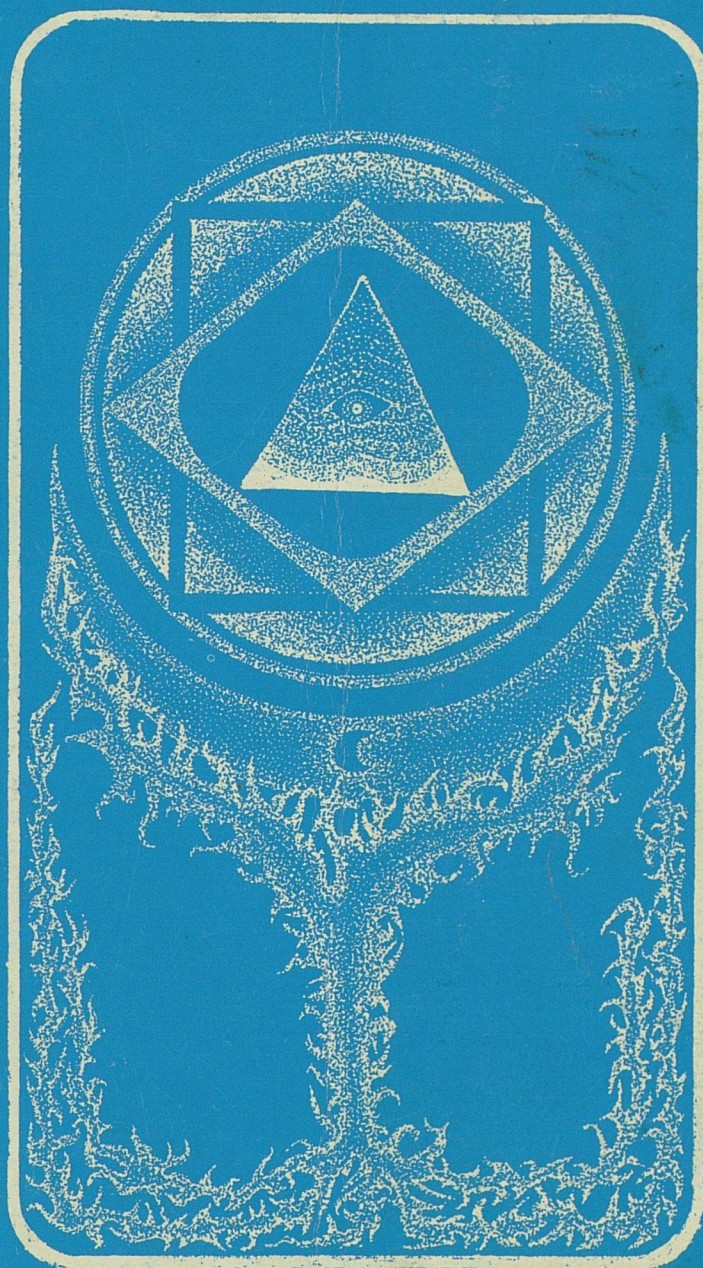


Country Women



FUTURE VISIONS



\$2.00

ISSUE 33



PAM NEWMAN

Table of Contents

- 2 *Country Women* UpdateArlene Reiss, Helen Jacobs
- 4 Profiles....Evelyn Hayes
- 6 new *Country Women* columns
- 7 Intuitive Knowledge - Astrology....Ffiona Morgand
- 8 Agriculture - Taking Root....Jennifer Thiermann
- 9 Ecology/Environment....Interview by Bobbi Jones
- 13 Well-Woman Art As Healing....Yvonne Pepin
- 16 Letters to the editor....Poem by Ro De Doming

THEME- Future Visions

- 17 Theme Collective Statements
- 20 Purification in the Nuclear Age....Pelican
- 24 Dialogue Between Two Futurists....Baba Copper
- 31 Woman Against Poisons...Interview by Lynda Ford
- 34 Women Writing Speculative Fiction....Hyacinth J
- 35 World In Our Image....Sunlight
- 37 Here's My Plan, For Openers....Alice Malloy
- 43 Matriarchal Tarot....Matriarchal Tarot Project
- 44 Book Reviews
- 47 Portrait of Margo....Diana Rivers

