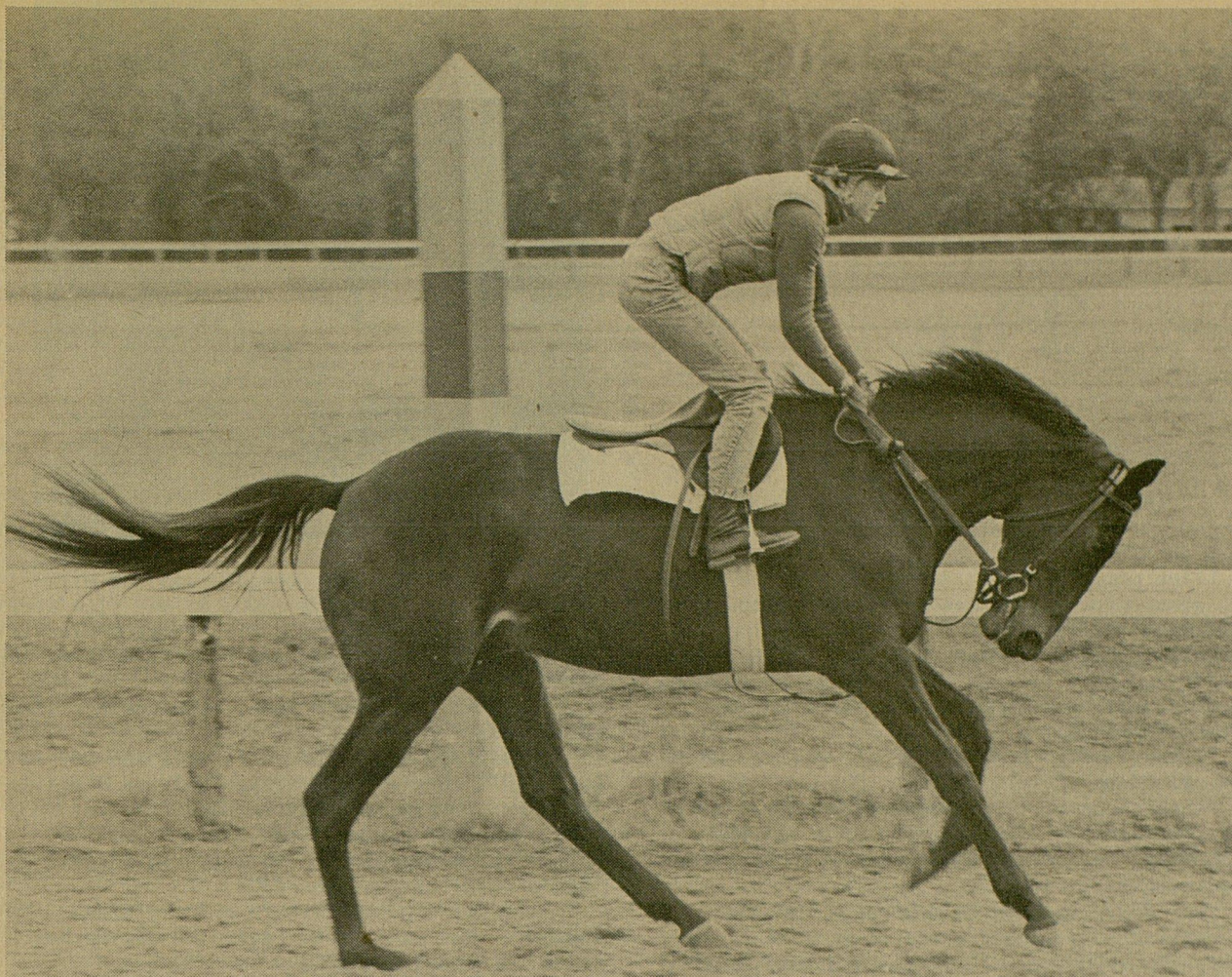
E: I was with a pony named Diego when he had colic. If we hadn't known something was wrong because he was all sweaty when we took him out we might just have ridden him and put him away and then he could have just laid down and died. But we knew something was wrong, and we knew we should call a vet, so we probably saved his life.

THE THREE OF YOU HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH HORSES FOR AWHILE BUT AS YOU SEE YOURSELVES GETTING OLDER, DO YOU THINK IT WILL BECOME JUST A PASSING FANCY?

E: No, I feel like it will grow and grow. When I grow up I know I will have something to do with horses and if I have a child I'll teach it to ride. It's going to be in my family.

A: I want to have horses with me all my life. If it's the thing you love most you want to be with them, right? I thought about being a jockey or a trainer. My favorite idea is a big farm with 100 acres and two work horses but I'm not 12 yet so I can think about it but I shouldn't decide too young cause you might get sick of yourself.

E: Yeah. You don't even know if when we grow up there will still be plow horses. It's getting more commercial every day. That's scary. I want enough land for my horses and my family. ♀



KATHY JO HOWE

BY KATHY JO HOWE

Thoroughbred race horses need a lot of care. They are well-bred and excitable, and require a lot of attention in order to make it to the races. Most of the foals run before they are even 2 years old. They are usually handled from birth, and halter broke to stand and lead in the first few months. Race tracks and training farms are going from predominantly male help to female help. A lot of farms prefer to use women because of their sensitivity and dedication towards the horses. Right now I'm working at a nice training track in Aiken, S.C. Our barn has 26 horses, 7 grooms (5 women, 2 men), 6 exercise riders (all women), a woman assistant trainer, and a woman owner.

We broke our yearlings this year on a farm in Pennsylvania. Some of the spooky, silly, mean, or just too rowdy horses took a little longer. No big hurry. Give and take, use different equipment and different methods.

Every horse has its own speed of acceptance. The ones that accept things calmly, would get "bellied" around the shed row or barn one time and then perhaps the rider would sit up for a few turns. The horses that didn't accept things easily, would be led under tack a lot and lounged. It's easy to ruin a baby at this point if you become impatient. A few horses out together really helps keep them calm because they feel secure. An older broke horse can help show the young 'uns how it's done. Soon the yearlings were all jog-

ging and cantering with a minimum of rodeos!

It is an old tradition to train very early in the morning because that's when the horses feel their best. We usually have our first set out by sun-up. It is deeply peaceful and scenic riding a group of thoroughbreds through the morning mist towards the track just as the sky begins to lighten. The horses settle into their exercise routine very quickly, and they know what to expect. They are anxious and on their toes, but usually under control. We walk onto the track and make them stand for a moment. Then we jog off for a bit and ease into a gallop. We stand up in the stirrups to get off their backs and brace our hands down on their necks. The track is a mile around, so we just sit back and do a nice easy gallop.

Later in the season we start "breezing" them, or running them against the clock in final preparation for the races. Most of the public race tracks are pretty and definitely exciting, but they are much too hectic for me. Like any other modern business, they are money-oriented and not very ecologically minded. The security guard checks your badge every morning before you are allowed in the stable area. Horses are nice, but it's not very much fun driving home in a crowd full of gamblers every night. I hope to leave the thoroughbred business for a more simple life. ♀

Not Like The Others

BY LOUISE DE LAURENTIS

Elena sometimes wished she didn't have sisters. They were always making her do things she didn't want to do.

"Ellie, please make a new dress for my paper doll," said Roxane. She knew Elena didn't like being called Ellie, but she expected anything to happen for a *please*.

"Elena," cried Dory, "this old castle won't stand up. Come, fix it again."

Elena sighed. It seemed she never had a minute for herself. But she couldn't let them call Mother. Mother needed to rest before going out to help milk the cows.

"Besides," she had told Elena, "keeping them entertained is good practice for a soon to be grown-up young woman." Elena supposed this must be true, but she couldn't help thinking, Never in this world am I going to make anybody do what she doesn't want to do.

By five o'clock the yard had gotten a little cooler, and Dory ran out to play. Roxane helped set the table, then she went out too. Eagerly, Elena took up the story about early days in the Canadian woods. She saw herself wandering through evergreen forests making friends with half-hidden deer. But before she had really gotten into it, Mother and Dad came into the milk room.

Over the grinding sound, she heard Roxane yell, "I hate you, Blackie, you old wild thing."

As soon as Dad relieved her from turning the separator, Elena ran out to where the cats lapped up warm milk from an old baking tin. Except for the half-grown kitten Blackie, they crowded together, nudging and pushing.

Roxane, in a stance between Blackie and the milk pan, made faces at the cat.

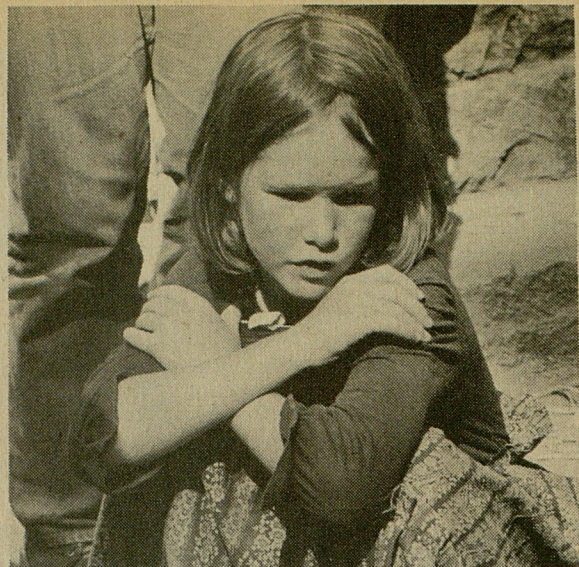
"You stop that," Elena said. "Leave her alone."

"She won't even let me pet her," Roxane grumbled. But she went away to the water-supply tank and looked for the fish.

Elena filled the empty pan with skim milk. The other cats lapped some, then left, and Blackie edged closer.

"I'm not going to bother you, Blackie," Elena said softly. "Come and get your milk."

LYNDA KOOLISH



Warily, Blackie put her tongue into the milk once, then twice. Elena moved up one slow step at a time. When she could almost reach Blackie, the cat stiffened, spit, and ran off towards the barn.

"Ha, ha," teased Roxane, "she doesn't like you either."

Flushing, Elena turned towards the house. She wasn't sure why she wanted to tame Blackie. There was nothing attractive about the cat's mangy hair and tattered ear.

"That Blackie's a wild one," said Dad. "She's not like the others."

I'm not like the others either, Elena thought. Was it just her age, the way Mother said? Or would she always be *funny*?

"Blackie's ugly as sin," remarked Roxane.

Elena wasn't sure what sin looked like, but she couldn't help thinking, "If I tamed Blackie a little, she'd get her share of the milk." Then maybe she wouldn't have to fight rats all the time, and she could be prettier.

After supper, when Elena came out with scraps for Touser, she saw Blackie skid away from the milk pan. She threw Touser's food a long ways off, and waited. The cat edged towards the pan while Elena talked softly to her. Just as Blackie finally lapped a little milk, Mother called from the house that it was time for Elena to help Dory get cleaned up for bed.

Elena looked towards the old wooden box Mother sometimes used for penning up a chicken. The box had a crack across the top, and its bottom fit snugly to the ground. Slowly she leaned over and lifted it carefully. With a sudden movement, she slapped it down over Blackie.

"Come in, Elena, please," called Mother.

When the younger children were in bed, Elena came back out into the yard. Moonlight bathed the stark area around the house in a soft glow. Even without trees and flowers, the place was bearable by moonlight. But when she grew up, she would leave this endless prairie for a land of wooded hills watered by gurgling streams.

She had almost forgotten Blackie until she heard a rustling under the old box. She sat on her heels and talked softly to the cat about the beautiful places she dreamed of. Blackie

snarled, and she remembered how she had once grabbed the cat and gotten terribly scratched. Maybe if she kept Blackie penned up for a few days, that would make her tame. But the box couldn't be left here because Dory would be sure to turn it over first thing in the morning.

Slowly she slid it over the hard ground, talking in a soothing voice. Blackie snarled and clawed at the old wood.

When the box was out of sight behind the cellar mound, she went to the milk room and poured fragrant whole milk into a small pan. She added a few drops of cream. Her parents might worry about the waste, but she guessed someone penned up was entitled to a little cream.

She slipped the pan under the edge of the box. Blackie clawed hard, trying to get free.

"You're too wild for your own good," she told the cat. "If you weren't so wild and ugly, you could be my pet."

Early next morning, while Mother and Dad milked the cows, she went out and worked in the garden. She hoed weeds and ditched trickling water between the rows of wilting vegetables. After washing the breakfast dishes, she and Roxane did the Saturday cleaning. They helped Mother dress a dozen frying chickens to sell. In the afternoon, they took the chickens into town and bought groceries. There was always so much to do! Elena worried that she might be forgetting something important.

On Sunday after church, the family was invited to visit people who lived near Crooked Creek. Elena ran eagerly down the dusty slope. The creek meandered in an interesting line across the flat land, but its water was muddy.

That evening while she was turning the separator, Elena heard Dad say, "I wonder what ever became of that wild one, Blackie. I haven't seen her around for a couple of days."

The floor seemed to sink under Elena's feet. When Roxane relieved her, she ran around behind the cellar. She couldn't hear a thing. Had she left the cat penned up too long? Maybe Blackie had escaped. Feeling her knees give way, she lifted a corner of the box. There lay the cat, motionless and stiff, one tattered claw stretched out.

Dory, who had followed, said in an awed voice, "Deader than a doornail."

Seeing and smelling the dried soured milk in the pan, Elena knew she was going to be sick. At the same time, her throat tightened so that she only gagged.

Dory ran off to the house, and in a minute, everybody was crowding around.

"I wonder how that could have happened," said Dad.

Elena felt as if she would strangle. "I thought she was too wild."

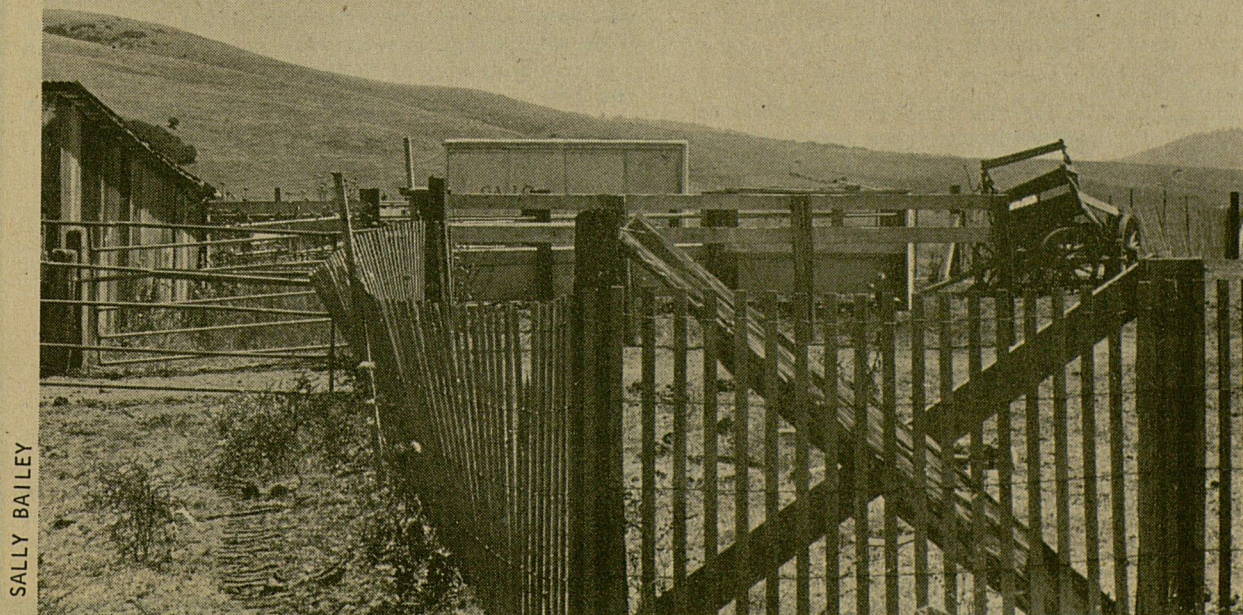
"Well, she won't be wild no more," said Roxane.

Elena ran away behind the chicken house. She supposed she should be grateful that Mother probably wouldn't call her in to help with the dishes.

