

Country Women

INTERNATIONAL
WOMEN



THEME:

Bangladesh: Behind Bamboo Walls

Galicia: State of Women

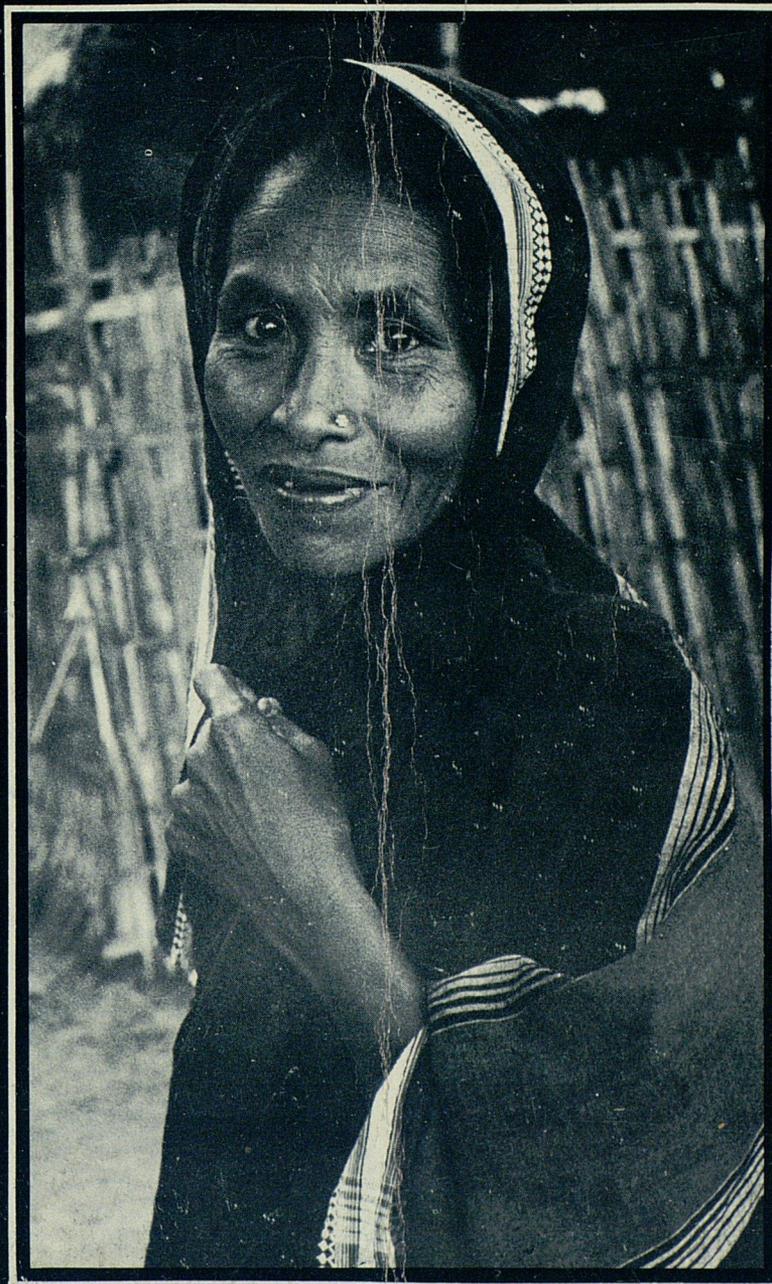
Pictorial Essay: Philippines

PRACTICAL:

Mechanics: Distributors

Grey Water Sewage Systems

Buying Land



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Madelyn Katzman

Manang Luti of the Baba Gadang tribe in the Philippines. She lives in a tribal group of nine huts in the middle of the jungle on the side of a mountain. Manang Luti is the keeper of the traditional tribal stories which are passed on in song. The tattoos speak the history of her honors.

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Collective for this issue: Harriet Bye, Nancy Curtis, Lynda Ford, Barbara Gregory, Terry Gross, Helen Jacobs, Camille Pronger, Jenny Thierman

Staff: Harriet Bye, Nancy Curtis, Terry Gross, Helen Jacobs, Camille Pronger, Arlene Reiss, Tammy Tyler

Help From: Dianna Seagiver, Dobie, Amy Newby, Baba.

Poetry Editor: Lynda Koolish, 1802 Channing Way, Berkeley, Ca 94703

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behind bamboo walls

BY BETSY HARTMANN

Dressed in a purple sari, a young woman, Roshana, sits inside her one-room bamboo house, preparing the evening meal of rice and curry. The scene is tranquil: outside the gentle patter of rain on the mud paths of the village, inside the hiss of the small wood fire. Yet Roshana's face is angry and her words come quickly. "Here in the village the men work all day plowing with cows," she exclaims. "So they think they should treat their women like cows too, shouting at them and beating them. Oh, sister, Bengali men are very bad."

Roshana speaks for many of the women of Bangladesh. Shielded behind the woven bamboo walls of their houses, they remain anonymous to most outsiders. Westerners know them as the faceless victims of war and famine, or as mere statistics in the charts and maps of overpopulation. The details of their lives, like the expressions on their faces, are hidden from public view. Who are these women? Why are they angry? I had the opportunity to listen to their stories.

For nine months in 1975 I lived along with my husband in a village in northern Bangladesh. I had come to Bangladesh on a university grant to write about postwar conditions in the countryside. After learning Bengali and travelling around the country, I decided to settle in a village. I hoped by studying one village in depth, I would come to understand the broader forces at work in Bangladesh society. Nine out of ten of Bangladesh's eighty million people live in villages, cultivating crops of rice and jute.

I call the village I lived in "Katni" which means "hard work" in Bengali. Katni is a settlement of about sixty families, divided into three neighborhoods which share the same mosque. The land surrounding Katni is flat and fertile, part of the rich river delta which comprises most of Bangladesh. Access to this land determines who in the village has economic security and who does not.

A quarter of the families in Katni own no land at all, while nearby landlords own seventy or more acres apiece. The landless men work as laborers in the fields of others for a daily wage equivalent to five taka, about thirty U.S. cents, scarcely enough to feed one person. Except for a few rich peasants who own enough land to produce a surplus, the rest of Katni's inhabitants are poor or self-sufficient peasants. Poor peasant men must work as laborers or sharecroppers to supplement the meager income from their own small plots of land. Self-sufficient peasants own one to two acres of land, barely enough to support their families.

Except for the few rich peasants and landlords, life for the villagers of Katni is a continual struggle for survival. The domination of rich over poor: landlord over sharecropper, merchant

over peasant, is a constant underlying dynamic of village life. Intertwined with this dynamic is another equally important one: the domination of men over women.

My arrival in the village generated great curiosity among the village women, most of whom had never seen a foreign woman before. They marvelled that I had left America, "where everyone is rich and happy", to come to live in a poor Bangladesh village. The women watched me as I learned the routines of village life. I fumbled with my sari, overboiled the rice and dropped the bucket down the well. They discovered that despite my educational degrees, they had much to teach me.

In the village I spent most of my time with the women, visiting them as they worked in and around their homes. They asked about my country, my marriage and my feelings about being in Bangladesh. I asked about their lives and listened to their complaints of too many children and too little to eat. As time passed, we established friendship and trust. Many women began to confide in me.

I soon learned that all the women of the village, rich or poor, share certain experiences. They live in a Muslim society in which men are considered innately superior to women. Each one is expected to recognize the truth in the Bengali saying, "A woman's heaven is under her husband's feet."

For village women, the transition from childhood to an early arranged marriage is abrupt and often painful. Childhood is a time of relative freedom for young girls. Wearing baggy shorts and closely cropped hair, they are hardly distinguishable from boys. Though their mothers call them to help with the chores, girls have time to play with their friends, to run along the dirt paths and to fish in the rice paddies.

With the arrival of puberty, a girl's life changes dramatically. I saw this change come over a young friend of mine, Shahida. Shahida had just begun to wear a sari when I arrived in Katni. Still her clothing did not prevent her from playing with the neighborhood children, nor was she afraid of the men who passed through the village on their way to market. She was not yet a woman.

After Shahida reached puberty, people began to treat her differently. Her mother insisted that she observe the Muslim custom of purdah by hiding herself from the eyes of men who were not relatives or close friends of the family. The villagers began to talk about her impending marriage. Shahida was no older than thirteen, but her father had arranged her marriage to a fifteen year old boy in a village eight miles away. Shahida had never seen the boy who was to become her husband.



Betsy Hartman

A Woman's Heaven is Under Her Husband's Feet

Late one evening Shahida was married in a small religious ceremony; that night she left for her husband's village. Her first days at her husband's house were traumatic. She was closely examined by her in-laws, who commented on the color of her skin, the thickness of her hair and the size of her dowry. Thin and exhausted, she returned to her parents' house for a rest. Instead of playing with the other children, she sat quietly, her sari pulled modestly over her head. Married life is not likely to be easy for Shahida. She will agree with the other village women who admit that, although heaven does not lie at their husbands' feet, security does. Unable to earn an independent livelihood, they are forced to rely on their husbands for economic support. This dependency is at the root of women's inferior position.

A husband has many weapons he can use to ensure his wife's obedience. At any time he can divorce her, sending her back to her parents' home. After divorce, it is difficult for women to remarry. Parents are often too poor to pay another dowry, and the stigma of divorce limits a woman's choice of finding another husband. Although theoretically women too have the right of divorce, they rarely consider it.

Men can also take more than one wife. Polygamy is sanctioned by Islamic law, although it is usually the prerogative only of those with enough land to support additional wives. There were three polygamous marriages in Katni and in each case a tense atmosphere prevailed in the household. Consumed by jealousy, one woman was driven to suicide shortly after her husband took a second wife. She drank the insecticide that her husband, an enterprising peasant, had planned to put on his rice crop. Left with a wife who scarcely knew how to cook and who could not adequately care for his four children, the husband felt the full effects of his first wife's revenge. "He who takes more than one wife is the biggest ass in the world," remarked one village elder.

Lacking economic independence and fearful of divorce and polygamy, many village women endure beatings at the hands of their husbands. Men frequently beat their wives over incidents involving food, a focus of tension in an economy of scarcity. One man beat his wife with a stool because she refused to answer him whether the rice was ready or not. Though powerless to stop the beating, the wife expressed anger about it. Commiserating with her neighbor, she said bitterly, "In this country men beat you over nothing at all!"

Despite their subordinate position, the village women find an important source of pride in their work. Although they do not labor in the fields because of purdah restrictions, they are responsible for the cleaning, drying and husking of the rice crop, extremely arduous and time-consuming work. In addition they perform the daily chores

of cooking, cleaning, hauling water and caring for the children. Women frequently compare their work with that of town women. "Village work is the best," the wife of a landed peasant told me. "When you sit inside all day, you go crazy. Men work six months a year, but we women work twelve. When I don't work, I get bored."

Not all women share this attitude, however. The wives of self-sufficient peasants are often overworked. While their husbands rest in the middle of the day, they husk rice in the heat, stopping work only to attend to other household tasks. The last to eat, they receive the smallest portion of the meal when food is scarce. Exhausted at the end of the day, Fatima, the mother of six children, complained to me, "My work is never done. All day I have husked rice, now I have to collect firewood and cook. I have a fever and I've had no time to rest. I'll work until I die. Just work, work, work."

Despite its important contribution to the household economy, women's work is not considered as valuable as men's. Men buy and sell produce at the market and handle the business transactions of the family; women stay at home. Just as housework in the west does not earn women social and economic equality with men, the work of many of the village women is unappreciated and unrewarded.

For the wives of peasants with little or no land, the situation is different. Without crops to process and often without food to cook, they have more spare time. Many try to earn extra income by husking rice in more prosperous households. Although their wage is lower than that of a male agricultural laborer, the fact that they have an independent source of income enhances their status within the family. Frequently when their husbands cannot find work, it is the women's labor which provides the one daily meal. As a result, poor women often enjoy a more equal relationship with their husbands. Their mutual struggle to survive brings them closer together.

Although poverty brings more independence for women, this independence comes at a price. Before the harvest, both the husband and wife of a poor peasant or landless family have difficulty finding work. I saw many poor women sitting at home, feeling powerless as they watched their hungry children cry for food. "These days I have no work," the wife of a sharecropper said dejectedly. "If we had land, I would always be busy. I would husk rice, grind lentils and cook three times a day. Now I have nothing to do. I watch the children and worry. What kind of life is that?"

Poor women especially fear widowhood. Meager as their husband's wage might be, alone poor women find it even harder to support themselves and their children. Pushpa's husband, a landless laborer, died before the autumn rice harvest. The immediate cause was pneumonia, but everyone

knew the real disease was starvation. He had been unable to find work for over a month, and his already thin body had become weaker and weaker. "My husband never earned very much, but at least he shared my worries," Pushpa spoke sadly. "Now I must face this world alone." When she could not find work at her neighbors' houses, Pushpa turned to begging. A small burlap sack in her hand, she travelled from village to village to collect a few grains of rice.

Many beggar women passed through Katni while I was there. Each had a story to tell: the death of a husband during the 1974 famine, the loss of land due to conniving in-laws, divorce and no chance of remarriage. These beggars are a constant reminder to all but the richest village women of what the future could someday bring. It is no wonder that most of Katni's women choose to remain obedient to their husbands. Concerned about their future security, they also hope for the birth of sons.

The Politics of Too Many Children

The birth of her first son is so important to a woman's identity that she loses her own name, becoming "mother of so-and-so" to even her most intimate relations. This symbolic importance stems from a real need: Sons are the only form of social security the villagers know. Although daughters help with the household work and are an important source of companionship, they leave home after marriage. Sons remain, laboring on the land and providing for their parents in their old age. If a woman's husband dies, her sons are expected to care for her.

Access to health care in the village is very limited, and often too expensive for the villagers to afford. As a consequence, many children die before adulthood. In order to ensure that one son will survive to support them in their old age, parents frequently need at least four or five children. However, once they feel they have enough sons, most parents consider any additional children a burden. This is especially true for the women, who must bear, breast-feed and care for the children.

Many village women complained to me of how successive pregnancies had drained their strength. Fatima had borne eleven children, five of whom had died in infancy. Clutching her youngest baby at her breast, she said, "Look at me. My hair grows thinner each year and my teeth are falling out. My body is weak. If I have another child, it will ruin me."

Women who scarcely had enough to eat themselves did not want many children. "I have four children," commented Hazera, the wife of a landless laborer. "Why do I need more? I have to carry this little one around all day and feed her with my milk. And I always have to worry about the others. Each day I think, 'What will I feed them?' I have no peace."

Though the women of Katni desired fewer children, they knew very little about birth control. They had always been told that it is Allah who gives children, and that to think otherwise is a religious sin. My arrival in the village generated great curiosity about the subject.

"Why don't you have any children?" was one of the first questions the village women asked me. I explained that I didn't want any yet, and that I used birth control to avoid pregnancy. As women came to know me better, they asked more specific questions: "What is birth control? How does it work? Do you think it's a sin?"

Before long, a number of women were literally begging me to get them birth control pills. Reluctant to take on this responsibility myself, I decided to visit the government family planning office in the nearest town, about five miles away. The officers there assured me that soon extension workers would visit the village to discuss birth control with the women.

A few days later two family planning workers arrived in the village in a government jeep. They were educated, upper-class women from the town, dressed in expensive saris and wearing gold bracelets on their wrists. Their clothing as well as their polished Bengali accents intimidated the village women. The family planning workers held a brief meeting with interested women and promised to return within a week with birth control pills. After they left, the village women asked me, "Were those women your sisters, from America? Are they really Bengalis, from this country?"

Six weeks passed and still the family planning workers had not returned. "When will they come back?" women asked. "We want the pills. All government officers care about is their salary. They sit in offices and drink tea. What do they care about us?" Finally after I made another visit to the family planning office in town, the women extension workers returned.

We all crowded into a small room where the visitors were given chairs. The town women surveyed the room, noticing the village women's torn cotton saris, their bare feet and their work-worn hands. One of the extension workers turned to me and asked, "How can you stand to live in this village? Everything is so dirty and inconvenient."

Shahida's mother declared from the back of the room, "She likes it here in the village!" Then she asked the extension worker, "How much does that gold bangle on your wrist cost?"

"Fifteen hundred taka," the woman replied. A stunned silence followed. The village women had never seen a single piece of jewelry which cost so much. Then the extension worker asked the women, "Why don't you wear blouses? Don't you know it's immodest to show your breasts?"

The village women were too embarrassed to answer this question. Most could not afford blouses, and besides it was better not to wear one when they nursed their children and worked all day in the heat.

Finally the discussion turned to birth control. The family planning workers showed the women pills and told them how to use them. They also spoke about the IUD and sterilization. They neglected to tell the women about the possible side-effects of any of these methods or how they actually worked inside the body. The village women were confused, but they took the pills the women distributed.

When the family planning workers left Katni, they left behind several cartons of pills, provided free of charge by USAID. They also promised that they would return to replenish the stock. Ten women in Katni started using pills. Unable to read, they found it difficult to follow the arrow indicating which pill should be taken on which day. Some women had adverse reactions, feeling nausea and headache. However, most persisted and took the pills regularly.

Although the village women were enthusiastic about birth control, I doubted whether they would have continued access to it after I left. The women didn't expect the family planning workers to return, and most were too shy to ask their husbands to buy pills in town. Staffed by under-trained, upper-class women from the town, the government family planning service could not provide what the village women needed: an assured supply of pills and close medical supervision, given with an attitude of respect.

The Community of Women

Despite the many hardships faced by the women of Katni, most refuse to acknowledge personal defeat. Submission to their husbands breeds an anger which cannot be subdued. In spite of their inferior status, women are aware of their own intelligence and strength. Their attitude is reflected in these words of Roshana's: "My husband says women have no intelligence. If women have no intelligence, then tell me how Indira Gandhi is so powerful. She rules the world! And tell me how many kinds of work we village women know how to do! We husk rice, grind lentils, carry water from the well..."

The women of Katni rebel against their condition in a variety of small but important ways. The wife of a miserly peasant sells rice on the sly when she needs cash her husband will not give her. Rohima, a young woman taken as a second wife, disregards purdah. Not caring who looks at her, she runs, sings and dances down the paths of the village as if all the burdens of Bengali womanhood have never touched her shoulders. One night she stole away from the house to go fishing.

Several women exert influence on village politics. Renowned for her sharp tongue, a white-haired widow often out-argues the men at village

disputes. One of the few literate women of the village, the wife of a self-sufficient peasant, commands respect from all the men. Though she never speaks publicly, her thoughts on marriage proposals and village affairs pass from house to house by word of mouth.

Although certain individuals are powerful in their own right, women's most important source of strength comes from the support network they create among themselves. There is a community of women in the village, a community which includes both old and young. While the men congregate in the fields, at the mosque and at the market, the women meet in their kitchens and courtyards. They visit with each other often, talking while they cut vegetables, watch the children or husk the rice. Occasionally they sit under a shady tree and work together on a woman's quilt. They are never too busy to talk to a friend.

In their daily meetings, women not only provide each other with companionship, they also share their grief and hardship. When a woman is beaten, when her husband threatens to divorce her or when her child dies, she knows other women will listen and offer solace. Most women find it easier to share their pain than to bear it alone. When her small son was ill with a high fever, Hazera sat under a tree outside her house, wailing, "My baby is sick. What will I do if he dies? We have no money for medicine." The women of the neighborhood rushed to her side and tried to quiet her. Hazera had asked for help, and they provided it.

On several occasions I heard of women joining together to protect a friend from a particularly brutal beating. One day Roshana's husband Korim locked the door of their house and hit his wife with an iron pipe. Roshana's screams alerted the neighborhood women who surrounded the house and demanded that Korim open the door. He emerged angrily, leaving Roshana to recover from her wounds.

Women are also able to share their joy. After the birth of a child or before a wedding, they sometimes meet together to dance and sing, free from the eyes of men. Several of Katni's women are natural dramatists who act out impromptu skits to the amusement of their neighbors. At such times, the village women let loose their keen sense of humor.

Although the community of women gives each individual support, it does little to attack the roots of women's oppression. The village women bond together in defense, not in an attempt to actively change the conditions of their lives. Most have never considered the possibility that they could achieve equality with men, and the few who have feel powerless. As long as Katni's women have no independent means of livelihood and no broader social movement to back them, they will confine their rebellion to small acts of dissatisfaction. Yet the future is hopeful. The women of Katni are already united through their common experience. In time they could well use that unity to change their lives. ♀

GALICIA, State of Women

Galicia is a unique region in north-west Spain which Maria-Luisa Rey Henningsen visited as an anthropologist in the 1960s. She was amazed to find Galician women not only inheriting land but taking the lead in every area of life - in striking contrast to the rest of patriarchal Catholic Spain.

Translated by Anne Born with an afterword by Olivia Harris. Reprinted from Spare Rib.

The woman in black wearing a big straw hat, working in the fields alone or in company with others, is an integral part of the Galician landscape. Everywhere women are to be seen driving the ox-drawn plough, watering the fields, preparing the ground for seed, harvesting potatoes and maize, tending the cattle at pasture, spinning wool from the sheep.

In the coastal areas especially, it is the mother who is head of the family. She owns the farm, the stock, and the implements. Throughout the whole state of Galicia, forty-five per cent of the women own farms. But the women of Galicia also hire themselves out as labourers. They make up about half of the employed labour force. Repairs to the secondary road network are carried out almost exclusively by women. In many regions women inherit land, and in several fishing communities it is the women who inherit the fishing boats, even if they have brothers. Women often go out fishing as well, but even when they allow the men to take a turn at the nets, they themselves stand on shore shouting and screaming directions to the men out at sea.

In his book on the folk-beliefs of Galicia, Jesus Rodriguez Lopez says that in pre-Christian times Galician women who had given birth insisted on their husbands being confined with them in child-bed, until they were able to get up. In return, the women saw to it that their husbands were waited upon in exactly the same way as the new mothers. Some few examples of this practice have been noted in more modern times in very remote districts. But what still regularly takes place to this day in the towns is that the husband stays at home to look after his wife and newborn child for forty days. During this time the husband is expected to spoil his wife, cook the dishes she asks for, and find her the best wine, often having to travel long distances to get it.

In this region, to have a daughter is good fortune, and if the first child is a girl parents may not want more children. Family planning seems to have been practised in Galicia for longer than people can remember. When I asked women

why there were so few large families in country areas, while town-dwellers often have numerous children, I discovered that the sheath and douche methods of contraception were in common use.

One woman confided laughingly to me that she practised a better method, one that her mother had taught her. The husband was made to lie on his back, with instructions to remain passive, while the woman worked over him until she achieved satisfaction. She continued: "If he starts to get excited and wants to join in the game, you give him a pinch in the groin, and that cools him down. He may get a bit small, but then you have to make do with the stub of the cigar as best you can." "Usually it grows big again, you know, but he must keep still and not move, otherwise there's trouble," another woman present explained, and the first added: "When you've sparked off yourself, he can go outside and shake his filth off himself."

In contrast to patriarchal families, where it is the eldest son who inherits the farm, here it may be any one of the daughters who inherits. The mother selects the daughter who pleases her most. The other daughters may get a plot of land if there is sufficient, and a small sum of money on their wedding day, or when they choose to leave home. The brothers get nothing. If the parents are wealthy and wish to give a son a marriage portion, it will be in the form of clothes or produce; money gifts are rare. The mother decides whether any of the children are to have higher education, and where they will study. The children are considered to be hers, and the father never interferes with her decisions.

When the daughter-successor marries, her husband moves into *her* home, where his role is like that of a farmhand. He, together with his father-in-law, and any brothers-in-law there may be, are at the disposal of his mother-in-law. But he knows that as she gradually grows older, more and more of her functions will be assumed by his wife, so that when her mother dies she will step into her shoes as head of the family, regardless of whether her father is still alive or not.

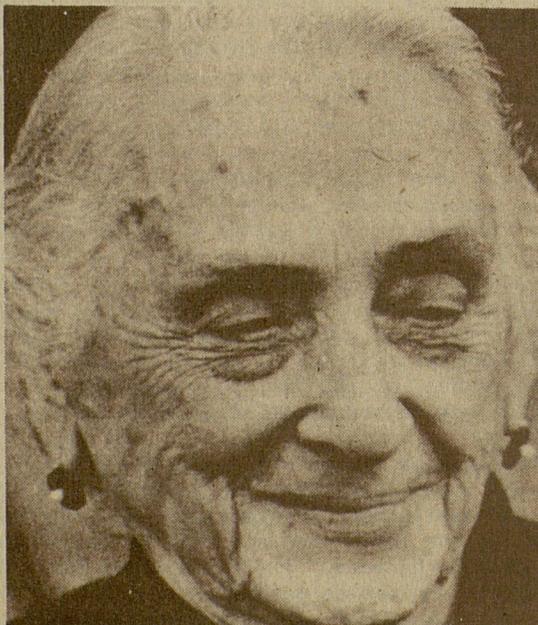
But as long as the mother-in-law is alive it is she who makes every decision regarding the buying and selling of livestock and land, improvements to the farm, when and what is to be done, and when to harvest. It is the women too who go to market and decide on prices; but as they live within a larger male-dominated society they may take their husbands along for form's sake, and

supply them with cash in advance so that it will look correct when something has to be paid for. But it is the wife who inspects the animals and runs her hand over them, and haggles over the price. When a man is permitted to take the livestock to market himself he boasts about it as a special favour, although he is well aware that he must abide by the instructions he has received at home about the price, and hand over every penny to his mother-in-law.

While there is a well-defined separation of men's and women's work in most patriarchal families, in these homes most types of work are regarded as suitable for men and women alike. The son, or sons-in-law, are set to scrubbing floors, lighting the fire on the open hearth, kneading the dough, and so on. Even churning butter, which in other areas is considered to be a decidedly female task, is men's work here. The men participate in the field work and in looking after the livestock too.

In these particular areas the women also attend agricultural meetings. Many take their husbands with them, but it is the women who have the say, and the men are scarcely allowed to voice their opinion.

For several years the Spanish Government has been engaged in formulating a substantial project for land reform in Galicia. Every so often the experts call a meeting of local farmers to discuss alterations in the field system, roadmaking, schoolbuilding, and water and electricity supplies. The agricultural experts, who are not generally Galician, are constantly surprised when they visit these districts. They send invitations to the meetings to the men, but find on their arrival a hall filled chiefly with women. Some of them will be accompanied by their husbands, and it is to them that the experts direct their ques-



NEWSFRONT INTERNATIONAL

tions. It is the women who answer, though. They explain the silence of their husbands with some such excuse as "My husband is too shy to talk," or "My husband doesn't really understand about that," or "My husband doesn't want to be involved in these matters." It was the same with the interviews we conducted in homes. The women gathered eagerly around the tape-recorder, and chatted freely about everything. The men stayed passively in the background and only when we said we wanted to hear the men's side of things were they permitted to approach. The men were generally very reserved, and could not express themselves as well as the women.

We asked them why they allowed the women to take on all the responsibility and make all the decisions. The answer was almost invariably the same: "That's how it has always been here. The women have developed their intelligence far more than we have, and that must be the reason for their owning everything and being allowed to will it to whom they please. It is they who keep the families going."

Several proverbs and folksongs express the situation in this way: "My daughter's children are without doubt my grandchildren. But I don't know whose my daughter-in-law's children are." If one points out to them that things are different in other places they say they are quite aware of this but "every land has its laws and every house its customs." And the truth is that in these parts the men accept these norms as natural in the same way that women in other places accept their role as the subjected sex.