PRACTICAL

- 51 Rocking Chair Book Reviews
- 52 Women In Non-Traditional Work....Dale McCornack
- 55 Small Scale Insufficiency Farming....Kamala Grohman
- 58 Designing A Small House....Jeanne Tetrault
- 66 Butchering Chickens....Tammy Tyler
- 69 First Aid for Ailing Batteries....Julianne Kuhl
- 71 Gardening....Elsa Gidlow
- 75 *Country Women* Index of Practical Articles
- 76 *Country Women* Information
- 80 Classified Ads

Front Cover....Sally Emerson

Back Cover....Carol Bridges

Collective: Arlene Reiss, Baba Copper, Bobbi Jones, Donna Main, Ffiona Morgand
Helen Jacobs, Jeanne Tetrault, Jennifer Thiermann, Kim Morello,
Lynda Ford, Nadine Reesor, Nancy Curtis, Silver, Sunlight, Tammy Tyler

Calligraphy....Leona Walden

Help From....Alice Forsythe, Diane Jasmine, Dobie, Sue Hilton

Published By:

COUNTRY WOMEN ISSN 0199-1361
BOX 208
ALBION, CALIF. 95410

Printed by Healdsburg Printing Company
1147 Healdsburg Ave.
Healdsburg, CA. 95448

Subscription Prices are for one year

Basic Subscription: \$8.50
Supporting Subscription: \$10.00
Sustaining Subscription: \$15.00
Library and Institutional Subscriptions
are \$20.00 a year.
Foreign Countries' subscriptions: \$10.00
(U.S. Dollars only)
return any foreign currency we receive)

Bulk Rates available on request.

Country Women Update

by Helen and Arlene

This issue of *Country Women* reflects change. The most visible changes are those in appearance and content. The less obvious changes have been happening over a period of ten months - the more internal changes.

Shortly after issue 32 was distributed we became aware of the fact that *Country Women* was in crisis. This crisis happened on two levels; one was economic. Paper costs rose 25% over the last year, and the cost of printing each issue increased drastically. Simultaneously our bookstore sales were declining. We realized that this was due in part to the fact that we had been doing most of our own distribution, as opposed to paying a distributor to do it. This was done in an effort to keep the cover price of each issue as low as possible.

The other important crisis was evident in the energy that the members of the editorial collective had for the magazine. Within the last two years some women for whom the magazine had long been a primary focus felt a need to withdraw some of their energy for individual reasons. Sherry Thomas, Pamela Abel, Terry Gross, Carmen Goodyear, Camille Pronger and Harriet Bye are, to our regret, no longer members of the editorial collective. They do, however, continue to contribute in various ways. Although there was new and enthusiastic energy from Jenny Thiermann, she couldn't replace six women. It was clearly time to examine what was happening for *Country Women*.

When we became aware of these seemingly insurmountable difficulties the editorial collective was Helen Jacobs, Arlene Reiss, Jenny Thiermann, Tammy Tyler and Nancy Curtis. Helen and Arlene (the writers of this article) share the job of office manager, and therefore many of the responsibilities to keep the magazine functioning. We were the most aware of the seriousness of the economic and energy problems facing *Country Women*. The urgency we felt made the two of us question what was necessary for the magazine to survive. We realized that more community involvement was essential. We also realized that over the six years we have both worked on the magazine our lives and focus had changed greatly and that in order to maintain our interest and enthusiasm, *Country Women* would have to change.

The first thing we did was to call a meeting of all the women who had worked on the magazine and a few other interested women. About twenty-five women came to that meeting. We all discussed the survival of the magazine and a new vision. The enthusiasm shown at this meeting made it clear that there was sufficient interest and commitment to continue the publication of the magazine. We left that meeting feeling positive and hopeful.

At the next large meeting we talked about what changes we all wanted to see made and how to begin to implement these changes. Weekly meetings continued for a few months. We were now a core group of about fifteen women committed to working during this transition period. This group has, in essence, become the new editorial collective. From this group small committees were formed to work on grant proposals, fund raising, incorporation and advertising. One idea that came from the core group was to send a letter to all our subscribers letting them know our financial situation and asking for donations. We received overwhelming support from you, our readers (a list of all contributors follows) which totaled \$2300 in donations and \$900 in T-shirt orders. Along with financial support we received much encouragement to continue producing *Country Women*. Our next effort involved reducing production cost by locating a less expensive printer. We also realized that it was necessary to raise our cover and subscription prices.