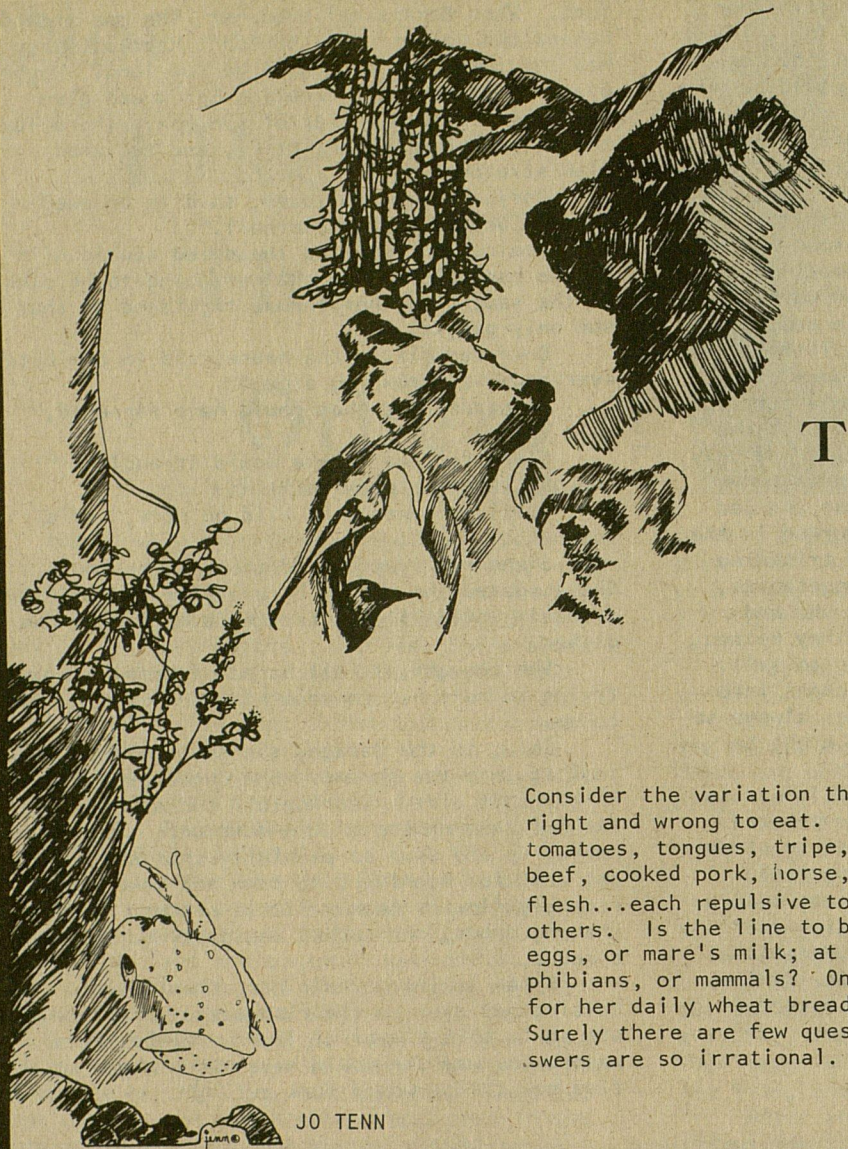
She thought, It all happened because I was trying to make her do something she didn't want to do.

Going to the garage, she got a shovel and took it into the garden. She dug a deep hole in the soft dirt. Tearing off two sunflowers, she put them on top of the dead cat. Her chest heaved up and down so painfully that she could not wait for moonlight to come and make the straggly flowers look a little better. With shaking hands, she packed the dusty earth into a mound.

I was trying to help her, she thought. Raising her eyes to the flat eastern horizon, she saw a thin sliver of light. Maybe there wasn't any way she could have known ahead of time how things would turn out. ♀



SALLY BAILEY



SOME THOUGHTS...

BY PAT LEWIS

Consider the variation that exists in what is right and wrong to eat. Blubber, rotten birds, tomatoes, tongues, tripe, and eels, insects, raw beef, cooked pork, horse, dog, monkey, and human flesh...each repulsive to some, relished by others. Is the line to be drawn at fertilized eggs, or mare's milk; at insects, reptiles, amphibians, or mammals? One can feel reverence for her daily wheat bread or her beef steer. Surely there are few questions to which our answers are so irrational.

On raising sheep:

About the closest the shepherd can come to being part of "Nature" is to run an operation in which she is the prime predator. That is, the sheep graze on vast expanses of land, roam freely, convert otherwise unused forage into meat and wool. The predator then takes the weakest (the lamb crop) and the old and infirm (the culls)! The wool is removed before it can be lost on bushes and twigs and blown to the winds.

Don't deceive yourself; you and Mother Nature have entirely different goals. Nature doesn't care if half the flock dies - no individual matters, only the species. You are attached to the individuals in your flock. Shepherds enjoy identifying the ones that do well, that do poorly, that act different, that respond. ♀

book review: AGAINST THE GRAIN

REVIEW: AGAINST THE GRAIN - A CARPENTRY MANUAL
FOR WOMEN BY DALE MC CORMICK
\$6.00 IOWA CITY WOMEN'S PRESS, 116 1/2 E. Benton
St., Iowa City 52240

REVIEWED BY AMY OAKWOMON

I learned more in my first 30 minutes with Dale McCormick's *Carpentry Manual for Women* than I did in 30 classes of Carpentry Theory 104 at the local community college. The "Philosophy" section alone is reason to buy the book. Dale demystifies her process of learning a skill, starting from the position of a woman "denied the exposure to the world of mechanical things". In the style of women writing for women, she shares her personal experiences as well as her information in a blend that successfully says, I did it and you can too. The difficulties of starting to learn a traditionally male controlled skill are clearly expressed: "I've often been so frustrated that I've cried and cursed and hammered the piece into oblivion." What validation for the pain of the mistakes we all make. Once you've gotten the basics down - of being patient and developing positive attitudes about yourself - the specific chapters that follow are all the more valuable.

To this point, I've used the chapters on doors, windows and insulation. I've found the instructions clear and detailed enough that I could understand the principle behind the 'how to's'. That enabled me to adapt the information, for as Dale states early in the book - no situation is perfect. Her explanation of vapor barriers saved me the mistake of putting in ceiling insulation in a way that would have matted the fiberglass and eventually rotted out the ceiling joists. A valuable lesson. All the terms and tools are clearly defined. There is no assumption of previous familiarity with the language or techniques of carpentry. Women who have done carpentry for several years have said that they found much useful information for themselves beyond the beginning level. And be-

tween the doors and windows is much humor and warmth. For instance, on the subject of closets - "Most closet doors (of which there are few remaining nowadays)..." The professional is personal is political. Along with learning the weakness of butt joints we learn of the weakness of capitalism: "It's very hard to find a straight saw these days, or a level level, or a square square. The miracle of capitalist production."

I find the spiral binding used by the Iowa City Women's Press for both the auto mechanics and carpentry books to be a practical form. It's easy to take on the job and refer to as the project progresses. I appreciate the extensive index, appendices, cross-references and illustrations. Yes, a picture is worth many words. Some pages were confusing. With several references of two different types and hand labeled illustrations, I had to sort out what words went with which pictures or descriptions. It's in part a problem of putting so much information into one book. *Against the Grain* covers the basics, and there is so much more - different techniques, more specialized areas, other building styles. This book is only one of what I hope will be a growing number of books in which women share their skills.

Dale lovingly acknowledges the support of many specific women and her community for her writing. She has returned that support many times over in her effort to learn carpentry and share that knowledge. Thank you, Dale - I appreciate your blend of philosophy, politics, humor and instructions. And thanks to the Iowa City Women's Press for another fine women's skills manual. I recommend this book as an important addition to any woman's bookshelf. ♀



LYNDA KOOLISH

PROFILE THE MAKING OF A FEMALE FARRIER

BY VERONICA BARCLAY



FRANN GROSSMAN

Cowboy...pure cowboy. That was my impression when I first met the twinkly-eyed horseshoer from San Rafael. I mean any guy clad in Levi jeans and jacket with pointy-toed boots is usually associated with the Marlboro set, right?

Nope. This farrier lived in a nice suburban home in Marin County. As he greeted me from the cab of his cherry-red pick-up, I could tell he had doubts about the ex-librarian and Avon lady who stood before him, clutching her sack of horseshoeing tools. He had just taken me on as his apprentice.

I had returned home to San Francisco after graduating from a horseshoeing school in Texas only a month before. (It had taken me that long to recuperate from total exhaustion after working on horses and forges for as long as 15 hours a day and I didn't even want to SEE a horse for awhile.) I had never even seen an anvil before I enrolled in the predominantly male horseshoeing school and despite my bona fide diploma that said I had become a real live farrier, I wanted more experience before attempting to start shoeing on my own.

Since most of my money had been spent on school and transportation to and from Texas, I didn't have much left by the time I returned home. In order to survive, I took a job as a secretary and looked frantically for a shoer who would take me on as an apprentice. I had absolutely no luck at first, since every farrier works for himself and time is money. A beginner slows even the fastest shoer up, and it somehow doesn't seem quite fair to show an apprentice all the tricks and shortcuts it took years to learn.

When I first called Tatum and explained my situation, he asked me the usual questions the other shoers had asked: where I had gone to school, what kind of corrective work I had done and why my husband had let me out of the house to pursue such a traditionally male career. My answers had become almost canned and ready-to-serve, (after being quizzed by other farriers who were surprised at my ambition but weren't interested in taking on an apprentice). Tatum seemed different. He agreed to take me on Saturdays and Sundays and I soon discovered we had similar motives for shucking our old office jobs in favor of "have forge, will travel".

Horseshoers can usually work their own hours, be their own bosses, and see immediate results from their efforts. There's a certain satisfaction in seeing a job well done and knowing the horse walks and feels much better than before being shod. Couple that with working outdoors and being around the animals you love and you've got yourself a great motive for becoming a horseshoer. A word of advice though, before you go rushing off to horseshoeing school - some slight manual coordination can help immensely.

At first, Ron had me do a little of everything to see what I had learned. I became easily frustrated as his methods were somewhat different from the ones I had learned - and two

shoers rarely agree on the best way to do things. My body screamed at me at the end of a day, aching from slinging the anvil hammer, fighting a horse that wouldn't stay still and squatting in awkward positions while trying to keep the horse as comfortable as possible. Contrary to popular belief though, one does not have to be a 200-pound muscleman. I soon found that it was a matter of toning the muscles and staying in shape - by doing it often. One time, while working on a 31-year-old arthritic mare, I started feeling unusually weak. Suddenly I realized that her petite 900 pound frame had fallen asleep upon my "jello" legs. Evidently she had become QUITE comfortable.

A shoer can choose from a variety of factory-made "keg" shoes ranging from "extra lights" to specially designed rim shoes for barrel racers. Many times a horse isn't always a perfect size 7. One foot may be larger than the other or the shoe may not fit right. That's when a forge comes in handy.

"Hot-shoeing" - the process of heating the shoes for re-shaping and proper fit - takes longer than nailing on a keg shoe. (Many people confuse the term and think it refers to the old method of burning the shoe onto the foot.) Though some shoers have been known to shoe a horse in as fast as 45 minutes, most hot-shoeing takes between 1-3 hours, depending upon the amount of heating that needs to be done. Speed is not as important as quality.

Corrective trimming and special shoeing techniques are used for leg and hoof ailments (such as founder and navicular disease), or for horses in special use (such as jumpers and draft horses). A little blacksmithing can produce "calks" for traction, "clips" to help stop severe hoof cracks, and "high wedge heels" to stand a horse up on its toes. The forge is necessary for all of these and occasionally I've had some exasperating moments using it - like pulling a melted shoe out of the fire (the frustration peak of every shoer), or burning up a hot dog lunch.

I was lucky to find a patient teacher who answered most of my questions, showed me shortcuts and explained the logic behind his reasoning...except why the apprentice always has to set up and pack away the 100 pound anvil.

I don't worry about that anymore. Dissatisfied with our behind-the-desk life-style and the hassles of city living, my husband and I moved to a small rural town in Mendocino County. We caretake a farm and I am now a practicing farrier, establishing my own clientele - including a friendly mule and a frisky Percheron who's "still growing". At the present time I am pulling shoes and doing trims, saving for my own "rig" (a truck, forge and anvil). Most of the horses I work on are owned by women and my reception has been quite welcoming.

There was one character I met who scolded me and was worried that farriery would eventually drop my ovaries. I suppose only time will tell on that one but in the meantime, I'm enjoying the art of administering equine pedicures. ♀

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE FARRIER COMES

BY VERONICA BARCLAY

1. **BE READY.** Have your horse caught, haltered and/or tied. Horseshoers are not famous for their punctuality but it is not their responsibility to catch a horse from a 20-acre pasture.
2. Keep your horse on a regular schedule. Don't wait until the shoes fall off or until your pony's feet look like elf shoes. Equine feet need attention every 8-10 weeks, depending on how fast your horse's feet grow and under what conditions it is ridden. Complications and hoof ailments develop readily when feet are neglected. Your farrier can put your horse on a regular schedule or you can keep a record yourself.
3. Have the shoes pulled for winter or when the horse is not ridden a lot. Mud can suck off shoes and feet grow faster under moist conditions. Unless you ride on asphalt or rocky surfaces, most horses can go barefoot as long as they are kept trimmed at the proper length and angle every 2-3 months.
4. Tell your farrier of any past corrective work done or of leg ailments. This helps to determine what kind of trimming or shoeing needs to be done and if special equipment will be needed.
5. Warn the shoer of your horse's peculiar habits - such as biting or kicking - BEFORE they happen; or if your horse is not feeling well. This way, the animal can be worked on as comfortably as possible. ♀



FRANN GROSSMAN

SOLAR ENERGY

A BEGINNING

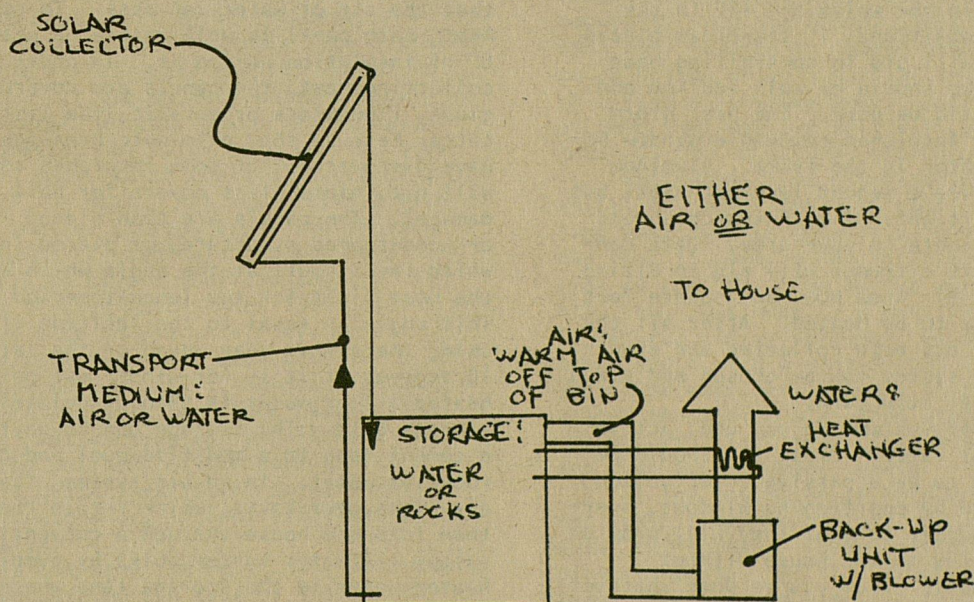
TEXT AND GRAPHICS BY JOANNE DOERR

Here in Wisconsin we went through one of the coldest winters on record and are now experiencing one of the hottest summers. This means people are using more energy to heat and cool their homes, diminishing our already dwindling reserves even more. Because of this, some people decided to do something about conserving energy now before there is none left to conserve. These people are experimenting with other energy alternatives: wind power, methane gas, water power, wood heating, and solar heating, to heat and cool their homes. These energy sources, unlike such non-renewable energy sources as oil, coal and gas, can either be replenished or are constant, and work in conjunction with the environment. In this article I am going to explore one of these alternative energy sources, solar energy.