Certainly the men complain of their plight, especially when the women are not present, but only some of them resort to the obvious means of escape: to sail away, or emigrate. Men who are absent from home for a while send almost all their earnings home to mother-in-law, though on their return some try to emancipate themselves and move away with their wife and children. But the bond between mother and daughter is so strong that the wife often deserts her husband and remains with her mother.

At other times it is the mother-in-law who throws out her son-in-law, for, as she says, when the men have been away they are impossible to deal with! They come home with money and refuse to work on equal footing with the women any more. They stir up trouble among the men who allow themselves to be ruled by their wives. "It's all very well for you! You come from places where men know their worth. But as for us, we're worth nothing here!" is the resigned comment from their countrymen. A man was asked why he did not emigrate like others. He answered that he had slaved all his life for his mother-in-law, who had promised to give him the money for his journey. "But now she says that I can't be spared...I haven't even the money for my tobacco...she buys it herself to stop me going into town."



JOAN WOOD

At three times during the agrarian year - at Shrovetide, seed-time and harvest - the men get an opportunity to usurp the women's authority, by a ritual that takes the form of a battle between men and women.

One man described how during the maize harvest three girls had attacked him, debagged him and beaten him up, so that he had to make his way home naked trying to hide among the tall maize plants. "Yes," said one of the girls, who was present. "We did it because he would keep annoying us by saying, 'Long live trousers!'" We shouted back, "Long live skirts!" and in the end we punished him by taking all his clothes off and torturing him until he shouted, "Long live skirts!"

The Shrovetide ritual battles usually go on in the kitchen. The man has to try to drag the woman to bed in the room adjoining the kitchen, and 'lay' her there (symbolically, though occasionally in fact). The woman has to try to drag the man out into the stable. All the onlookers clap and applaud while the fight is in progress. "This year a woman was the victor," we heard during an interview in 1964. "She dragged the man into the stable and let him go without his trousers. His friends shouted after him: 'You have lost for all of us!' and hurled things after him."

The women enjoy great sexual freedom and even though marriage is considered to be the best state (it gives the family the necessary legal authority), it is no shame for a girl to have a child out of wedlock. On the contrary! The womb and female sexuality have a patron saint who is called Santa Comba; the most remarkable thing about her is that she was a witch! Even the priests admit this, though they explain that it was only in her youth. Later she was converted to Christianity and did penance for the rest of her life; so she has her altars in the churches to this day. But the rituals surrounding the worship of Santa Comba are the ancient ones

still. The women go to her on the first Sunday in May to beg her to relieve their menstrual pains, give them a safe delivery...or to ensure that the child they are carrying may be a daughter.

An Afterword

We live with the knowledge that society is male-dominated and has been for most of human history; but it is easy to fall into the trap of assuming that men's control is uniformly powerful, and that women's oppression is the same the world over. Maria Luisa Rey Henningsen's account of the lives of women in parts of rural Galicia gives a quite different picture. Near the coast, women's control over peasant property and their position of authority in many spheres of life is so great that it has sometimes been called a matriarchy.

Even if we accept that these communities are dominated by a wider society controlled by men, the case of the Galician women tells us that it is not the eternal, let alone the natural, condition of women to be subject to men's authority and desires. Galicia is a region of Spain which considers itself to be a separate culture; and one of the outstanding traditions that Galician people are most proud of is the independence of women. Whether they are matriarchal or not, the description of the ritual battles tells us that the domination of one sex over the other is at least strictly limited. In these battles there is a recognition of the opposed positions of women and men, but at the same time the outcome is uncertain. The women don't always win, but then again, neither do the men. ♀

Olivia Harris is a feminist anthropologist whose main area of research has been Spain.

Carmelo Lison Tolosana wrote a detailed description of the matriarchy in his book, Antropologia Social de Galicia (published in 1971), from which some of the examples in this article are taken.

Spanish Feminism

BY ANITA BENNET & JILL NICHOLLS

Reprinted from Spare Rib

"We are all adulteresses" read the placards on the largest women's liberation demonstration in Spain ever. By the hundreds women took to the streets - in Barcelona, Zaragosa, Madrid, Valencia, Sevilla - to protest the charge of adultery against Maria Angela Munoz. Her husband, Ramon Soto, went to the judge to gain custody of their small child, Yolanda, whom he had abandoned two months after her birth. "A Father Who Wants His Daughter Back" read the male-dominated press. A father supported in his claim by the Spanish state and the Church. In Spain, as elsewhere, women are property, mere breeders of children. Under the Penal Code women can be prosecuted for adultery, for any sexual relations outside marriage. Men can be charged only when they have it off within the four walls of the matrimonial home. And few would be so foolish as to pursue their affairs (asuntos) at home.

Spanish prisons are full of women incarcerated for "crimes" such as prostitution and abortion. In fact, one half of the women now in prison are said to be charged with either having had or performed an illegal abortion. The Pope still feels it his duty to define for women everywhere the meaning of the 'right to life', and the Church in Spain wields considerable influence.

While thousands demonstrate for the release of all political prisoners, for a total amnesty, the burgeoning women's liberation movement is demanding that their sisters too be recognized as *political* prisoners. One of the most famous women prisoners in Spain, psychoanalyst and author Eva Forest, has recently been released from the women's prison of Yeserias where she was held more than two years without trial and subjected to brutal sexual torture. Lidia Falcon, a feminist lawyer from Barcelona, was arrested with her friend Eva but released in the summer of 1975. The publicity given to Eva's case by the international women's liberation movement was instrumental in her release as well as in the lessening of her torture. The international movement has also contributed considerably to the growth of feminist consciousness inside Spain.

Broadcasting Feminism

Women were active in Spanish politics long before the women's movement, but they are only now beginning to organize autonomously, around their own issues. For example, the Communist Party's *Asociacion Democratica de Mujeres* in Madrid has

worked since 1970 for the release of their (mainly male) relatives and friends. They have demonstrated, petitioned, published underground bulletins. However, Lidia Falcon, concerned for the forgotten female prisoners, criticized the *Asociacion's* food march at Christmas 1975. "They brought food and placards to the men's prison of Carabanchel, the best known. But they forgot the women political prisoners sitting in Yeserias. No one cares about the women, they're not considered to be 'political'! Yet some of the women in Yeserias with me were charged with 'terrorism'. Some had tiny children, no exercise, fewer visits. In the Barcelona women's prison the situation is even worse."

Sexism is deep-rooted. But the most encouraging sign for change is the feminist movement - which has exploded on the scene since the death of Franco in 1975. Before that, any oppositional organization was underground. Even over the last year and a half the movement has been semi-clandestine. In May/June 1976, four thousand women gathered for four days in Barcelona for the first national feminist conference, the first public meeting of any kind since Franco's death. Here they gave further impetus to an independent women's movement and elaborated some basic demands - on pay, abortion, contraception.

Some feminist groups want to be legalized, especially those involved with specific campaigns; the Barcelona divorce groups were legalized on May 19. The radical feminist groups feel their goal goes beyond legalization; they don't feel they could integrate their fight with the 'democracy' available in Spain. If a group is not legitimized, its meetings can be forbidden - "But we go ahead anyway, and don't ask for permission."

Perhaps because women have been so oppressed for the last forty years, their movement arrives with greater force and seriousness than in any other European country. In Palma de Majorca, women of all ages and classes have begun to approach the feminists - they are sick of being treated like cattle. Leonor Taboada, a feminist there, said with great glee that she and another sister were driving along the main strip on the waterfront when some men accosted them: "I started honking the horn, telling them to go home and teach their fathers to drive a car, to go cover their cocks."



Leonor Taboada

They were so surprised they didn't know what to do at first, then they got really angry and started to chase us."

"Things are moving fast in Majorca," Leonor added, "though we have a lot of trouble with the Left. We had a conference on women and our bodies in Palma on May 6, and wouldn't let men in because we were showing how to use speculums. The men were fighting women outside because they couldn't come in. Many women bought speculums and were rushing round the main square that night clacking their speculums!"

"Double Militancy"

One of the most active groups in the movement is the *Colectivo*; founded in Barcelona by Lidia Falcon, it now has nationwide coordination, with occasional conferences to work out their line. Although their membership is small, the impact of their ideas has helped shape the new movement.

Past experience coupled with the present political practice of left groups has convinced many women of the need for a specifically feminist revolution. They, like radical feminists in other countries, view women as a distinct social class and see men as the primary oppressors of women. Most of the women in the *Colectivo* have been Marxists of one sort or another (Lidia was in the Spanish Communist Party - PCE). However, they now view Marxism as totally incapable of bringing about the liberation of women. They concentrate very much on theory, holding small group discussions and writing.

Their experiences in Leninist-type parties, however distorted, have led them to function rather like one themselves. Because they think women constitute a *class* which must overthrow the patriarchy, they want their own feminist, democratic centralist party. Women who belong to other political parties are not permitted to maintain *doble militancia* (double militancy), that is, dual membership of the *Colectivo* and another organization, on the grounds that it wouldn't be

clear where their "real" loyalties lay - to women or to the men in their left groups. They can have 'double militancy' for a trial period, but then have to choose.

Priorities

Nationally, the women's movement is held together by a coordinating body, the *Coordinadora Estatal*. Locally, there are coordinating networks such as the *Coordinadora de Barcelona*, which has representatives from a number of women's trade union and neighborhood organizations. Rosa Franquet, invited by the National Abortion Campaign to the May 14 demonstration against Benvon's Bill, is an active member of the Sants neighborhood women's group - a *Vocalia de Mujeres*. During the Franco dictatorship, these neighborhood committees worked for local reforms, such as better street lights. Now the neighborhood groups are becoming more radicalized and feminist, attracting women in left groups and trade unions, and local women who've had no previous contact with the women's movement.

Theoretical differences between the different women's groups have very practical consequences. Rosa Franquet, for example, argues for the necessity of a single issue campaign on abortion and contraception. Both are illegal; women have to find other ways. In one recent case a teenage girl, aided by her boyfriend, sought an illegal abortion on the resort island of Ibiza. The female abortionist is reported to have injected hot beer into the woman's uterus, provoking a severe hemorrhage. When the girl and her boyfriend sought medical advice, they were turned away for lack of money (15,000 pesetas or 125 pounds). The girl died four days later. Her boyfriend, the abortionist and even her small child remain in prison for conspiring to abort. Feminists protested, and now the doctor who refused to give treatment is on trial for malpractice.

Given this atrocious situation, for some the priority is to change the law. A group in Madrid for example is working for legal contraceptive clinics. Women in political parties are trying to get their organizations to take up the fight for contraception and abortion - abortion is obviously the more controversial.

In Barcelona there have been large meetings on the right to divorce, which does not exist under the present civil law. The Communist and Socialist parties, and those to their left, tend to at least mention this issue in their election propaganda. "This is hardly surprising," Rosa Franquet explained, "it is very likely that the government is going to have to give in on divorce, since many of the *progres* (trendies) are campaigning for it. It is an important issue, but not as central as abortion and contraception." The radical feminists are against marriage and the family, so for them divorce is only part of the problem. "We have to support the campaign for divorce," says Leonor, "but we are trying to open women's minds about what it means to be married." ♀

LEBANON: Women and the War

Beirut (PTS/translated from *Politique Hebdo*, French weekly 2/7-13/77) -- The prolonged civil war that devastated and shattered the Lebanese people had particularly far-reaching effects on the lives of women. If the majority of women preserved their traditional role of "keepers of the hearth" struggling against chronic shortages of food, water, gas and electricity so as to keep their families going, there were a few who saw, and seized, the opportunity to escape from the oppressive and restricting structures imposed on their lives by law, religion and tradition.

"It was the attitude of the women themselves, their show of spontaneous initiative, that encouraged us to act. In each neighborhood, the various organizations of the Lebanese national movement had set up centers. Some women started going to these centers to prepare food for the men who were fighting. A few of us had the idea to come together on a regular basis so that meals would be prepared every day. We then appealed to women to help us. This is how it all started."

This young woman, member of the Lebanese Assembly of Democratic Women, made it clear to us that the movement did not start as a response to women's specific problems. Women who volunteered did not come to engage in action which concerned them specifically as women, but because they wished to help in the war effort.

"We then organized what was to be the first of many debates on the national question. This was the only subject possible at the time; it was out of the question to talk about anything else. One day, however, we asked ourselves the question: why have we women sided with the national movement rather than with the 'isolationists' (Falangists). The first spontaneous answers were: 'the national movement is right, the other movements want to divide the country,' etc. But then we asked the question again, more precisely: 'Why have we taken this position, not only as citizens but as women?' We then had to take a closer look at the political platforms, and we discovered that the leftist parties included demands for the 'equal political rights of both men and women.' We realized how important it was for us -- as women -- that the religious moral codes be removed from secular institutions, as it was these moral codes that oppressed and divided us. Christian, Maronite, Moslem, Druze, whatever the religious moral code, most important was that they all conferred on men the right to decide for the women on everything that concerns women. And so it was that, although we women had initially mobilized to cook for the men, once we began coming together we finally dared to question the basic problem of the men's guardianship over our lives. Something extremely important had happened."

Q: What did this mean in practice?

A: Some of the women wished to take up arms and fight like the men. In the end, however, very few actually did so. Many went into weapon training, believing that afterwards they would have the courage to fight. But they did not. However, by imposing the principle they were able, in turn, to demand the men's participation in the kitchen. This process took two weeks. One day we announced that we were not going to cook any more. There were some fights, but no shouting or open conflicts. We simply left two crates of potatoes for the men to peel. In Beirut, the men were often inactive as the fighting was not constant. They finally accustomed themselves to doing the tasks we assigned them...Yes, it was a victory.

We applied the same tactics in other areas. We initiated first aid courses, blood drives, classes in civic instruction (what to do during bombardments, etc.). Because we were useful at the front, we received widespread publicity both in the newspapers and on the radio. We took advantage of the occasion each time to reach out to other women, the organization of debates going hand in hand with the war effort.

Q: Surely this provoked upheavals in the families?

A: Before the war, it was taboo to speak of the private code and the guardianship of women, particularly among Moslems. The women were extremely resistant to change, especially in the semi-religious domain. The war changed all that: it became possible to do anything. Many men, for example, did not fight: they often stayed home; they cooked and cared for the children, while their wives attended meetings of the Assembly of Democratic Women. The world had been turned upside down, the old norms had disappeared. It was extremely important for us to organize during the war; we knew that afterwards it would be too late.

Q: What happened once your demands were accepted and women began to discuss their problems?

A: We realized the need to open up our own centers. To do this, we usually went around to the smaller parties -- such as the Kurds -- which had large premises, explained the work we were doing (food, first aid, etc.), and asked for some space. In this way we were able to open three centers in West Beirut.

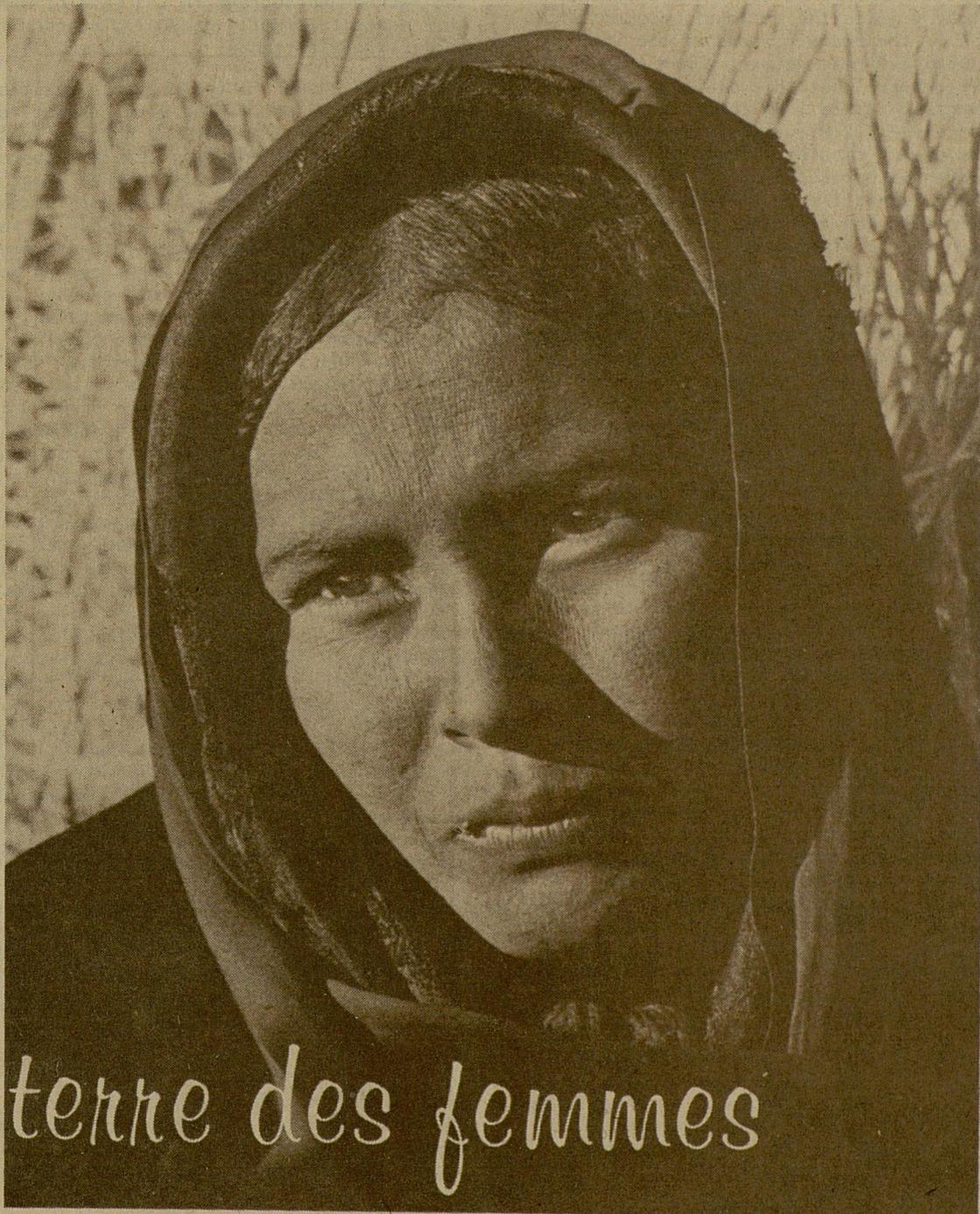
Q: You stayed in the capital?

A: At first yes. Then we went into the countryside, to the Chouf mountains, and to the South. By this time we knew the ropes. In Chouf we or-

ganized twelve day seminars on first aid which were open to all women. Each session consisted of two hours of instruction and one hour of "discussion" on any topic. And, here, it was amazing...the peasant women responded very differently to the women in the cities. They opened up, and their personal -- and up till then very private -- problems became part of a shared experience. One woman rose to say she wished to leave her husband, every evening he came home with a different woman; another wondered whether she too should ask for a divorce. All this led to a congress, held November 21, attended by 225 women as well as some men who were made very welcome.

Q: Did the occupation of Lebanon put an end to these projects?

A: Not at all, even though we opposed the Syrian occupation. Something of great significance had taken place. When the war was at its height and the bombings made it dangerous to move around, the women were able to do as they wished. When the Syrian army invaded the country many of the men came to us, saying, "O.K., it's all over now. It's time to go back home." But right now there are many women who are not at all convinced that they should meekly return to their old roles. ♀



terre des femmes

la revue d'en face

Laila Khaled Speaks

Is the role of the woman in the Palestine Revolution affecting the role and status of the woman in the Arab Society in general? If so, how?

We must distinguish between one class and another. The phrase "Arab woman" is misleading in this context. What Arab woman are we talking about? The villager of South Lebanon or the student at the American University of Beirut? The conservative lady of Damascus or the "liberated" society woman of Beirut's Hamra Street? The Sudanese girl who boldly joins the national movement and works in it or the Bedouin woman of the Yemeni desert? I believe that we must adopt some sort of standard here so that this dialogue can be more meaningful. Since I am committed to the ideology of the P.F.L.P., the standard for me can only be one of classes. Therefore the question can be answered as follows. The Palestinian woman who has joined the revolution is daily giving an example to the Palestinian and Arab woman of how women can be liberated,

We need to recognize that the Arab man, at least with reference to the classes we mentioned, is also exploited and colonized. His own liberation will doubtless contribute to the liberation of the woman who is herself subjected to a double exploitation: she is exploited by those who exploit the man and then is exploited by man himself.

We in the P.F.L.P. maintain that the question of women's liberation involves more than mere advice or persuasion or encouragement. Rather, it is part and parcel of the total efforts being made to liberate society from all forms of repression and exploitation, politically, economically and socially, and to free it also from obsolete customs and traditions, all of which form the roots of man's chauvinism.

Many men, especially of the older generation, find a great difficulty in associating "women's liberation" with anything other than free love, depravity and prostitution. We can understand this difficulty since the flood of western imported films, newspapers, TV shows and magazines picture women's liberation as if it were the freedom of the slave girl to choose her master. This flood in effect is telling us, "Look, the woman can now freely choose the man she wants to dominate her." Naturally, we refuse this since the "sexual dimension" in women's liberation has come to preempt the true significance of the liberation we are fighting for.

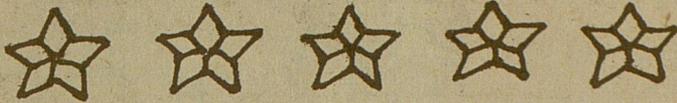
In sum, we are fighting against the tyranny of the old society as well as the new. We are fighting for genuine equality and a genuine liberation. As a result, we find ourselves in an interesting situation. At first, our families put up a stiff resistance. It is extremely difficult to change their mind about women's liber-

ation which to them means "freedom to be depraved." Thus, when a woman leaves her family and throws off its shackles, this is always a moment of drama, pain, unhappiness and anger. With time the family begins, perhaps under the influence of a brother, to realize that their daughter's liberation did not lead, as they feared, to depravity but, on the contrary, gave her a deeper confidence in herself, the respect of her comrades, a strength of character which she lacked and courage in the face of men. All this makes the family gradually abandon their earlier recalcitrance.

I said in answer to the previous question that the battle we are waging with respect to women pits us against, not only a horde of national, class and social enemies, obsolete customs and traditions, etc...but also a sham image of freedom which the west is raining upon us day and night: sexual licence, the tyranny of fashion imposed by a consumer economy, the image of the "baby doll" woman, which turns out to be a new and flashy version of the old tyranny, but this time comes to us with bare breasts and legs. It is an arduous struggle and the question of how best to wage it is time consuming. The initial solution suggested by many is to call for wider and better education. But the problem is not that simple since education itself must be revolutionized, when it is a question of woman's liberation. I do not wish to appear as though I reject all the culture that comes to us from the west, especially as regarding women's liberation. But what I would like to emphasize is that we have, in one way or another, passed beyond the stage at which we stand amazed when faced with the flood of that culture. The key to the future lies in our ability to actualize all the potentialities of revolution in our society, in doing away with all the relationships of production which dominate our society where the roots of repression find a fertile soil. The question of woman's liberation cannot be separated from all this, since freedom is one and indivisible. We are certain that the problem of women's liberation can receive only partial solution in a society which permits class or national, racial or religious discrimination.

We are watching with great interest the various movements of women's liberation presently raging in the capitalist world. For us, it signals the failure of the capitalist solution to the problem of women's subjection and the beginning of new attempts to find a different path.♀

From *Women and Struggle for Liberation*, World Student, Christian Movement, Cambridge, Mass. Reprint of *RISK* interview, a publication of World Council of Churches, Geneva, Switzerland.



before
creation

Women wear black,
All over the world,
Because it doesn't show dirt?
Or because their watch-dogs
Don't want them
to attract attention?
Or because it's the only color dye
That they know how to make?

Or maybe because
We are
The alchemists
And some of us remember
And others are beginning
To be reminded
That the Night
And the Woman
Are One
Filled
With the same
Infinite
Possibilities

LYNDA FORD



ISRAEL: MYTH AND REALITY

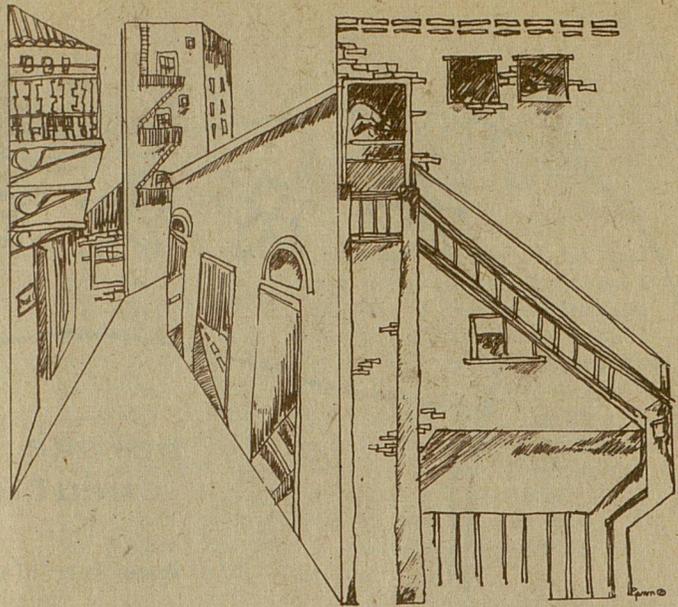
BY ANNE BRENER

I was excited when *Ms. Magazine* announced a tour of Israel for its readers. I had studied in Israel for six months and had thought of returning to live there some day. However, when I graduated from college in the United States, my involvement in the changing politics and lifestyles of American women in the early seventies felt so satisfying and challenging that I remained in the United States.

Yet I felt that I owed much to Israel - both as a Feminist and a Jew. Certainly my sense of potential as a woman had roots in Israel. As I grew up my mental pictures of Israel were inhabited by participants in Israel's legendary institutions: the kibbutz and the army-institutions in which women were expected to serve on an equal basis with men. As a Jew, my sense of identity with Israel as a homeland, cultural center, and safeguard of the continuity of my people is strong.

While these values, Feminist and Jewish are often in conflict, I recognize that each represents an important part of me. I thought that going to Israel with a group of American feminists would help me to synthesize major threads of my life. At the airport in New York, our motley crew of fifty-three women and five men assembled. We were given a sendoff by Gloria Steinem, who encouraged us to consider ourselves the representatives of the Feminist Revolutionary Government in Exile. Our assignment was to make peace in the Middle East.

While it seemed an overwhelming task, it made sense to me. The commonality of the experience of women, I felt, could enable us to help make connections between people, without the limitations of national boundaries. I believed that as women we could find points of contact that had not been obvious to those (usually men) approaching settlement of political tensions.



Jo Tenn

Upon our arrival at our hotel in Jerusalem, we were greeted by a panel of Israeli women leaders. One by one, they gave us an introduction to the women's movement in the land of the patriarchs. By the end of the evening we had learned that, despite the poster images of the Israeli woman soldier and the Kibbutz woman hard at work in the fields, the lot of the Israeli woman is much like that of women in the U.S. She does not enjoy full and equal participation in the public life of her country. We learned that laws existed, such as the Women's Equal Rights Law of 1951, which left many women with a sense of complacency about their status in Israeli society. However, we were told, these laws were contradictory and were later modified with protectionist legislation; such as the 1954 Employment of Women Law, which limits the employment of a woman at night because of possible danger to her health. These laws also gave the religious courts full jurisdiction on matters relating to marriage and divorce. What this means is that, in matters pertaining to a woman's status in family life, she is subject to the ancient laws of Orthodox Judaism, which consider woman the "sanctified property of her husband."