When it became clear that we had the money to print the next issue (this issue) we let other women who had expressed interest know that it was time to begin clarifying the specific changes we wanted to incorporate. We all felt that while we wanted to continue having a theme and practical section we also wanted to include other material which these categories don't cover. A detailed description of material we would like to see in *Country Women* is on page six. We also want more dialogue with you and are planning to print some letters we receive, so please write.

Another change is in our process of creating an issue. Rather than there being one issue collective that produces the entire magazine, there are now groups of women responsible for different areas of the content of the magazine. We are also trying a new approach of having a screening committee which will review the material submitted by the committees and oversee the balance between different sections.

We realize that this description of what has been going on during these past ten months is only giving you a surface view of some of the changes the magazine has been through. As in any collective process it is the people and the dynamic between them that adds the texture. We can tell you that the women who work on *Country Women* live within a fifty mile radius of each other, some live alone, some live collectively, some live with men, some live with women, some live with children and many work off the land to support themselves. All are feminists.

We hope you enjoy and are stimulated by this issue of *Country Women*. ♀

THANK YOU THANK YOU

Country Women would like to thank all of you who sent us any kind of support throughout these past few months. All of the people listed here (forgive us if you are misspelled or somehow got lost in our shuffle), sent much of their support in the form of money. Blessed Be!