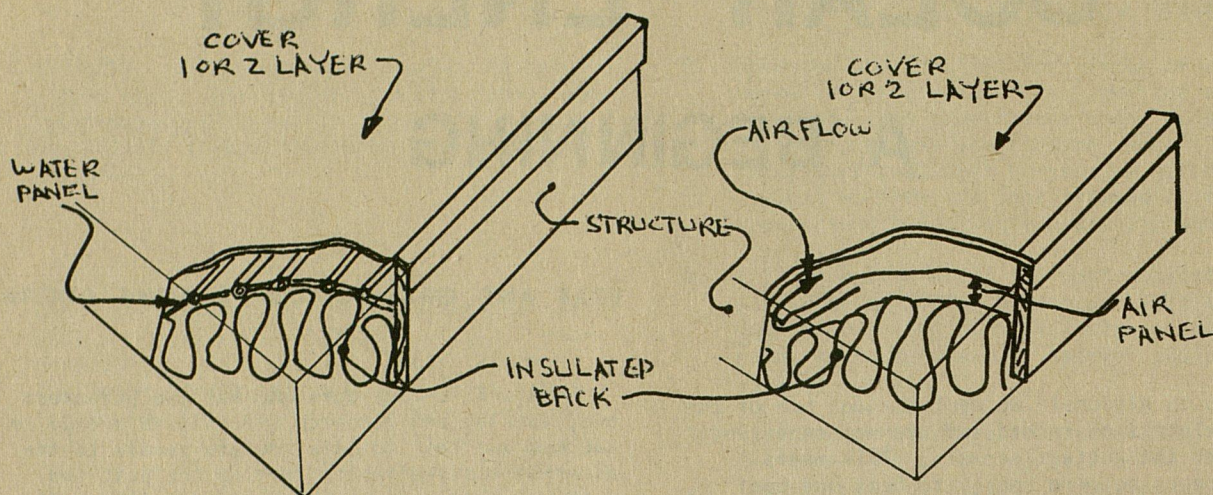
Natural Energy Workshop has two purposes: one, to find and research alternative energy resources and two, to help educate people to the alternatives available. During the past two years our major focus has been on solar energy and ways it can be used. Solar energy can be used for heating, cooling, and generating electricity; it can be active or passive, and systems can be either air or water.

Most people are familiar with an active unit. It consists simply of a water or air collector, painted flat black or selective black, to aid in the absorption of heat which is circulated to a storage unit (water or rock), then blown or pumped throughout the building. A passive unit can consist of a well-designed structure with a glass southern exposure, a green house, window box unit, skylights, bead walls, and others.

cont.



BASIC SYSTEM LAYOUT



WATER TYPE

AIR TYPE

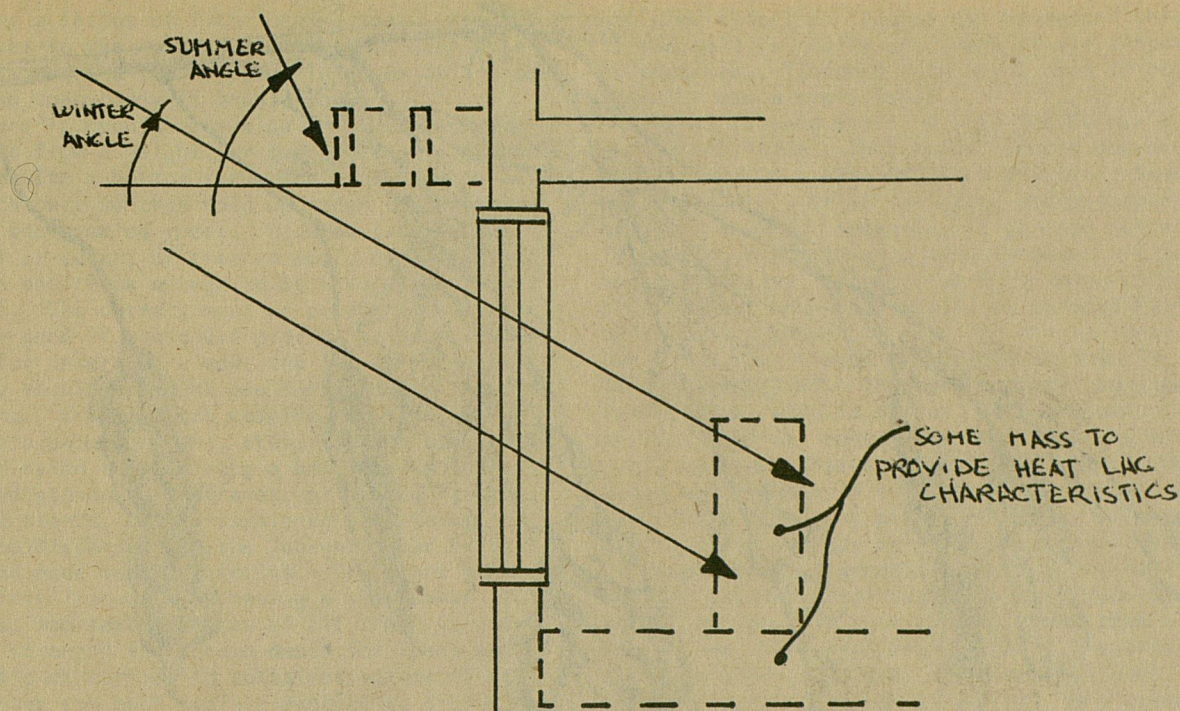
DIFFERENT SOLAR COLLECTORS

In order for these systems to be effective, some other factors should be checked into:

(1) A heat budget should be done on the structure. This can be done by figuring the amount of heat a building will use. (2) Make sure the structure is well insulated, meaning at least 4" of insulation in the walls and 12" in the ceiling, also an additional 1" styrofoam placed under the siding will aid in controlling heat loss. (3) Windows should be well caulked and storm windows should be used. The best storm window is the old fashioned removable window because it fits tighter in the frame. Aluminum combinations provide a second layer of glass but are not always airtight. (4) Research should be done on the climate in your area. Data concerning temperature extremes will aid in sizing your collector. (5) Know how many square feet of living area are to be heated. After all the information above has been collected and evaluated, the type of system can be chosen and sized for your particular structure.

Which types of systems do you use; active or passive, air or water? First you should design the building to be a passive solar collector. This is done by positioning windows, overhangs, and greenhouses so that they will provide direct solar heating to the house without mechanical equipment. Once you've done whatever you can with a passive design the difference is made up by the active system, the solar collector and if needed a back-up unit (wood, oil, gas, etc.). As was mentioned, a solar unit can be either water or air. The panels for a water system can be made of aluminum, bonded steel or

copper. Those for an air system can be aluminum, sheet metal, or glass. Both can be painted either flat black or selective black for absorption. All panels are constructed so as to have passageways or tubes running through them so that the air or water can pass. To conserve heat, each panel is well insulated with at least 6" of insulation behind it. In order to aid in collecting heat, the panels are covered by either glass, fiberglass or acrylic (the last two are better because they eliminate breakage and we have discovered that some insurance companies will not insure glass covers for hail and wind damage). The panels are then placed in a steel or wood-framed structure, or placed in the roof which faces south at the angle which will get the most light for the longest period of time. This angle is equal to the latitude if you are using the system year round or the latitude plus 10 degrees if it is for winter use only. The heated air or water is then circulated to a storage unit. The storage can be anything from a cement tank to a modified pool and contains rocks or water. In an air system, the heated air blows over rocks, which retain the heat, and then into the house through a conventional duct system. A water system works by pumping the heated water to the storage tank where it is either stored directly or stored via a heat exchanger. It is then pumped through a heat exchanger and a blower circulates the air through the house by regular duct work. Instead of converting the hot water to air via a heat exchanger, you could also use it like radiator



PASSIVE

heat, by directly pumping the hot water through baseboard tubes in the house.

Thus far, there have been no major differences between water and air systems. They work basically the same, cost about the same, and have basically the same efficiency rate overall. So what is the difference? A water system is more flexible. It can be adapted more easily to heat the structure whether new or existing, pre-heat your domestic hot water more easily, heat your swimming pool (which could also act as a storage tank), or heat a hot tub. Also a water system uses smaller storage area, and smaller areas for piping (1" tubing). In our home (2200 sq. ft.) we have a modified pool, 8' in diameter and 4' high which holds 1300 gallons of water. If we were to use an air system and storage, the rock bin would have been 10' x 10' x 6' with duct work 2' x 1'. However, an air system is more suitable for space heating (no water to air heat exchangers) and is more efficient in the delivery of the warm air to the house. It is quite inefficient to heat water with air collectors or, if done efficiently, is quite expensive.

There is one other thing to take into consideration concerning the type of system and cost. Should you use a modular unit (pre-assembled) or a built-in-place component system? A modular unit is already assembled and just needs to be attached to the roof and hooked up. However, units of this nature tend to be more costly (\$5,000 to \$10,000, excluding field labor).

A built-in-place component system allows the builder to select his components. For example, we chose to use an aluminum panel and a reinforced fiberglass plastic cover and placed each independently into the frame. This will allow us to make easy repairs or change panels, which we could not do using a modular unit. A system of this kind also saves money, especially if you are an owner-builder. A unit will usually run between \$3,000 to \$5,000, excluding field labor.

Basically, I've discussed solar heating units, but solar can also cool. This is done the same basic way as commercial cooling units only the heat is used to run absorption coolers. This type of cooling is an active method, but you can also cool your home by a passive method. Here at Natural Energy Workshop, we designed a two-story space with a vent system at the top. This vents the warm air directly to the outside and allows the cooler air, from windows on the sheltered north side, to circulate to lower floors and then to the upper levels.

At the beginning of this article, I also mentioned that electricity can be generated by solar collectors. These collectors are photo-electric cells. At this time, this is a costly means of obtaining electricity and a wind generator would be more practical.

These are some of the ways in which solar energy can be put to use. We need to use wisely all our energy sources, including oil, gas, and coal, and the use of solar and other little-used alternatives will help to make them last longer. ♀



Raised-Bed Gardens

BY BARGYLA RATEAVER

Who says gardening has to be hard work? You can sit and do it all! The answer is raised beds, planting areas contained within walls and preferably waist height. You would be really smart to use these if your garden is riddled with tree roots, invaded by Bermuda grass (or its counterparts, such as witch grass), cloddy with clay or slippery with sand, too steeply sloping, soggy wet or nothing but rocks. Put a capping on the top edge of the bed's confining walls, and you have a neat place to sit.

On a concrete patio, or on a lawn, you can arrange a series of boxes in interesting patterns and of varying heights. In a row crop garden, fill the pathways with deep inches of sawdust to

smother weeds and give you a dry footing. Against a steep slope set stepped boxes, filling in open chinks at the base with newspaper. On rocky terrain, paper comes in handy for stuffing the uneven crevices and padding the rough rock surfaces. Where the ground is slushy wet, layer it with rocks, gravel, broken-up-concrete slabs, or deep sand, finishing with thick masses of newspaper.

Vary the shapes and sizes of the boxes. Small corners could hold a deep triangular bed, slivers between a concrete walk and the fence could take a long rectangle: irregular spaces could be filled with circular build-ups. You might find that a zigzag arrangement would be

novel, or a series of interlocking arcs. Adapt the shapes to the contour of the land, such as a row of superposed V's along a ridge, or an S-shape where the topography is undulating.

There is much choice also in beds which are suspended from a height, or supported at a height. These require a bottom structure, and have to be made with care so they hold up under the pressure of soil and growing roots. Redwood (really too scarce!) or cedar, or treated wood, of sufficient strength and thick enough to be insulating, would be ideal. The corners must be reinforced, and it would be good if you could provide at each corner a hole for inserting a rod, the latter to support a canopy should you want one for shade or insect repelling. From a porch ceiling, or tree, or children's swing support, etc., you can use metal chain or nylon rope to hang a box. Three-legged metal rod stands, or A-frames, or paired ladders, or plant stands, or old-fashioned hat stands, or even some discards from the junkyards can be utilized and made very attractive. You might mask an ungainly framework by having a vine cover it.

The important features of all these is sufficient strength and enough depth for roots and good ratio of surface to contained volume of soil. If you have too much surface exposed to drying winds and sun heat, you will have trouble. Avoid it by placing the box advantageously, or having it mounted on casters so it can be wheeled out of danger as needed, or insulating the walls of the box. Insulation can be a layer of fiberglass padding (aluminum sheathing side turned out to avoid getting slivers in your hands), or shredded paper between two walls, or sawdust fill in a double-layered wall of thin material such as Masonite or plastic.

An example would be: small plastic clothes-basket or garbage can inside a larger size, the space between filled with shredded styrofoam cups (picked up from a hamburger stand) and a group of these massed on an old iron cot with casters.

Another idea would be to join a series of metal card tables, perhaps in an unusual and interesting arrangement, setting planter boxes on these. This would be particularly good for someone who is crippled or too lacking in energy to stand over a garden patch. (It would be ideal for a children's hospital.)

Various materials can be used for the sides of a box. Brick, cement blocks, pieces of sidewalk cement, aluminum sheathing, stakes, snow fencing, railroad ties, drawers from discarded filing cabinets, filing cabinet turned sidewise, spin bucket from washing machines, old refrigerators with doors removed or fastened back. Even packing crates can be used if heavily insulated; here would be a good place to pad with thick masses of newspapers. If you find used lumber with rough surfaces, cover with an attractive pebble mosaic or colored sand patterns. Just make sure the walls are thick or padded enough to be impervious to heat and wind.

Most plants will grow in shallow soil (around 6-8 inches) such as leafy greens, small carrots, squash family, cabbage family. Corn would need a deep box. The essential is good soil. Roots which ordinarily, in such soil, would grow deep,

can grow sidewise. Plants can be massed thickly if the soil is really good, and if air circulation is adequate. (Indoors, you might want to occasionally use a small fan.)

What is good soil? A very fluffy mix properly fertilized. This means compost and organic fertilizers in a base of loose texture. Start with any dirt. If it is sandy, add plenty of compost, seaweed, some clay if you can get it, leaf mold, etc., to give cohesiveness. If you begin with clay, break it up with seed hulls (rice hulls, buckwheat hulls, cocoa bean hulls) or sawdust - enough to make the mix so loose you can punch your closed fist right through it. **THIS IS IMPORTANT.** Then add seaweed granules, fish flakes, alfalfa flakes, more compost, ground up leaf mold or leaves, shredded paper, granite dust, rock phosphates, oyster shell flour, bone-meal, etc. There is no way to over-emphasize the importance of having plenty of these, because your success depends on having more than enough to supply massive growth in such a limited space. Lastly, grind your garbage in your blender, with water, and pour it over the soil, and then add earthworms; they need fresh garbage, especially coffee grounds. To keep the plants in good health straight through to harvest, you should spray them about every week or two with liquid Maxicrop, a special liquefied seaweed. This will protect them from most troubles, including frost and fungi, because it has all the necessary elements and also hormones, vitamins and certain unusual materials such as chitin and laminarin; it is the only all-in-one natural fertilizer.

If you are setting your box on something you want to smother, such as weeds, or on a Bermuda grass patch because it is hopeless to fight the grass, first lay down a thick mass of flattened cartons; then cover with heavy black plastic of construction grade. The framework of your box goes right onto this, without a base; water will drain out and over the plastic without problems. The same is true if you set it on cement or a boarded deck, etc. Only if the box is suspended by chain or standing on legs do you need a bottom.

In either case, line the bottom surface thickly with newspapers, laid flat or shredded. Here is a good place to utilize the shredded confidential papers the banks and aerospace companies discard. Pour the good soil over this and start planting. Leave only narrow spaces between the rows, or seed all over the surface, the way you would plant a lawn. Make it easy to spread the seeds thinly by mixing them with dry sand or coffee grounds or talcum powder or granite dust, etc. Let the carrots grow thick - they will nudge each other out of the way. If you must thin, as for lettuce too tightly massed, CUT them, don't pull, to avoid disturbing neighboring roots. Then REMOVE the cuttings; if they remain they may attract pests.

If you have a way to set a support over the box, or have made the holes I suggested to set poles in, you can stretch bird netting or cheesecloth like a canopy, to keep out pests or give shade. Plastic screening also is good, or even aluminum if you can afford it, as these can be shaped and need no supports. ♀



GARDENING

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY BARGYLA RATEAVER

Q. Is there any advantage to using seed inoculants?

A. Yes. For legumes there has been, for a long time, a bacterial culture for seeds, so that the organisms which fix nitrogen (change gaseous nitrogen from the air to organic forms in the root nodules) can get an immediate start in the young root's root hairs. Now there is a new inoculant for other plant seeds, not legumes, for bacteria which live ON the roots, not in them as for the legume type, and these depend on the root secretions, so it is important that they be present when the root shoots out of the seed. The latest development is a culture of algae, of the kind which also fixes nitrogen in the soil, not dependent on being in the root, either. All these help you get free nitrogen and avoid the temptation to use such destructive things as the chemical forms, including urea formaldehyde. For very little cash, you enrich your soil markedly. Additionally there are minerals which can be dusted onto the seed. I use an extremely finely powdered mineral mix; be-

cause of the very tiny size of the particles, the minerals are almost immediately utilized and can get to work inside the plant as soon as the absorbing routines of the seedling root are set up.