Alice Shalvi, a professor at the Hebrew University (a rare position for an Israeli woman to hold), considers herself a feminist, despite the fact that she is an observant Orthodox Jew. She told us that "expediency demands compromise," as she described her efforts to be an equal partner in the religious sphere without infringing upon the religious laws. The likelihood that this was a tough balancing act was apparent in the negative comments she drew from many of the Israeli feminists who had joined us for the evening.

Shoshanna Ellings, one of the founders of the Israeli Women's party told us that while 30% of Israeli women work outside their homes, they are rarely placed in highly responsible positions. Israel, she said, is "a marriage oriented society, arranged in pairs, like sox...it makes me think of Noah's Ark." Marcia Friedman, an immigrant

from the United States and the former representative of the Woman's Party in the Knesset, now runs a shelter for battered women in Haifa. She told us there is at least a 2% rate of battered women and a high incidence of rape in Israel. "The Israeli woman," she said, "has an inability to recognize her rights," and despite obvious signs of frustration, appears to have "no anger."

These reports were appalling to me, but they were not unfamiliar. Issues similar to those we were confronting at home were being echoed half way around the world. I knew that Arab women are also victims of religious repression and demeaning protectionist attitudes. The depressing consistency of the lot of world-wide women ironically gave me hope on my first night in the Middle East. As I lay awake in my hotel bed, tingling with the sensory impressions of a new country, I again thought that in dealing with these issues women would lead the world past its differences to explore the universality of experience and expectations. I thought that the heavy weight of common experiences would help us to forge one mettle out of a strife-torn world. I drifted off to sleep, and images and sounds from Sabbath Services came in and out of my dreams. Songs about Jerusalem...out of Zion would come God's will of peace, for all the world. *Ki m'tzion t'sesh Torah U'davar Adonai m'Yerushalyim.*

But before I could return to my bed for a second night's sleep in Israel, I had to face the naïveté of my fantasy of a feminist bridge to peace. The complexities and difficulties of life in the State of Israel started to become clear to me. War is the reality of Israel. The memory of it...the recovery from it...the fear of its recurrence... that is what shapes the lives of the people of Israel.

One of our stops during the second morning was Yad Vashem, the memorial to the six million Jews who were killed by Hitler's Reich. In a stark montage of architecture, photographs, memorabilia, and words, the details of the fate of the Jews of Europe were presented. The story of a world that is no more. It is incomprehensible, impossible. Even the material remnants: the yellow Stars of David, the uniforms of concentration camp prisoners, the desecrated holy objects, and photographs of endless graves filled with masses of emaciated bodies, do not help to give us a nugget of truth about this monstrous event. The most articulate statement was made simply, in a building beyond the exhibit, which was a silent memorial. The large colorless room of iron and stone was illuminated by one flame to light the memory of the many dead. The floor of the room was an abstract map of Europe containing the names of each of the sites of mass death, followed by the number of people who died there. Standing in this room, I pondered the words that had closed the exhibit: "Forgetfulness leads to Exile, while Remembrance is the secret of Redemption." I noticed that birds were flying inside this most somber of memorials. In this stark room, new life was being made. I felt nourished by this curious juxtaposition of life

and death. I did not feel wiped out by the emotions, and I understood that the bottom line of any political discussion for me is this: Israel must exist.

After lunch we visited the Knesset, the legislature of Israel, where we met with its women members (out of a total membership of 120, there are currently 8 women members of the Knesset [M.K.'s]). Ora Namir, who heads the Committee on the Status of Women, told us sadly: "We are getting more and more indifferent about our status." She pointed to the regression of the women's roles on the kibbutz which began as an equal society for men and women. "We were so different then" she told us. "We fought so much more than we do today." But, she said, the constant fear of war has made women less willing to confront issues. And, as we were told by others many times in the trip, when you are being bombed or waiting out an alert, issues regarding such things seem trivial.

As a Jew, I sympathized and knew that I would be likely to feel the same way if I were living in Israel. But it is a story women have heard many times across history when they want to raise their voices against their lack of rights. "Not now," we have been told, "there are more important things to deal with...but just as soon as the slaves are freed...the revolution is won...the war is over...then it will be your time." So we are sensitive and reasonable. We hold back and contribute to the over-riding cause. But there are always other priorities; and while we are waiting our turn, we become further accustomed to the roles of helpers, supports, second-class citizens, gradually we forget that we ever had the energy to demand something different, something more.

Next we met Guella Cohen, an M.K. who is part of Begin's conservative coalition government. She spoke to us with passion of Israel's right to the West Bank territories (which she referred to by their Biblical names: Judea and Sumeria). Her forehead was creased, her brown eyes pained with fervency as she presented to us the political point of view whose roots are religious. "This is our land," she said. "We are in the Diaspora, and Palestine was with us. I don't accept the right of the Palestinians to have a state here."

While I share much of Guella's attachment to the land, I felt that there was no way she and those sharing her point of view would be able to sit down with our evening's speakers. Equally as fervent as Guella's voice were the voices of anti-Zionists Lea Tsmel (a Jewish lawyer) and Raymonda Howa Taweel (a Palestinian activist). "The Indians of the Middle East are alive and they want to come back home," said Lea, a line which seemed to me appropriate to either side of the Middle Eastern conflict. Raymonda described to us the miserable life of the Palestinians who left their homes when the State of Israel was declared and have since formed their own Diaspora, longing for Zion. Feminism, they told us, is a secondary issue. The primary confrontation for the Palestinian woman is with the Israeli regime. She is going through change. The honor

of resistance has replaced the honor of virginity. While this fighting image certainly represents a radical departure from that of the veiled Arab woman balancing her groceries on her head in the marketplace, they would say little more about the issues confronting Arab women as this transformation takes place. [Editor's Note: See interview with Leila Khaled, page 14.]

These discussions were not the makings of a feminist bridge to peace. Possible lines of communication that could be opened between Palestinian and Israeli women were never mentioned. The room became a noisy site of confrontation between Zionist and anti-Zionist. It was an emotional encounter in a small airless room in the basement of the King David Hotel. No one was listening to anyone else. When the meeting broke at midnight my mind was churning with the weight of opposing truths. I went out to the cool night air of Jerusalem. Instinctively, I headed for the walled city and walked the ancient stone streets toward the Wailing Wall. At the wall I scribbled a desperate prayer for peace on a scrap of paper, placed it in a crack in the wall, and leaning against the stones, I began to sob.

I walked back to the hotel very slowly. While I trusted that the women whom we met spoke to us of their own convictions, I could not shake the feeling that we were all somehow lost in the rhetoric of the patriarchy. I still felt that the Arab and Jewish women of the Middle East could find as much in common with each other as they could with their respective male counterparts. Both live within strict religious-cultural traditions that place severe restrictions upon their freedom to act and to choose. Fifty-five per cent of Israel's Jewish population has come within the last few generations from Moslem countries. They have roots in the Arab cultural environment and, we were told, similar attitudes with respect to education, male authority, personal aspirations, and even political commitment. How different could their lives be? And, if peace is the goal, shouldn't we dwell on those similarities? Or is the focus of the battle merely to preserve differences?

Also, I wondered, how many women had participated in making the historical decisions that have brought Arabs and Jews to this deadlock? Golda Meir is a powerful exception. I remember reading of the ordeal by fire that she had to go through in order to find herself in a position of power. I thought of the number of times I had heard the joke which did not amuse me: "Golda is the only one in the government who has any balls." I also remembered the stories of Golda making cakes, Golda and the grandkids, Golda going shopping. It was important to the press to make a point that Golda Meir hadn't abandoned her role. Being Prime Minister wasn't enough. It was all very discouraging. The next morning I vowed to take a more pragmatic approach. I had given my naiveté a new name: arrogance. While sitting in the lobby of the hotel, a limousine pulled up and an American man in a dark business suit got out and, under heavy security guard, walked to his room. I was told that it

was Under-Secretary of State Atherton - come from Washington to solve the problems of the Middle East. Poor Jerusalem, I thought. For so many centuries the victim of the foreigner with the axe to grind. Here I was, a later day Crusader, here to tell the inhabitants of the Holy Land how to run their lives. Besides, I thought, upon hearing of the plight of the veiled Bedouin Arab Women who were not allowed to join us because our party contained men to whom they were not related, what responsibility was I willing to take for the revolution I preached? If the change to an androgynous culture is a painful and chaotic one for us in the United States where we enjoy a comparative measure of access to the language and tools of liberation, what would it mean for a woman in a culture which still practices bride price and polygamy? Change for her would be likely to mean ostracism from the only society she had known and probably a life of total alienation. In many ways my concepts of consciousness raising seemed potentially cruel.

I also began to recognize how my own emotional response to Israel was causing conflict between my ideal vision of what the trip could accomplish and my gut response as a Jew. I remembered what it means to end a festive occasion with the hopeful cheer "La shanna ha ba b'Yerushalim...Next year in Jerusalem." While Jerusalem can be taken metaphorically as a symbol of peace and deliverance, its literal meaning has been a powerful sign of hope for us while dispersed around the world. For two thousand years my ancestors have said prayers for plentiful rainfall and golden harvests in a land many miles from where they were living. They longed for a place where citizenship - connection with the soil - is a right not a privilege granted (and revoked) by Tzars, Parliament and Dictators.

I could remember the sudden loneliness when I was among friends and heard the name of my people, a people of whose tradition of ethics, learning and culture I am enormously proud, used as a curse. I also remembered the feeling when I came to Jerusalem after growing up in America without much awareness of the psychological impact of being part of a minority group. I remembered looking around and suddenly realizing that everyone - the people in the street - the storekeepers, the policemen, the bricklayers, the busdrivers - were Jewish. I can understand wanting to defend those very special feelings. And, I know that while I will hold a mirror up to help Israel to see herself, or will argue with my Jewish sisters and brothers when I see a better way, I will also be there to defend Israel. From that point on, I felt buffeted back and forth between sets of values as I sought to find a way that Feminism and Zionism could be synthesized.

With these insights, I vowed to return to the original purpose of this trip, exploring what it means to be a modern woman in the Land of Israel. And, once again, I ran into a wall. I discovered that, even if I were to allow my Zionist instincts to totally dominate my politics, my actions would be limited because I am a woman. We visited an Army camp near Tel Aviv and met with women offi-

cers and draftees. I heard myself humming the Israeli Marching Songs to which I had done calisthenics as a kid at camp and was expectant as we entered the barracks and found young women soldiers, clad in fatigues, cleaning their rifles. But soon we were told that the only times these women would use their weapons would be when standing guard duty on kibbutzim and military installations far from the frontiers, or when marching in parades. The heavier duties (and the heavier guns) were reserved for men.

Despite popular images of the Israeli woman-soldier, we discovered that women are denied the valued positions in that institution which plays such a major role in Israeli society. The Israeli Defense Forces (I.D.F.) serve Israel not only as an instrument of defense but also as a major tool of education and assimilation. The people of Israel come from 102 countries of the Diaspora (many from positions of second class citizens in underdeveloped nations). It is the Army that gives many of these people the common experiences to enable them to adapt to modern life. But apparently the view of the modern world promoted by the I.D.F. does not include equality of the sexes. While Israeli women are required to serve in the Army, exemptions are granted automatically to nearly 50% of them, while nearly 97% of Israeli men serve. In a country where the military is of prime importance, the psychological effect of growing up knowing that you can never be a hero must be very strong. About the time her male peers make their bar mitzvahs, the Israeli pre-teen girl begins to realize that she does not have access to the options that have heroic significance in her society. We were told that this disappointing insight "colors everything."

That one would lose motivation when confronted with obstacles institutionalized by patriarchal prejudices was also clear to me on our visit to the Kibbutz. The Kibbutz, where women are returning to more traditional female roles, has been pointed to as evidence that women do not really *want* equal rights. However, I saw the response of the Kibbutz women as perfectly understandable after nearly a century of struggling against the obstacles of deep-rooted patriarchal prejudice. (Some of these attitudes were described to us in statements such as these: "a man is incapable of taking care of a crying baby"... "how could you force a man to work in the dining room?")

Such problems on the Kibbutz are typical of what happens when feminism is shallowly perceived. Very often, I think, when the subject of sexual equality is explored, what is usually confronted is the experience of women. Seldom are the imbalances in the lives of men, which are also created by rigid sex roles, looked at. When there is no attempt to redefine male experience, the importance and value of traditional female responsibilities is overlooked. And, as women move into new areas, a vacuum is created. If men are not allowed or encouraged to shoulder these responsibilities, to fill that vacuum, women have little choice but to retreat into traditional roles because the nurturing (and the

cleaning) must be done. Until both sexes are willing to, and are validated for, exploring an androgynous society, there can be no significant changes.

After our meetings with the I.D.F. and the Kibbutz, I was weary. On one of our last nights in Israel we met at the Women's Center in Tel Aviv. Joanne Yaron, an Israeli journalist who is active in Israel's Feminist movement, validated our discouragement. "As long as we stay within the tradition of social welfare, women-helping-women, which is an important tradition in Israeli life," she said, "we are applauded and many of our concerns are picked up by the dominant parties. So Israeli feminists can set up rape crisis lines and shelters for battered women without being completely discredited. "But," she told us, "'Feminism' is a dirty word. It is associated with America. It is associated with the left. The left wants to destroy Israel. If the movement becomes identified with the radical left, then we are double pariahs."

Later that night, while exploring Tel Aviv, I found myself having fantasy encounters with many of the women I saw. I imagined their responses as I presented the bread and butter issues and the ideals of feminism and, once again, I could see how basic the conflict is between what we have defined as women's issues and the beliefs that many Israeli women hold dear.

I imagined offering birth control information to a woman who is part of a tiny minority of Jews in the Arab Middle East and who believes that by force of numbers alone, her people could easily be wiped out...or to a woman who has grown up with no relatives because her parents escaped Hitler without the company of their families. Could either of them welcome this information?

Yet, I have not forgotten my ultimate vision for my people and all of our neighbors, and this is symbolized by the "good fence." The "good fence" is a gate on the border of Lebanon and Israel, through which Lebanese pass to find medical attention and employment in Israel. It touched me in some special place. That night I had a dream about a "good fence" which drew a picture of my dearest hopes for Israel and her neighbors. In the dream, I was approached very quietly by someone who was inspecting passports. Once it was clear that all was in order, we walked North together, through the fence to a place in the middle of the two nation-states that was not Israel and was not Lebanon. This place was a lush garden with grasses, vines, and fruit-covered trees. There were others there as well and we played together in the golden sunshine that was Eden before Babel with no impending sense of fall. Our group had a mission here in paradise and we pursued it daily. It was to enlarge our perfect garden, so that others could share in its peace. Each day we would stand along the edges of this good fence area, and, in a perfectly choreographed dance, we would move one inch in all directions, away from the garden's center, enlarging our garden and reclaiming an inch a day so that others could join us to live in peace. ♀



Western Igorot tribal woman who lives in the only cool area of the Philippines where such vegetables can be grown.



FILIPINAS

GRAPHICS BY MADELYN KATZMAN

Spanish, Moslem, Malaysian, Indigenous tribal - 70% peasants.

Native tribes living in the mountains:
men and women sharing farm and house work,
western influence minimal, no automobiles, trade as good as money,
traditions kept alive in song, story, and dance.

Three centuries of Catholic Spanish colonization symbolized by the ever
popular beauty contests and the belief:
"the home is the only place for women".
Traditional roles reinforced.

Rural and urban revolutionary women:
active in fighting for national liberation,
forming a woman's organization within that struggle:
students and farmers by day - soldiers by night.



Kalinga woman preparing to do traditional back strap weaving.



Gadang woman on the trail to Baba. Everything must be carried into the village over arduous trails. These people were nomads and tree dwellers until ten years ago.



Wealthy Gadang woman. Jewelry is the medium of exchange and some beads date back 2000 years to Chinese traders. One large black bead might be worth a pig.

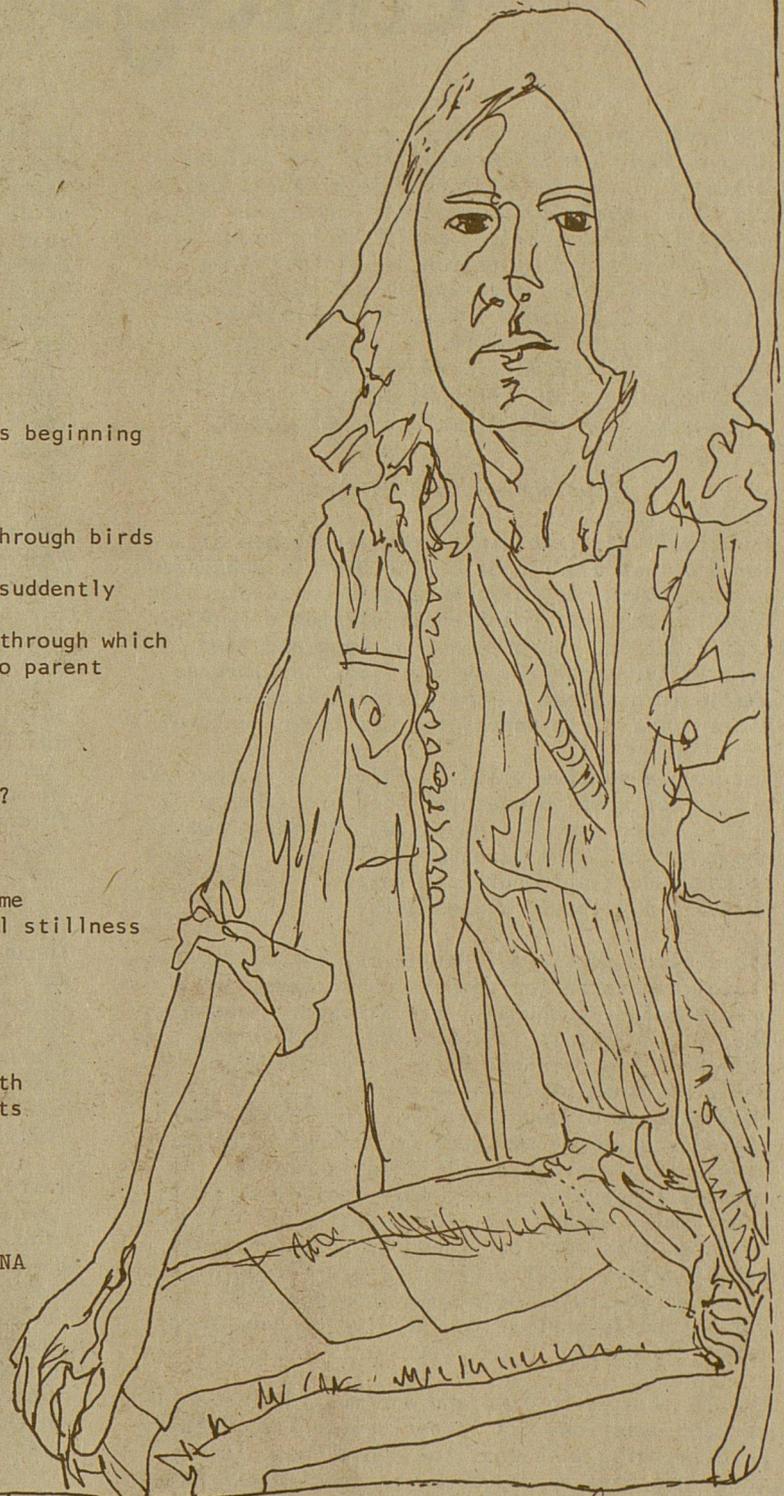
6

I Have the Right

Do I have the right to end
The line started at the world's beginning
Or maybe earlier
From the amoeba-God
Torn in two,
Beamed through fishes, flown through birds
Reaching my ancestors?
Do I have the right to answer suddenly
No
To the long line of suffering through which
I've been killed from parent to parent
To myself?
Can I return
In death among them
And tell them
That I left no one in my place?
Oh, yes,
How could I thank them
Any other way
For the stillness that awaits me
Than by bringing them the final stillness
By telling them: "It's over,
My parents, my guardians
Nothing binds you
To life,
You are free!"
And with the gentle gesture with
Which children pet their parents
I'd tie this death halo around
their forehead
And move them smiling
among saints.

ANA BLANDIANA

Translated from the Romanian
by Laura Schiff



self portrait

MS. 48

INTERVIEW with Gladys Diaz

from PTS/ Newsfront International

Following are excerpts from an interview with Gladys Diaz, a militant member of the Chilean Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR). She was freed partially through the assistance of Amnesty International, a worldwide movement working on behalf of Prisoners of Conscience independent of any government, political faction, ideology or religious creed. Women interested in helping with this work may contact Amnesty International U.S.A.'s National Office at 2112 Broadway, New York, New York, 10023 and inquire concerning names and addresses of local chapters.

Imprisonment and Torture

I would like to explain to you the stages of torture that a prisoner of the DINA is subjected to. The DINA has torture centers which are unknown to the public and whose existence is officially denied. No one who has been arrested is officially recognized as a prisoner as long as she/he is detained in one of these centers. Villa Grimaldi is one of the few known centers.

Few people survive Villa Grimaldi. Prisoners are either tortured to death or they are taken elsewhere, where they are executed. Others, however, are taken to *libre practica* (official government prisons where prisoners can receive visits). Such are a prisoner's prospects.

Libre practica is in Tres Alamos, one of the official concentration camps, in Santiago, the others being Puchuncavi and Ritoque. Tres Alamos is the largest, and both male and female prisoners are detained there. Prisoners in the official camps may receive visitors; this gives them a sense of security. Within Tres Alamos there is a closed-off section belonging to the DINA which is a center of isolation cells. No torture takes place here, only isolation. Neither family members nor journalists are allowed to enter this section, known as Cuatro Alamos. Occasionally, the Red Cross is granted permission to enter, but all the people whom the DINA has yet to decide whether to let live or execute are taken elsewhere.

Who is allowed to live and who must die is an important question. It is decided as irrationally as everything else that the Junta does. Among those who have disappeared are leading comrades, but also many people who have not held any political responsibility or even been active in the resistance. Some people have survived like Victor Toro and myself who were known as MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) activists before the coup. I will attempt to explain why we are still alive.

First of all, I would like to mention something very important: from the beginning a resistance fighter in Chile knows that she/he takes the risk of being imprisoned by the DINA. She/he knows that not only one's freedom can be lost, but one's life as well. All of us who stayed in Chile after September 11 knew this. This is the theory. If one is actually imprisoned, the situation is new and different. It is of utmost significance, and especially important for all revolutionary comrades, how strong one is ideologically, how much one feels responsibility towards the working class in handling the situation of being at the mercy of the enemy.

First the DINA tries to break a human being. In order to make a prisoner talk, other prisoners who have supposedly already talked, are brought in. The prisoner is told that the resistance movement no longer exists, that everyone is either imprisoned or dead, or that everyone has talked - which is not at all true. The new prisoner, in a state of shock over the loss of her/his freedom, is sure to be disturbed. As a prisoner, one is powerless not only in theory, but in reality as well: hands cuffed, eyes blindfolded, feet in chains. It is impossible to move. Such treatment is usual. If it brings no results, as is normally the case, torture begins. It is of utmost importance to the DINA that torture be very intense during the first hours. These first hours are crucial to learning information about the underground: anyone operating underground has had contact with others only on the day of capture or the day before, or had planned to make contact in the immediate future. The DINA knows that if a prisoner resists during the first few days they won't have many chances left.

Torture is therefore brutal during the first days, continuing day and night. The first method used, electric shock, is intense. Electricity is applied to the most sensitive parts of the body, i.e. the nose, the mouth and in the case of women the vagina. One is nude, chained, legs spread and also chained. One feels humiliated as a human being, the pain is very intense, the brutal interrogations put immense psychological pressure on the prisoner. This type of torture is always used before any other.

The length of the torture depends on the value of the information being sought. As a prisoner, one ceases to be a human being and is turned into an information object. I can speak of my personal case. I was someone who had been searched for since the September 11 coup. I had appeared in public as a MIR organizer and I was well known.

I was someone, in their opinion, who had to have an enormous amount of information. I would like to mention something else, although I'm not clear on its importance. The day I was arrested was treated as a day of celebration in Villa Grimaldi. The women prisoners were brought to the swimming pool and coca cola was handed out to them. The men received candies. The prisoners knew that something important must have happened. The guards were especially happy because they thought that with my arrest the national leadership of the MIR would be captured. The prisoners refused everything given to them and depression was widespread among them. The DINA believed that I would release a lot of information because I am a woman and because I have a child. A few hours would suffice to capture the national leadership of the MIR. At the time the DINA arrested me, letters from comrade Pascal (Andres Pascal Allende, Secretary, Secretary-General of the MIR) as well as letters from comrade Nelson Gutierrez (member of the MIR's Political Commission) were found on me. It appeared very easy to capture these two men.

Consequently my companero, who was arrested with me, and I were tortured very brutally. For the first three days we were tortured incessantly and only with electric shock. My friend resisted, and only after three days did they stop torturing him. After three days his information would not have had much value.

I would like to talk about my companero. After the first three days we were put in adjoining cells, and he helped me resist politically. He told me, "They will kill you. It is certain that they will kill you. I feel hurt by it, more than anyone else, but you have chosen this life for yourself. You cannot betray your people." I knew all this, but in such moments it is very important that a companero understands it too. He stayed next to me until February 28, when he was taken away. I was sure that they would put him in *libre practica* when we said good-bye. Eight days had passed during which I had held out well. The last thing he said to me was to keep it up. We knew that we would never see each other again, not because he would die, but because I would.

They continued torturing me, but without electric shock, for twice my heart had stopped beating. A DINA doctor said that I would die if I were given more shock treatments. They had an interest in keeping me alive because I was an information object and they hoped to break me. They changed the torture methods. I was plunged into dirty water - what we call the submarine method. I was kicked around with karate chops, physically the most exhausting method for me. After this I remained unconscious for forty-eight hours. My ribs were broken, my eardrums destroyed, I was bleeding all over, and I had a high fever. A comrade, in whose cell I was placed, helped me. She was pregnant and later had her baby in prison. She even helped me put my ribs in place, as they were pushed against my chest. The DINA thought that they had ripped my lungs apart and that I would die. I had great breathing difficulties, but this was because of the broken ribs.

I made an important discovery in connection with the karate torture. I figured that with the help of my consciousness I could control my body. I felt no pain when I was attacked. I did not want to give the enemy the satisfaction of hearing me scream and cry. I actually succeeded in not feeling any pain at all. I felt the first pain after awakening from forty-eight hours of unconsciousness. Many prisoners underwent the same experience: the energy one uses to make it impossible to be weakened by the enemy makes it possible to control the sensitivity of the skin.

After I recovered, they once again changed their methods. They realized that they were not succeeding and even took a test to discover if my skin was sensitive. They tried to talk to me on a political level. A DINA officer had a long talk with me and offered me cigarettes, cakes, coffee. I took nothing, though I was a heavy smoker and had not smoked in a long time. He spoke for an hour, explaining that they were neither fascists nor reactionaries, that they want the best for the people, only with different methods than mine. I must be a disturbed idealist, they knew that I was not bad because I was a professional and was profiting from the system. I had chosen to be on the side of the people and he wanted to explain to me why I was wrong. The talk with the DINA officer was held in a room surrounded by many cells. I spoke very loudly so that the other prisoners could hear me. In reality I did not talk with the DINA, but with my comrades. Up to this point I had denied everything and maintained that I knew nothing. But now, for the first time, I said that I knew the whereabouts of all the MIR comrades, but that I was not willing to talk. They could do anything they wanted with me, even kill me. I would be ready for it. The alternatives I had were to die heroically or to live without dignity. I had already chosen not to live without dignity.