thank you thank you thank you

Peggy Oines, Pamela Laws, Aldona Hoppe, Marion Thompson, Hilary Clark, Martha McKibben, Carolee Von Shillagh, Chris Husted, Kayla Weiner, Candace Kugel, Susan Vosberg, Carolyn O'Keefe, Alison Ruzicka, Mau Blossom, Jill Wheeler, Linda Baker, Judith Reed, Betty Tillotson, Barbara Deming, Carol Karlmann, Candida Rogers, Anne Gehr, Sally Haines, Lessley Kelly, Carol Tabor, Katherine Taylor, Salina Rain, James Harmon, Laura Tow, Business Up Front, Mary Fillmore, Connie Addario, Elsa Gidlow, Hedy Babka, Donna Smith, Macalester Feminist Collective, Joan Wood, Hinda Jacobs, Thea Abbott, Cinnamon Hill House of Herbs, Lillian Moed, Gloria Churchman, Isara Drummond, Anthony Taquey, Barbara Silk, Anthony Iarrobino, Marjorie Fowler, Louise Bellafiore, Leslie Dimon, Jan Schutzman, Melissa Gilbert, Katherine Root, Suanne Kimmel, Linda Connolly, Roberta Durham, Joy Martin, Nancy Lake, Carolyn Prentiss, Helen Hargrave, Deborah Stahler, Roseanne Boyett, Lynn Altwerger, Kathy Kaufman, Nancy Zabirka, Susanne Frenkel, Inger Kronseth, Mary Morgan, Davida Perry, Barbara Walker, Sandra Cohen, Gretchen LaGodna, Linda Chafin, A.E. Beetz, Sara, Angela Stumpf, Makara Publishing and Design, Patricia Swormstedt, Judith Dow, Pear Tree Place, Dianne Berry, Wendy Bolker, Jane Suskin, Jacqueline Stringer, Marilyn Kuenze, Helene Vadeboncoeur, Margaret Leitner, Elizabeth Reidel, Sally Stevens, Callie W. Davenport, Joan Wylie Minich, Wendy Bolker, Marilyn Henry, Barbara C. Macart, Sharon B. Katz, Sally Vito, Capability's, Martha McKibben, Lois Hart, Barbara Crafton, Cheryl Holt, Carol O'Keefe, Hilary P. Clark, Debbie Legge, Cece Grandbois, J. Denise Neddham, Joan M. Huber, Ruth Cuts Hair, Sue Weller, Amy Hirakis, Eddie Kowalski, Linda Myers, Mary Rottler, Paggy Gardner, Debra Lawlor, Vicki Knauerhase, Lorraine Hutchins, Cinny Thompson, Lawra Murra, Marian Ashe, Moco, Nancy Itrabac, Ellen Vartian, M. Gold, D. Lee, Margaret Loeb, Sandra Cumming, Kathleen Gallagher, Ellen Bass, Diana Kaye, Pamela Crandall, Kevin Stone Brooks, Brechen Lassetter, Edith Asrow, Jeanty Allbritten, Mercedes Marcial, Jane A. Pincus, Annette Gmuier, Nancy Murray, Ellen Bass, P.A. Newby, Carol Schreiber, Barbara P. Tiberio, Glenda J. Glass, Jan Strahn, Jill Vanneman, Nancy Giamerese, Dottie Estabrook, Frances L. Stagg, Paula Tyler, Arlene Arp, Chaitanya York, Diana Brown, Barbara Snyder, Carolyn O'Keefe, Mary Wooten, Sarah Jane Chambers, Sara E. Hector, Susan Detloff, Peggie Cathie Thane, K. Riddle, M. Kostenbader, Jennifer Wolfman, Mary Ann Villwock, Margaret Shulz, Tobey Kent, Susan Baker, Dorothy McIver, Sheila Duddy, Meg Beeler, Mary Worten, D. Teegarden, Joan Roten, Judith Kaufman, Mary Neikirk, Wendy Woman, Charles Gropman, Gloria Woody, Martha Benioff, Grace Gifford, Saureet Hayill, Thurston, Ardella Tibby, Stephanie Knox, Betty Chalifoux, Linda Myers, Suzanne Griffith, Plexus, Signe A. Morris, Pamela Murphy, Mary V. Compton, George Merrill, Phoebe Currier, Deanne Delbridge- The Creative Black Book, Barbara Coats, Off Our Backs, Mary Crighan, Susan Wetzler, Katie Marden, Meg Walters, Luke Breit, Martha Gellhorn, Pamela Bingham, Wendy Eichstaldt, Kay Beving, Rebecca Weaver, Joanne Silva, Barbara Johnson, Paul Katzeff and Joan Levine- Thanksgiving Coffee, Sheila Cordray, Helen Sheietinger, Marilyn Lanfeld, M. Frances E. Crarey, Linda Carlson, Francis Ruzicka, Judy Bradford, Paul Doerr, Woman Spirit, Mary Karp, Gayle Heiss, Anne Levine Brener, Louise Bellafiore, Janet Gillespie, Lea Folland, Miriam Hilton, Peg Batcheloer, Eddy Marshman, Judy Lerner, Laura Schwartz, Randy Meyers, M.A. Brewster, Daisilee Berry, Sharon Fernbach, Jayne Wright, Cynthia Brown, W.C. Banks, B.G. Vass, Jan Fred, Connie Sipe, Joan Robertson, Augie Kochuten, Pattie Chase, Jane Phillips, Julie Lawrence, Nancy Hartzog, Niomi Green, Brian Unger, Debra Moskowitz, Jane Stabile, Candace Kugel, Irene Morris, Margaret Augustine, Sarah Wyman, Mildred Thiermann, Mary McClintock, Janet Brown



EVELYN HAYES



EVELYN HAYES

profiles

Jennifer,

I hope you can publish the photos, particularly the woman with the cane. I think these women depicted in these photographs show that even though Appalachian culture is traditional in many ways, the women have had to be strong to survive and carry on...