Q. Can I successfully transplant wild flowers to my own garden? What do I have to do?

A. Some wild plants can be moved all right. You must try to duplicate the environment as much as possible. Look for shade, moisture near the soil surface, dappled sunlight, proximity to certain other plants, etc.; which may be difficult. Easier is the additional requirement, that of soil. You can dig a huge hole and fill with the soil you found at the site of the plant in its natural habitat. Leaf mold is usually an important ingredient, as well as pine needles or the leaves of an overhanging tree. There are root secretions from surrounding plants which also may make a difference. If you look at a seed catalog from a firm specializing in wild flowers, you will get an idea of the kind of plants which are likely to transplant successfully that way,

and maybe some tips on planting requirements. Generally a long tap root does not move well.

Q. What can I do to save on water for the garden, during the drought?

A. Utilize as many water-holding materials as possible in the soil, and also mulch. Newspaper can be shredded, or even torn into bits (enlist children!) and mixed into the soil. It can also be put in the bottom of each planting hole or trench. As a sub-mulch it may be layered just beneath the soil surface so that the soil covering it is kept moist too. On the surface it can be laid flat or in chunks of folded sheets, or padded down as a layer of strips. If soaked in water and pulped, it may be poured over the soil to make a stiff mulch when dry. Humus is the best water saver, so don't let any scraps of organic material go to waste. Now is the time to use even items normally discarded: cotton or wool rags, torn paper bags, odds and ends of string and thread, shabby cardboard cartons, soiled wrapping paper. Remember, though, that wherever you use paper of any kind, you must at the same time soak the paper with liquid containing high nitrogen source, such as manure tea, fish emulsion or urine (liquid manure). The only exception is the soil where peas or beans are to grow; if you put paper in the hole or trench for such seeds, no nitrogen is needed, as the legumes provide their own. A very thick layer of sawdust also is a good deterrent to evaporation, and again, use liquid nitrogen with it, so your crop does not suffer a nitrogen shortage. The soil organisms get the first chance at nitrogen, so there will not be enough for both the roots and the breakdown of the sawdust. Hardwood sawdust is best, as it does not contain the resins of some conifers. A drip irrigation system is best for saving on water.

Q. Is it safe to use urine in the garden?

A. Whenever you use the bedding from the barn or stable, you are using urine because it soaks into the litter material, and you never worry about using that. Urine is sterile unless there is an infection in the animal's urinary system. In Europe people often use human urine, even spraying it, diluted, of course, on fruit trees to help set fruit. This is because of the hormones contained, but one can get the same effect by spraying with Maxicrop liquid seaweed, which has all the hormones a plant needs. Urine is high in nitrogen and is very good in compost piles, too. Diluting it is usual.

Q. Is it safe to use dog and cat manure or litter?

A. Doctors say no, that the parasites and other harmful organisms, which can affect humans, are not destroyed under 99°F, so it is best to not use them. Composting in a good pile comes be-

yond that heat, but possibly there are resistant forms of the pathogens, so you may feel safer not to use such materials. If the organisms get into the intestinal tract, say from your fingers to your food to your mouth, they can get into the body and then the troubles begin.

Q. Herb sprays are supposed to help ward off bugs, but is there an easier way than to go through all that?

A. You can grind up the dried herbs to powder and sprinkle that on with a salt shaker, or even just cut sprigs and lay them around the plants you want to protect. I have seen a thriving orchard where mint was used as a ground cover under the trees. It seemed to help with pests and yet did not rob the trees of too much soil moisture. Using your year old herb powders this way is good; you should get fresh material for the kitchen each year. Sprinkling the extracts helps a little, but not as much as a sprayer.

Q. What is a good sprayer to use in an ordinary sized home garden?

A. I have used the hose attached type satisfactorily, but they do have to be filled rather often, even with a quart bottle. The large pump models are excellent and have been used for a long time; a woman may have to move them around on a small cart. I now am satisfied with the Solo, a German import I got from Webb's, 5381 Old San Jose Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95069. It isn't cheap, about \$90, but it also has a lance attachment which will reach up to trees. I like it because it holds 4 gallons of spray and goes on my back with some comfortable padded straps. Just a few pumps with the left hand and the right hand sprayer goes for quite awhile. I find it quite effortless, and I can do both back and front yards of a development house, with just one filling of the tank.

Q. What can I do to lighten my labor in the garden, without sacrificing the flowers I like to grow?

A. Mulch everything deeply. Set up a drip system so you need merely turn on the faucet the least bit so it can go on all the time just a little. Use aluminum or magnesium tools, such as rakes, shovels and hand tools (cast aluminum). If you have anyone handy to do it, or can do it yourself, have the wheelbarrow or cart container portion made of aluminum. They were available during the war but not now. Handles of heavy ash can be changed to tubular aluminum. Use the right tool; a pitchfork is very light for moving light materials such as hay or dried manure, and it is a mistake to use a spading fork for such jobs. If you can afford indoor-outdoor carpet use it, or if not, get discarded carpet from apartment house owners, and spread that over the

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AUGUSTA SMITH

garden area; make slits in it where you want rows, or cut out sections for beds, and plant in those restricted spaces. You can then walk on the carpet between and have no weed worries. The few weeds that can find room are easily pulled out. Try to handle anything only once: make up your mind before you pick up the garbage whether you will blend it to liquid or bury it in the compost pile. Plan before you do. Label to save questions later. Keep only such records as you really feel will help. Do it right the first time: put up the vine support before you plant the peas or beans. Don't keep on working when you know you are too tired, or you will ruin something in your fatigue: to tie up that last branch before dark, you accidentally yank the whole support out. Rig up your seedling protection before you plant so you don't have to replant those the slugs got.

Q. Can leftover seeds from garden seed packets be sprouted for eating? Is there any benefit to be gained from these, or lost, over those from seeds called sprouting seeds in the health food store?

A. Garden packet seeds can be sprouted if they are of the edible type and have not been treated with chemicals. If treated, there should be a stamp on the packet saying so. Usually untreated seeds are stamped "Untreated". Any unchemicalized seed should be able to be sprouted if it is not rancid. Rancid foods are very dangerous to eat. The mere fact that some seeds are labeled "for sprouting" should make one suspicious of any seeds not so labeled. Rancid seeds do not sprout. If you had trouble, for example, with sprouting any seeds, go to a pet shop for some, because birds will not eat rancid seeds, and the supply is generally fresh.

There is benefit from eating sprouts, yes. There is a great increase in the vitamin content, and there is a change in the protein components and their rearrangement of their amino acids to make a different kind of protein. An added value is the fact that the seeds are soaked in water for some hours; many grains contain phytic acid which ties up calcium to make it unavailable to the body; soaking overnight in water releases phosphatase which gets rid of this hazard. Remember how our mothers or grandmothers used to make bread - setting the sponge overnight - ? In that way the flour was wetted long enough to get rid of the phytin dangers. Quick breads and one-hour breads do not offer the advantages of sprouted grain seeds.

Q. Do sunflowers have any economic value other than as a source for oil or edible seed?

A. Yes, they make a very good green manure crop and are much used for this in the European organic farms. Also, they are good in silage, cut along with anything else that grows in the field, usually a legume and a grass.

Q. My yard is tight, hard clay. Do you suggest I have it all dug out and removed and replaced by topsoil, for my vegetable garden?

A. Definitely not. Amend it until it is very loose and fluffy. Use ground up corncobs or wheat chaff or rice hulls - even sawdust if nothing better is available. The trick is to use so much and incorporate it so thoroughly with a tiller or disc that the texture is really loose like a bowl of cereal. This means plenty of amendment! Clay is very good because its particles, being electrically negative on the surface, attract the positively charged mineral elements; this is why clay is called fertile. Some clays are especially valuable: montmorillonites, because they are particularly capable of such attraction. They have a crystalline structure of layers, each of which can hold minerals by electrical attraction. I use such a special clay in my garden - it is supposed to keep the soil so well balanced with its 72 minerals that insects don't like the taste of plants grown with it. I also have it to use as clay pack for skin, and in tablets for taking internally - all because of the same thing: its tremendous attraction for the minerals all over the surfaces of its particles. So don't blame clay for what it is; just add to its value by breaking it up with some amendment. Once it is loose, you can add all the humus-producing materials very easily even with just a hand tool such as a spading fork.

Q. How can I get rid of the tree stumps in the woodlot area we cleared for a garden?

A. One easy way is to let it rot. Chop gashes into it, put compost or soil over it, moisten and either leave like that and keep moistened all the time, or cover with plastic bag after moistening - either way just so long as it stays moist enough to decay. Another way is to burn it. Protect the area by setting over it a topless, bottomless oil can or metal garbage container with some support under to let air run through the space between the stump and the container walls. Set fire to the stump. If you are in no hurry you can just plant around the stump - whatever shrubs or perennials will suit the locality; sooner or later the stumps will rot. You could drill holes in the stumps and fill with water plus a few drops of Basic H to penetrate better.

Q. I recall some wonderful beans from my childhood. Where can one find seeds of the old varieties I never see in the seed catalogs any more?

A. The True Seed Exchange: RFD 2, Princeton, Mo. 64673, and you pay a \$1 membership. Another place, still in the early stages, is the Intl. Vegetable Seed Library in England. When it reaches the point where one can order seeds, I'll report that. ♀



PAM SPAULDING

HORSE

TRAINING

BY FRAN RANSLEY

Once I met an old Indian horse-breaker and asked how he started a horse. He told me in the old days if he wanted a horse for himself he would catch it and tie it to a tree with a long rope. Then he would camp near the horse. He would eat and sleep and feed and water and talk to the horse. For about two weeks he would be with the horse almost constantly, handling it and getting to know it. Then he would take off the rope and let the horse go. Then he would call the horse. If it didn't come to him he would just let it go. If the horse came back to him he would know it was right and go on with the training.

The I Ching, or Book of Changes, is rooted in folk wisdom and uses horses in many images. The hexagram K'uei (Opposition) says "If you lose your horse, do not run after it; it will come back of its own accord". Understanding this symbol is the key to training a horse. You can use your horse's natural needs and desires to teach it. If your horse has not been spoiled by wrong treatment and if you have patience, you will have success.

There is a certain mystique that surrounds horse trainers. Thus a lot of people believe it takes something special to "break" a horse and they will go and hire a professional to do something they might be able to do themselves.

Not everybody can (or wants to) train a horse but it's not as hard as myths would have it. You don't have to be a cowboy, rope a wild horse, throw the saddle on it and count your broken bones.

If you want to train your own horse, you need a few basic qualities: a liking for horses, patience, and some previous experience working with and caring for horses.

Teaching horses is pretty much like teaching children or dogs. You have to be kind, firm, and consistent. You must know the horse's mind well enough to be able to make the horse understand what you want it to do. Many times you will try over and over to get a horse to learn something and meet with no success. Then one day when you are least expecting it the horse will do exactly what you want it to do. This is where patience comes in.

Basic knowledge in handling horses gives you an advantage. As you go along you learn little tricks of the trade (I will tell you many that I know) that make your work easier. You learn to understand your horse's character so you know when and how to discipline.

Horses come in variations of two basic character types: sanguine, or "hot-blooded", and phlegmatic, or "cold-blooded". Breeds of light

horses like the Arabian, Thoroughbred, American Saddle Horse, and Welsh Pony to name a few, are examples of the hot-blooded type. This type of horse has quick reflexes, lots of nervous energy and tends to become hysterical when upset.

Cold-blooded horses would include the draft breeds, some Morgans and Quarter horses (though many of these are plenty hot) and some of the British pony breeds like the Shetland, Exmoor, Dartmoor and Connemara. Cold-blooded horses are much more easygoing and become stubborn when upset. Of course, among each breed you will find many differences of temperament, so this is just a guideline.

Different types of horses respond differently to training. When a cold-blooded type horse misbehaves you can often correct it with a shout or slap, where an excitable hot-blood might get even worse with the same treatment. You have to be a bit more tactful with the hot-blood horse.

It follows then that you should have a goal in mind before you begin training, and know that your horse is suitable to the goal. Training develops a horse's natural ability but can't change the horse's inborn character and temperament. It also cannot change physical limitations a horse may have.

So if you have a quiet, easygoing horse with an unruffled disposition you might want to train it as a children's horse. Your training would emphasize standing still for long periods of time, and going smoothly at slow gaits. You would want to get the horse accustomed to many strange sights and sounds so he would be likely to remain calm in any sort of uproar.

On the other hand, if you have a horse that is nervous, alert and likes to go, you could think about gymkhana, jumping or other types of training that require speed, energy and dexterity.

Horses are creatures of habit. They like being in a rut. You can make this work for you when training a horse. Training is establishing habits. You want to instill good habits which is much, much easier than trying to un-teach bad habits once they are formed.

A while ago, I was given a beautiful horse. The people who gave her to me said she was halter broke but otherwise un-handled. She was tall and had fine action so I thought I'd give her a try.

After a couple of weeks of working with her, it was evident that she had been handled and mistreated; she had phobias about being touched with ropes or straps and would shiver and sweat and have a fit when I would try to touch her feet.

This horse had developed a defensive attitude about people that wasn't likely to change. Being six months pregnant, I didn't feel like

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getting broken in the process of trying to break her so I sold her to a rodeo for bucking stock. She has found her niche in life and the cowboys are winning money on her.

Training is not something you do and are done with. Everything you do with your horse is training, good or bad. Training can last a horse's whole lifetime. Just as a person never stops learning, neither does a horse.

So whenever you work with your horse you should be in control and have in mind what you want the horse to do. If you start letting the horse wander around doing what it wants to do then you are teaching it to be spoiled and get its own way. This kind of spoiling by indulgence is just as cruel and makes a horse just as useless as ruining a horse by beating and brutality.

Halter-Breaking

Regardless of your ultimate goal, you have to begin at the beginning, with halter-breaking. This is the first thing every horse has to learn, to submit to restraint and stand tied with a halter; to allow itself to be groomed and handled by people; and to follow when led on a rope.

You can halter-break a horse at any age, but the younger the horse, the easier it is for everybody. Horses have instinctive fear of humans and this fear develops as horses get older. If you have a mare and foal, the best thing to do is begin handling the baby as soon as it is born. Some horse breeders wait until the foal is weaned or even a yearling or two-year-old before they halter-break. But there's no real reason to wait this long. Training a foal is fun, though, because baby horses are so cute.

Equipment you need for halter-breaking: A strong halter - nylon web is good because it's almost unbreakable. Cotton ropes - good because cotton doesn't make rope burns as readily as manila or nylon. And a tree or strong post to tie the horse. This must be in the open away from wire fences or debris. You can halter-break a colt all by yourself, but it's easier to have a friend helping.

Some colts that have been kept in pens or small pastures with their mothers are very friendly. They see people all the time and get curious and come right up to be rubbed and petted. Others that are on range, or have a shyer temperament, will have to be caught.

Catching

It is good to have a strong stall or chute where you can corner the colt and get the halter on. If you don't have anything like this, you'll have to try to catch it with a rope.

With a mare and foal, the first thing is to tie up the mare near where you want to tie the baby. Some mares get uptight if you mess with their baby, so talk quietly and try to reassure the mother. Stay away from her back end in case she might kick. A couple of people can then slowly work the baby into a corner and slip the rope around its neck. Be prepared for some struggles.

For catching the colt the first time, I like to use a lariat. I can't throw a loop like a cowboy but I find it easy to use because it's

stiffer than a regular rope and loosens easily when the baby stops pulling.

Be inventive. If you have trouble catching the foal, just be patient. Don't lose your cool. Last year I was halter-breaking a two-month-old filly and had only a corral, no stall or any place I could corner her. I was getting kind of perplexed about just how to catch her so I leaned against the fence to think about it. About that time she decided to lie down next to her mommy for a nap. As soon as she shut her eyes, I just went over and slipped the rope around her neck.

After you catch the colt you need your solid post to tie up to. Actually, the best thing is to *wrap* the rope several times around the post. When the colt hits the end of the rope it will fight and may even seem to choke or throw itself on the ground and get tangled in the rope. If you don't tie the rope right away, it will be easier to loosen it some in case the colt falls. When you do tie, make it eye level to the horse, or higher - this will minimize the possibility of a broken neck if the horse throws itself. Leave several feet of slack so the horse's nose can reach the ground.