At this point I confessed who I was politically. They knew of my political involvement, but I had denied it. I was told to sign a paper stating that I had held all these political functions. I told them that I would sign nothing, not for the DINA. Still today the DINA has not succeeded in making me sign anything, not even with a gun in my back. Having no success with this method, they stopped asking me for information. They tried to liquidate me psychologically. Every half hour I was taken out of my cell and interrogated by several officers simultaneously. I was not supposed to answer, they merely wanted to drive me crazy. Everyone was asking questions at the same time, and on different subjects. The ordeal lasted ten minutes, after which I was put back in my cell and told that in ten minutes the same thing would happen again. This treatment lasted twenty-four hours and I actually felt that they would succeed in driving me crazy. I started to count the thirty minutes, listen for the steps; I did not recognize my cell, and all of a sudden I saw my comrades in front of me. I started to lose my balance. Following a first night of rest from this method, the radio broadcast the news that I was imprisoned in Villa

Grimaldi. My torture was reported and the government was asked to admit to it officially. Twice daily I was allowed to go to the bathroom, and a comrade told me the news on the way. Another comrade was able to inform us of the international campaign which had started for me. I also heard it on my way to the bathroom. It was very important for me; it was like a shot of optimism. I completely forgot the pain. Up to this point I had led a very lonely struggle; I had thought I was alone in the world. Now I felt much, much stronger. I thought that even if I died, I would not die anonymously and without doing harm to the dictatorship.

My treatment stopped being so rough. I remained in the isolation cell, in the so-called "Torre," together with other comrades. While the others could see each other at mealtimes, everyone in the Torre was a death candidate. Everyone who was in the Torre with me is now dead. While those comrades were not tortured to the extent that I was, every time I was taken to be interrogated or tortured, they hummed the Internationale to give me courage. We all sat in those small cells, where it is only possible to sit, not stand. There are no doors, there is no ventilation. It is dark, and one does not know if it is day or night. The only door is a small hole above the floor, through which one enters or leaves the cell, crawling. It is intended to make the prisoner start thinking of herself/himself as an animal - another method of psychological torture. While I do not want to over-emphasize my experience, I think it necessary to inform other organizations of the possibility that a single - not very important - individual can help organize collective resistance.

In May 1975 I was transported to Cuatro Alamos for one night, and then to *libre practica*. My arrival was very touching. The imprisoned comrades, who knew about my situation and who thought that I might already be dead, gave me a warm welcome. There were comrades from the MIR and from the Communist and Socialist Parties. At this moment I began to be aware of the fact that I had survived: it was one of the most memorable moments of my life.

I received the news that my companero had disappeared, that he had never arrived at *libre practica* and that he was probably dead. I immediately contacted his family and informed them of the situation. I convinced them of the necessity to file an accusation against the DINA. I was willing to be a witness; my companero's father considered this to be dangerous, but I told him that it could be no more dangerous than all I'd gone through. This accusation against the DINA was the first of its kind. Later on many people dared to file similar accusations. I spoke in front of a judge about everything I have said in this interview concerning our first eight days together.

My Son and I

The international campaign to release me from prison was also carried out for my young son, Alejandro. It was thought for a long time both

inside and outside Chile that he had been arrested with me.

My son was just five years old when he went underground with me. He had to become accustomed to a different name, go to school under a different name, know that his mother had different names in different places. He adapted very easily and never made a mistake. He knew why his mother was living underground. He knew why his mother was being pursued and he himself developed an underground mentality. He listened to conversations in the neighborhood, never talked, and just returned to me immediately to tell me everything. If people started to ask him too many questions, he spoke to me about it and suggested that we move. I speak of this in order to demonstrate that a child is perfectly capable of living underground.

The boy got so accustomed to his new name that, later, when he was living above ground again, he could not remember his real name. My clandestine existence took place in working class neighborhoods - the safest for me. Despite my height, which is very unusual for Chile I always managed to look like my neighbors. All those who knew who I was tried their best to protect me.

The child had to live in different places with me and had to change schools all the time. We also lived through some dangerous situations. Once the entire neighborhood was surrounded. We had to assume that they were looking for me, that someone had betrayed me. We fled over the roofs. The boy was very good. He helped me and did not get hysterical at all.

I explained the situation to him as much as possible. I think that my son is very mature for his age. What disturbed him was not the underground life, but what happened later on - my arrest.

When Miguel Enriquez (then Secretary General of the MIR) was murdered I tried to learn from this painful experience. I explained to my son that we would have to separate for reasons of safety. It was very, very difficult for him. He would not accept this; he refused rational explanations despite all my efforts. The separation came as a shock to him, even though he was placed in a very secure place, where he received a lot of attention. We two had a very close relationship. It was not possible for him to have a similar relationship with someone else.

It was a very good thing that we separated. Three months later I was arrested and he would have been arrested with me. During my torture there were times when the DINA was more interested in finding out where my son was than in my betraying Pascal Allende (present Secretary General of the MIR).

Despite the separation, I had arranged to be informed of my son's development and to see him, without letting him know when or where. When I was arrested, the boy must have sensed that something had happened because a lot of time passed with no word from me. He said nothing. He first learned of my arrest on the radio, when the news

was first released. The people in the house were not aware that he knew, however, for he remained silent. Two weeks later at breakfast he announced: "I know that mother is in prison. My mother always talked about this and I am prepared. I want to know the truth. Is my Mommy already dead?"

When I was placed in *libre practica* the boy was told that I was fine, that I was imprisoned and that he would see me again. The first meeting was crucial. All my comrades were very nervous. When we entered the visitors' room, he saw me and ran towards me. He embraced me so violently I fell to the floor. We rolled and wrestled. Then he gave me a little kick in the ribs and said, "You have always been so brave and now you let yourself be caught by the military."

Up to this point the boy always reacted very well. Now, however, he started to have many problems. He was very saddened by his mother being in prison and it became too much for him. All his drawings during this period were of prisons. The poems he wrote were very sad and bitter. His drawings showed hate for the Junta and he started to have difficulties at school. He was very rebellious. This was the worst time for Alejandro.

My son's father was not the *companero* who was arrested with me, but a man I had been married to and divorced from for several years. While I was in prison he took the child away from me.

The worst day in prison was neither any of the days of torture nor the day when I received news of my *companero's* death. It was the day when I was brought in chains in front of a judge without knowing what would happen. Once in court I met my child's father and his lawyer, the lawyer of Pablo Rodriguez, leader of *Patria y Libertad!*,

(an ultra-right wing organization) I was unprepared; I did not have a lawyer and had to represent myself. I lost custody of my child because I could not care for him while in prison.

I did not give up the fight for my child. Attorneys tried to win back my right to custody and to get my child out of his father's house, where he was miserable. I lost this battle but won another. I was granted the right to see my child and he visited me regularly. I started to work politically with him so that he could learn to make life miserable for the people in his father's house...to the point that they would have enough of him. My son did a beautiful job. His father gave him back, disgusted that the kid had created such chaos in the house. He returned custody to me, but laid down that the child was not allowed to leave the country without his consent, which he refused to give.

This was the problem I was confronted with when I was ordered to leave the country. I declared that I wouldn't leave the country without my son. The military Junta would have to keep me and I would declare to the whole world why I refused to leave: I refused to leave without my son. His father really got scared. He was aware of the solidarity campaign for my release. The government tried to apply some pressure, but finally he gave in and signed my son's papers. This means that my arrival here with my son is a victory of international solidarity.

I believe, and I want to make this perfectly clear, that the price my child has had to pay is part of the price that many children in Chile have to pay; children who suffer from their parents' disappearance, whose mothers, returning from prison, are physically and emotionally handicapped, or children who starve to death or suffer from malnutrition. My child's problems are problems of all working class children in Chile. ♀



The Suicide of Beatriz Allende

Paris (PTS/translated from *Liberation*, French daily).

On October 8, 1967, Che Guevara was killed in Bolivia. On September 11, 1973, Salvador Allende was assassinated in Chile. On October 5, 1974, Miguel Enriquez, Secretary General of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR) was killed in Chile. On October 12, 1977, Beatriz Allende, Salvador's daughter and friend of both Che and Miguel Enriquez, committed suicide in Havana where she was living in exile.

The following is the transcript of a conversation with Carmen Castillo, a MIR militant in exile, about Beatriz Allende's suicide. Carmen was Miguel Enriquez' companion and eight months pregnant when the Chilean military shot him down in her presence. She was later saved by an international campaign, but lost her child soon after its birth. She has lived, exiled, in Paris since early 1975.

CARMEN: All that the papers say is that she was Salvador Allende's daughter, that she was in a deep depression, that she had never been able to get over her father's death and the perpetual suffering of the Chilean people, that she shot herself...during October...and that's it. But it isn't enough.

Why? Why does a woman like her decide to commit suicide? Should we attempt to answer this question, or should we once again tranquilize ourselves, reassure our consciences by telling ourselves that she was a woman, that she was depressed, and that therefore she committed suicide? It's too easy. That isn't asking the necessary questions. And above all, it's forgetting her.

Q: Who was she?

CARMEN: A thirty-three year old woman, mother of three children, and a doctor. She came from a family which has always been involved in politics. At a very young age she decided to learn a so-called *male* profession - medicine. And she did it brilliantly, because when Beatriz committed herself to something, she went through with it.

In this same way, having been a socialist since adolescence, she joined forces with the Cuban revolution, and even became the *pivot* of Che's rear-guard in Chile. She underwent military training without anyone knowing it. Like most women in revolutionary movements, she took on communication and infrastructural tasks. No one knew that this young and beautiful medical student was a link in the long chain of Che's Bolivian campaign of guerrilla warfare. Beatriz was a

member of both the Chilean Socialist Party and the Bolivian National Liberation Army (ELN), which continued guerrilla fighting after Che's death.

I recall that she was overcome by Che's death. But she would say, "We musn't cry, we must continue." And she continued up to the definitive

failure of the Bolivian enterprise. This coincided in her life with her father's victory as President of Chile. From November 4, 1970 on, she acted as his personal secretary.

Q: What exactly did she do?

CARMEN: She served as a liaison between Allende and all the Latin American revolutionary movements. We, of the MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left), knew that we could call on her at any time. Beatriz was divided between her affection and loyalty to her father, whom she adored, and her history and experience in other forms of struggle. On September 11, 1973 (the day of the Chilean coup which overthrew Allende) she was pregnant, and her father asked her to leave the Moneda presidential palace. She chose to remain, but the men excluded her because she was a woman.

Q: How are militants reacting to her death?

CARMEN: A young militant just telephoned me and told me, "I don't accept it. I don't understand. No militant has the right to kill herself. I find it disgusting. It's a bad action." Right away, a moral judgment. As if one doesn't have the right to commit suicide.

Q. *It's absurd to say that it's politically bad, but it is also absurd to say that it isn't a political act. Her suicide is a political act and that is what seems unacceptable to some.*

CARMEN: The explanations given reveal a whole conception of militant life. We were told, we were taught that women militants have no personal problems, that they are made of steel, that they can't suffer. As long as we don't submit to torture and military repression, everything is fine...when in reality nothing is. We're charged with this guilt and we don't have the right to speak of life.

You're forced to accomplish permanent tasks and play a role without building a real life. And after years of exile and mutilation, you no longer believe in your role; you no longer find the words, you no longer find anyone to talk to. Until the day you tell yourself: "I've no purpose. My death takes away nothing. I am too tired. I would like to sleep and stop." Bea-

triz' political act is tied to the emptiness, the real emptiness of the lives of women, lives which are filled with nothing but a series of escapes.

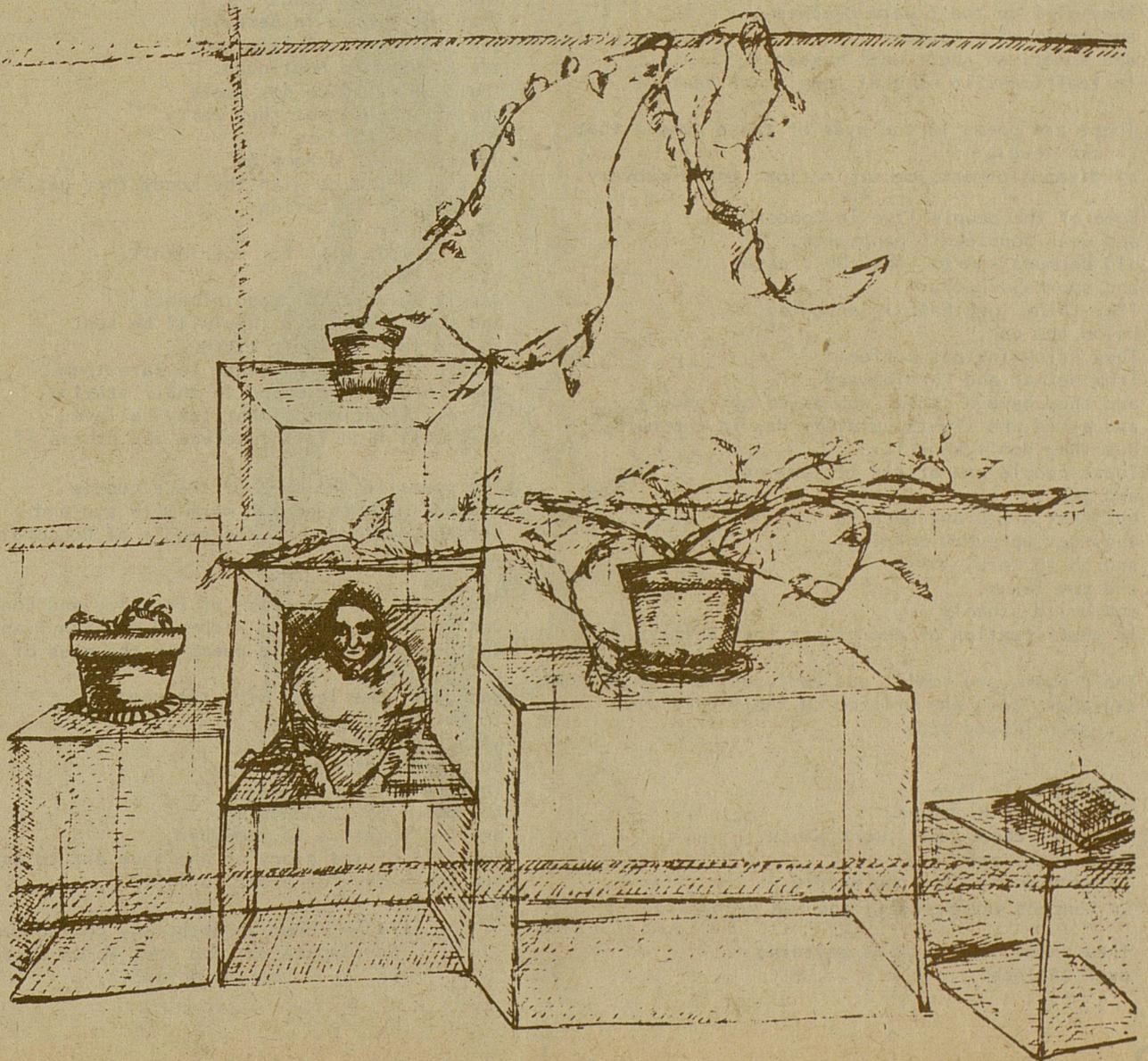
Her act engages all women who are surviving between action and death. Because a woman among men can't speak; because a woman's isolation, her daily self-destruction, is also a form of suicide. For her, it was a pistol since it was integrated into her life. But for others, it is tranquilizers, drugs.

We never speak of the survivors. But there are different ways of dying. Beatriz tells us what it is to be an exile...by committing suicide. What is terrifying is that, in order to say it, she had to kill herself.

Real politics must take into account people's daily existence. You struggle for others only if you struggle for yourself. For example, the day when a political movement will have the courage to say that love permits one to live a

better life underground, many things will change. Everyone knows that life is made with love. But as a political woman, you are always cut in two: your militant life and your personal life. At each moment, Beatriz had to be in harmony with the symbol that the resistance had imposed on her; she had to be strong, her feelings invulnerable.

This is what makes for the ineffectiveness of certain politics. It denies daily life. By keeping women from speaking of themselves as women, they begin to feel isolated and become self-destructive. For Beatriz, work as a militant could not overshadow the fact that she was a woman. A big cut in two made her crack. So she had to die when she became a woman. Women divided within themselves and separated from each other can do nothing. Only by reaching out, talking to each other, in Latin America as well as elsewhere, can women transform the political movement and the relationship of their everyday lives to politics, and therefore to revolution. ♀



some of the people

BY JUDITH OFFER

Some of the people
live in Berkeley and San Francisco
and wear leather sandals
and jeans.
They think short hair is anything above
the shoulder.

While they search for the truth,
they eat cheese and drink wine
and smoke pot.
"So what?" is the period at the end
of every paragraph they live
although the paragraphs themselves
are multiples of utopias.
These people are afraid of doubleknit pantsuits,
weekly hairdresser appointments,
and machismo,
but they are brave because
they give up their warm clothes
and their warm houses
and sometimes their warm husbands
in reaffirmation of their own inner heat.

There are poems in the eyes of these people that
cry loudly
of disappointment, determination, and discovery.

Some of the people live in Concord
and wear doubleknit pantsuits,
old bermuda shorts, cos cob dresses,
and sportsjackets.
They think long hair is anything
below the ear.
They drink instant coffee
from Melmac and Corningware
and they have a cousin who tried pot once--
and a kid who lights up every day in the park,
but they don't know it.
These people are afraid of long hair
and jeans,
but they are brave because
they get up every morning
and go to work
and pay taxes,
and build schools
in reaffirmation of the others they believe in.

Their poems are small, and confused, and persistent,
and they, too, are written on their eyes with
pain-tipped pens.

Other people live in
Oakland and Richmond,
and wear cheap khaki work pants
from Sears and
hand-me-downs from the people
in Concord and Berkeley and San Francisco.

They think long hair is anything
over an inch.

They drink whatever they can
and wonder why all the fuss
about maryjane when its the other stuff
thats killing their kids.
Many of these people are too tired
to notice they are afraid of everything.
Their bravery is found in the
angry destruction of the little they have,
in reaffirmation that they deserve better.

The poems in the eyes of these people
are heavy with waiting, and wide with music.

Then there are those in Pittsburg and Oakley.
They wear their sleeves rolled up and drink
water from a bucket in a field,
and eat beans and corn.
They also wear jeans
that the people in Berkeley
and San Francisco later buy
second-hand in boutiques.
Their children do not smoke
the marijuana that they carry
across the borders
because their dreams of
what they can do with the money they get for it
are more intoxicating
than its smoke.
These people wish for doubleknit
pantsuits and
weekly hairdresser appointments,
and they are afraid they will be sent
to the land of their birth
before they have a chance to earn them.
Their bravery is found in their staying,
in reaffirmation of what they believe
they will find in themselves and others if they stay.

The poems in the eyes of these people
are wet with sweat and warm with sun and
strange of tongue to the people of Concord and
Oakland.

One walks the sidewalks of Berkeley and Concord,
Oakley and Pittsburg, Richmond and San Francisco;
One hears clearly the poems in the eyes of the
people,
and goes home laden with the need
to imitate the poems
with paper and pen.
But there, at home,
in front of the paper,
the poems of the people
are too numerous to remember,
too full of the glory of who they are to add to,
and too heavy for a pen to lift.

From an anthology called *Dear
Gentlepersons: Bay Area Women Poets*,
ed. by Catherine Moreno.



Feathers + Skull

W. H. Mount 28

Mozambique -

"We Women have the right to fight"

by a Militant from the Women's
Detachment

"My family is from Namau district of Mueda in Cabo Delgado. We were seven children and life was very difficult for us. My father worked in the shop of an Indian trader, where he earned 195 escudos (U.S. \$6.50) each month. We had a very small piece of land, but we hardly had time to grow any crops on it, because we were forced to work in the fields of the companies, growing cotton.

Even the priests were bad. My cousin Jose Lucas was a teacher in the Lipelua Mission. Once he was ill and could not take classes for two days. At the end of the month the priests refused to pay his wages, alleging that he had missed work for two days. My cousin then refused to work in the mission any longer. In reprisal, the priests sent the police to arrest my cousin.

The Portuguese are very bad. They used to come to our villages, enter our houses and steal chickens cereals, anything. If anyone dared to protest, he was arrested and beaten.

There was a time when they launched a campaign for the children to go to the mission's school. But it was a lie; they wanted the children in order to put them to work on the mission *shambas* and in the colonialist's houses. Women were not respected, even married women were abused in front of their husbands. If the husband reacted or she refused, both of them were badly beaten. The colonialist's argument was that it was an honor for a black woman to be wanted by a white man. I could tell you many more evil things to which we were subjected by the colonialists.

In 1962 when I was in the hospital in the Imbuho mission, an old man came who talked to us secretly saying that the Mozambicans had created an Organization called FRELIMO to fight the Portuguese and win back our freedom. We listened very attentively. Later in 1963, my father came. He called me and my sister, and explained to us about FRELIMO, warning us to maintain absolute secrecy.

In 1964 there was already a great deal of FRELIMO activity in our region. The FRELIMO organizers told us that we should prepare everything to go to the bush because soon the Portuguese would start arresting and massacring the people owing to our support for FRELIMO. Two days later we went to the bush. And some days later, on the 25th of September, the war started in our region. The people were given the task of blocking the

roads with big trees and holes. We also cut telephone wires and cut down the poles.

Since that time I have been very active in FRELIMO. The first mission that I and the other girls were sent on was to go through the villages and explain and mobilize the people for war. We explained what FRELIMO is, why we have to fight and who are the enemy. We also encouraged boys and girls in the village to join our forces. Later on, the late Comrade Kankhomba taught us reconnaissance and security work, to detect the enemy agents who tried to infiltrate our zones.

When we girls started to work, there was strong opposition to our participation. Because that was against our tradition. We then started a big campaign explaining why we also had to fight, that the FRELIMO war is a people's war in which the whole people must participate, that we women were even more oppressed than men and that we therefore had the right as well as the will and strength to fight. We insisted on our having military training and being given weapons.

I was in the first Women's Detachment which was given military training in 1967. Our Central Committee had supported our full participation. Since then, the Women's Detachment has been very active fighting, transporting material to the advancing zones, organizing production and participating in the health services.

I have already taken part in many battles. Some of the most important were: an ambush against a convoy on the Namaguanga-Muidumbe road on the fifteenth of July 1967, where we destroyed two lorries and killed many more of the enemy.

An artillery and infantry attack against the Mangololo post: two houses were destroyed and their helicopter came four times to collect the dead and take the wounded to the hospital at Mueda. During the 1970 enemy offensive, I participated in two ambushes, one on the Mueda-Mocimboa de Praia road, the other on the Nacatar-Mueda road, resulting respectively in four lorries disabled and three destroyed. Last year (1971) my unit destroyed three lorries in an ambush on the Muatide-Mueda road. I also took part in one big attack against the Muidumbe post in 1971, in which our artillery and infantry forces destroyed many houses. The helicopter came seven times for the dead and wounded. Shortly after that attack, the enemy evacuated the post definitively. ♀

Reprinted from Mozambican Woman in the Revolution
Published by LSM Information Center
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From *Ba Ye Zwa The People Live* a beautifully illustrated and thoughtful book by Judy Seidman about early life under Apartheid in South Africa. Published by South End Press, Box 68, Astor Station, Boston, Mass. 02123.



"Sale la Luna"

CATHIE RIESS

*"Sale la luna, sale el sol
sale la noche y me acabo."*

*The moon rises, the sun rises
the night comes to an end, and i do too.*

There is no dimension in this place nor movement. Twilight and dawn are barely distinguishable, the light is always a smokey yellow. Brown children dawdle to school in their khaki uniforms. Grey burros trudge soundlessly along the sand, carrying fresh water in wooden barrels from water hole to bamboo stilted houses. Cows sink their feet in the wet shore, seeking relief from the merciless beating of the sun on their backs. The body wearies of tasting always dryness and dust and warm wind. Eyelids droop from too much light and from the endless beating of the sea against the earth.

Eyes turn inward. Mothers shout irritably at their children about nothing and their babies wail to break the monotony. The men, the fishermen, sit motionless on their high porches, staring out at the sea as if it could deliver them from such an eternity of waiting. The air is heavy with pregnant stillness and the sound fills her ears like the howling wind inside a seashell.

It is dusk. A child tosses a ball against the house, chanting...*"sale la luna, sale el sol sale la noche y me acabo."*

The dusty young woman climbs the ladder to her house with heavy steps. Her legs and feet ache from the trip to the big town. She pushes open the door, then closes it against the curious eyes of her neighbors. The south wind mingles with the hazy afternoon light and it's cool and dim inside. Putting the basket down, she shakes the dust out of her faded dress and takes off her scarf. Usually the vast emptiness that surrounds this place can catch her mind and set it whirling over the sand and the water, fusing it into their movement. But this afternoon her ears refuse to listen to such comforting murmurs. Her eyes roam the ocean's surface like a fisherman's wife, waiting for the boats to come in. Her mind keeps circling, fluttering around and diving into one terrible thought...where am I? Where has my strength gone? How could he leave me this way? With what can I begin to build myself up again?

Sometimes there is sun. Its romance with the sea makes her sparkle and quiver, shaking her huge wet body into rhythmic curves. The people come alive as if after a long sleep, delighting in the contrast of wet and dry. The ocean seems weightless and the sky is clean and wide. Boats go out at dawn to fish and clothing is strung out to dry. Children come home from school and rush to jump in the water. Cold beers are opened in endless afternoon, and time is light and slippery. When there is sun.

But the sun doesn't come out but once in eight days. Yesterday it poured down like molten silver as if to say farewell to him that was leaving.

She takes a deep breath to clear away the trembling this thought evokes. She stirs, walks around the empty house, trying to regain familiarity with it, and with herself as well. Their house seems so different now, so much space between the things, an emptiness inside. She cuts the rope into two pieces and strings up the hammock, where she'll sleep now. She sweeps the dust between the cracks in the bamboo floor, takes the food out and puts it on the shelves. A new battery goes into the radio and the sound of the afternoon soap opera comes on. Women all over town are gathering around radios to listen to this exciting life drama. Afterward they will talk of it as gossip about a close friend.

The next day is the birthday party of the dead man. In the late afternoon the lights come on. She puts her arms into her black sweater and goes to the widow's house.

"Buenas," she calls softly, climbing the ladder and entering the dark kitchen. The fat widow smiles and wobbles easily about on swollen feet. She is cooking a duck but leaves it to escort the girl down the dim hallway and into a crowded candlelit room where women and children sit about on benches that line the walls. An altar is placed in the center decorated with purple and white crepe paper flowers. Black ribbons hang from the ceiling.

The atmosphere here is not so solemn. The husband has been dead now for ten years. The girl is greeted and a place opened for her in between two of the older and least serious women. All question her familiarly about her missing husband.

"He went to Guayaquil? Aah, there's lots of loose women in Guayaquil."

"Will you go look for him?"

"He's gone to see his other woman, I bet. He won't be back soon."

"How long will you wait for him?"

"If he hasn't come back by next week, I go," she says.

"Oh no, no vaya, don't go. Stay here with us, you don't need him."

"Men are such banditos aren't they? They can do whatever they like with us."

"They are," she agrees, shaking her head sadly.

"Even so, we get along."