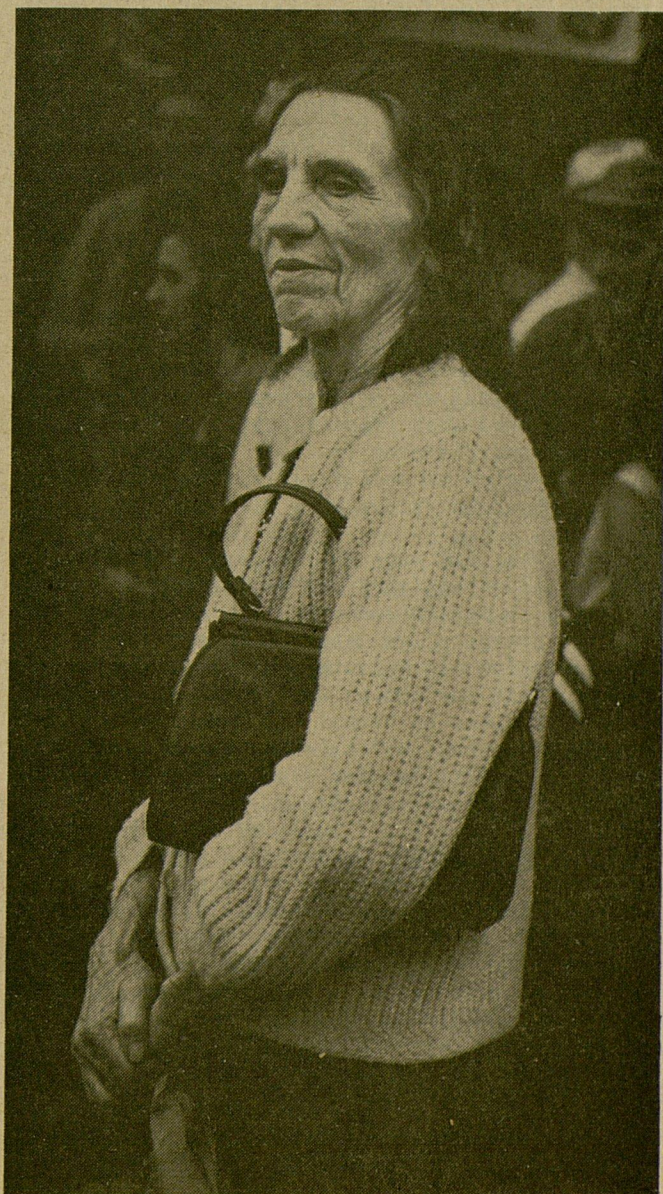
Being farm bred and raised, I know. I once was very much ashamed of being a farmer. I came to the city of Cleveland from Prosperity, Pa. to study at Case Western Reserve. I bluffed my way along through several years, but then I had to face who I was and where I came from. I did my M.A. degree in American Studies and went back home travelling throughout Appalachia. I did a thesis, photographic exhibition, film, and festival on Appalachian culture and shared it with Greater Cleveland and several institutions in N.E. Ohio.

The woman with the cane was among those women who helped me accept who and what I was. I remember waking up in her living room at the crack of dawn one morning and watching her as she made a cup of coffee strong enough so a spoon would stand up in it; she drank it straight down. She reached in the cupboard and took out a pint of bourbon and had a drink. She reached into another cupboard and took out a vial of snuff. She saw me watching her and said, "Ain't no secret to long livin'". Begin every morning the same way; cup of coffee so thick ya gotta stir it with a pen knife, a nip of bourbon (a snort in the winter), and a pinch of snuff."

She was 96 years old when I last saw her. So, the formula must work...

Hope you can share this with other women through Country Women.

Evelyn



EVELYN HAYES

Country Women wants it all

*the abundant broadcasting of seed ideas,
the deep root investigations,
the devoted deep watering of those interests
and the sharing of the blooms and fruits
of our efforts.*

The *Country Women* collective agreed on four priorities that we want to keep an active mind stream on: health, politics, agriculture and intuitive knowledge. These topics will head up our regular columns to appear in each issue of the magazine. We also created columns to be published intermittently, that will catch any gems dug out of the mailbag. These are Profiles, Relationships, Ecology/Environment, Collectives, Shelters, Work and Money, Minority Opinion, Songs.

NOW is the time for creating a part of the magazine. We are feeling generously open to material and suggestions. So take a look at the columns in this issue to get an idea of length, and start your minds percolating, your thoughts ruminating and your pens explicating. Remember, *Country Women* almost retreated to dusty barns and attics, but we're shakin' off the alfalfa flakes (though we welcome greenbacks!) and re-emerging. Where are you stretching to these days? Let us know...

POLITICS How do politics affect our lives living in a rural area? What kinds of grassroots political activities happen in your area? Around what issues: Pesticide usage? Land use and planning issues? Do you feel more connected to political institutions living in the country, or more distanced?

HEALTH What are ways that we deal with keeping ourselves healthy? We're interested in articles on health care of all kinds. What are the preventative measures we can use to keep ourselves in balance? What are the ways we deal with our bodies when that balance is upset? Columns on herbal and homeopathic remedies, body-work, holistic health care and specific suggestions for dealing with specific situations are all welcome.

INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE Those other ways of knowing that spring from deep inside us. How can we reach these sources more easily? What do we learn from our dreams, our fantasies, meditation, from circles with other women? What are our experiences with color healing, feminist astrology and tarot? What are the spiritual properties of gems and crystals? Share your information and discoveries with us.

ECOLOGY/ENVIRONMENT What is our relationship with the earth and with other animals and plants (all of us endangered species)? What

exactly are the threats to survival? How can we stop the destruction of the planet and reverse as much damage as possible? Are there actions we can take both on a global level and on a personal one? What are new woman-ways of thinking and living creatively and cooperatively within nature?

WORK AND MONEY How do we put monetary value on our work? What do we feel we could/ should be earning? In what ways do our attitudes about work and money effect our earnings? How much security do we have in our work? Can we support ourselves doing work we want? How does money effect our work choices? What can we do to work out inequality in wages?

RELATIONSHIPS Share some of your insights and lessons learned in relating to a lover, a friend, an enemy, a child, an animal or a plant. Delve into the sacred territory of couples. Share some secrets about primary relationships, non-monogamy or monogamy. What do our relationships mean in the context of our immediate environment and the larger social structure?

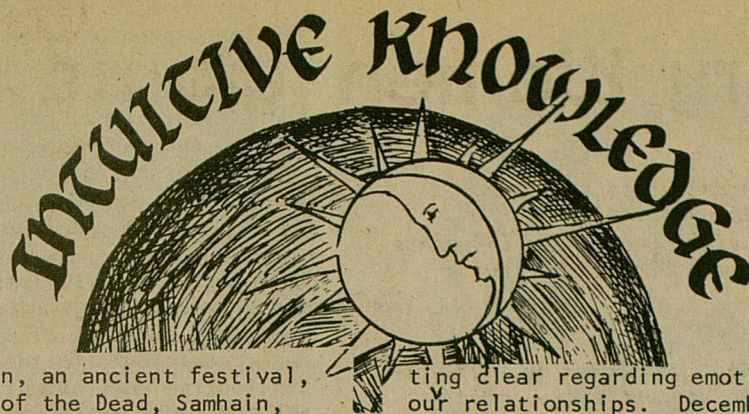
PROFILES Find a woman who turns you on, inspires you, fascinates you. (Now wait, don't fall in love with her, but write about her.) Draw us a portrait of her. What has she done that inspires you? What does she do? Who are our personal heras (feminine of hero) and muses? Do they call themselves feminists? If not, why not? Does that lessen their impact?

COLLECTIVES Look at the groups you are in. What makes them work? What bogs them down? What are the specific techniques you use to solve problems or disputes? What are the benefits of collectives in your life? How much of your life is involved in collectives? What have you learned about collectives that can help others with theirs?

FEMINIST POLITICS How does the feminist movement affect your life as country women? Are women in your area organizing together to make changes happen? Around what kinds of issues-affirmative action cases, abortion rights legislation, childcare, ERA, women's health care. Let us know how politics affects you as a woman.

MINORITY OPINION Ever feel real alone in a crowd? Have you ever been told that your feelings and/or ideas are politically incorrect? Do you feel strongly enough about these opinions, even though you don't hear any other supporting voices?

SONGS/MUSIC For many of us music is a vital life-sustaining force. Perhaps you have a simple song you would like to share. Send it with the words and music clearly written out and ready to print.



YVONNE PEPIN

by Ffiona Morgand

October brings Halloween, an ancient festival, sometimes called Feast of the Dead, Samhain, November Eve, or Hallomas Eve.

For five centuries before the Christian era Celtic tribes in Western Europe, Britain and Ireland celebrated the New Year on Hallomas Eve. This was the most sacred of Celtic festivals; bonfires blazed on hilltops, hazelnuts, foods of the season, apples and other red foods (signifying foods of the dead) were eaten to accompany toasts to the New Year.

Hallomas Eve - the magic night of illusion and masquerade, brought these rituals to produce a change in reality, so mortals could become more in touch with the spirit world. It was a time set aside to remind us of renewal, regeneration and reincarnation. The Dark Goddess, Hecate, Crone or Hag of the underworld, presides over this night; she represents life and death, birth and destruction.