During the struggling when the horse finds itself tied up, stand next to the post so you can loosen the rope immediately if you have to. Also this will give the horse the idea that it's you he is trying to get away from and can't, not just a post.

When the fighting lets up and the colt stands (or lies) still, work your way toward the colt. Talk nice and be ready to get out of the way if the horse tries to strike at you.

Try gently rubbing the horse on the neck and shoulders. Then quickly, but smoothly as possible, put on the halter with a rope attached. Tie this to your post and remove the noose from the colt's neck. It's important to do this as soon as you can, especially if the colt has thrown itself.

The main point you're trying to teach the horse now is that it can't get away no matter how much it fights. So even if you have to loosen the rope some, don't let the colt get away from you. Once the horse gets the idea that it can get away, it will try this again. A horse that always tries to break ropes and won't stand tied isn't worth much.

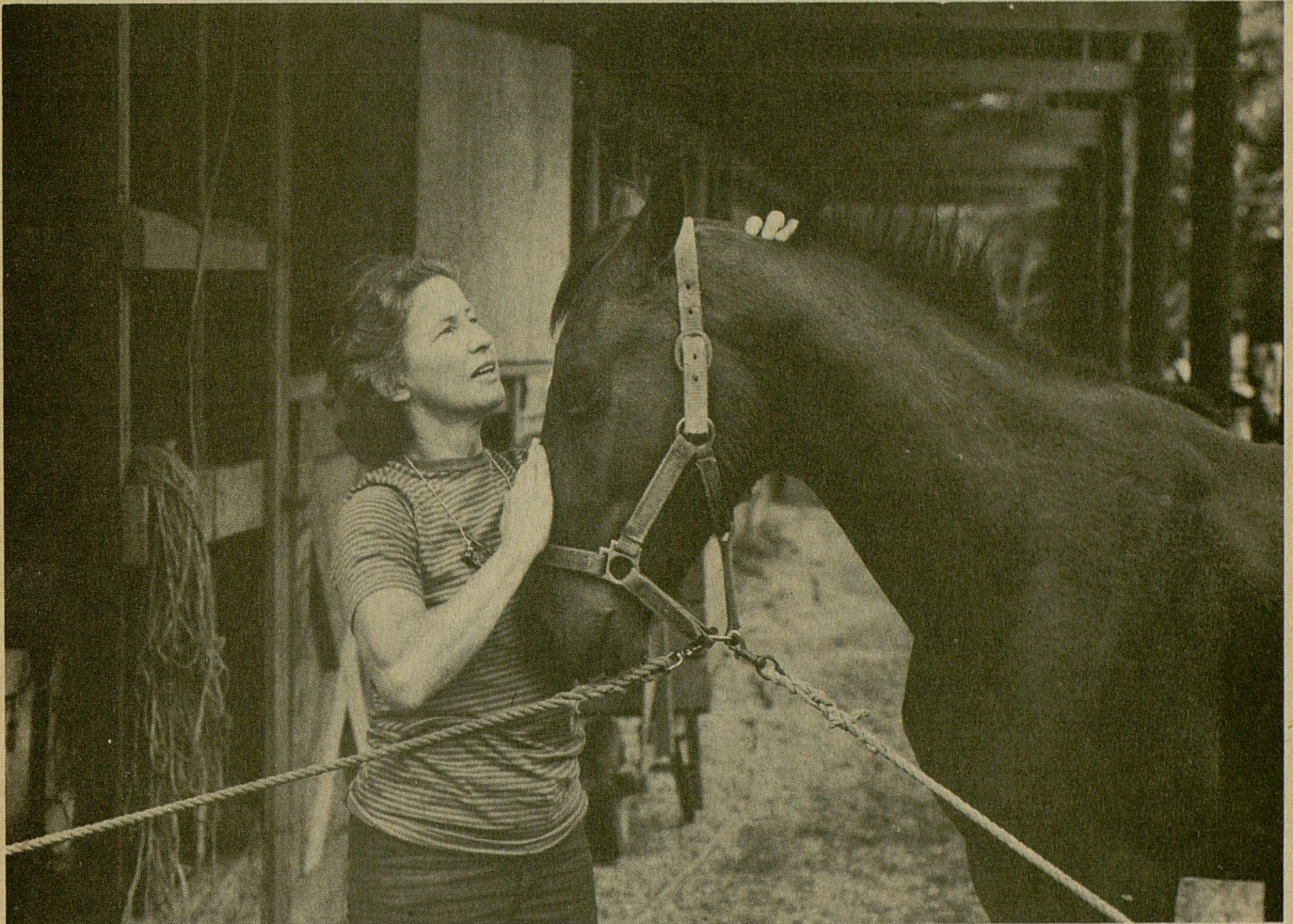
Handling and "Sacking"

The next thing you want the horse to learn is that being tied up isn't all that bad and people are OK. Do this by gently stroking and talking nice. Horses have special spots where rubbing feels good, usually on the withers (shoulders), the poll (back of the ears), or on the forehead or side of the neck. You can offer a carrot, apple or handful of grain. If the horse gets a massage and a tidbit every time you tie it up, it will start to feel positive about people. It takes time, though, before the horse will relax with you.

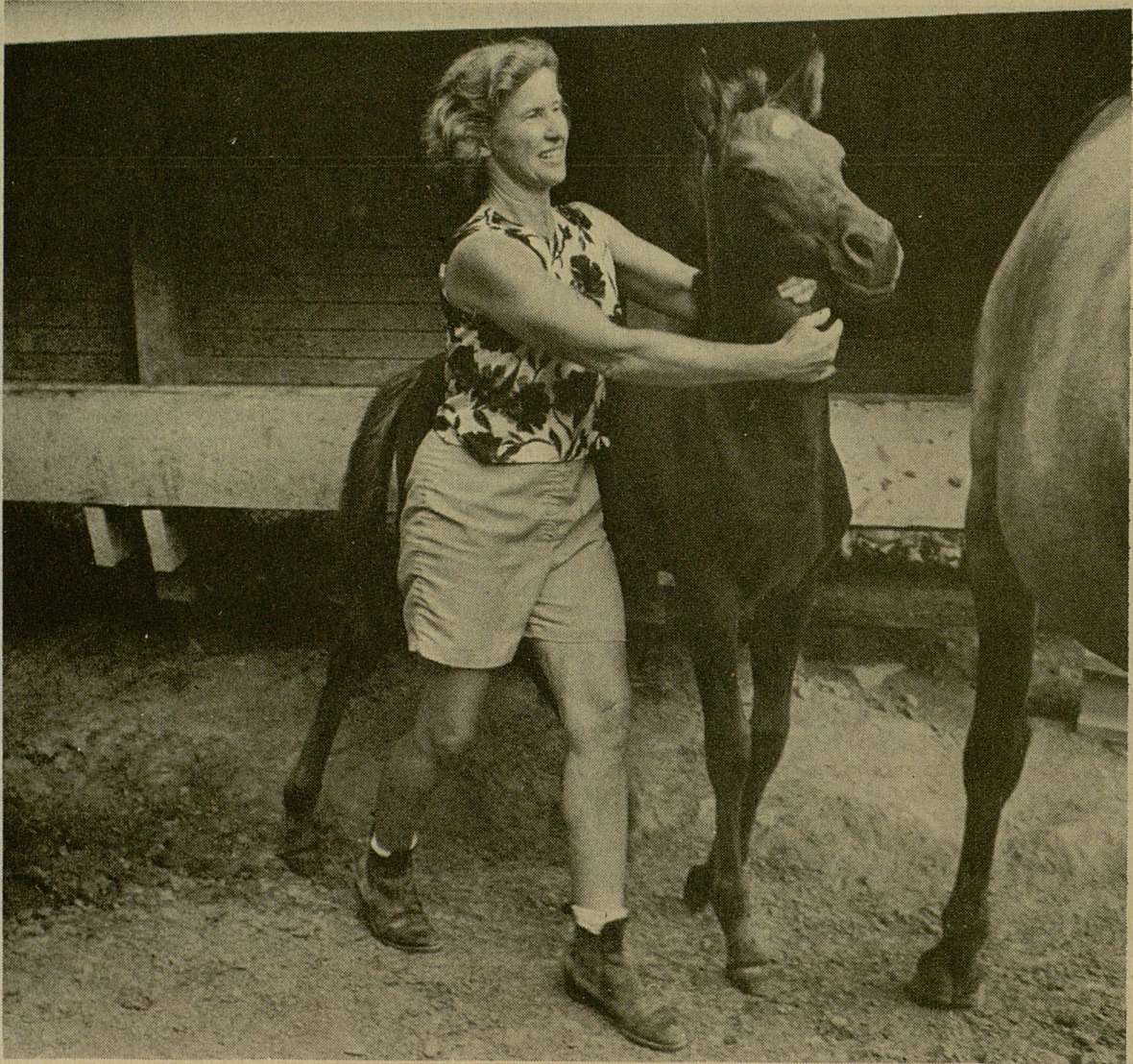
Sacking is a method of getting the horse used to being touched all over. A lot of trainers sack a horse kind of roughly. After the colt is tied up securely, the trainer takes a burlap sack (a saddle blanket or towel will do)

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PAM SPAULDING



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and rubs and slaps the horse all over with it. The trainer keeps flapping and slapping and the horse has a fit until it gives up and realizes it can't get away and the flapping sack isn't really hurting it. Personally, I don't think you have to get that rough. This method would maybe work better on a real rank wild horse but if you're a beginner and have never broke a horse before you might not want to tangle with a real rough horse anyhow.

I start by stroking the horse with my hands first, on the neck and withers working back to the belly and rump. Stroke each part until the horse quits wincing. Always give the horse lots of sweet talk. When the horse gets used to your hands, go to using a brush or towel.

When your colt gets pretty relaxed, which can take anywhere from two days to two weeks or more, then you can introduce it to other objects like straps, ropes, blankets, and any other equipment you will eventually be using. Let the horse sniff the new things, then start touching the horse's body with these things.

Leading

After the horse has learned to stand and be handled, you can teach it to follow you. With a small foal this is simple: one person leads the mama and another leads the baby next to her. The baby may be rebellious and hang back or jump sideways, but in time it will follow quietly. Then you can try leading it in circles away from the mama.

For those who are stubborn, there is a simple device that will make training easier. It is called a rump rope. (See illustration). When the colt doesn't respond to the pull on its halter, a timely tug on the rump rope is convincing.

Lead the colt all over the place with this thing on. I use the command "walk" to start the horse and "whoa" means stand still.

Lead the horse through ditches, puddles, over curbs, on pavement, etc. Give it time to examine strange things and overcome fear. A lot of horses will try to avoid strange footing or water. You have to be patient and firm. *Don't give up.* It's important not to give a command unless you are pretty sure you can back it up with some force (i.e., the rump rope, whip or whatever). If the horse gets away with not obeying you, your authority is shot. The horse has the advantage then and horses are not stupid - they understand power. Once a horse has disobeyed you and gotten away with it, be assured it will try this again.

If you are leading a horse and do not have a rump rope, there are two things you can do if it balks. You can get alongside the horse and smack it on the rear good and hard with the end of the lead rope, a stick, your belt, or whatever you can find.

When this fails, "winding him up" may work. Turn the colt round and round in a tiny circle until it's dizzy, then try leading forward again.

One of the most important elements in training is the use of *tact*. Although you

should demand obedience, you must also be discreet in making demands. Before you ask a horse to do something you must be sure that the horse is physically and mentally able to do what you want. If you go step-by-step in training and don't ask the horse to do something it's not ready for you will have much less hassle.

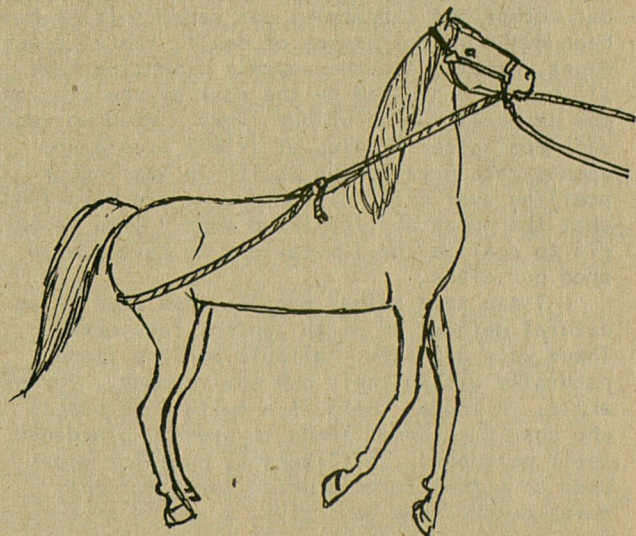
A horse will disobey you (1) because it is afraid, or (2) it is not physically or mentally able or *rarely* (3) just to be obstinate. There have been times when I was training a horse and mistakenly demanded too much. Then the horse refuses to obey and I know by the look of confusion that I shouldn't have asked the horse to do this. Other signs of fear and confusion are excitement, sweating, shivering, or in more phlegmatic horses, a resolute planting of the feet and refusal to move.

So what to do then? How do you back out of the situation gracefully? When you get to an impasse like this, it's best to end the session as quickly as possible. Give the horse a minute to relax (also pull yourself together and swallow all those cuss words). Then try it again.

Be content at this point with even the smallest shade of obedience. If the horse even does halfway what you want it to, praise it for trying. When the horse refuses to walk in a puddle and becomes stubborn or hysterical, if you can get it to leap over the puddle, or skitter around it barely getting wet feet, that's enough. So long as the horse keeps going in the direction you want it to go, heap on the praise. Then quit for the day. Knowing when to quit is important, especially for young horses, as they become bored and sour.

Nobody can tell you exactly how to train your horse. These guidelines will help but most of it will come from your own intuition and knowledge of yourself and the horse. **BE PATIENT.**

In the next article I will cover more advanced groundwork, longeing and ground driving and other things that will help to make the first ride mellow for you and the horse. ♀



Using the rump rope

A HOLISTIC APPROACH TO CONTRACEPTION

BY MERILEE KERNIS

Many people in America are unaware that there are ways to control conception which have nothing to do with mechanical devices or chemical substances. These are the natural methods. Almost everybody has heard about one of them - the rhythm method - for it was the earliest popularized natural method. Unfortunately, this method works only if you have a regular and normal monthly cycle, one lasting 28 to 30 days. Such is not the case for most women and, as a result, there have been many miscalculations and many surprise pregnancies. So that when the subject of natural birth control comes up, it is often greeted with misunderstanding and suspicion.

Sometimes I will hear people saying, "It doesn't sound like it could work," or "It is too difficult for me." What they are often really saying is, "Can I trust my own self? Can I really take responsibility for my own fertile cycle? Can I believe that within my own biological make-up there are signs that will indicate the onset and end of my fertile cycle, and the beginning of my infertile one? Can all this be true?" It seems that women are questioning their self-confidence and self-responsibility.

This is not at all surprising. Because of our mechanized lifestyles our sensitivities have been dulled. Our senses of smell, taste, touch, sight, hearing and the psychic dimension have all become minimized by the roar of the city and the externalization of our lives. When we read anthropological studies of tribal people who demonstrate outstanding acuity in hearing or smelling over great distances, we are surprised that the human ability is so vast. Then we begin to realize the limitations we have placed upon ourselves.

These same tribal peoples have been using natural methods of birth control for years. These ways are safe, reliable and are found naturally within their own environment. For example, in India, there is a culture of people who chew dry carrot seeds to prevent pregnancy. Their neighbors, the Tibetans, have for years used an herbal formula which taken for only seven consecutive days gives a year's protection from unwanted pregnancy. It is made from the ovaries of a female yak. Tibetan physicians

claim that its reliability and effectiveness are high. The Chinese also have an herbal formula made from a combination of several herbs, called She-Link Number 9. The major ingredient is from the Chi Je Date tree. Drs. C. C. Chan and C. Y. Yen tested this method on over one million women in three countries, and reported a 99.8% to 99.9% safety for six months, after which time a second dosage would be taken.

More amazing reports on natural birth control methods come from anthropologists who have researched the cultural life of villagers in central India and the South Sea islands. Such researchers as Malinowski (Trobriand Islanders) and Gordon Troeller and Claude Deffarge (Murias) reveal a seemingly fantastic ability among the unmarried who use mind control as a contraceptive. What a wonderful, sensitive approach to the process of natural family planning and birth control. Without doubt, the value of such a method is that there are no harmful side-effects, not only to the physical body but to the emotional and mental states as well. Beyond us? Not really. It's within our reach if we begin today.