The conversation turns around many times as the women keep their vigil, in honor of the dead one; bikinis, the soap opera, who is pregnant and who not. They turn to the girl again, the foreign one,

"You are pregnant, no?"

"Yes," she answers, "this is my first."

"Ah, que bueno, que bueno. A woman needs children to fill her up."

Heads nod around the circle, and with the lateness of the night the talk turns fantastic.

"I have heard," begins a grandmother on her right, "that in far off places like where this one comes from (laying her hand on the girl) flying machines have come down from the sky and carried away entire families."

"What do they do with them, I wonder?"

"Can them like sardines, I think," replied the old one.

"Dios mio, the end is near," says another, "I can feel it coming." And they all nod again in agreement and wonder...

A lady with a rosary leans forward and begins the Ave Marias. A weak echo resounds from all sides. Stifling yawns and mumbling over phrases, the chant drifts on and on. The girl, unable to pray, raises her head and looks at those around her. Almost all the women are pregnant or rocking young ones on their laps. The widow catches the girl's eyes and smiles knowingly.

"Why are these women so strong? she wonders to herself. "Their faith is so foreign to me. They know that the sun eventually comes, that a baby is born, things follow one another in familiar patterns. They believe in their destiny yet they laugh easily and listen to one another with concern. They have not lost themselves in illusions nor in sorrow and their lives have fullness and shape." The praying finally comes to an end. Someone nudges her and says, "Someone make this girl laugh, she's falling asleep."

"Can I have some more coffee before I go?" she asks as she yawns and stands up.

"Don't go yet, there's duck soup to eat," implores the widow.

"But I'm falling asleep," the girl replies.

"Come tomorrow then, I'll save you some soup."

"Gracias senora, buenas noches everyone."

The girl climbs the ladder down from the front porch and into the night, her bare feet padding noiselessly in the soft white sand. The moon is full and yellow in the clear sky and all the houses are still. She climbs up to her own house and unlocks the door. From the next house comes the soft creaking of a hammock and murmuring of a child talking itself to sleep. She takes off her dress and falls into the hammock, pulling the sheets up over her round belly. Her toe catches the ground as she swings lightly in the dark, looking up through the torn roof to the moon.

*"Sale la luna, sale el sol.
Sale la noche y me acabo."*

♀



JOAN WOOD

Women in Denmark

BY JOAN WOOD

If one has never thought of Denmark beyond its notorious reputation for Hans Christian Andersen, beautiful platinum blonde girls or pornography, one might be unaware that there is a very active women's liberation movement going on here. Over the past eight or nine years, there has been growing activity in the form of organizing discussion groups, obtaining a "women's house", summer camps for women, books, exhibits, magazines, films and much more which have all in small doses contributed to a total women's consciousness which is here to stay.

Denmark was affected by the 1968 student movements going on in many European countries, as well as in the United States. Demonstrations, debates and boycotts had their repercussions in a growing youth culture, hippies, beat music, drugs, Marx, Mao and Marcuse, demonstrations against the United States' war in Vietnam, strikes at factories and the formation of a women's liberation movement. Women were also becoming aware of women's groups in the United States and Europe, i.e., *Dolle-Minna* in Holland and *Women's Liberation Workshop* in England.

For those who are unfamiliar with Denmark, it consists mainly of the islands of Sjaelland (Zealand) where Kobenhavn (Copenhagen) is the largest city, Fyn (Funen) where Odense is the main city, and Jylland (Jutland) which shares a border with Germany, with its capital city of Arhus. The population of Denmark is approximately five million.

The women's movement has had its effects throughout Denmark, but until the last few years, most activities have been centered in and around Copenhagen. The movement had its beginnings in the spring of 1970. There were what might be called *happenings* which began to draw attention to a growing women's solidarity with women on an international scale and a need to formulate their feelings of oppression within the Danish society.

One such *happening* which got a big write-up in the press, was a result of a Mother's Day demonstration. There, a group of women decided to ride the local buses and pay only eighty per cent of the normal fee, since they felt that their unequal pay scale as compared with men's justified

this reduction in transportation costs. But the press managed to turn the event into a sensation story with photographs of the strong policemen carrying away the smiling, rather exciting young women.

Although the press, as usual, was supporting the traditional views of femininity - which the new movement was trying to change - it also played a role in spreading the ideas these women were attempting to formulate. Many women started forming what they call *basis groups* which are on the idea of the American consciousness-raising groups. Besides the individual basis groups, there were collective meetings where further groups could be activated to work on specific topics.

In the summer of 1971, the first women's camp was arranged on the small island called Femø. The idea for a women's camp originated in the women's movement, and only after some struggle was it accepted by the Ministry of Culture. The women's summer camp functioned as many small basis groups. As a result of much discussion at this first women's camp, they found out it would be ideal to recreate the good experiences they had there by obtaining a women's house back in Copenhagen which would be their own little island in the midst of a male-dominated society. There one would be able to meet other women and talk, make things, read women's literature and be oneself. In September of 1971, a group of women "stormed" or took over three old buildings which were owned by Copenhagen's University, but which had been empty for many years because they were so old. The women now had their own *Kvindenhuset* (*kvinde* meaning women, and *huset* meaning house). This taking over of an empty building was also practised by other young people without a place to live who, by doing so, protested against the housing politics of the government.

Since that September in 1971, there has always been a women's house. It forms the geographical and ideological center for the women's movement in Copenhagen. There are now women's houses, as well, in Arhus and Odense.

Today the women's house is the framework for permanent activities, such as: a book cafe, the Red Stockings' and Lesbian Movement's offices, introduction meetings, Women's Camps office, a group called "Women over Forty", psychological consultation groups, social advice-giving groups, a club that gives advice to women with alcoholic problems, and "Joan Sisters" - named after Joan Little - a group who advise women who have been exposed to violence, including rape. Red Stockings also publishes their own monthly magazine with a circulation of 8,500.

However, a division within the movement, similar to that in other countries exists. It concerns the large gap between the women in the Rodstromper movement, who were mainly university students from the middle class, and the women from the working class. As a representative for the women's section of Tuborg brewery's union expressed it, the women she works with think that the Red Stockings are very good at organizing things, but if they don't do it together with the various trade un-

ions, then they will never achieve solidarity with women out in the workplaces.

The economic crisis, which has its repercussions in so many capitalistic countries today, is especially felt here in Denmark. According to the Danish government and employers, the reason for Denmark's crisis is that industrial costs have become too large - meaning that workers receive too much in pay. The solution, as they saw it, would be to export more out of Denmark to fellow Common Market lands, and at the same time improve industrial competition by lowering costs. In Denmark, wages are regulated in part by a system whereby rising living costs over a stretch of half a year can warrant a resulting wage increase meant to keep the economy in balance. But in August 1976, the government decided to step in and cut down on all wage increases so that they should not exceed 2% per year.

Besides these income regulations, there was also a large cut-back in social services. Admittedly, Denmark is way in the foreground in relation to many other countries, when it comes to social services but that doesn't mean that women are passively sitting around willing to lose this ground. Women's jobs are hit hardest in this economic crisis. Already in 1975, 12.5% of women in the work force were unemployed in comparison to 10.7% for men, and this development continues. During the economic growth period of the 1960's, industry took advantage of the large reserves of women who received less money than men for their work. But with the developing crisis in the 1970's, women were the first to be fired. Employers could rationalize that woman's place was in the home.

As mentioned before, the government's cut-backs in the service sphere have been felt most strongly by women. These cuts, in the form of closing down many day care institutions, have resulted in keeping women more closely tied to the home. Possibilities for supporting oneself as a woman, or to break out of the traditional female role in the home become worse and worse. And it is here that the women's movement recently has been very active, drawing attention to these problems via newspapers and the media in general. They can have a strong influence, since there are today women's groups in over sixty towns and cities throughout Denmark.

One of the main themes for Women's Day on March 8th of this year was women's unemployment problem. Some of their demands included a thirty-five hour work week, as opposed to the present forty hour one, with full wage compensation for these five hours, in the hope that more people will be able to share in the work that is available. This should be accomplished without a consequent increase in work tempo. Another demand was for better and also free day care institutions.

Just recently, in May of this year, between sixty and seventy women from Jutland created a Woman's Festival in Arhus. It was a big success, attracting around 20,000 men and women. The information one could gain by going around to the various

booths and stands helped to give a better understanding of what could be done to help the women's unemployment situation. The most important factor is that the unemployed share their feelings with others in the same boat, rather than thinking of their situation as a personal tragedy.

This summer there will be at least three different women's camps. On the island of Fyn, there is one planned for the women from that area. It will be divided up into subject weeks of Women and Children, Women's Culture, Oppression of Women in Society, and Young Women and Society. This is also representative of what will be discussed in the other camps. Women from all over the world come to these camps.

Although there isn't full agreement in Denmark that "Women's Year" in 1975 did very much for the movement, at least the official recognition of women and their problems brought things more clearly into focus. As a result of this, books and films were released, women's exhibits were formed, long articles were written in the newspapers, programs on women, by women, were shown on Denmark's TV station, and women's music groups sprung up.

Also, a new form of report books have been published over the years - books in which women who would otherwise never come into the limelight, could express themselves. They covered such topics as Women in the Factory, Women in Jail, Women in the Home and Women over Forty, etc. It is probably not too far wrong to give women's literature, with its most revealing insights into deep emotional feelings, some credit for the more relaxed atmosphere in which homosexuals are also able to open up about themselves in the last several years in Denmark. When homosexuals describe their situation, one gets a feeling that they have lived through exactly the same things many women have - oppression, ridicule, exploitation - and they are fighting to be accepted and equal on their own premises.

In the middle of March this year, one of the parties (Socialistic People's Party) represented in the Folketing (Government), set down a whole list of proposals which were mainly intended for improving women's conditions. For what it is worth, the Ministry of Work has now, as of July 1, 1978 put into effect a law on equal treatment of men and women with respect to hiring, transferring and promotion. In addition, men and women at the same place of work must be treated equally in regards to working conditions, firing, vocational guidance, education, and vocational advanced education and re-training. Firing, on the grounds of pregnancy, is no longer legal.

Another important proposal on the Danish horizon is made by the Children's Commission and the Equality Council. The main idea of the law is to give a maximum leave of sixty-eight weeks - dealt between the parents over the first nine years of the child's life. The Commission and Council believe in including the father more in the care of the newborn child. As they clearly state it, "It is just as important to support

the family's inner solidarity by having both parents take equal part in the responsibility and care of children in such a way that both the values of life and the burdens that are connected with it are shared more equally between the sexes."

Most importantly, a law must be made that this leave of absence will not interrupt seniority, and an employer cannot fire an employee who uses his or her leave. Although this law most likely will not be approved in full, or be completely backed up financially, the fact alone that these ideas will be discussed in great detail among the parties in Parliament will be to the benefit of future parents and their offspring. For all the parties who use improvements in family life as their campaign slogans, this will also be a time to prove they are willing to stand behind their words, rather than think solely in terms of the costs.

By taking a look at the social and medical benefits Danes have, one can also get a picture of a certain amount of security found within this society - but a security which in these times of economic crisis seems to be crumbling here and there.

For example, all care in hospitals is free, including childbirth. Normal doctor help is free. Dental care is paid for by two-thirds in most cases. You pay only 25%, sometimes 50% on the full price of prescribed medicines. In the case of sickness, accidents, or birth, all the industrial workforce is secured "day money" as compensation for loss of wages, with as high as 90% of the normal wage, up to a certain limit.

There is also something called "child grants" which is tax-free and is paid yearly for each child until the age of sixteen. It amounts to something around \$280 per child and in the case of a mother bringing up the child alone, the amount is increased to about \$420, with possibilities for getting an extra grant if necessary. There is also residence security, the amount being determined by the size of one's salary and also dependent on how many children one has.

As far as paid vacation goes, every wage earner has the right to two days vacation for every month's work (four whole weeks). Besides normal salary during this time, there is vacation money, which amounts to nine and one-half per cent of the salary in the year of earnings. There is even financial help with burial costs.

In 1973 a law was passed for women's right to free abortion, although the possibility has been present since 1956 if social conditions deemed it necessary.

Today's women's movement in Denmark has been accused of remaining too much in the private sphere and not working enough together with the liberal political parties. Despite the fact that the main focus for Women's Day on March 8th this year was "No Woman's Struggle without Class Struggle - No Class Struggle without Woman's Struggle", the movement has been accused of losing its position

in the vanguard and, instead, closing in on itself.

But I think that the majority of women within the movement today feel that they are working politically - if not in the more traditional ways through political parties - at least by increasing the individual's consciousness. This is evident in a recent statement from some representatives of the movement: "In the Red Stockings Movement we maintain that that which takes place in the reproductive sphere is just as politically important as that which takes place in the production sphere, that it hangs together in a way that one cannot work with the one side in the po-

litical life without taking the other side with it. First and foremost, the home is not just a leisure time domain for us, it is also a workplace. The work that is performed here - watching children, making food, washing dishes, cleaning, care of the sick - are all necessary work for the society."

On the whole, I think the women's movement in Denmark has accomplished much over these past eight to ten years, which one can definitely feel in the attitude towards women, and respect for their ideas. But more important is how women feel about themselves and their new found strengths. ♀

NOTES FROM THE COLLECTIVE

Country Women has had the audacity to broach large subjects before, but certainly in trying to cover *International Women* in 34 pages, we outdid even ourselves. There are several aspects of this issue we would like to comment on.

First, the problem of translation has limited this issue. There are articles included that are translations of translations. The English version we are reading is only an approximation of the originals. Many women's experience in the world is never translated into the medium of the written word at all. It is often through other American women's articles and journals that we have a window into the reality of women of other countries. This is valuable, but cannot replace the first-person writer.

We would like to thank Merle and the People's Translation Service whose publication was invaluable to us. The People's Translation Service is an all-volunteer news and translation collective. They publish *Newsfront International*, a monthly news bulletin of translations and compilations from the progressive foreign press and the revolutionary left covering labor struggles, women's, students' and national liberation movements in Europe and the Third World. Their subscription rates are: \$10. individual annual subscription (12 issues), \$30. non-profit media subscription, and \$35. libraries and institutions. Available at 4216 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Ca 94609.

We believe that many of us in this country have a very nationalistic and insular view of the world, which is created and reinforced by the lack of adequate media coverage of international news. This makes the work of People's Translation Service all the more important.

We would also like to thank *Spare Rib*, an English monthly feminist and news magazine (available from Spare Rib Ltd., 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1 England) that provided insight into European politics and was the source for two articles. The feminist movements in England, France

and Germany have many parallels with the movement in the United States.

We know that there is much to share and learn from each other, and that part of our purpose in choosing to do this issue was to encourage this interaction. Unfortunately, the articles we expected from France and Germany did not reach us by our deadline.

We also realize that we have no articles from Asian women, but we would like to recommend a very special magazine *Feminist: Japan*, a forum for Japanese women that has an international perspective. Their introduction states:

"In working to transform distorted images and ideals, the women's movement in different countries will likely not take the same path. In Japan the enormous influence exerted by the media in promoting the traditional image of women requires that feminists direct considerable effort toward creating a social climate in which the independent women can be viewed positively. At the same time they want to correct the misinterpretations about themselves that pervade Japanese literature, films, and art. While women in the West now seek to create a women's culture, Japanese women seek to revive the women's culture that has always been an important, if sometimes unrecognized, source of their civilization."

This magazine is printed in English and Japanese. For subscription information write to:

Diane Simpson
555 Main St., Apt. 51802
Roosevelt Island
New York, N. Y. 10044

We hope this issue will stimulate our readers to further reading, which will in turn lead to future international dialogues. ♀

BUYING LAND

BY JEWEL REINSTEIN

I am buying land in Ithaca, New York with a group of women. These are some of the things I try to do when I look at a piece of property. I will only discuss the land--the soil itself. I am not going into structures, wells, water tables, roads, electricity, etc.

First, divide the total parcel into types of land--heavy woods, scrub woods, pasture and tillable. Each type can be used for different things. Figure out what you want to do with your land, and what amounts and types of land you may need. Many activities require certain types of land. If you plan to be heating with wood, you will need dead trees suitable for burning within easy access. You may want wood you can use for building. It will be much less work to raise a garden if there is some tillable land. To have a small orchard, for instance, you may need bee hives to pollinate the blossoms. Bees require other plants within a specific distance to gather pollen from. There are also some plants that affect the taste of honey, and you might not want the pollen gathered from them. You may want fields or at least good pasture land so you can have bee hives and fruit trees. To grow herbs, oddly enough, it is better to have poor land, as the plants will be more potent. On good land the plants get large and leafy, but are not as potent.

A good water source is an important asset on any place. On a stream you should check to see if it has a year round flow. Is it polluted? Check upstream quite a distance for houses whose septic tanks could drain into it. Does it flood in the Spring? On a larger spring, check to see if it's eating away at the shore. On a bend, the side with the deepest channel may be eaten into. Are there natural springs on the land? Do they flow all year? Is there a good pond site? If there is a pond, does it get stagnant and act as a mosquito breeding site during the summer? There should be a small steady flow of water or some way to keep it circulating and clean.

You should look closely at the lay of the land. Different parts of the land will have totally different soil characteristics:

What is the slope on the piece (How steep are the hills)? The tops of the hills will usually have the best drained land. Long side hills, or places where the land flattens out, will have "imperfect" or poorly drained soil. In depressions or low spots will be found poorly drained land; they're good places to think about putting a pond. Slope is measured by the amount of feet the land rises in a 100' length like the

slope of a pitched roof. Level or gently sloping land rises up to 8' per 100'. Moderately sloping land is 9'-15' rise per 100 feet, where you would have difficulty carrying a load of hay up it. Strongly sloping land has 16'-25' rise. (This is usually not cultivated at all.) The total length of the slope also affects drainage. The longer the slope, the more water there is to drain off. Short slopes are less than 300'; medium slopes are between 300' and 1,000'; long slopes are over 1,000' in length.

Look at the vegetation growing on the land. It will tell you about the soil. Beech, sugar maples, hickory, black walnuts and white oak trees that are big and healthy indicate rich land. White pine, red oak, scrub oak, and scrawny trees show poor acid land usually. Willows, poplar, alder and elder bushes are found around a lot of water and indicate poor drainage. Red and silver maples, which have shallow roots, show shallow soil. Black walnuts and hickory trees are deep rooted and need deep soil to survive. Remember there can be many different soil types on one parcel. Weeds can tell you more than trees sometimes. They show you what the land is like right now. Lush, sturdy, dark green growth shows a lot of nutrients in the soil, especially nitrogen. Pale sickly-colored plants with scrawny growth means poor soil. A lot of sheep sorrel (good for soups) means poor acidic soil, which is hard to cultivate. Ox-eyed daisy, wild carrots (Queen Anne's Lace) and mullein means there's no organic matter and poor fertility.

Look at where the land is in relation to other pieces of land, weather patterns, where do the storms come from, do they change direction in different seasons? What direction is your land? Southern slopes are the warmest, snow melts faster and they are good for early crops, greenhouses, hot beds, cold frames, and poultry. The next warmest slopes are southeast, then southwest, then east, west, northeast, northwest, and finally north. Eastern slopes of the valley get the warmer afternoon sun, while Western slopes in the valley get the colder morning sun. Northern slopes slow down growth, which may be an asset, in some cases. For instance, there's less chance for fruit tree buds to be killed by a spring cold snap on a northern slope.

You should check for present erosion on the land. Check to see if more topsoil has accumulated in low spots, above fences or in channels. See if there are rills or gullies, or if the subsoil or rocky surfaces can be seen higher up on the slopes. Sheet erosion is the most severe type

of erosion and also the most difficult to detect. A thin layer of the topsoil is washed away with each rain. Because it covers a larger area, and any cultivation will hide it, see if there have been cover crops on it. A crop should be on the soil during all the rainy seasons. Grain crops offer the best shelter from erosion. While you're asking questions of the owner, find out the types of croppings, rotation of crops, fertilizers used, manuring, plowing patterns, and yields over the past few years. This information will give you some idea of what condition the soil is in due to management.

To test the texture of the soil, wet it so you can make good mud pies with it. Coarse soil will feel gritty and you won't be able to press a ribbon of it between your thumb and forefingers. This soil is sandy or gravelly. It's easy to work, but dries out quickly. Nutrients and organic matter are leached out, or carried out by water draining through it quickly. Medium soil feels loamy, and you can make about a 1/4 inch ribbon and see the beginning of a fingerprint. Dry clods of soil will break easily. They contain fine sand, silt and some clay. It's the best soil and holds water and nutrients well, but dries out quickly. Fine textured soil is moldable when wet, and you will be able to make a 1/2 inch ribbon or longer and see a clear fingerprint in it. Dry clods are hard to break up. Fine soils have mainly clay in them. They absorb water slowly, but hold it well. Water tends to form puddles on it, and clods form if you work it when it's wet (soil textures affect supports for structures and septic drainage as well as crops). Remember to

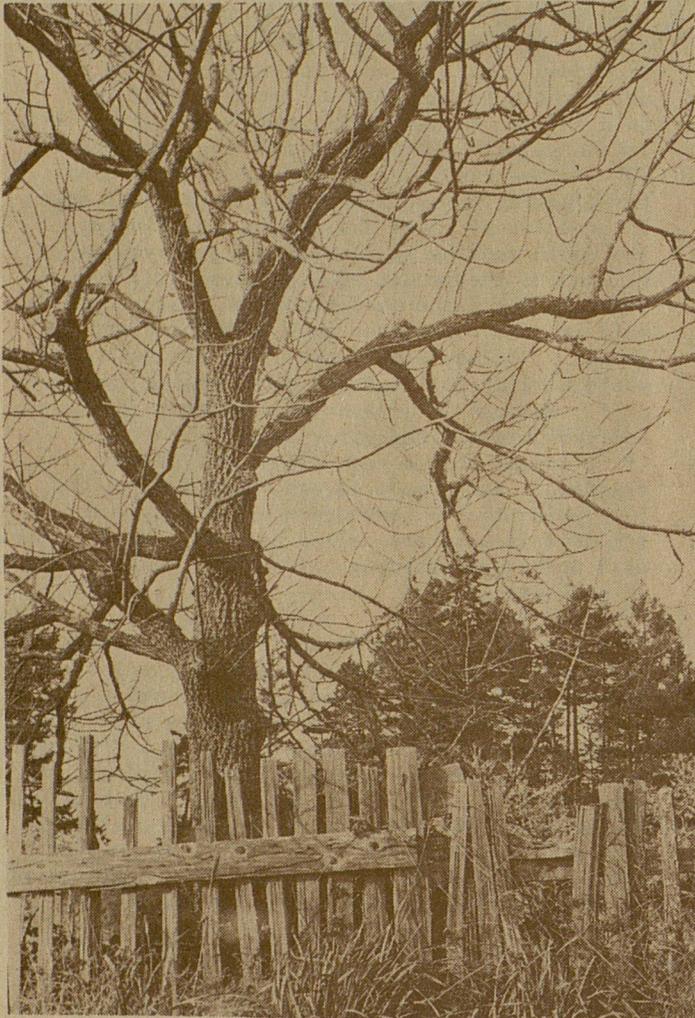
check the soil in several places on the land because it will vary.

Find out how deep the soil is. This can be done with a soil auger or by digging a hole several feet deep. (If you are lucky you may find an animal hole to peer down). Shallow soil is cold and wet in the spring and dries out quickly in the summer. Generally, soil shallower than 10" to bedrock or hardpan should not be used for planting. Many plants will send roots down 2' or more, if given the chance. By finding the depth and the texture of the soil you can figure out the amount of water available to plants. The deeper and finer the texture of the soil is, the more water available for plant growth. You may find pockets of deep soil that would be good for a garden on otherwise shallow soil. Hardpan is a layer at any depth in the soil which roots and water cannot penetrate. If it's been formed naturally, it's called fragipan. Human-made layers, formed sometimes by plowing to the same depth every year when the soil is wet, are called hardpan. Most farmers call both types hardpan. They're a real bummer to work with.

To check for soil drainage, it's back to looking down the hole. There will be different layers in the soil--topsoil, subsoil and the parent material which will eventually break down to become soil. Each layer is usually a different color. You can learn to see it by looking where cuts have been made for roads. Look at the color of the topsoil and subsoil. Well-drained land will have a uniform light or dark brown color when it is moist, (mudpie consistency) or it could even have a red or yellow tinge.



KAREN VOLTZ-NILL



SALLY BAILEY

This soil dries out quickly and can be worked soon after it rains. Moderately drained land has a brown surface color, but there are grey or mottled areas within one to two feet of the surface. A greyish brown color when wet or a light grey color when dry shows poor drainage. Mottling looks like rust spots--it comes from the iron in the soil oxidizing. Poorly drained land has a greyish brown surface color and there will be grey or yellow mottling to within 1/2" of the surface. This land stays wet and you plant late. A black surface color indicates it is wet most of the time and shouldn't be used unless it is artificially drained.

Soil tests are done with a kit with different dyes in it, or you can usually send away to your county agriculture agent. They will tell you the acidity and what nutrients are available in the soil. pH is the measure of acidity or alkalinity in the soil. Not only do different plants like different pH levels, but different nutrients which may be in the soil are only available for

plant use at certain pH levels. The nutrients we are usually concerned with are nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. These are the ones normally replaced with organic or non-organic fertilizers; however, there are approximately twenty other nutrients necessary for growth. Their availability is more dependent on the parent material and the pH level. Soil tests should definitely be done on any piece you are considering. Be sure to take samples from several inches down and from several locations. Mix all the soil from one field together before you test it, so you get an average soil sample.

The government offers several other services besides soil testing that are worth taking advantage of. Maps are one of the most important. I am talking specifically about New York State, but I think most states offer the same services. Topographical maps show the elevation of the land in either 10' or 100' rises, depending on the scale. This can help determine slope. The soil series maps give information on drainage and fertility as well as parent material. They may be superimposed on a topographical map. Land-use capability maps are "based upon the capability of the land to produce under different levels of management and erosion control." They divide the land into eight classifications--four for cultivation, two for pasture and two for forest and wildlife. They are good for a general area, not for a specific farm or field. I have heard about but never seen maps that detail flood plains if you are near a stream or river.

The county agricultural agent can help you find all of these maps. S/he can tell you about the area you are looking in and perhaps about the specific farm. Most important, s/he can help you interpret all the information you have gathered.

The information I have put together has come from several books and pamphlets, as well as my own experience and schooling. *Five Acres and Independence: A practical guide to the Selection and Management of the Small Farm*, by M. G. Kains, printed by Dover Books, is probably the best all-around, practical book on a small farm I have seen. It was written in the thirties, so it deals with pre-chemical farming. *Judging Land for Forest Plantations in New York State*, Cornell extension bulletin #1075 and *Land Judging in New York State*, Cornell extension bulletin # 904 are both short, 15 page, excellent pamphlets that go into more technical detail on looking at land and evaluating it. They could probably be used anywhere in the United States. *Soils and Soil Associations in New York State*, Cornell extension bulletin #930, is a more detailed description of soil. It probably would only be good in New York State and does not go into any evaluation of land. The Cornell pamphlets are available from the Mailing Room, Bldg. 7, Research Park, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. They cost between 15¢ and 30¢ each. ♀

PICKLES

'N

WINE

BY JULIANNE KUHL

If there's one thing we all need during the height of the canning season, it's a guaranteed--*really* guaranteed--shortcut to making any kind of preserved foodstuff. Here are two recipes for making topnotch pickles from cucumbers or tomatoes, and wine from any kind of fruit you have. The processes are simplicity itself.