However, looking at our own cultural system, we see a technology which has produced sophisticated, computerized instruments, spaceships that travel to the stars, cars, airplanes, push-button mechanization that makes "it" all happen faster, and a country of people who are pill poppers. It is not at all surprising that similarly the "quick and easy" consumer attitude would be the basis of the birth control products developed by this same culture. The mass media message being sent out about birth control is "low personal involvement with the methods and a high degree of guilt."

For the last two decades, birth control devices have reflected the social and political climate surrounding their invention: imbalance, obstruction, and obsession with eradication. Very nearly all the devices developed blend into these categories. The imbalancers are birth control pills. The obstructors are the IUDs, diaphragms, and condoms. The eradicators are foams, creams, jellies and the sterilization operations.

Over the years, these techniques have all been tried by most women, with some periods of protection and some periods of failure - but none without any side-effects. No wonder there are so many angry and disillusioned women and so many concerned men. Our health and well-being are among the most precious jewels of human life. Do we want to suffocate ourselves? Sad to say, this is what we are doing when we accept and believe such insensitive, inaccurate statements from physicians and scientists as "pregnancy is more dangerous to our health than birth control pills".

These pills outweigh their competition to the degree of shocks they give to the female system. Medically, these effects are divided into three groups according to their severity. First, the milder or the "nuisance" effects. They are problems such as bothersome vaginal itching, breakthrough bleeding, fluid retention, estrogen deficiency, and progesterone excess. Secondly, the more dangerous difficulties are the "metabolic effects" which result in a change in amount and kind of cortisol produced by adrenal glands, and increased potential for blood clotting and gallstones, possibly elevated blood pressure, and a difference in the way the body uses certain proteins. Lastly, the "serious complications" are rising risk of fatal thromboembolism or blood clotting, breast diseases, and death. Women who are taking the pill should not view these contraindications lightly. But what has popularized birth control pills is their high protection rate, 96%.

The inter-uterine device (IUD) is another popular contraceptive device. Common complaints experienced by its users are extreme cramping and heavy bleeding during menstruation. The severe complications are pelvic inflammatory disease (PID) and unrecognized tubal or ovarian pregnancy, which can lead to serious difficulties, sometimes even death. This device is quite in demand because once implanted, the responsibility for birth control has ceased, except for an occasional check-up to see if the device is still in place. Moreover, its reliability is approximately 95%. However, some studies indicate that at the end of one year, 25% of the women using IUDs have them removed, for a variety of reasons, and that by the end of two years, only 50% of the women users are still using them.

The rather more awkward diaphragm is rising in acceptance as women and men are becoming more concerned about the harmful effects of the two previous techniques. An allergic reaction to the rubber disc bothers some users, though these women can switch to the plastic kind. But many others develop an itch, irritation or a burning sensation in reaction to spermicides used along with the diaphragm.

The safety of spermicides over a long-term period is really questionable. If the spermicide has the power to kill sperm, then its ingredients must be harsh and possibly toxic to the delicate membranous environment of the vaginal canal. Often women ask if the diaphragm can be used alone, as a mechanical barrier. Originally this was its intent, although currently this method is not promoted, possibly due to

the economics of drug company profits from the sale of spermicides. Even so, some women who are strongly opposed to the death trip of the sperm, use the diaphragm as a contraceptive all by itself. With the gooey additives, this device has a range in reliability from 85% to 94% depending on the study.

The remaining protectors are the condom and foams, creams and jellies used by themselves. Condoms are completely free from chemical or mechanical effects that would upset a woman's delicate balance, and as a barrier, their effectiveness falls at about 90%. Jellies, foams, and creams alone have a dependability rate of about 65%.

Finally, of course, there is always abstinence or sterilization - the former being 100% effective and the latter having a few failures and complications despite its seeming permanence.

The point is, all these devices are only primitive jabbings in the dark - techniques for doing something to interrupt the delicate balance of the human body.

While these various birth control techniques were being researched and energetically marketed in the United States, other more gentle methods were being developed abroad by scientists more interested in sensitivity to rather than manipulation of natural rhythms and cycles.

These men and women found that certain, very subtle cycles are part of the natural rhythms of the universe - an enormous cosmic clockwork. What are these rhythms? They are called circadian rhythms or cosmic clocks. They are vibratory forces of electro-magnetic energy emitted by the sun, moon and other heavenly bodies in the universe. They influence daily shifts of light to dark, and cause seasonal changes which direct the eating, sleeping, mating, health and survival patterns of fish, insects, plants, animals and humanity.

On a scientific level, marine researchers have uncovered specific correlations between breeding cycles and phases of the moon. Further study by Soviet and Japanese scientists independently have revealed that our bodies are extremely sensitive to the electro-magnetic forces in the universe. Careful observation of the sun during an intense activity like sunspots and sun explosions show a simultaneous decrease in the number of white blood cells - an infection fighting system - and subsequently an increase in disease. Farmers have long been aware that vegetation, too, responds to the energy patterns. They have planted, cultivated and harvested their fields only on particular days corresponding to certain phases of the moon.

Recently there has been a resurgence of interest in the clockwork rhythm of a woman's monthly cycle. Historically, village women discovered that their cycles synchronized with particular moon phases. For some women this fact is still true. Women who sleep outdoors report that the onset of menses has developed synchronicity with one of the aspects of the moon, and the moment of ovulation with the other. The most common relationship is ovulation occurring at the full moon and menses at the new moon.

cont.

In order that we may understand these innate rhythms again, we must pay close attention to successfully recognize the unfolding patterns. If we try to control, or manipulate, or change our cyclic reality in order to fit our desensitized ideals, we will not perceive the harmony of these natural rhythms.

In increasing our sensitivity, we begin to view patterns that recur in the physical as well as the emotional and mental bodies. For example, we take daily samples of the mucous secretion from the cervix, examine this discharge, and record its variations. We may also discover that our physical body produces sounds and internal movements. Some women experience a twinge or cramping in the groin around ovulation. Some women say that five days before menses is to commence, there is cramping or other signs, such as breast-swelling, bloating, sudden and intense mood changes, periods of depression or heightened creativity which attract their attention. During other parts of the monthly cycle, even more subtle but recognizable indications occur. With proper attentiveness in keeping a daily journal or chart of these emotional, physical and mental states, each woman can alert herself to the beginning and ending of each fertile time.

In recording this information, you need to be specific, if not graphic, in your descriptions. Put down the current date, the day of the monthly cycle, and make entries under three headings - physical, emotional and mental. Under each category, list the appropriate characteristics. A sample entry might read:

Physical: Strong, tired, sick, pain (location), clear, shaky.

Emotional: Good or poor self-image, elation, grief, calmness, loneliness, tenseness, confident, secure.

Mental: Positive thinking, like "I like myself today; It's a beautiful day; I enjoyed...", or Negative thinking: "I hate...; He's so stupid; I would like to punch him. It never works out..."

Below is a model of how you may construct your chart, but you will need to do yours much larger. Allow enough space for the natural methods as well.

DAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
DATE														
ASTRO														
Ovulation														
Temp														
Physical														
Emot.														
Mental														
Sex														

Natural birth control involves the man as well as the woman. With these processes, both can share with equal responsibility in complete familiarity with the techniques. Thus, the natural methods relieve the woman of traditionally bearing all responsibility and allow her to enjoy sexual intimacy without reservation. It encourages the man to become more variable, active and concerned about the relationship and invites alternative possibilities for more imaginative love-making than genital coitus.

There are six natural methods of birth control and fifteen combinations. The choices are: (1) Ovulation Method, (2) Rhythm Method, (3) Basal Body Thermometer/Temperature Method, (4) Astrological Fertility Cycle, (5) Lunaception, (6) Psychic or Mental Control. Each woman chooses one or more of the techniques depending upon the regularity or irregularity of her own cycle. Most women use some of them in combination. The type of combination would depend upon a woman's awareness of herself.

1. OVULATION (MUCOUS) METHOD: By daily checking your vaginal mucous secretions, you learn which days are safe and which are unsafe for love-making. This method, developed by Drs. John and Evelyn Billings - a husband and wife physician team from Australia - is a biological sampling technique to determine when ovulation and fertility occur by daily observation of cervical mucus. The color, texture and consistency of the mucus changes allow each woman to identify fertile from infertile mucus. This is because mucus appears in patterns and varies according to the particular day of your monthly cycle. The fertile mucus may be cottage-cheesecurd-like, clear and slippery, clear and stretchable, creamy white and translucent. Infertile mucus may appear sticky, dense, yellow, opaque and tacky.

The first step in using this method successfully is to become familiar with your mucous secretions. In checking the discharges, one of the four following methods can be used, with the last two being the most accurate:

(a) Twice a day, observe the amount of mucous discharge by wiping oneself with a toilet tissue, spreading the labia.

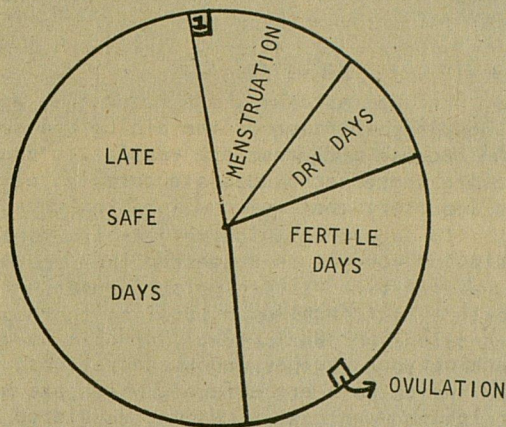
(b) Twice a day, observe the amount of mucous discharge by wiping oneself with one's fingers.

(c) Twice a day, insert two fingers (the index and middle) into the vagina and run the fingers along the cervix to obtain mucous secretions.

(d) Twice a day, check the flow of mucous by opening the vaginal area with a speculum and with a mirror used as a reflector and a flashlight, observe the mucus around the os, or mouth, of the cervix.

The next step is to identify fertile and infertile mucus. Ovulation will be signaled by the appearance of spinnbarkeit or mucus resembling raw egg white, with a stretching quality. The fertile period will be approximately ten to twelve days. If your cycle is less than 26 days, there may be no dry period after menstruation.

The fertile period may begin on the last days of the menstrual cycle. If your cycle is more than 32 days, observe the dry days carefully. During the dry days, any mucus which resembles fertile mucus means you must abstain from sexual relations. If after three days there are no further indications of the fertile symptoms, you may be assured that this day is safe.



REMEMBER, HOWEVER, THAT BOTH SEMEN AND INTERNAL PELVIC INFECTIONS WILL MASK CERVICAL MUCUS, throwing your calculations off. But with careful use, most women can use this technique with 99% reliability. (For more on this method of birth control, see "Beating the Birth Control Blues", by Betty Parker in *Country Women*, Issue 14, "Foremothers".)

2. RHYTHM METHOD: This is the oldest and best-known of the natural methods used in recent times. Individually, two scientists, Knaus and Ogino, researched and developed two methods of biological birth control. The two approaches have a 15% to 30% accuracy.

The first Rhythm Cycle determines your fertile period by first recording the length of each monthly cycle for a year. Then from the number of days in the shortest monthly cycle, you subtract 18. Next, note the number of days in the longest monthly cycle and subtract 11 from this. These figures give the first and last days respectively of your fertile cycle every month. An example: the number of days in each monthly cycle may be 24, 28, 25, 29, 30, 27, 29, 26, 31, 29, 30, 32. The shortest month is 24 days; subtract 18 from 24 to equal 6. The longest month is 32; subtract 11 from 32 to equal 21. Your Rhythm Fertility Cycle then would begin the following year on the 6th day of every month, and end on the 21st day of each month. You would be considered fertile for 16 days each month. This cycle is determined on the basis of your past patterns, which may or may not be the same for the current year.

The second Rhythm Cycle is a 13-day cycle. The cycle is determined each month by noting the date and time of the beginning of the menstrual flow or bleeding. Now count forward 14 full, 24-hour days. The 14th day is supposedly ovulation. Six days on either side of this 14th day are also considered fertile.

3. ASTROLOGICAL FERTILITY CYCLE: An astrological means to predict monthly fertility, this system was developed by a Czechoslovakian gynecologist, Dr. Eugen Jonas. Each woman's cycle is predicated upon the angle of the sun and the moon at her time of birth, date of birth, and place of birth. This natal angle, with a minor adjustment, repeats itself approximately thirteen times a year. The actual fertility cycle is a 96-hour period beginning on a specific date at a specific hour and ending four full days later.

The Astrological Fertility Cycle has 85% reliability, and coupled with the Rhythm Method as Dr. Jonas applied it (called the Cosmic Fertility Cycle), or with the Ovulation Method, its reliability will rise to at least 98%. From the information of a woman's time, date and place of birth, her natal angle calculation is 34.5 degrees and her working angle calculation is 41 degrees. This angle then is applied to the sun-moon angles chart for 1977 for the month of May and shows that this woman's Astrological Fertility Cycle is:

5/17	5/18	5/19	5/20	5/21
AFC Begins 12pm noon				AFC ends 12pm noon

4. BASAL BODY THERMOMETER: A woman's temperature fluctuates between her estrogen and progesterone (hormonal) cycles. During ovulation, her temperature will drop as much as half a degree and sharply rise up to one degree shortly afterwards, or else it will rise in a stair-step way. The temperature will usually remain high until the menses, at which time it will fall slightly. Then, just before or during ovulation, it will suddenly drop again. But occasionally it is difficult to tell what the rise is.

What you must do is look at the six days preceding the beginning of the rise. Circle that day on your calendar. Then look for three consecutive temperatures after the rise that are three-tenths of a degree higher than the day just circled. The fourth day after that will be safe.

In using this technique, *always take the temperature immediately upon waking*. Do not first get up to go to the bathroom. Do not smoke, do not drink or eat anything. Do not even shake the thermometer down. Take your temperature vaginally, rectally and orally. Allow the thermometer to remain in place for at least five minutes, then take a reading. Do not run it under hot water. Instead use a tissue to wipe it off. This temperature method is best as an indicator of when ovulation has happened and as a guide to the beginning of the infertile days.

cont.

5. LUNACEPTION: This creative process, developed by Louise Lacey, is a well-thought-out system for enhancing self-consciousness by allowing women to view themselves as a functioning whole and encouraging them to take responsibility for themselves, their lives and cycles. The method integrates awareness of a woman's daily life pattern with an understanding of how this pattern relates to her fertile and infertile cycles. The daily patterns observed are emotional, physical, mental, temperature, and cervical mucus. These are recorded by graphing them. The objective is to reveal a sequential, recurring pattern that is indicative to each woman of her own fertile and infertile cycles. An example is a woman who becomes aware of powerful and creative feelings three days before she ovulates each month. This may be a sign that signals the beginning of the first fertile day every month for her.

Using the Lunaception techniques, a woman abstains for five days every cycle - three days before ovulation and two days afterwards. (Ovulation takes only a few minutes, as the ovum is released from the follicle and enters the fallopian tube.) This method encourages the regulation of the monthly cycle. By sleeping in a light environment (with a 15 to 25 watt white light bulb) on the 14th, 15th, and 16th nights of her monthly cycle, and in total darkness (with no stray light) on the remaining nights, each woman can regulate her cycle so that she will consistently ovulate on the 14th, 15th, and 16th day of each month. By using the light to stimulate ovulation, she can determine her fertile and infertile periods.

6. PSYCHIC OR MENTAL CONTROL: The word psychic may ring with mystical connotations to our ears. For being psychic to most of us is a special gift. To others, it's a form of entertainment or quackery. But, with practice, we can all learn to develop these abilities. What application does psychic ability have to natural birth control? In using psychic means, we discover that we can voluntarily control our internal states through the use of our mind. No trick. The principle is that we have control over our bodily processes rather than our bodily processes controlling us.

Psychic or mental control is an excellent approach to develop increased self-awareness of the psycho-physical and spiritual patterns that operate within each woman. By becoming more in touch with these functions, she can see how emotions and thoughts voluntarily control the bodily processes. A sample of the techniques to use in quest of these abilities might be breath control, meditation and yoga.

In order to use the natural birth control techniques just outlined, it is essential to know exactly how often fertility occurs, but this is a question arousing heated debate today.

The traditional concept is that ovulation occurs once a month. This is a biological process, involving a physical preparation of the tissues and organs of our bodies for pregnancy, with accompanying hormonal secretions. Drs. John and Evelyn Billings support this belief in the practice of the Ovulation Method. Even

though there have been women who became pregnant outside their regular physical fertile time (1%), Dr. Billings claims that she is unaware of another fertile cycle in the month.