Anyfruit Wine

Put into a sterilized container of any size (1 pint to 1 gallon) any quantity of any kind of fruit that you have on hand. Sour cherries are excellent, but you can get very good results from plums, grapes, or a mixture of these.

Add half as much sugar to the fruit, and crush gently in the jar. If you like a heavier wine, add more sugar.

Put this mixture (in its jar) in a cool place. Stir it or shake it daily "to keep the fur off," as there is no processing involved to kill bacteria. The ageing is totally natural; there are no special yeasts to add.

In a few months you'll be able to siphon off beautifully colored, fragrant wine without a penny of investment for air locks, sophisticated yeasts, or the other gadgets wine makers insist you need. And best of all, you can use any surplus fruits you have, avoiding waste in these days of tight money.

Pickled Cukes or Tomatoes

Sterilize the containers. Wash the vegetables and put into jar. (When pickling cucumbers, be sure they are the pickling kind, not salad, or they will be very soft and unappealing. Also, age them at least one day; really fresh ones don't do so well either.) Add 3 or 4 cloves of garlic to taste, dill seeds to taste (maybe 1 tablespoon to every 3 cloves of garlic), and 2 tablespoons of kosher or canning salt per gallon. Fill with boiling water to within 1/2" of the top and seal tightly.

Now the secret: don't process these pickles. Put them in a warm place for three days to make fairly sour pickles. Or, if you like them as sour as the old-fashioned Jewish barrel pickles, let these gems age for four or even five days. You'll see little bubbles rising up as they ripen in the brine.

When you think they may be done to your liking, open a jar, taste, and if sour enough put into a cold storage place like a refrigerator. They will keep for two years--if they last that long! They will continue to sour, but only very gradually.

Even if the taste of these pickles was their only appeal, they'd be worth making. But consider that they take only minutes to make per gallon, and have no additives at all (like alum) to make them crispy, and very little salt. ♀

FIRST AID FOR AILING DISTRIBUTORS

BY JULIANNE KUHL

Unless you belong to and practice Amish ways of living, (and it's a very enticing idea sometimes) you will want to do tune-ups now and again on different engines. Changing spark plugs isn't all that bad--kind of messy, of course, but not that complicated. However, changing a set of points with the condenser is more of a challenge to the uninitiated. Thus this pictorial essay on the proper procedure for changing the condenser and points, along with hints on how to avoid certain pitfalls.

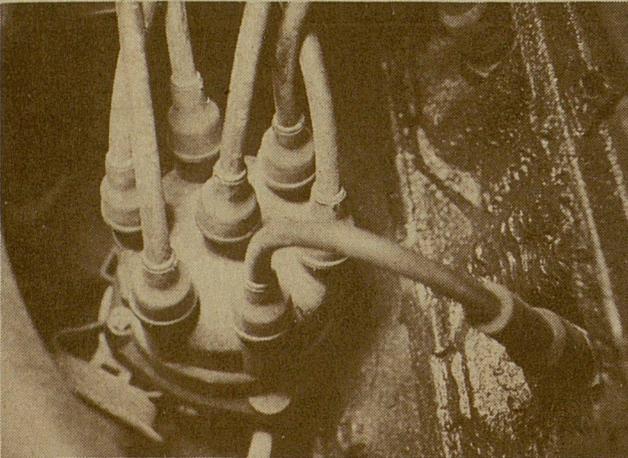


PHOTO 1
DISTRIBUTOR CAP

First of all, open the hood and look for the spark plug wires. Find the central point where all the wires congregate. That is the distributor cap, a black plastic dome. Remove the high tension wire from the *center* of the cap by pulling it out with your fingers. Pull on the boot, not the wire itself.

Remove the distributor cap. Since there are several different styles, what you have will determine what you do. Two common kinds are the clamp type (just push the clamps apart) and the screw type shown in this article (unscrew two screws). If you have the screw type, turn the screws counterclockwise until the cap is loose. The screws themselves will not come out because they are a part of the cap. If you have the "picture window" type of GM distributor, see the end of this article.

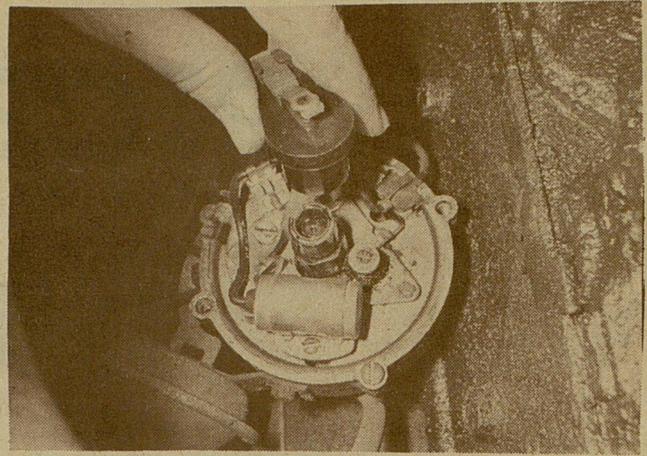


PHOTO 2
TAKING THE ROTOR OFF

Now that the cap is off, you will see a black plastic unit. This is the rotor. Just pull it off by lifting straight up. It should come off rather easily.

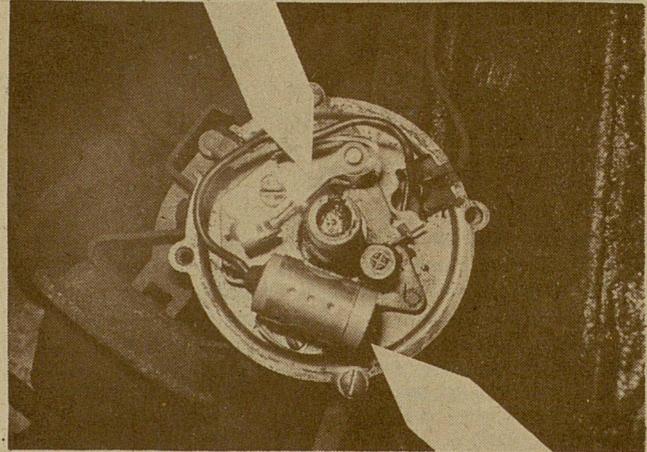


PHOTO 3
POINTS (TOP) AND CONDENSER (BOTTOM)

Now you can readily see the condenser, a barrel-shaped thing screwed onto the *plate* of the distributor, and the points themselves.

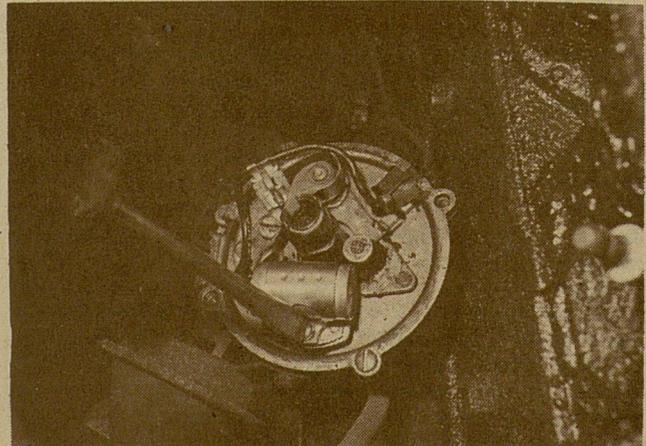


PHOTO 4
REMOVING THE CONDENSER

Photos by Joseph Kuhl

Unscrew the condenser, being careful not to drop the small screws. Let the condenser hang gently while you work on the points next.

There is a special tool called a screw-starter (see photograph 5) which locks onto the screw while you turn it. It costs \$3.30 plus tax in our area and is worth buying. Doing your own points will save you that amount in one tune-up. Besides that, you have some peace of mind knowing there is very little chance of dropping a screw down onto the greasy engine.

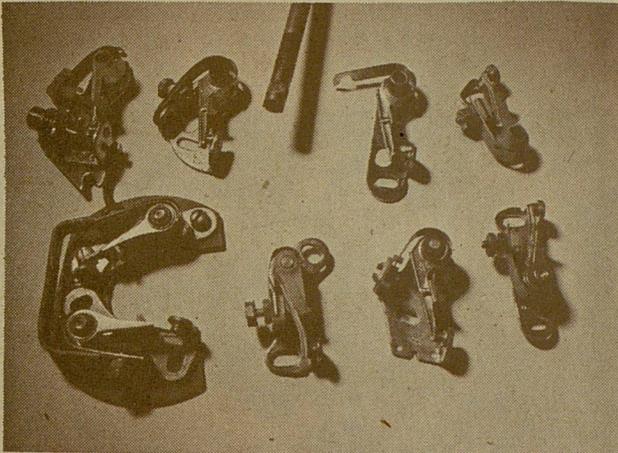


PHOTO 5
DIFFERENT POINTS & SCREWSTARTER

Exact procedure for removing points will depend on the kind of points your engine has. Photo 5 shows only some of the different kinds there are. For this article we have decided to use the Delco Remy points in a 6 cylinder Chevrolet type of distributor.

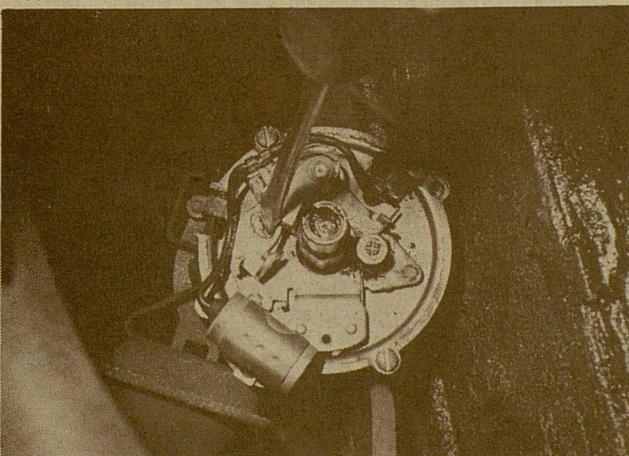


PHOTO 6
REMOVING THE POINTS

To remove the points, unscrew the unit, again taking care not to drop the small screw. Leave all wires attached.

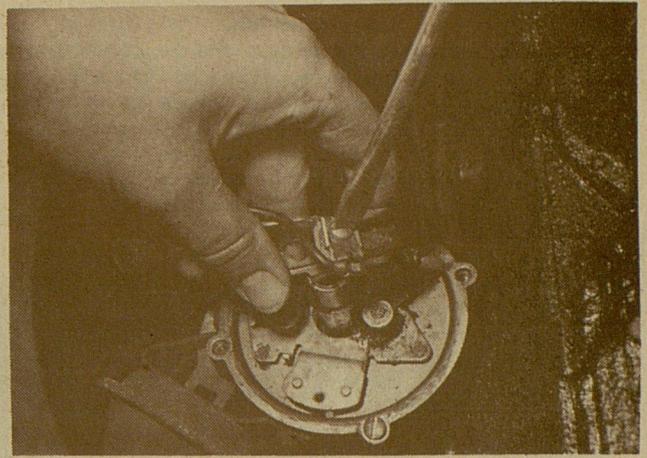


PHOTO 7
REMOVING WIRES

While holding the points in your hand, remove the wires either by pulling the spring, unscrewing the fastening nut, or loosening a screw as we are.

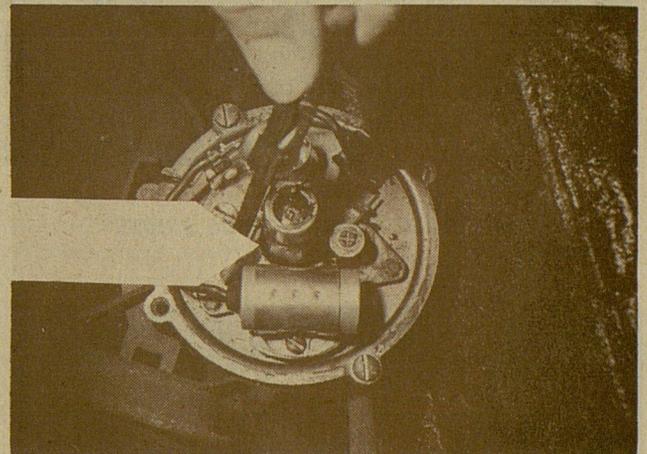


PHOTO 8
LOBES OF THE SHAFT

Clean off grease and dirt from the plate. Clean lobes of the distributor shaft (the "bumps" on the shaft itself.) Now *very carefully* put fresh clean grease on the lobes. Don't use oil; it is too light a lubricant. Number two grease is good, as is tractor bearing grease. I would imagine also that any gas station would give you a blob if you asked for it with a smile. You can also buy a special compound made specifically for points.

After lightly greasing the lobes, thoroughly wipe your hands with a clean rag, so that no grease gets onto the points themselves, especially the contacts. Otherwise you won't be able to start the engine. (Electricity will not be able to go through the dirt and/or grease on the contacts.)

Next, put in your new condenser. This brings me to point out that we do not change condensers at all unless they are giving us trouble. Only rarely will you encounter severely rough idle or non-start of the engine, a symptom of a short-circuited condenser. We change our points every year and buy new spark plugs whenever they seem to need it after cleaning. (We have a spark plug cleaner in our garage.) But condensers rarely go bad. They are simply tin and paper, and don't wear out as the points do.

If you do have a new condenser to put in, put the wire from the new points into the contact, put in the condenser wire, and secure them properly to the plate.

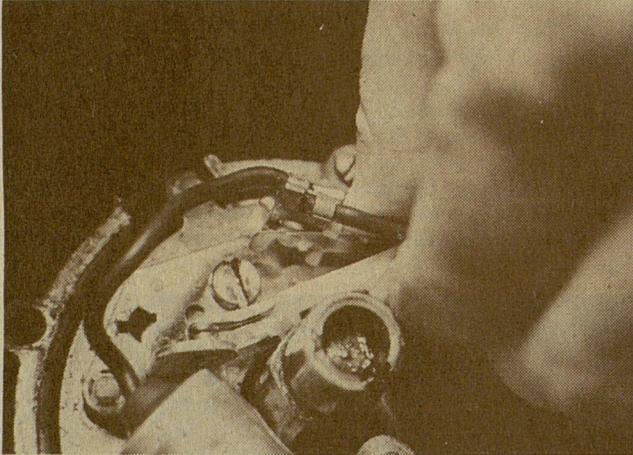


PHOTO 9
INSTALLING WIRES, SPRING POINTS

To gap the points, find out what the setting should be. You can look it up on a chart, or ask an auto parts clerk or garage mechanic. For this article we're using an engine requiring a gap setting of .016 which means that the space between the two pieces of metal in the points is to be sixteen thousandths of an inch apart. This space should be set as precisely as possible.

If the points are too wide apart, the spark is retarded, resulting in poor engine performance. If the points are too close, the spark is advanced and could cause engine knocking or "breaking up" at moderate speed. In either case, the points will need replacing that much sooner.

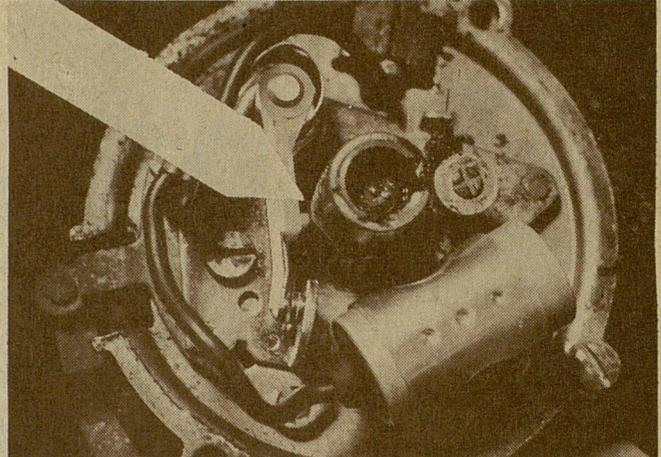


PHOTO 11
POINTS "UP ON SPOT"

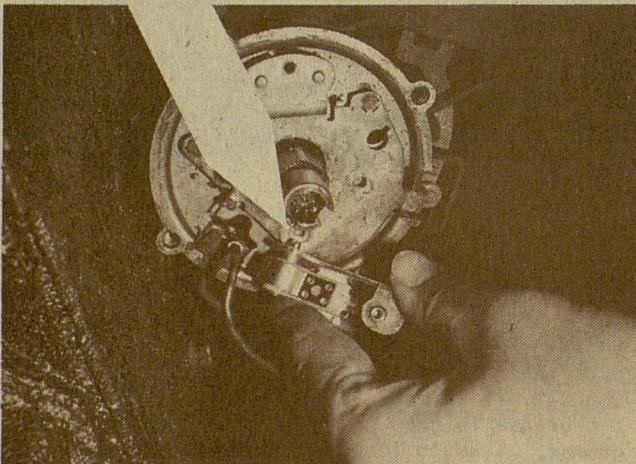


PHOTO 10
PUTTING IN NEW POINTS

Fasten the points onto the plate. The photo shows the spring type which is lined up with a hole already in the plate. Tighten the points somewhat but do not tighten all the way. You will want to pivot the points in a moment for "setting the gap."

Next, turn the crankshaft so that the lobes are forcing the points into the most open position possible. This can be done by having someone jerk the ignition key to "start" position ever so quickly, just enough to turn the engine shaft. (Your battery is still hooked up so there is power into the engine.)

Or, you can do as I do on our 6 cylinder car: grab the fan with two hands and turn it. This turns the shaft and gets the lobe "up on the spot." It's the simplest way and if you are working by yourself, it's the easiest too. It is harder to do, though, on the much heavier 8 cylinder engine. But please note that you cannot do this if you have a fiberglass fan or you may break it. Neither can you do this on a late-model engine having a clutch fan which engages only when the engine reaches a certain temperature.

A third way to get the lobe up on spot is to mark the base of the distributor with a pencil mark in the grease, continuing this mark down onto the block. Loosen the distributor hold-down clamp, turn the distributor itself until the lobes are open. This turns the points to the lobes, rather than having the lobes turn to the points.

Now that the points are opened up, tighten the screw that holds the points to the plate. Get your feeler gauge and select the blade of the proper thickness. Make absolutely certain that your gauge is clean--no oil, grease, or even fine sand or dust. (Wiping with a very clean cloth should do it.)

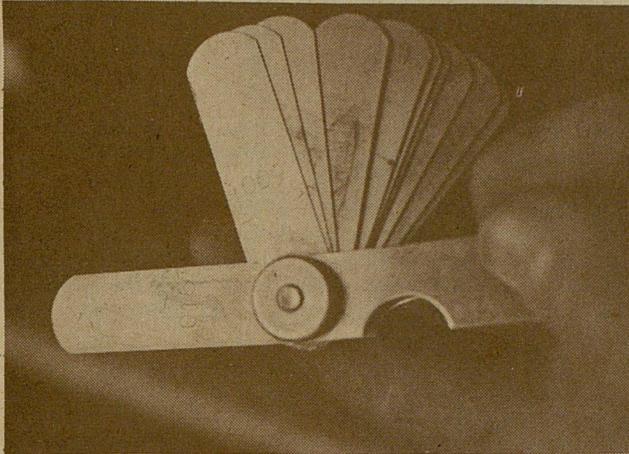


PHOTO 12
FEELER GAUGE

Hold the gauge at an angle of exactly 90° to the points. Having it at a steeper angle will give you the feeling of right tension against the points, but it will be an illusion. There should be just the *very gentlest* friction between the feeler gauge and the points, almost nothing in fact when sliding the feeler gauge between the contacts. Experience is truly the best teacher here as to what is gentle friction and what is too loose. Even the best mechanics

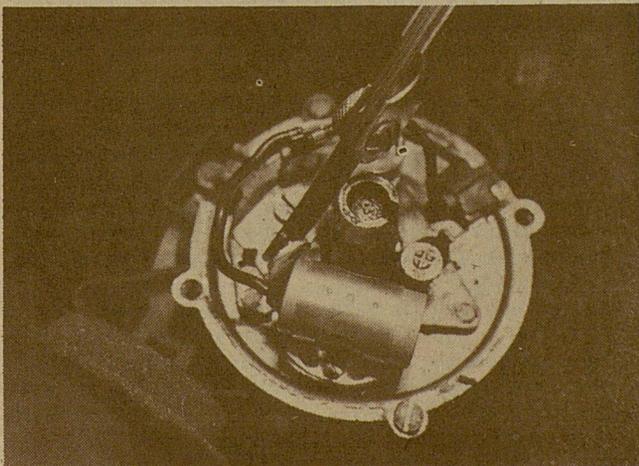


PHOTO 13
TESTING THE GAP

learn only by trial and error. Now that your points are gapped, tighten the holding screw down very snugly. Run the feeler gauge through the points to be sure no shifting of the points has occurred.

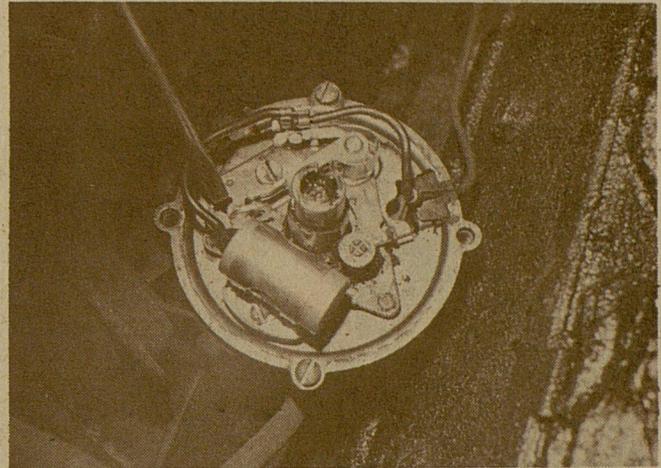


PHOTO 14
ADJUSTING POINTS

If the points have shifted, loosen the holding screw(s) a little and set the points again until you get it just right. (Sometimes they set the first time; other times it takes a while.) If the points close every time you tighten the holding screw(s), make them a "sloppy set" (too loose) and then tighten the screw and test the gap. The same goes the other way around--if the gap is too loose after the screw is tightened, make the gap too tight, screw the points down, and retest for proper gap.

After you do this a few times, it becomes much easier.

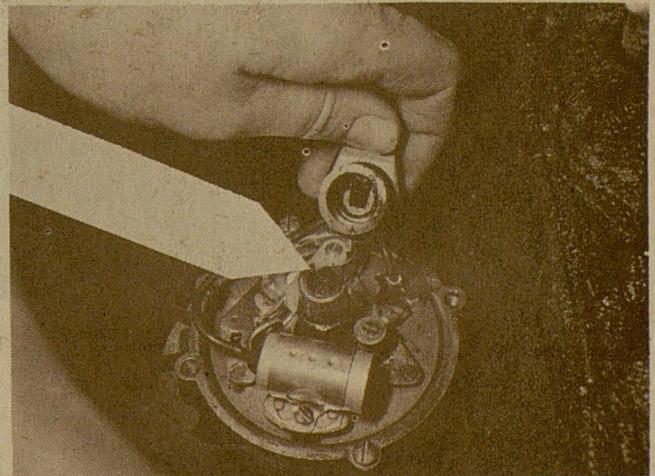


PHOTO 15
PUTTING ON THE ROTOR

Make sure none of the contact wires touch ground. Put the rotor back on (line up the ridge in the rotor with the notch on the distributor shaft), and replace the distributor cap. Collect all your tools and you're done. Don't be like the surgeon who left a sponge inside his patient!

Now a word about some of the GM engines with the sliding door in the distributor cap.

Open the little door, push down on the screw, and turn it to unscrew the cap. The rotor has

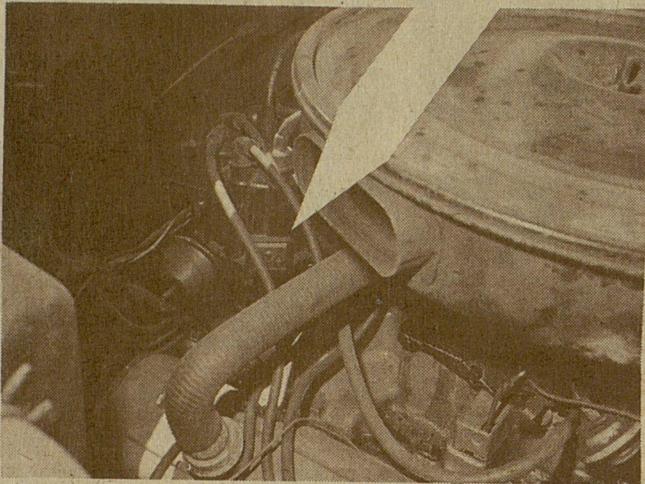


PHOTO 16
SLIDING DOOR TYPE

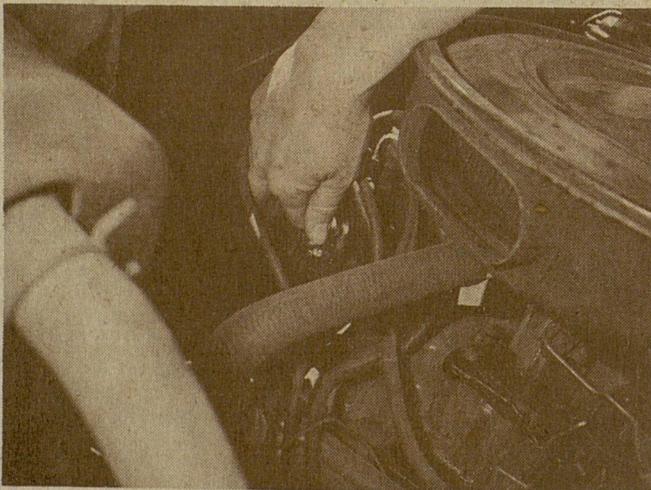


PHOTO 17
SLIDING DOOR OPEN

two screws (and also square and round holes so it is easy to replace these properly). All other steps are as described previously. These points come pre-gapped from the manufacturer. You may want to "fine gap" these points, though. To do so, turn the adjusting screw clockwise until the engine misfires. Then turn the screw about a 1/2 turn in the opposite direction. Use an allen wrench for this. You can also double check the dwell (gap) using a meter (this is the best way).

Now just in case your engine fails to start (we have to prepare you for the one chance in a thousand, right?) do the following:

Pull off the high tension wire, place it about 1/4" away from some metal ground--a pipe, motor base, the block--and have someone crank the engine. Look for a spark to jump from the wire to the ground while the engine is "turning over."

If you get a spark, take off the distributor cap and check your rotor. It could be missing! This has happened to a lot of folks, believe it or not.

If you don't get a spark, remove the distributor cap and look for a grounded wire; that is, a wire that is touching some part of the plate.

If all the wires are good, there is probably a bit of oil on the points. To find out, leave the ignition switch ON, put the high tension wire 1/3" from the block (ground), and with the tip of a screwdriver just touch the two contacts. The points have to be closed. Of course, you will be holding the *handle* of the screwdriver so you don't get "charged up."

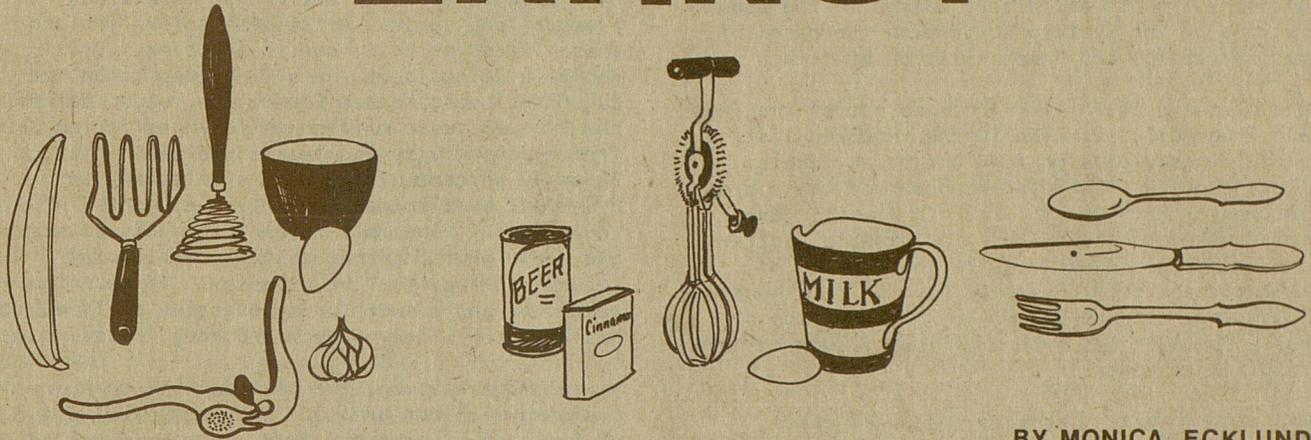
If there is a spark when you are using your screwdriver but no spark when the points are closed, this means there is oil or dirt on the points. Clean the contacts off with a rag. There is no need to disassemble the whole thing. Turn off the ignition switch, open the points with a screwdriver, and run a piece of clean cloth through them. Now put everything back together again. Test again for spark either by using the screwdriver method or by having someone crank the engine.

You should be able to see the points opening and closing while someone cranks the engine, and you should also be able to see little bitty sparks jumping around between the points. That means you are back in business.

Button everything back up and be on your merry way, happy to know that you have not only learned how to do another thing yourself but that you have also saved yourself a few more precious dollars. ♀

The photos in this article are an exception to our policy of featuring graphic and written work by women only and do not represent a change in this policy.

WHAT IS AMERICA EATING?



KENNY

BY MONICA ECKLUND

Are we making sugar junkies of our children? Is plastic food one of the reasons one out of five of our population can expect to enter a mental hospital? (The experts say this is so.) Shall we docilely accept chemical imitations of our food? Shall we never question that the common cold is unpreventable?

Has the mindless pollution and rape of our environment at last been widened to include the production of human food?

In short, should we accept or should we question what the giant U.S. food corporations are handing us to put into our mouths? The human body is a bundle of chemical elements in a particular association; all of these are in the earth and its waters. Before the industrial revolution had advanced to its latter stages, people took their food in its complete form from the earth, if left free to do so, much like the animals and plants in the wilderness. It had probably a minimum of preparation, especially where fuel had to be conserved.

Responsibility pressures us to look at what has happened to preventive nutrition in this century. Even our taste buds have been perverted by the excesses of the corporate food industry. The overprocessing, the mushrooming use of chemical additives, the breaking down of whole natural foods, and the excessive use of sugar have not been asked for by the consumer. The consumer has no voice in the matter.

Resistance to disease and contagion is low; and the killer diseases, especially heart disease and cancer, have risen sharply since 1920. Instead of seeking causes of ailments, visits are made to the doctor and medications are usually given; these can increase vulnerability by interfering with the course of the body's natural resistance

to disease. Nearly three billion prescriptions are written and filled each year--about twice as many as ten years ago. This dependence on drugs has raised American pharmaceuticals to a \$10 billion industry.

The reasons for the corporate manipulation of our food are several: The highly centralized production of foods and their national distribution in gigantic and highly profitable commercial enterprises dictate high processing. The ease of handling, transport, and preservability of foodless foods, without spoilage losses, allows unlimited growth to a food industry. Bugs will get into whole wheat flour before they will get into white; their instinct leads them to nutrients. Cornmeal is degermed for the same reason. (Corn is sacred to our southwest Indians--symbol of fertility and nourishment). Preservatives further reduce the risk of spoilage.

But chemical additives go way beyond preserving food. Ingredient conglomerates on some packaged food labels list forty or more items, at least half of which are chemical names unknown to us. The motivation, without doubt, is the cheapening of ingredients for higher profits.

We are given a process called hydrogenation of such foods as peanut butter, shortening, margarine, and others where vegetable oils are the component, to keep them solidified. We won't have to turn the peanut butter jar upside down to mix in the oil. We have homogenizing of milk which breaks up the fat globules to make it homogeneous. We won't have to mix it. It is pasteurized (heated to 145° for 30 minutes) almost universally, the purpose being to protect consumers from cow diseases which can be carried in the milk. Unaltered raw milk is a completely different food and is nutritionally superior. It can be produced under

safe dairy conditions prescribed by the state. California has such a "certified raw milk" law. Some small local dairies distribute raw milk which is reliable and there is a growing demand for it.

Strong doubts have been cast on both pasteurizing and homogenizing of milk. Studies by at least two cardiology specialists correlate the rise of heart trouble and artery damage in the populations of the Western World with the onset of pasteurization and homogenization of milk.

One of the better things to come out of the Food and Drug Administration is the required listing of all ingredients on food and drink labels. These must be listed in the order of their proportions--the highest first, to lowest. Even here there are loopholes. For example, butter and ice cream do not require the listing of ingredients. Ice cream can have up to a hundred additives. (*Super-Market Handbook--Access to Whole Foods*). Not even artificial flavorings are required to appear.

All canned meats, sausages, packaged meats, ham, and bacon have preservatives, including usually sodium nitrate and sodium nitrite. These are lately coming under public scrutiny, according to newscasts. BHA and BHT, commonly listed as preservatives (not only in meat), translated, come out butylated hydroxyanisole and butylated hydroxytoluene.

In response to a renewed interest in fiber, due to over-use of refined foods, *wood pulp is being added*; the label on bread reads "purified wood cellulose." The nutritional value is zero. The demand for fiber can be fully met by the dietary fibers found in whole grain breads, whole cereals cooked for breakfast, vegetables, fruits, and nuts; also legumes (the pod family--peas, beans, lentils, limas, etc.)

We hear reports of the FDA frequently banning some chemical or other from the market which is now found to be "cancer-causing," etc. At best, chemicals are ersatz foods. At worst, the long-range side effects of chemicals have not been ascertained. This is true even of drugs prescribed as medicines, the tragic results of which we are all too familiar with. The FDA cannot possibly keep a check on the endless chemicals and drugs consumed by people today. The new FDA Commissioner, Dr. Donald Kennedy, publicly admitted that surveillance will take a very much larger personnel, i.e., more money, and more "adversarial" attitudes.

The fine print labels contain a wide assortment of multi-syllabic, unpronounceable chemical names, dried ingredients and concentrates, artificial colorings and flavorings. What are artificial colorings and flavorings? What are hydrolized vegetable proteins? What are propylene glycol monoesters, cyanocobalamin, lipolyzed butter, disodium guanylate, disodium inosinate, levulose, gum arabic, silico-aluminate, mono and diglycerides, calcium sulfate, calcium chloride, calcium carbonate, sodium aluminum

phosphate, potassium caseinate, sodium caseinate, methyl silicone, monosodium glutamate, sodium sulfate, sodium sulfite, propyl gallate, monosodium phosphate?

Several studies by doctors are coming to light regarding hyperactivity in children and its relation to food intake. The "trigger factors" in experimental diets with up to 1000 children have been found to be artificial colors and flavors, and sugar. Artificial colors include those listed as U. S. certified color. Dr. Benjamin Feingold of the allergy department at San Francisco's Kaiser Foundation, says that of the five to seven million children suffering from hyperactivity and learning disabilities, 60 to 70 percent will show a significant improvement by eliminating certain elements in their food. "The main rule of thumb is to stay away from anything that contains artificial colors and flavors," he stresses. In recent years the pat answer for hyperactive children has been the widely-prescribed drug, ritalin.

As to fragmentation, the ultimate has been achieved with our grains. In an original plant or fruit of a plant the food elements occur in a natural association--the starch, protein, natural sugar, fiber, oil, minerals, vitamins. Once any part is separated out, the whole cannot be reconstituted artificially. Humpty Dumpty found that out. (Legumes, with their good fibrous shells, have not suffered this breakdown).

In 1880 the break roller mill to grind flour was invented in the United States and, for the first time, grains could be fragmented. For the civilized world it was a farewell to the mortar and pestle and the old mill stream grinding of whole wheat grains between stones. (Small milling companies are stone grinding whole grains again due to increasing consumer demand. Surely there is a lesson here.)

Used everywhere in big flour mills today, corrugated iron rolls divide the wheat germ, or heart, from the shell, with its many layers of bran, and remove the endosperm, the part in between, which is 85 percent of the wheat berry. The germ, the highest natural source of vitamin E, and the bran have commonly been fed to cattle. To make white flour look whiter, various bleaches were introduced. Nitrogen dichloride was discontinued in 1949 when it was shown that large doses caused hysteria in dogs. Chlorine dioxide gas has replaced the other experimental chemicals. In time the paper sack was lined with blue to make the flour look even whiter. Then, in an attempt to return some of the vitamins and minerals which had been stripped from the kernel, the white flour was "fortified" with artificial substitutes.

Rice is fragmented through polishing. The polish, or shell, is so high in vitamins of the complex B that it has been put into bottles and sold expensively as such. Asian people historically have eaten whole rice (from which only the outer inedible skin is removed) and, in lands bordering the sea, people could live almost entirely on this

whole grain and fish. Western influence has brought polished rice to many Oriental peoples, but when beri beri showed its head, the instincts of many of the simple country folk led them to return to using complete rice (called *riz complet* in France. In fact, in that country if you ask for *riz complet* in a restaurant, the waitress is likely to ask if you are not feeling well.) We call it brown or natural.

Sugar

Today almost everything you put into your mouth contains sugar. In 1910 Americans were eating over twice as much starch as sugar. Today they are eating more sugar than starch. They consume 100 pounds per capita per year. A shipload of 64-1/2 million pounds is not enough for one day in the United States. Cases are reported of little children having to go to the hospital to have all their baby teeth extracted because they are simply rotted away. If these teeth do not remain until the permanent teeth push them out, the placement of the permanent teeth or the shape of the jaw can be affected, since the bones are still pliable. The dentist remains the voice in the wilderness warning against sugar as the cause of cavities.

Sugar is addictive. It can give a temporary high. Eating sugar causes a craving for more, reducing appetite for proper foods. For a matter of centuries, processed sugar (sucrose) was expensive and rare. Technology has made it relatively cheap, and its consumption has soared, especially in the advanced industrial countries. Part of the reason for this increased consumption is its inclusion in nearly all processed foods. These are really invisible sugars--unknown unless the label is read. A few labels say "no sugar added" in response to a slowly growing demand. (Some also say "no preservatives added.") Sometimes dextrose (corn sugar) is used. Whatever the sweetener, it is no longer associated with the natural nutrients of the original plant.

As opposed to the more limited intake and slower action of the natural sugars of fruits, vegetables, grains, legumes, honey, sorghum, real maple syrup, dates, raisins, prunes, etc., and starches, sugar (pure sucrose) causes violent fluctuations in the level of the blood sugar, called glucose. (William Dufty, *Sugar Blues*). The body's natural means to control blood sugar levels cannot cope with these extremes. The natural means are the secretion of insulin by the pancreas to lower the blood sugar level and the directives of the adrenal glands to stop this secretion and activate other processes when the blood sugar needs to be raised. The sugar of commerce is a refined acid crystal and Dufty goes so far as to call our society pre-diabetic. Confirming his view is the recent news report that diabetes has moved from thirteenth place to third. If this is correct, it is right up

there with heart disease and cancer as the main killers.

Dr. John Yudkin, professor of nutrition and dietetics at the University of London, in his book, *Sweet and Dangerous*, states that researchers may not agree with everything in his book, but that no one will refute the following:

1. "If only a fraction of what is already known about the effects of sugar were to be revealed in relation to any other material used as a food additive, that material would promptly be banned.
2. "There is no physiological requirement for sugar. All human nutritional needs can be met in full without having to take a single spoon of white, brown, or raw sugar."

"Sucrose makes it harder for the body to produce energy over the long run," says Dr. Alfred Meiss, writing in *Agri/Industry News*. Starches (which the body chemistry converts into sugar, and thus energy) are not fattening if eaten in normal amounts; in fact, the body's adaptation to starch is "nearly perfect." It is the carbohydrate that is "biochemically most efficient." It is a mistake to link all carbohydrates (starches and sugar) together as though there were no difference.

It should be emphasized that the starches should be eaten in their whole form, i.e., whole grains, cereals, legumes, potatoes with their skins, certain vegetables, and fruits, bananas, for example. Over the long range, I found that starches in their whole form should be doubled in the diet when sugar is removed. They are most satisfying, and this should be welcome news to the young and growing who are often told not to eat starches. They need them for energy. Instead, they should be told not to eat sugar.

Conclusion

That good and trusting Americans are subjected to the corporate manipulation of their food is an ultimate abuse of power. Such abuse is as old as private property, which in the western world is not very old. Looking at the history of human social organization, it has been but a few fleeting seconds. The ingredient labels bear testimony to this manipulation.

The alternative to this adulteration of our foods is to treat our bodies justly. To properly buy and prepare food is to respond to a basic instinct. Animals in the wild have it; they know what they need to eat to survive. It is to see clearly why billions of dollars are spent on advertising one brand over another of the same thing. It is to love Nature who, in creating all the Earth's creatures, did not fail to provide their nourishment. It is to feel gratitude for simple, nutritious, tasty food and to take responsibility for our own health. ♀

GREYWATER SEWAGE SYSTEMS

BY PENNY HUBBARD

Sewage is household waste either flushed or drained away by water. There are two types--greywater, which comes from sinks, tubs, showers or washing machines and is only slightly polluted; and blackwater, which comes from toilets. About 99.9% of all sewage is water which could and should be reused when and where needed. A greywater system can be used when a pit privy or a compost privy is being used, making it unnecessary to have a blackwater system. However, even when a conventional toilet is used with a blackwater system, the advantage of having two separate systems is that the water from the greywater system can be reused safely in a shorter period of time.

Before putting in a greywater system a sewage disposal permit should be obtained from the local health district. Do not be discouraged if you do not find a clear description of a greywater system in local regulations. If you submit a permit application with a clear diagram of your proposed system and it meets all the health department's concerns, it should be approved. Finding out the attitude of your local inspector might be useful, but you might be the first in your area to be putting in a greywater system and will just have to take your chances. Knowing what you are talking about helps a lot; sometimes the inspectors themselves are not familiar with greywater systems and need a little education.

A "perk" test is required before a permit for a sewage system is given. This will determine the percolation of your soil, or how many gallons of water will drain into the soil in a given period of time. This determines how many square feet you need for a drainfield. The health inspector's job is to do the "perk" test and determine this for you.

The system described here has 80 feet of drainfield, made up of two 40 foot sections. The drainfield is only about four feet from my house. This was made possible by a waiver of the rule requiring a ten foot minimum for blackwater systems. The drainfield was constructed by having a backhoe dig two 40 foot ditches, 2 feet deep and 2 feet wide. These were lined with drain rock (medium crushed rock) and perforated plastic pipe laid down. It is very important that the pipe be

level to get use of the full pipe length. Drain rock is put around the sides and on top of the pipe. Because material builds up on the bottom of the ditch and the sides and the top remains more open, it is best to put less rock under the pipe and more on the sides and top, creating more drainage in those areas. Before back-filling over the drainfield, cover the rock with newspaper or other degradable material. This will prevent loose dirt from clogging the drain rock and by the time this material breaks down, the ground will be packed down again. If you are installing more than one line of pipe, you need to install a junction box. This concrete box distributes the water evenly into all lines. The hole where the water enters from the tanks is high, and the other holes are lower for the water to flow out. This box must be placed very level so water flows equally out all holes being used. The box is sealed tight. Be sure to mark where the junction box is installed so it can be accessible for cleaning if necessary.

In the system I installed, I used two 55 gallon drums as holding tanks. These drums should be coated with black tar, as used on gutters, to make them rustproof. Concrete holding tanks would last longer, but also cost more and are not as easily obtainable. It is important to determine the estimated amount of water used in your household. Multiply this amount by three to allow three days of settling, and this will give you the holding capacity you want in your tanks. Both tanks should have the inflow opening higher than the outflow, and there should be plastic "tees" on the outflow opening to help collect grease and scum, preventing it from flowing into the drainfield. The barrels can be covered by dirt, but to allow for reusing the water and to clean out accumulated sediment and scum, they should not be too deep and should be well marked. The lids on most barrels have tight fitting spring locks that hold the lids on but have smaller holes in the lids. The smaller holes can be used as a hole for a pipe attached to a pump, if pumping water out for reuse is desirable. Water should be used from the second tank, as this will have more sediment settled out than the first. Another simple way to reuse the water is to run the drainfield under a garden area.

Besides the individual factors of water capacity used and soil conditions, what you put down your drain will affect the successful functioning of your greywater system. Since I am a vegetarian, very little animal fat goes into the system I installed, which helps eliminate much of the grease accumulation in the tanks. Using biodegradable soaps and detergents is also an important factor if you want to reuse your water frequently.

The system described above is a simple system for average soil conditions and a fairly high water table. I live alone in a household that will probably never have more than two people. It is recommended to look into other resources if your

soil conditions or water usage is extreme. Two good resources on alternative ways to handle sewage are the *United Stand Privy Booklet* from United Stand, P O Box 191, Potter Valley, Ca 95469 and *Septic Tank Practices*, by Peter Warshall, Box 42, Elm Rd., Bolinas, Ca 94924. The Warshall book explains how an artificial drainfield can be made under a mound on top of

the soil surface where the water table is high or soil has poor percolation. The "oxidation pond" described in the United Stand booklet treats the water in a pond-like environment rather than in a drainfield. This system is good for areas where water is very scarce and/or soil percolation poor. There are many ways to treat water so it may be reused, and reusing water is becoming extremely important. ♀



AUGUSTA P. SMITH

TUNDRA SPRUCE

THE COMMON COLD

BY NAN HAWTHORNE

For many years now we have been bombarded from all sides with ads urging us to buy all sorts of pills, capsules, syrups and rubs to get rid of the common cold. I suppose there are a few people left unaware that all these wondrous potions actually can do is cover up the symptoms of a cold: sneezing, sniffles, coughs, congestion, etc. As I sit here sniffing and happily sipping camomile tea, let me tell you a little about commercial cold remedies and the herbal alternatives.

Enough has been said about the common sense of popping (or chugalugging) cold medicines. With symptoms "conquered", does it make any sense to wander around still sick and spreading your cold, for instance? But DO these commercial preparations really work? Cold remedy tablets or capsules generally include a decongestant, an anti-histamine, a pain-reliever and often caffeine, and a drying agent called belladonna. Well, in order for a decongestant to work there must be, according to Joe Graedon in *The People's Pharmacy*, more than twice the medication present in most cold preparations. The more you take of these medications, the more likely they will increase your blood pressure, however. As for anti-histamines, their function is to increase and thicken the mucus in your lungs, which does precious little for a cold. The pain reliever is usually aspirin, which if you take it at all, is cheaper to buy separately. As to the caffeine and belladonna, you decide for yourself.

If you have found that these preparations work quite well for you, it's probably the placebo effect--yes, you can think yourself out of as well as into illness in some cases, and according to Graedon, colds love placebos.

If you use nasal sprays, read on! These are primarily decongestant and for most people they DO work. For a little while, anyway. After the spray has worn off, though, you're going to be

more stuffed up than ever, even if your cold has gone, due to what is called the "aftercongestion" effect, which is often worse than the original stuffiness.

So what's the alternative? Well, you can just suffer. Or you can enjoy yourself and give yourself some relief. I'm new to medicinal herbs myself, but have found they work beautifully for the second alternative! Making teas of these herbs you give yourself the benefits of lots of liquids, the relief the steam will give your nose, the pleasure and comfort of hot, flavorful drinks and, if you use honey, a soothing tonic for your throat. Herb teas are inexpensive compared to commercial preparations. Just a few of the herbs John Lust mentions for colds in *The Herb Book* are balm, camomile, ginger, hyssop, licorice, peppermint, rose, sarsparilla, wintergreen and yerba santa. These can be grown, bought in natural food stores, or ordered through the mail. A couple can even be found in the herb and spice section in some grocery stores. I'll tell you a little about each:

Balm, also called lemon balm, has a pleasant lemony taste and is a calmate and a carminative (relieves intestinal gas), as well as soothing for head colds. Also the tea helps relieve menstrual cramps and, added to the bath water, is said to promote menstruation.

Camomile, of Peter Rabbit fame, particularly the German variety, makes a flowery, almost apple-flavored tea. It is relaxing and anti-inflammatory. It's also a soothing vapor bath. Its added attraction is its benefit as a soothing skin tonic.

Powdered ginger root made into tea or added to other herb teas and taken at the outset of a cold eases the symptoms. It also promotes perspiration and soothes colic.

Hyssop seems to be mostly recommended for sore throats and relief from other chest cold symptoms. It also makes a wash for burns and bruises. Try it as a gargle.

Licorice is mostly used for bronchial coughs and hoarseness--use the rootstock.

Peppermint and *wintergreen* are excellent for head and muscle aches. Peppermint is a stomach settler and the tea is a delicious drink any time. Wintergreen oil is the best form of this herb to use.

Rose hips are famous for their Vitamin C content. The wine or tea made from red roses is especially good to relieve headache and fatigue. Rose honey, if you can get it, is great for sore throats.

Sarsparilla works on catarrh but is classified mostly as a blood purifier, like sassafras, which Z. Budapest recommends along with goldenseal in *The Feminist Book of Lights and Shadows*. Sarsparilla used to be administered as a "spring tonic".

Finally, *yerba santa*, the "herb of health", is also a blood purifier, an excellent expectorant and soothes the bronchi, thus being excellent for colds. Yerba santa was used extensively by the American Indians, either smoked or made into tea for relief of colds and asthma.

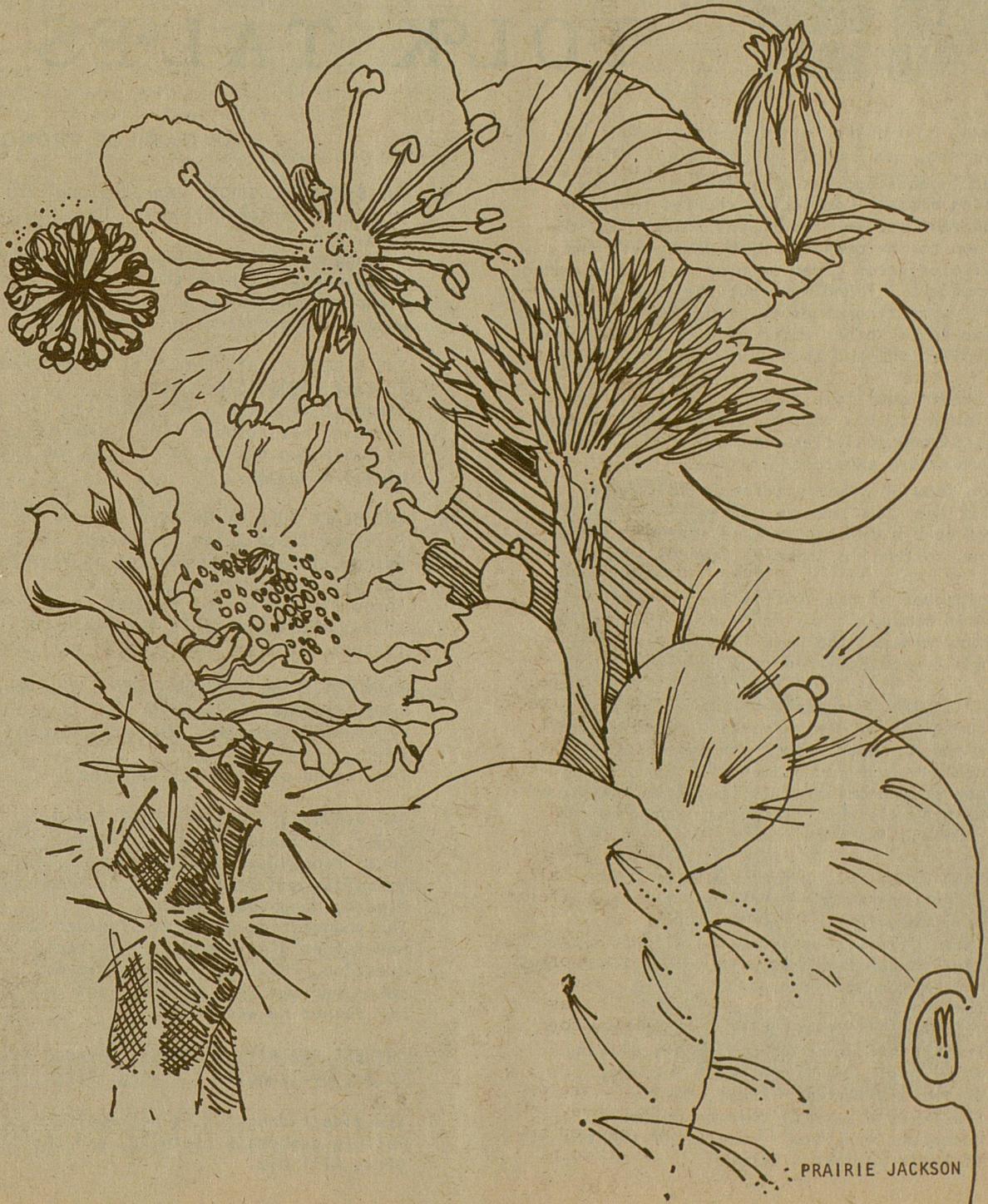
To learn more about medicinal herbs, try the teas listed above to see how they work for you. Also read the following books for information about herbal alternatives to commercial preparations. A good mail order tea company which is owned and run by wimmin is Artemis Tea and Herb Company, 159 W. 33rd St., Rm. 1010, New York, NY 10001.

Graedon, Joe, *The People's Pharmacy*, \$3.95 from Avon Books, 959 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

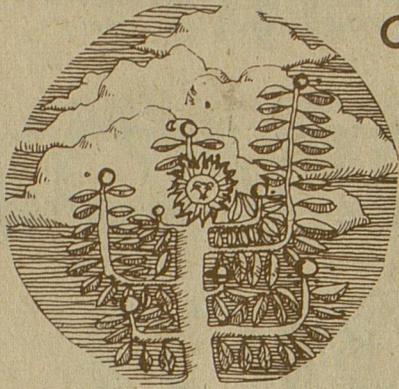
Lust, John, *The Herb Book*, \$2.50 from Benedict Lust Publications, 490 Easy St., Sun Valley, CA 93065.

Budapest, Z. *The Feminist Book of Lights and Shadows*, from Feminist Wicca, 442 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, CA 90291.

Write to Artemis Tea Co. for more recommended books or consult your local natural food stores. ♀



PRAIRIE JACKSON



ACTIVE HEROINES IN FOLK TALES

BY CAMILLE PRONGER

Several years ago, as a project in a story telling class, I collected stories in which women took active or dominant roles. In comparison to the ones in which women were the passive princess given as a prize or the wicked stepmother, I found few, but the ones I found gave fascinating clues to strong and vital women of the past. Other women gave me stories they had collected, and this list came into being.

The traditional folk tales on this list are not feminist, but they do preserve and reveal to us strong qualities that women of different cultures have expressed in their lives.