But other studies have shown that a woman may ovulate more than once a month. Masters and Johnson have proposed that intercourse may sometimes trigger ovulation. In researching and developing the Cosmic Fertility Cycle, Dr. Eugen Jonas proposed that a woman may ovulate at least twice a month - once at the biological time and once at the time in which her natal sun-moon angle reappears. Therefore, she may conceive outside her biological time.

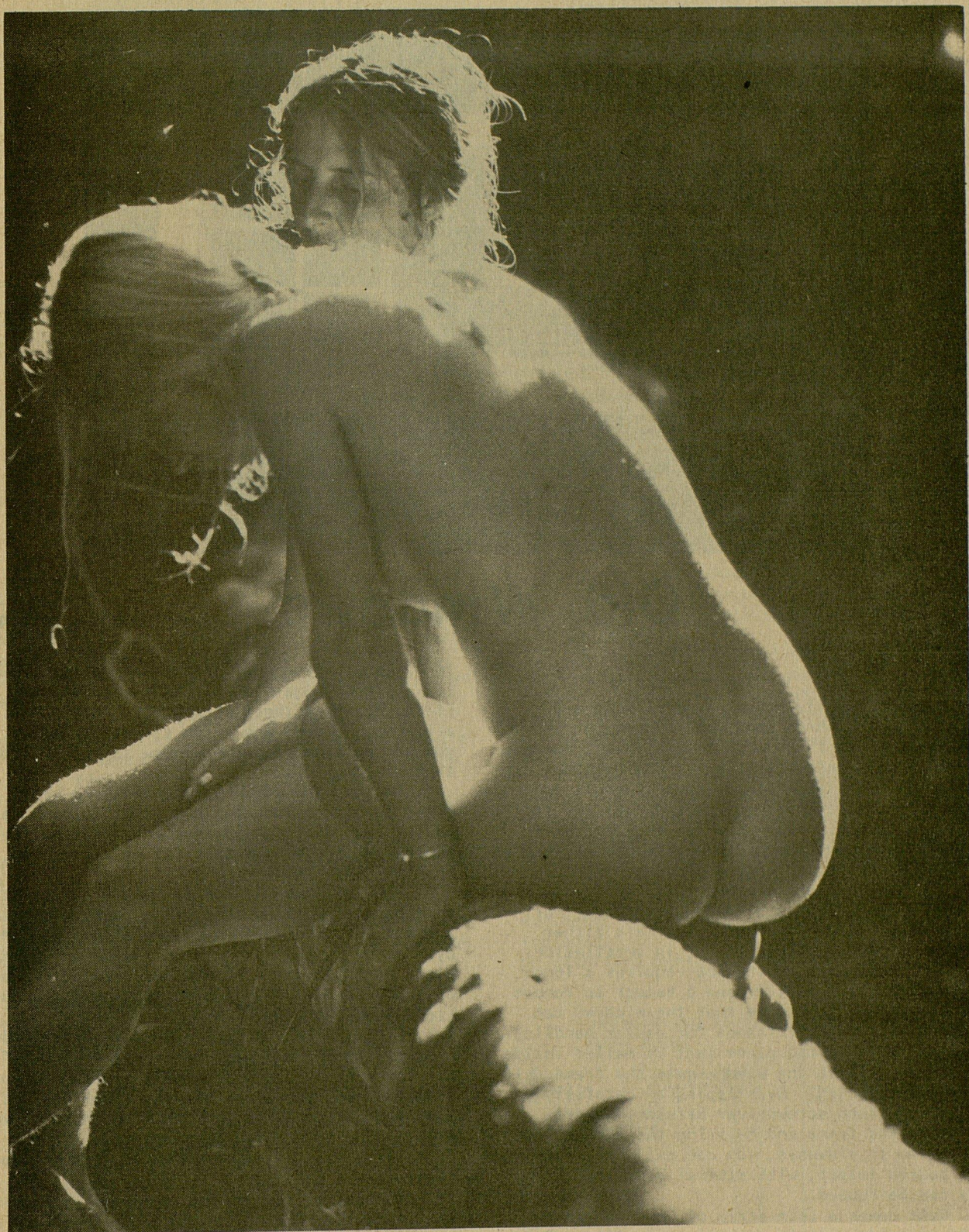
Because natural birth control is an underfunded new frontier of the biological sciences, and because much research remains to be done before these techniques are totally reliable, it is important that women using them seek guidance.

To determine which methods are most suitable for you, it is suggested that you work with a natural birth control practitioner. It is important that each woman receives thorough instructions and periodically her progress must be checked and evaluated by a qualified teacher/trainer to be certain that she clearly understands the procedures and has no difficulty using them. The outline of these methods presented in this article is only that - an outline of basic procedures used in each system. For practical usage and more thorough information about these methods, I recommend that you work with a qualified natural birth control or family planning practitioner. She/he will be able to instruct you in choosing methods for your particular regular or irregular cycle, will be able to help you regulate your cycle, will guide your application, and will help you with questions and difficulties.

Good luck - and, remember, love and relaxation are essential. ♀

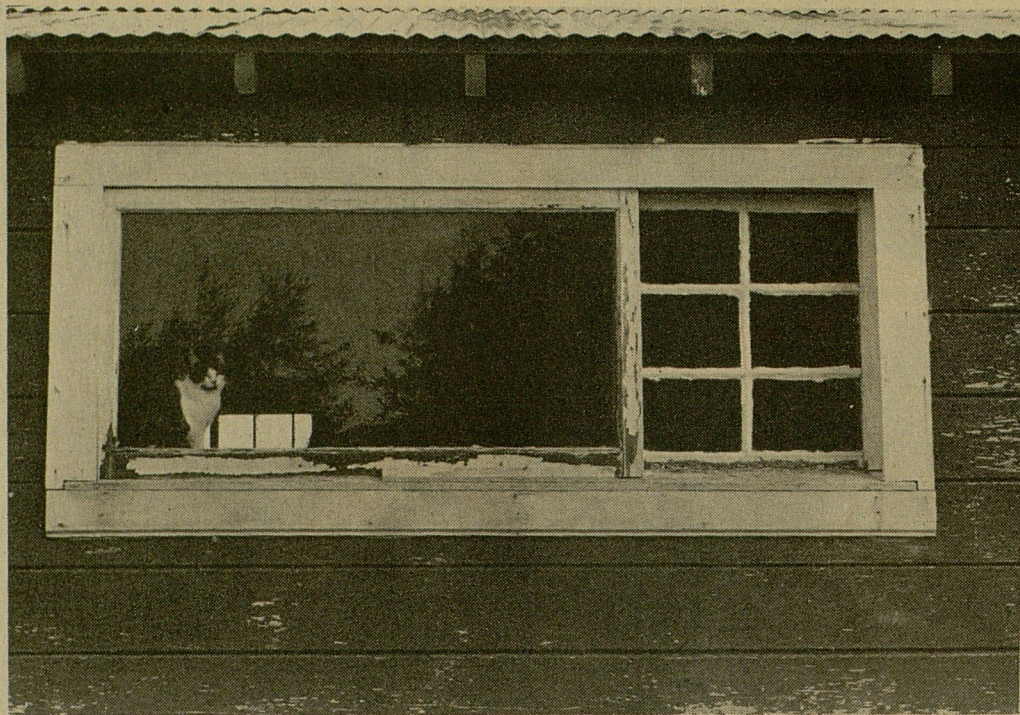
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ROSALIE WALLS

Weather-tightening



SALLY BAILEY

Old Windows

BY SARAH WYMAN

Having recently bought land with an old building on it (which hadn't been used for about 10 years), I was faced with several tasks towards making it wind-and-water-tight. The greatest disservice to a building is to leave it empty and unused, for it begins to crack and peel and fall apart bit by bit. One job which took approximately 3 to 4 days and which anyone can quickly learn to do is reglazing the windows.

There were eight windows in my building, five of which were the sliding up and down variety, and the other three of which were either fixed in place or tipped to let in ventilation.

The first part of the job requires a long-handled heavy screwdriver and a hammer to remove trim boards and guides so that the windows can be taken out of their frames for easier handling. The trim board is the piece that is nailed inside perpendicularly to the window onto the frame. It is usually painted. By slipping or carefully driving the long screwdriver between the trim board and the frame and twisting the screwdriver or wedging it sideways, you can pull off the trim boards intact, with minimal bruising, so they can be reused.

Next comes a thin strip of wood called a slide or guide. It is approximately 1/4 to 3/8 inches by 3/4 inches and runs the length of the window top to bottom. This piece is usually just hammered into a groove in the window frame.

In my case, three small nails were also holding it in place. Again using the screwdriver to start it, wedge these strips out. Now - setting aside trim boards and guide strips for reuse, you can pull out the two window sashes (bottom, then top).

On the windows which are only one piece and fixed in place, look for pieces of molding nailed in place that can be removed fairly easily. Again, be careful not to split or crack them, as you can reuse them.

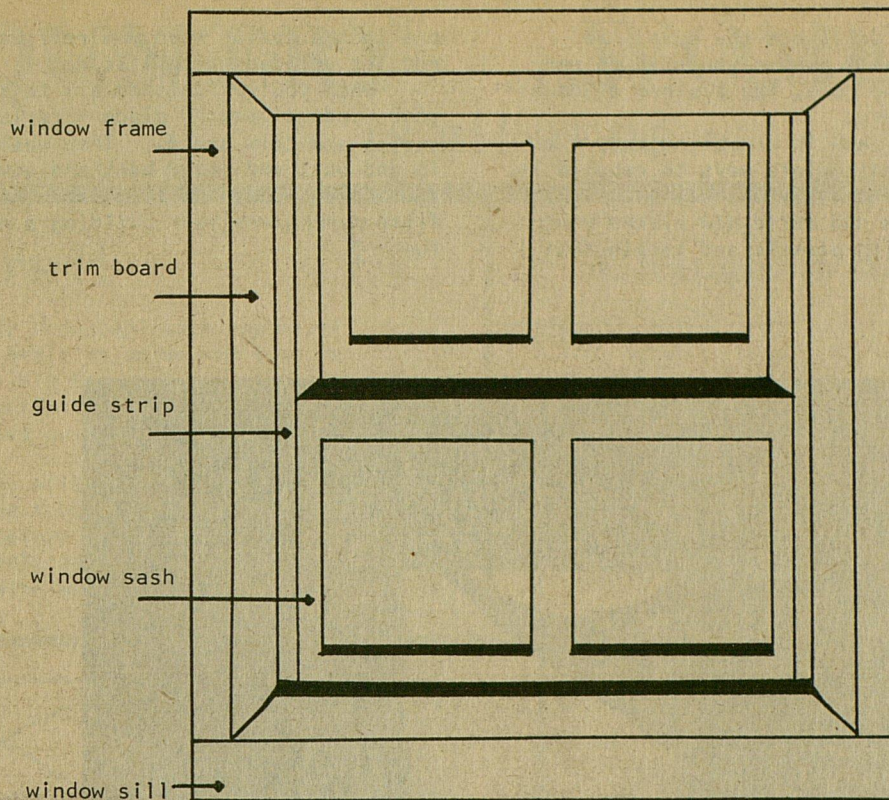
Now you have all the sashes in a nice stack somewhere to work on them. The panes of glass are set into the sash in a sort of groove made by a notch in the sash on the inside and held in place with glazier's points and glazing compound on the outside. Your job is to repair the outside of this groove.

First, with a scraper (an old plane blade or putty knife make good scrapers) scrape off all loose paint and old crumbly glazing compound. I caution you to watch that your tool doesn't bang into or press on the glass too hard or you will end up replacing the glass too.

Next, sand all wood surfaces with medium to light-weight sand paper.

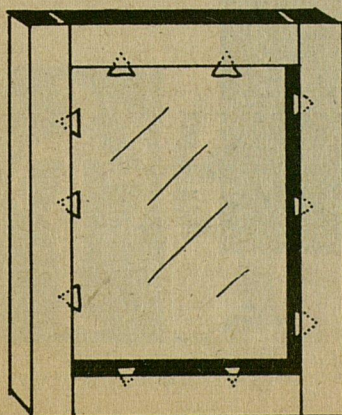
Now put in new glazier's points if necessary. These are tiny triangles of galvanized metal purchased at your local building supply store. They are pressed into the wood, point first, with a screwdriver flush with the pane of glass. Now the window is more secure.

6



Paint the sanded sash with a primer coat of whatever color you plan for your sash. This step is important before you apply glazing compound. Otherwise, the weathered dry wood will not hold the compound in place and you'll be redoing it all next year. So, first paint with primer, then glaze.

Glazing involves taking a gob of the putty-like substance on a clean smooth blade of a putty knife and drawing the knife along the edge where the glass fits into the sash, making a sort of triangle of putty. Cover the glazier points and make it as smooth as possible. Do the windows on the back of your building first, to practice. You'll get better at it and by the time you reach the front where someone might inspect your job, you'll be near perfect. I find the easiest way to get it smooth is to be fussy about the surface of the putty knife. If it is rusty or dirty from other jobs, clean it or get a new one.



glazier points

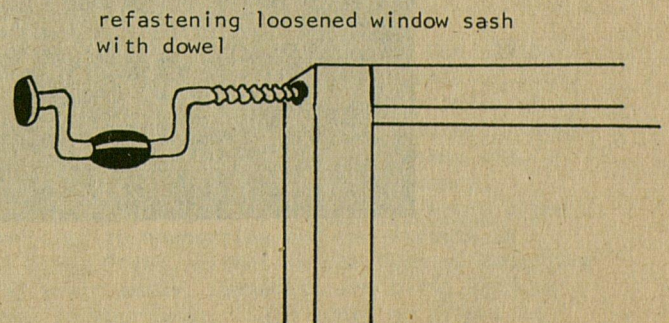
Now you can paint the final coat, painting over the glazing compound and making a waterproof seal against California's rain and Maine's fog, rain or snow.

In the course of letting things dry between painting and glazing, go back to your empty frames in the building and if necessary scrape, sand, and prime-paint, then final-coat these places where your shiny new windows will be put back.

Caulking around fixed windows is something I have not yet done but am about to attempt. I am under the impression you can buy a tube of caulking and a gun. You run a line or "bead" as it is often called, of caulking around the edges of a window to keep out weather.

One thing which you may find in a very weathered building is a window sash that is falling apart. If it is just loose but not rotten or crumbling away, buy some thin dowel (1/4 or

cont.

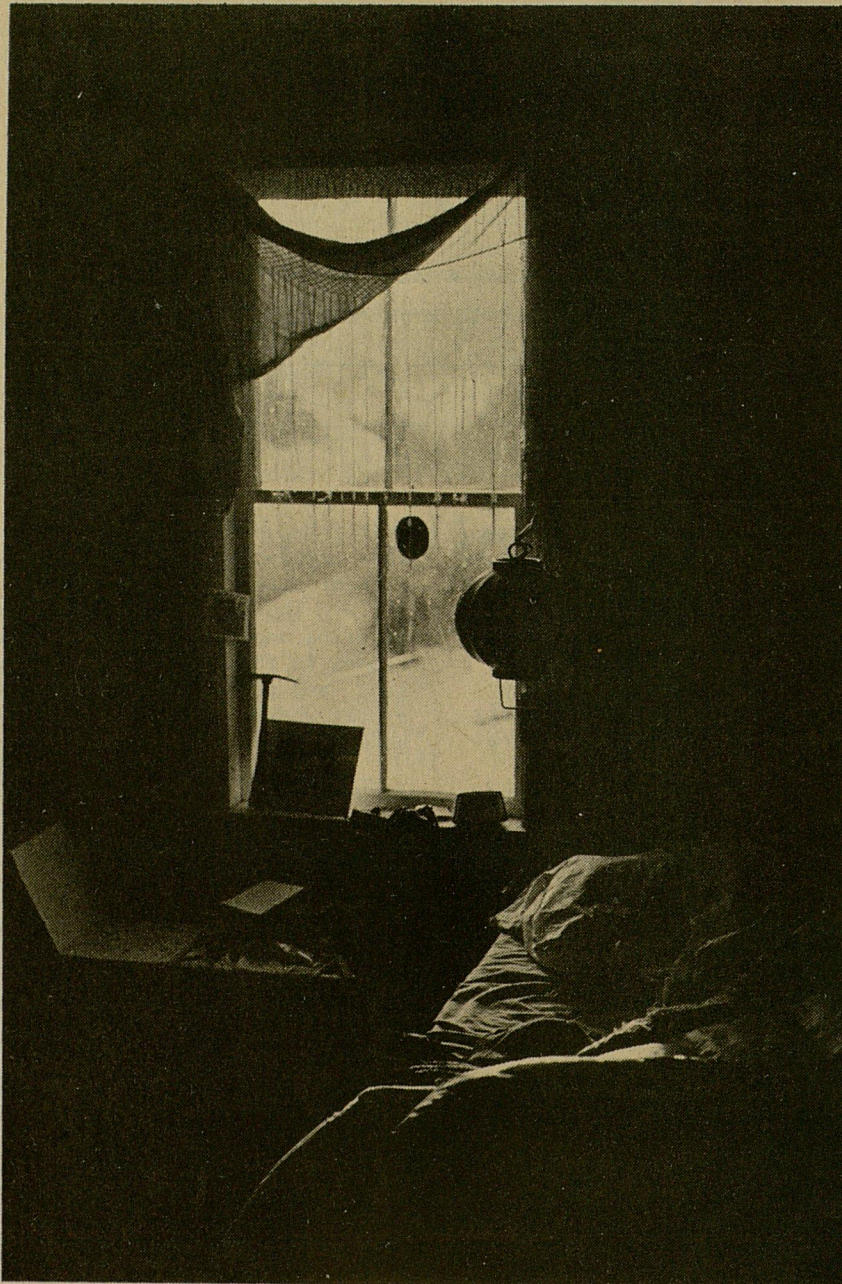


3/8 inch) and use a drill bit the same size. Drill a hole into the 2 pieces you wish to re-join, put glue in the hole, tap a piece of dowel and cut off the excess.