If you know of other stories in folktale collections that seem to belong to this list, please send a description and source for the stories to Camille Pronger, *Country Women*.

(As eighteen of the stories are found in *Womenfolk and Fairy Tales*, edited by Rosemary Minard, the book is abbreviated *Womenfolk* when referred to.)

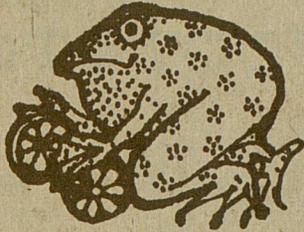
1. ATALANTA. *Free to Be... You and Me*, conceived by Marlo Thomas. McGraw, 1974. A modern retelling of the myth, in which Atalanta and Young John tie in the race and become friends. Also many traditional versions in which the young man wins the race and Atalanta.
2. BABA YAGA. *Old Peter's Russian Tales*, by Arthur Ransome. Nelson, 1916, o.p.; Dover reprint. The little girl sent to the witch's house uses thoughtfully everything she finds, and thus makes her escape.
3. THE BARBER'S CLEVER WIFE. *Tales from the Punjab*, by Flora A. Steele. Macmillan, 1894, o.p.; *Fools and Funny Fellows*, by Phyllis Fenner. Knopf, 1947. She dupes a pack of thieves on four occasions and finally bites off the tip of their captain's tongue.
4. THE BETROTHAL GIFTS. *Czechoslovak Fairy Tales*, by Parker Fillmore. Harcourt, 1919, o.p. A young man takes as his fiancée a frog whose gifts outshine those of his brothers' fiancées, thereby winning him his father's wealth and breaking her enchantment.
5. THE BIGGER GIANT, retold by Nancy Green. Follett, 1963, Scholastic. Oonagh tricks the giant Cucullin into thinking her husband Fin, a smaller giant, is Fin's own child, so Fin can rob Cucullin of his strength.
6. THE BLACK BULL OF NORROWAY. *More English Folk and Fairy Tales*, by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1904; Dover reprint as *More English Fairy Tales*. Three sisters go out to seek their fortunes; the third rides the black bull and rescues her true love from an evil spell.
7. BOADICEA...THE WARRIOR QUEEN. *The World's Great Stories: 55 Legends That Live Forever*, by Louis Untermeyer. Evans/Lippincott, 1964. The legend of England's heroine.
8. CAP O'RUSHES. *English Folk and Fairy Tales*, by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1904; Dover reprint as *English Fairy Tales*; *Womenfolk and Fairy Tales*, by Rosemary Minard, Houghton, 1975. The youngest daughter is disowned because her father dislikes her plain reply to his question, "How much do you love me?" She makes her own way, marries, and convinces her father he was wrong.
9. CHINESE RED RIDING HOODS. *Chinese Fairy Tales*, by Isabelle C. Chang. Barre, 1965, o.p. The eldest daughter is not fooled by the wolf in grandma's clothing, and the three girls kill him.

10. CLEVER GRETHEL. *Tales Told Again*, by Walter de la Mare. Knopf. 1927; *Womenfolk*.
The cook succumbs to temptation and eats the dinner, then tricks both her master and his guest to throw the blame off herself.
11. CLEVER KADRA. *African Wonder Tales*, by Frances Carpenter. Doubleday. 1963.
A young woman outwits and marries the willful ruler of Cairo.
12. CLEVER MANKA. *The Shepherd's Nosegay*, by Parker Fillmore. Harcourt. 1920, o.p.; *Fools and Funny Fellows* (see #3); *Womenfolk*.
Manka solves the burgomaster's riddles, marries him, disobeys his order not to show herself more clever than he, and outwits him again in order to keep him.
13. CLEVER OONAGH. *William Mayne's Book of Giants*. Dutton, 1969.
A retelling of the story in *The Bigger Giant*.
14. THE DRAGON'S REVENGE. *Magic Animals of Japan*, by David Pratt. Parnassus, 1967.
A young man breaks his promise to the woman who loves him; she turns into a dragon and burns him to a crisp.
15. EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON, by P. C. Asbjornsen (several editions); *Womenfolk*.
A woman whose husband vanishes under an enchantment, goes on a long and dangerous journey to free him.
16. THE FATHER OF FINIST THE FALCON. *Russian Wonder Tales*, by Post Wheeler. Thomas Yoseloff, 1957, o.p.
Similar to *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*.
17. FIN M'COUL AND CUCULLIN. *A Book of Giants*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders. Dutton, 1963.
Another retelling of the story in *The Bigger Giant*. Shorter and less humorous than CLEVER OONAGH.
18. THE FORTY THIEVES. *The Blue Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green, ca. 1889, o.p.; Dover reprint; *Womenfolk*.
Morgiana, the wise slave, saves Ali Baba from the thieves and marries his son.
19. A FOX WHO WAS TOO SLY. *Magic Animals of Japan* (see #14).
The fox tries to trick an old woman but she tricks--and cooks--him.
20. THE GNOME MAIDEN. *Piskey Folk, a Book of Cornish Legends*, by Elizabeth Yates. John Day. 1940, o.p.
She goes aboveground against her father's orders; he turns her into a stream.
21. GYDA'S SAUCY MESSAGE. *Viking Tales*, by Jennie Hall. Rand McNally, 1902, o.p.
Harald, rather than being angered by Gyda's "saucy" refusal to marry him until he is king of all Norway, honors her for her ambition.
22. THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* (see #15); *Womenfolk* (see #8).
A farmer finds that his wife's work is not so easy as he thinks.
23. KATE CRACKERNUTS. *English Folk & Fairy Tales* (see #8); *Womenfolk*.
Kate follows the "sick" prince to fairyland where he dances every night away. She frees him of the spell and makes her bewitched sister beautiful again.
24. THE LASS WHO WENT OUT AT THE CRY OF DAWN. *Thistle and Thyme*, by Sorche Nic Leodhas. Holt, 1962; *Womenfolk*.
With her mother's and her father's gifts and blessings and her own bravery, a young woman rescues her sister from an evil enchanter.
25. MR. FOX. *More English Folk and Fairy Tales*; *Womenfolk*.
Lady Mary investigates the castle of her fiance and finds him to be a Bluebeard; her brothers and friends destroy him.



26. *MOLLY AND THE GIANT*. Retold by Kurt Werth and Mabel Watts. Parents, 1973. Molly outwits a giant and wins husbands for her sisters and herself. MOLLY WHUPPIE in an Irish setting.
27. *MOLLIE WHUPPIE*. *English Folk & Fairy Tales; Tales Told Again; Womenfolk* (in a less violent version). The English girl who steals the giant's treasures and wins three princes as husbands for her sisters and herself.
28. *MUTSMAG*. *Grandfather Tales*, by Richard Chase. Houghton, 1948. An Appalachian tale similar to MOLLY WHUPPIE except that Mutsmag wins gold, not husbands.
29. *THE OLD WOMAN AND HER DUMPLING*. *Japanese Fairy Tales*, by Lafcadio Hearn. Peter Pauper. 1948; *Womenfolk*. Her rolling dumpling leads her to the land of the wicked Oni but she escapes by making them laugh.
30. *THE SALT AT DINNER*. *Rumanian Folk Tales*, by Jean Ure. Watts, 1960, o.p. Similar to CAP O' RUSHES.
31. *THE SKULL*. *The Book of Ghosts and Goblins*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders. Dutton, 1973. An orphan girl de-haunts and wins a castle by defending a skull from the skeleton that wants to steal it.
32. *THE SQUIRE'S BRIDE*. *True and Untrue, and other Norse Tales*, by Sigrid Undset. Knopf 1945. The wealthy old squire won't take "No!" for an answer, so the farmer's daughter makes him look ridiculous.
33. *THE STOLEN BAIRN AND THE SIDH*. *Thistle and Thyme*. A woman buys back her stolen child from the fairies by making a cloak and harp without equal in the world.
34. *TAMLANE*. *More English Folk and Fairy Tales*. Retold from the ballad. Burd Ellen rescues Tamlane from the fairies by holding him as they change him into one frightening thing after another.
35. *THIS TIME, TEMPE WICK?* by Patricia Gauch, Coward, 1974. A girl outwits the soldiers involved in the 1781 mutiny in Pennsylvania.
36. *THREE SISTERS WHO WERE ENTRAPPED INTO A MOUNTAIN*. *Womenfolk*. The troll's youngest captive brings her two sisters back to life, tricks the troll into carrying them home, then escapes herself.
37. *THREE STRONG WOMEN: A TALL TALE FROM JAPAN*, by Claus Stamm, Viking, 1963; *Womenfolk*. The proud wrestler Forever Mountain is trained to be an invincible opponent by a girl, her mother, and her grandmother.
38. *TURNABOUT: A NORWEGIAN TALE*, by William Wiesner. Seabury. 1972. A version of THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE with an updated ending in which the farmer and his wife help each other from time to time.
39. *TWELVE BROTHERS*. *Household Stories from the Collection of the Brothers Grimm*, translated by Lucy Crane (several editions); *Womenfolk*. A princess remains silent in the face of death in order to free her brothers from an enchantment.
40. *THE TWO OLD WOMEN'S BET*. *Grandfather Tales*. They bet on which one can make a bigger fool out of her own husband. One convinces her spouse he is dead, the other makes hers a suit like "The Emperor's New Clothes".
41. *UMAI*. *The Inland Whale*, by Theodora Kroeber. Indiana U. Press, o.p.; U. of California Press. 1959. A Native American legend in which the lake girl canoes to the ocean and meets the shining girl of the sunset.
42. *UNANANA AND THE ELEPHANT*. *African Myths and Legends*, by Kathleen Arnott. Walck. 1962; *Womenfolk*. Unanana rescues her two children and all the other people who were swallowed alive by the elephant.
43. *THE WISE WIFE*. *Eurasian Folk and Fairy Tales*, by I. F. Bulatkin. Abelard, 1965. A Russian story similar to, but longer than, CLEVER MANKA.
44. *THE WOMAN WHO FLUMMOXED THE FAIRIES*. *Heather and Broom, Tales of the Scottish Highlands*, by Sorche Nic Leodhas. Holt, 1960; *Womenfolk*. A woman renowned for her light cakes is stolen by the fairies, but tricks them into letting her go.
45. *THE WOOD FAIRY*. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Czechoslovakia*, by Virginia Haviland. Little, Brown. 1966. Retold from THE WOOD MAIDEN (see #46)
46. *THE WOOD MAIDEN*. *Czechoslovak Fairy Tales*. A wood fairy entices a young girl to dance and the girl's neglected work is done by magic.

47. THE YOUNG HEAD OF THE FAMILY. *The Fairy Ring*, by Kate Douglass Wiggin. Doubleday, o.p.
A Chinese story of a girl who knows how to carry fire in paper (a lantern) and wind in paper (a fan). Her widowed father-in-law designates her head of the family and she leads it to prosperity.



ANIMAL TALES AND OTHER
NON-HUMAN FEMALES

48. *THE LITTLE RED HEN*, adapted and illustrated by Janina Domanska. Macmillan, 1973; by Paul Galdone. Seabury. 1973; English/Spanish edition by Letty Williams. Prentice 1969.
She will not share the product of her work with those who refused to help.
49. LUCK AND WIT. *Rumanian Folk Tales* (see #30).
A contest between Luck (masculine) and Wit (feminine) in which Wit wins.
50. RABBIT AND HEDGEHOG. *American Negro Folk-tales*, by Richard M. Dorson. Fawcett, 1967.
Old lady Hedge and her daughter outwit Rabbit in a race.
51. *THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS*, by the Brothers Grimm. Harcourt, o.p. In the *Arbuthnot Anthology of Children's Literature* and other collections.
The mother goat saves her kids and kills the wolf.
52. *THE WOLF WHO HAD A WONDERFUL DREAM: A FRENCH TALE* retold by Anne Rockwell. Crowell. 1973.
A wolf tries to catch and eat a hen, who thwarts him every time.

MODERN FAIRY TALES

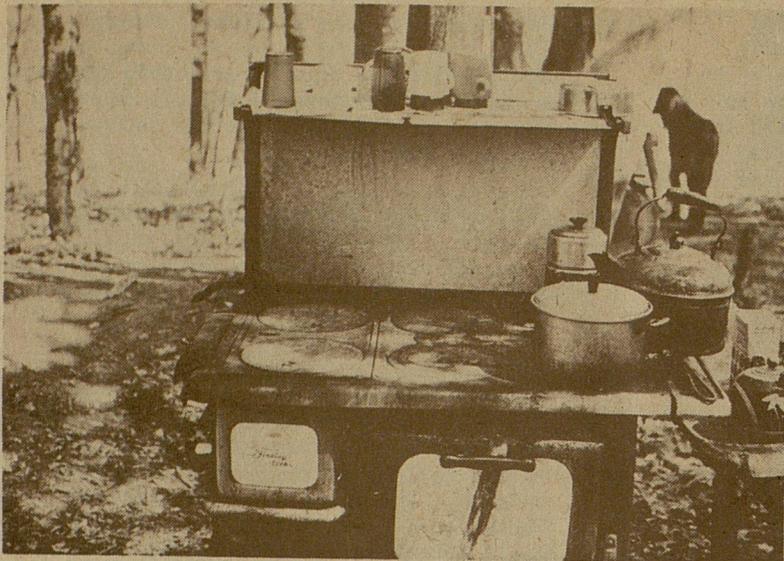
53. *THE FOREST PRINCESS*, by Harriet Herman. Over the Rainbow Press, 1974.
The princess rescues the prince from shipwreck, but not from his traditional role.
54. *THE HANDSOME PRINCE*, by Nancy Schimmel (film). Franciscan Films. 1975.
The "sleeping beauty" does not want to be kissed. The prince insists, to his regret.

55. *PETRONELLA*, by Jay Williams. Parents. 1973.
The third child of a royal couple performs the enchanter's three difficult tasks to rescue a prince, then she has second thoughts about him.
56. *THE PRACTICAL PRINCESS*, by Jay Williams. Parents. 1969.
Commonsense Bedelia destroys a dragon, outwits an unwanted suitor, and rescues a prince.
57. *THE SILVER WHISTLE*, by Jay Williams. Parents, 1971.
Prudence, who is plain but has a merry heart and a lively mind, makes her own way in the world with the help of a magic whistle. She turns down the opportunity to become more beautiful by looking into a magic mirror because "...I'd be the same inside, and I'm used to me the way I am."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS LIST:

Camille Pronger
Nancy Schimmel
Marion Callery Morter
Dolly Larvick
Kendall Smith
American Library Association-Children's
Librarians' Discussion Group on Sexism in
Library Materials for Children
Northern California Association of Children's
Librarians, Social Concerns Committee ♀





COOKING WITH WOODSTOVES

SHERRY COLEMAN

BY JOYCE ALLEN

I'd had a lot of reasons for cooking with wood. Cheaper. One more step toward saying my own say about my life. One less drain on resources that wouldn't be replaced in my own or anybody's lifetime. And I suppose that somewhere in the back of my children's story mind there must have lurked a romantic picture done in fire-colors: great pot of stew bubbling on the great iron range; Woman in homespun smiling and stirring; Cat curled by her feet; Man setting snow-covered boots on the hearth; Child bursting into the door with an armload of wood.

Romantic or not, cooking with wood seemed both practical and ethical, but it did not occur to me that in the ways of wood stoves I was virgin. I'd once been able to turn out a fairly decent campfire hot dog. That was it.

Finally, there the stove stood in the kitchen, right out of the children's stories, black and inscrutable. Nowhere among its silent knobs and grills and plates and doors did I find that little booklet you expect with any intimidating acquisition: "How to use your new whatzit, with step-by-step pictures and parts list." I was on my own.

The first few meals were events to forget. I began big with a Christmas dinner and a lot of people. The oven got to a perfect temperature for firing brick. The turkey looked and tasted like something out of an Egyptian mummy case. Vegetables and coffee managed a lackadaisical simmer in roughly two hours. I scraped the rolls and potatoes into the chickens' feeder and they were still there the next day. Luckily people had brought plenty of cider and whatnot, and by the time we had dinner nobody was too discriminating. We were ready to eat the wood.

A lot of wood has gone down to ash since then, and inescapably I've learned some things. If you're thinking about cooking with wood, perhaps I can provide, if not the missing instruction book, at least some beginner's suggestions.

The stove at our house seems to be reasonably typical. It has a fairly small firebox: Thirteen inches long, six inches wide, eight and a half inches deep. The oven is fifteen inches by fifteen inches by eight inches. You can get in a fifteen pound or so turkey or four loaves of bread, but not both at once. It's adequate. I'm not sure I'd want to use enough wood to heat a larger space.

There are six openings in the surface with iron lids to fit them, equivalent to burners. Around here these are called eyes, which seems right somehow: the fire flashing beneath. The lids are thinner than the rest of the iron, so more heat comes through. The entire surface can be used, though.

A couple of warming ovens are attached to the back of the stove against the chimney pipe, about at eye level. This is where plates can be warmed or seconds kept hot. A reservoir on the side farthest from the fire heats a good supply of water, but only if the fire has been going a couple of hours. The oven door is fitted with a thermometer which at first gave a reading wholly unrelated to the temperature inside. I got around this by buying an inexpensive oven thermometer, but the one on the door has since been brought closer to reality.

A hook-shaped iron device that came with the stove is indispensable for lifting the lids. I also do a little minor wood-poking with it. For serious poking I like a medium-sized pair of tongs better than a poker. Easier to get the pieces of wood where I want them.

There are only a couple of ways to regulate temperature mechanically. A sliding grill on the firebox increases or reduces the amount of air reaching the flames. A baffle at the back of the oven can be opened to send hot air across beneath the surface and up the chimney, or closed to draw it down and around the oven before being pulled out. The rest of the temperature control is done by playing around with everything. You take off lids to cook over

the open flame; you move pans from spot to spot on the surface; you turn things around in the oven and switch them between the oven floor and rack; you open or shut the door; you stick in an extra bit of wood or poke the sticks around.

You can't help learning. After a while you find you aren't checking the oven thermometer so much. The "medium slow oven" of Great Grandmother's cookbooks comes to sound as precise as "325°F" used to. One day you discover you've somehow got the feel of when to shut down a baffle or switch a pan.

The wood to use depends pretty much on what's around. Fast-burning soft woods like pine are best for getting the fire going and building up the temperature. After that, hard woods--the harder the better--are usually best for holding an even heat a long time, with perhaps just a small pine stick shoved in if you want to get quickly to a higher temperature. It doesn't take long to become familiar with woods you use regularly. I do a lot of sawing by hand and find this gives me a fair rule of thumb about burning qualities: the worse the wood is to saw through, the better it will be for lasting and holding heat. You learn things about energy when the energy source is your arm.

The size of the firebox dictates the size of the wood. I cut pieces about a foot long, measured with scientific accuracy by laying my arm along a branch and picking a spot about midway between fingertips and elbow. Most of what I use is six inches or less in diameter. Small dead trees and fallen branches are good. Dead and dry, but not rotten. If you cut the wood green it will be very hard to start on fire; if rot has set in it will burn hot and fast, be gone in no time and add to the goo in the chimney.

A constant supply of kindling is vital, and fortunately it's all around. I keep a basket for every kind of paper scrap, from newspaper to butter wrappers to junk mail. A loose layer of this material, crumpled, goes in the firebox first. It's followed with a layer of wood kindling, which can be pine cones or twigs or splinters of pine or building scraps (untreated only; chemical fumes can be a problem if you burn treated wood) or anything handy. One or two thin sticks, preferably pine, go on top. Keep it all loose, with lots of air space. When this is burning well, bigger chunks of pine can be added or hardwood started.

While the fire is getting cranked up it needs as much air as possible: grill open, baffle open. When the stove is almost, but not quite, as hot as I'm going to want it I close the grill part way. If I want the oven I close its baffle too. It's a good idea to start this closing down before the temperature is quite there because it will keep climbing for a while afterward before it evens out. This is

where you end up with the brick-kiln effect.

From here on I only add wood when the last pieces are almost gone, unless the temperature starts to drop. The grill may need to be closed completely if something like bread is in the oven. It takes watching and adjusting. Woodstoves don't have broilers. You have to use other methods. I know people who broil meat with a wire camping grill over an open eye, but this sounds to me like a fine way to shoot grease all over.

The ashes need to be cleaned out regularly. If they're allowed to build up they can prevent proper air circulation. They make a good addition to the compost pile, or material for chicken dustbaths that I'm told is distressing to lice.

The stovepipe must be checked regularly too, and cleaned when it needs it. A chimney fire is no joke. There are as many theories about the best way to keep a chimney free of gunk as there are about when the fish bite best. Mine involves keeping the fire pretty high until the chimney is heated and drawing well, then cutting it back. In any case there aren't any safe shortcuts around the periodic examination.

Another warning: everything on a wood stove gets hot. The whole surface, the sides, the chimney, the lid lifter if you've set it down in the wrong place. This may sound obvious until the first time you forget.

I don't keep the cookstove going for heat after the meal is done. This may work out well with bigger stoves, but our heating stove--also woodburning--is considerably more efficient for the purpose. We can cut down the heating fire, though, while we're fixing dinner; and on a not-too-cold fall evening, dinner-cooking may be all we need for the chill.

Cooking successfully with wood depends on one basic principle: you've got to pay attention. No automatic set-it-and-leave-it. At first this feature seemed to me only like a series of extra chores. Then an unexpected change began to take place. I was becoming familiar with food and what goes on with it in a way I'd never been before. I've cooked for years. I've never minded it, but it hasn't been any special pleasure beyond the final pleasure of the food on the table. Cooking has been a neutral task, unavoidable if you and those with you want to eat. Now I'm finding a great pleasure in the job, or the art, itself. I'm in there too. I'm the one really *doing* it.

With all my reasons for using a wood cookstove: practical, moral or romantic, I'd missed a big one. I'd never suspected it would be plain fun.

In another article I'll pass on some suggestions for cooking foods on a wood stove that you used to cook on something else. †

COUNTRY WOMEN IS ALL OF US

Dear Readers:

One of our main goals at Country Women has been to make this magazine available to as many women as possible. Subscriptions and store sales are the two ways we have of sharing our information. While subscriptions have been rising, our store sales have dropped. This is due in part to tight money, and the fact that large publishing companies have flooded the market with semi-alternative and women's publications (causing all alternative press sales to drop). We would very much like some feedback and criticism on content and why you think we aren't selling.

One purpose in changing the cover was to give new readers a chance to know what was inside the magazine--we believe that maintaining a strong feminist press is an absolute necessity for the strength of the movement. In order to increase our circulation we need your cooperation. Please send us the name of bookstores or health food stores in your area that you think would like to carry Country Women magazine. We will send them a sample copy and information. Also, if you are involved in any women's group or classes, special discount on bulk orders for one issue are available.

Harriet, Amy and Allison are now handling distribution, so please send responses and store addresses to: Distribution, Box 220, Albion, Ca., 95410.



Collective of Issue #29 - Humor, apologises to Yvonne Pepin for not crediting her cartoon on page 48.

CLASSIFIEDS

If you liked my poem "Some of the People," in this issue, you might want to try my book, *The First Apples*. \$5.00 at Cody's Bookstore (Berkeley) or directly from me: Judith Offer, 3725 Barrington Dr., Concord, Ca 94518.

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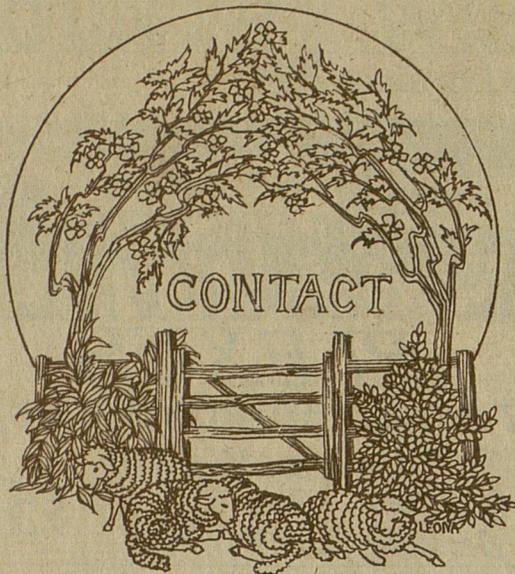
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The California Womoon's Land Trust will be sharing an open meeting for all womoon on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16th and 17th in San Francisco. The meeting will take place at the People's Cultural Center, La Tertulia/The Gathering Place, 721 Valencia St. The gathering will begin each day at 10:00 and end at 6:00. Sisters are asked to bring food to share. Overnight arrangements and childcare will be provided. Cultural Center phone for directions is 431-9329. Join us!

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I am building up a feminist oriented yoga, meditation and dream study retreat here in Barbados in the Caribbean. I would like to hear from any women who are interested in coming to visit or just to correspond and share ideas and experiences. Leslie Foster, Coral House, Lands Down Project, Silver Sands, Christ Church, Barbados, West Indies.

Would like to create a place in the country with physical and spiritual environment conducive to personal meditative and creative work. I'm looking for one or more other women who would be interested in establishing such a retreat in California or Oregon and who could handle the initial down payment and help towards ongoing expenses. Please contact Bhakti Dale, 210 Ginnett Rd., Anacortes, Washington 98221.

FUTURE ISSUES

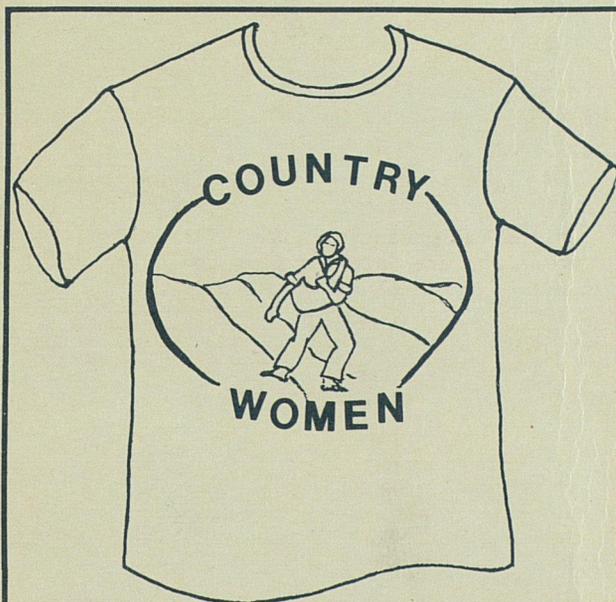
FARMING WOMEN: Who are we? Young and old? What are the realities of our lives, our history, our farms? Even if you are not a farmer yourself, here's your chance to interview a woman farmer and write an article about her life. Let's make sure our history is not lost this time. Consider writing the interview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

October 7th

UPCOMING ISSUES

WOMEN AS MOTHERS: WOMEN AS DAUGHTERS

FEMINISM AND LESBIANISM



COUNTRY WOMEN T SHIRTS

A MESSAGE FROM THE POETRY COORDINATORS

In order to speed up the handling of poetry manuscripts submitted to *Country Women*, we are now asking that all poems be sent directly to our Poetry Editor, Lynda Koolish, 1802 Channing Way, Berkeley, Ca 94703, rather than to our box in Albion. We also ask that women submitting poems include a SASE (a self-addressed, stamped envelope) capable of holding all the poems submitted, in case they are all returned to the author at once. In addition to saving us postage, this will probably mean more immediate feedback on the poetry. Since *Country Women* prints about twenty-four poems a year maximum, please don't feel discouraged if your poem is not selected. We are not primarily a literary magazine!

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