If your window sash is crumbling away - as mine is - you can contemplate ways to rebuild it. Get some benefactor to buy you a new one, take it apart and measure and build new pieces yourself, or cover it with plastic and tackle that

one in the spring when you're fresher. I have not yet decided which I'll do.

When you've finished all this work, put your windows back in place - replacing guide strips and trim boards. Then wash your windows in and out, and stand back and admire your work. Your clean windows will mirror the world and the fresh paint gives your building a new face. Have fun! ♀



FRAN JURGA

COUNTRY WOMEN

is all of us

Writers !!

Please send duplicate copies of your articles so we won't be responsible for your one original manuscript. Also give us your editing guidelines:

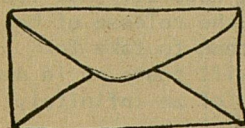
- no editing under any circumstances
- edit but okay changes with author before printing
- edit as we want, no need to okay with author

Change of Address

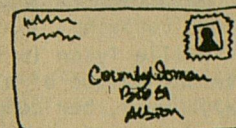


Please send change of address notices promptly. We can't afford to mail your issue twice.

Also send old address with new address because our files are in zip code order and we can only find you by your old zip code.



Letters to the Editors



A Letters to the Editors column will begin in the next issue if you send us your letters. Send opinions of articles in Country Women, news from your area, dialogues you would like to have with other readers.

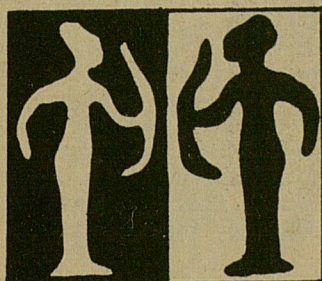
??? Questionnaires ???

We are in the process of tallying the questionnaires and will print the results next time. There was a large response to them.

\$\$ Grants \$\$

We are looking for women with grant or foundation information/experience. We need names and addresses of places to apply to and women who can help write applications.

Diana Press



was vandalized during the night of Oct. 24th. Presses and equipment were destroyed, thousands of bound books were ruined and, worst of all, copy for three of their scheduled books for fall sale was ripped up. These acts against a major feminist publishing company are abhorrent no matter who committed them: government, random vandals or movement enemies. Country Women urges all women committed to supporting our own presses to contribute to Diana Press, either in the form of donations or by ordering their books. Benefits are being held so watch for dates in your area. Send money or orders to Diana Press, 4400 Market St., Oakland, Ca.



Willie Tyson is to my mind the most innovative and unique of all the women lyricists. Her crazy humor, her completely unexpected approach to any subject, is more than a breath of fresh air, it's like a whole new wind. Who else compares the heart to a jalopy? "Sometimes in the mornin' I sit and wonder if she's even gonna start/ What would you do with a broken down heart?"

"Did You Say Love?" is perhaps my all-time favorite song, beloved for Willie's presentation as much as for the words themselves. Self described as a comedienne, she's at her very best on the subject of love: wry, witty, ironic, everything but sentimental.

"Debutante Ball", the title song, is one that belongs in this issue of *Country Women*, a story of what happens when a farmer delivers his cow to the ball and his daughter to the auction yard. A story that works as a song, a moral which is too funny to be a polemic.

"Arsenal" is a parody of every bar-room brawl song ever written, in which Willie's heroine, "Hairpin Handgrenade", comes out on top for once.

If humor preponderates in Tyson's songs, it's still inaccurate to describe them as merely comic. They work so effectively because they touch so many raw nerves, with a new twist. How grateful I am to anyone who can make me laugh at the vagaries of love, who can leave me with a wry grin at my own self pity. Tyson's greatest talent may be as a lyricist, but she's also a fine musician. Her songs, vaguely derived from country/western music, are a delight to the ear. Her voice is more expressive than any other feminist singer's I've heard.

Willie Tyson's first album, *Full Count*, has long been a favorite of mine. Though less directly funny, it has the same uniqueness of imagery, unconventional approach to song and subject. *Debutante* is another leap forward from there, a virtuoso performance, a treasure.

RECORD

Face The Music speaks to me, more than any other women's album, of the vigor and vitality of women's culture. It's a touchstone - Meg's first album, *I Know You Know*, was the first release of the fledgling Olivia Records. Now less than three years later, with the release of her second, I see how much I've come to take for granted: that new releases will touch me in new places, will reflect the work of an infinitely expandable range of women musicians.

Face The Music more than fulfills those expectations. It is one of those records in danger of wearing away a few short months after purchase. Most especially side one: with Holly Near's powerful "Mountain Song" sung acappella by Meg, revealing the range and strength of her voice. With "The Road I Took To You", a love song for one woman or for the women's movement, that escapes romanticism. "Change", a song about something we all know too much about but too rarely hear in songs. And "Sweet Darlin' Woman", a "regular old love song", if one accepts the premises, sung beautifully.

Side two is flawed in two ways for me. First, by the song "Rosalind", a "story/song" outside the standard verse/chorus structure. This is interesting for one or two listenings, but is not (for me) effective enough to bear infinite repetition. Conveniently placed as the first song, it's easily skipped. The second flaw lies in the order of the remaining songs, the juxtaposition of the comic "Leaping Lesbians" between "The Rock Will Wear Away" and "Where Do We Go From Here?" (both beautiful and moving songs). This imposes a mood and sound shift my ears and mind don't want to make.

These are, however, minor criticisms of what is an exceptionally fine album, perhaps the best engineered of all Olivia's releases. Back-up vocalists and musicians are excellent and come through with great clarity. The liner notes, in Spanish as well as English with a wealth of pictures, also deserve praise. *Face The Music* is emotionally, politically, and, most of all, musically satisfying.

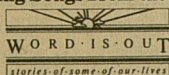
Trish Nugent



CELEBRATES FOXGLOVE WOMAN

her album distributed by Olivia Records

Including Songs From the Movie



REVIEWS

BY SHERRY THOMAS



Some of the songs on Trish Nugent's album *Foxglove Woman* have been familiar to me for a long time, yet I hadn't anticipated how much it would mean to have them recorded. Now, I find myself almost too often singing them as I rattle down the road, waking up with "Cast Away" or "Angry Woman" in my mind.

"Angry Woman", one of my old favorites, remains so on this album. "I have no patience with changing slowly...": it reminds me of how far we've come in recent years, and how much is still to change. (Music and lyrics were published in *Country Women* #21, *Woman as Artist*.)

"Woman Strength", another of the early songs, is affirming in a way I'm still appreciative of, its seven woman chorus ringing out strongly.

But my favorite songs on the album are more recent ones. "Happy Birthday To Me", sung a cappella in Trish's clear soprano, offers encouragement for independence, is a song for oneself. "And now that I'm on my way, I tell you it's fine/ to know I can tow my own line/ to listen to my own reason and rhyme." A song I've been hungry for, in a jungle of lyrics addressed always to others.

"Were You There?" is a chronicle of the last ten years: "pizza cookin'" at fifteen; at twenty five, "strength to make any turn."

"Cast Away", the only song on the album not composed by Trish, also moves me deeply with its web of melody and lyrics about the "undiscovered obstacles to freedom".

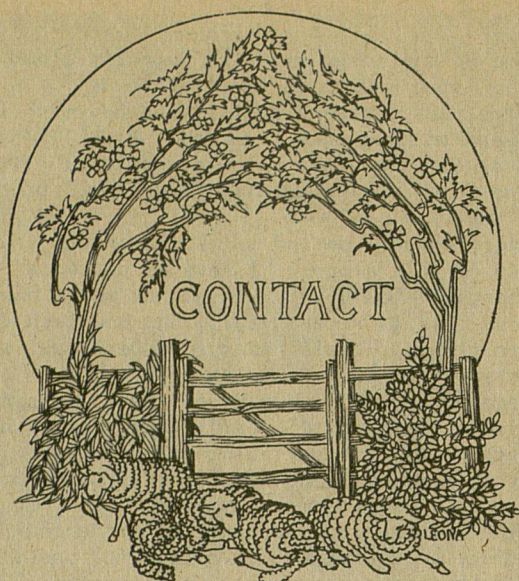
From this album I carry away an abiding sense of the growth and movement in my own life, a reassurance that the struggles and the loving are shared realities for thousands and hundreds of thousands of women across the country.

Foxglove Woman is as good a listening as has come along. It's lyric, celebratory, moving. Love songs to other women, songs for one's own self. If I have a criticism, it's that the record may be a little too lyric, that the tone and style are too even. The recording, too, lacks some of the depth of sound and clarity of background vocals found on the Tyson and Christian releases. Still, all in all, it's a pleasure to live with.

Debutante is distributed by Urana Records, Box 33, Stonington, Me. 04681 (\$6.00 plus 50¢ postage). *Full Count* is available from Lima Bean Records, 217 Twelfth St. SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

Face The Music and *I Know You Know* are available from Olivia Records, 2662 Harrison, Oakland, Ca. 94612.

Foxglove Woman is distributed by Olivia Records. Available from: 2662 Harrison St., Oakland, Ca. 94612. (\$6.00 plus 60¢ postage; 6% tax for California residents.)



I have a home to offer, in fact I need someone to share it fairly desperately. A primitive (no electricity or indoor toilet, but running cold water and propane stove and refrigerator, kerosene lights) isolated (a mile or so to a neighbor), well stocked with tools and animals, farm in the mountains near Charlottesville and the UVA Library which is pretty decent. Farm is not self-supporting right now, especially not in the winter. Horses, goats, chickens, ducks, dogs, cats. Vegetarian. Lots of carpentry and woodworking tools. Need a car. Know anyone? I've been looking on and off for three years - it's more crucial now because I can't do it alone at all now - Address is Susan, Coralberry Farm, Rt. 1, Box 79-D, Afton, VA. 22920

I'm a 33 year old woman. I'm going to be coming into some money soon and I'd like to do something with it - like join with other women and start a school or center or whatever seems like a good idea. I'm drawn to those who have a sense of joy, honor and purpose. I'm also wanting to do this out west. Please write and share. Michele Inglis, 1512 E. Eskimo, Tampa, Fla. 33604

Women in their thirties and forties willing to support their sisters by filling out a provocative questionnaire for a new book on women in their thirties by Victoria Pellegrino, author of THE BOOK OF HOPE: HOW WOMEN CAN OVERCOME DEPRESSION, are urged to write for a questionnaire to:

Thirties Research - Cole
Rawson Associates
630 Third Avenue, 21st Floor
New York, New York 10017

Simple Living Community waiting to form on 25 acres in Sonoma County, Northern California. The land is in the hands of the Northern California Land Trust. If you are interested in being part of a rural collective with a Quaker orientation to conflict resolution and problem solving, which is also politically and socially active in the larger community, send your background of and skills to:

Sebastopol Rural Community
615 Jefferson St.
Santa Rosa, Ca. 95401
(707) 527-0372

We have an operating sheep ranch in Mendocino County and are looking for other lesbian women to help us in all phases of ranching, either part time or full time in exchange for room and board. Write: P. O. Box 326, Hopland, CA. 95449.

The Ninth National Conference on Women and the Law will be held in Atlanta on April 6-9, 1978. The Conference has become a unique opportunity for acquiring substantive knowledge and practical skills necessary to deal effectively with particular concerns women face in the legal system. For further information and registration materials, contact:

Ninth National Conference on Women
and the Law
Women Law Students' Association
University of Georgia School of Law
Athens, Georgia 30602
(404) 542-7669

Theatre Rhinoceros is a San Francisco-based group composed primarily of gay theater workers - directors, actors, playwrights, designers, and technicians - who have joined together to produce theatrical works in an atmosphere that encourages the honest depiction of gay people.

The company is planning to present a season of plays in the spring of 1978. Company members are reading scripts now, both previously produced and new works, from which to choose the spring season. There will be a series of play readings to hear new material.

Theatre Rhinoceros is looking for new plays, particularly material by and about gay people. Send with self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Theatre Rhinoceros
c/o Philip Real
554 Hayes St.
Apt. #8
San Francisco, Ca. 94102
(415) 626-3170

EARTHDANCE, a women's dairy farm in New York is seeking new energy. Can offer room, board and a small salary. Seriously interested women should contact Tudja Crowder, RD 1, Holland Patent NY.

FUTURE ISSUES

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: March 1)

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 May 1)

FUTURE ISSUES DEPENDENT ON ARRIVAL OF MATERIAL:

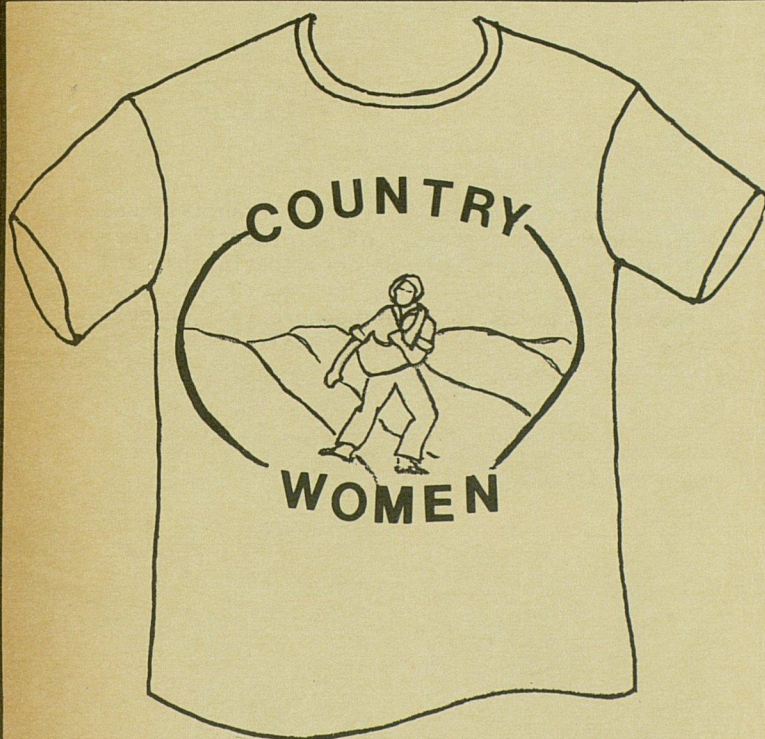
FARMING WOMEN: Who are we? Young and old? What are the realities of our lives, our history, our farms? Even if you are not a farmer yourself, here's your chance to interview a woman farmer and write an article about her life. Let's make sure our history is not lost this time. Consider writing the interview 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.

BACK ISSUES

Choose any 5 copies of back issues #10 - 21 for \$3.00 plus 50¢ postage. Single copies of issues 10 - 22, \$1.00; #23 - 26, \$1.25.

- #10 Spirituality
- #11 Older Women
- #12 Children's Liberation
- #13 Cycles
- #14 Foremothers
- #15 Sexuality
- #16 Women Working
- #17 Feminism & Relationships
- #18 Politics
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- #26 Violence and Anger



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