The fixed water sign of Scorpio (♏) symbolizes rebirth or transformation. Scorpio energies prevail from October 24 to November 21 and are felt as intense, penetrating, emotional times. Strongly passionate and fiery, Scorpio is connected to life and death forces through birth, sexuality and death. Each moment holds a transformation, as the universe moves in a constant cycle of destruction and renewal. There are three levels of development for Scorpio: the scorpion that stings when pushed or threatened, the sexual serpent power which undulates from the base of the spine to the crown chakra; the eagle that soars and rises over the earth to get the overview of life; and the Phoenix which transcends, rebirths, creates the new from the old. From the hidden recesses of the scorpion a new life can begin. Scorpio always has the power to rise from the ashes - to transcend.

Following Scorpio astrologically is the mutable fire sign of Sagittarius (♐), November 22 to December 21, an enthusiastic, active time of the year. Travelling is an attraction for many people now, as Sagittarius signifies travel and a restless urge to action. It is also the intellectual, philosophical sign of the explorer, and freedom is valued above all. During this period spend time examining (re-examining) hidden or buried factors, recognizing the need to analyze, take apart, redesign, and make progress in the material world. The general urge is towards get-

ting clear regarding emotions, and stabilizing our relationships. December has the erotic working overtime, sexual extremes.

The sun goddess is reborn every year at Winter Solstice, December 22, when the sun rises higher and higher in the sky. We reclaim this matriarchal pagan festival celebrating the great cycles of the earth, hibernation of the animals, and the intense energy that seeds build up under the earth. We celebrate the moment between the growth of darkness and the beginning of light. At the Winter Solstice, the longest night and the shortest day, the dawn of a new being is reborn inside each of us. The light is returning. Out of our collective struggles a spirit is reborn.

The sign of Capricorn (♑), December 23 to January 20, a cardinal earth sign, ends this three month cycle. It is known as an outgoing, practical sign, possessing a need for security. Capricorn deals with the material world, stressing organization, integrity, logic, planning and structures. Timing and caution are important. This sign brings responsibility and ambition that we bear with limitations and frustrations better than any other time of year.

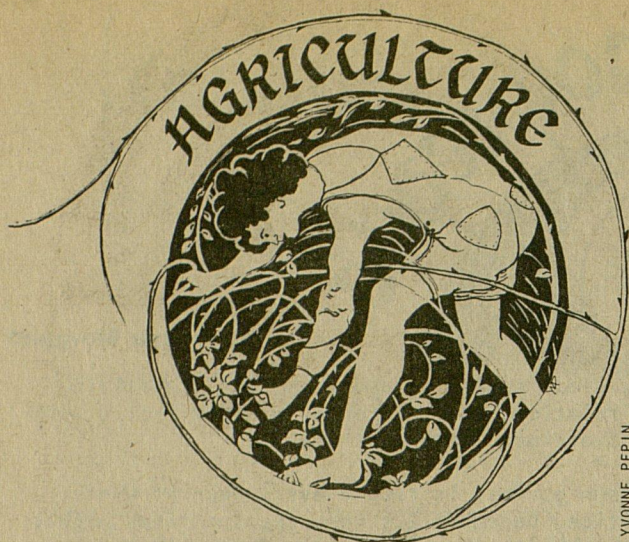
Nineteen eighty enters under a mood of retrospection and a sense of philosophic nitpicking. There's excellent mental energy and a new direction in early January, so wait until then to get too serious. Satire and a general sense of irony abound, plus a bit of an over dose of sentimentality. There's also a tendency for things to slow down, policies are fixed, or final statements made.

New Moons (times of beginnings and outwardness) occur on October 20, November 19, December 19 and Full Moons (times of energy peaks, vibrations with power) are November 4 (Taurus ♉), December 3 (Gemini ♊), and January 2 (Cancer ♋).

Happy New Year! ♀

References

- The Feminist Book of Lights and Shadows* by Z. Budapest.
- The Witches Almanac 1979-1980.*
- Lost Goddesses of Early Greece* by Charlene Spretnak.
- WomanSpirit*, Winter Solstice 1977.



by Jenny Thiermann

I stopped by a rancher's house last evening to deliver goat cheese. It was dusk and he was going out to check on sheep. Leaning on an old redwood rail fence, we got to talking. "Life's a funny thing," he said, "not many of us make it out alive."

He briefly told me his story: "I was a chicken farmer for forty years, until agribusiness swept in and efficiently eliminated us small poultry farmers. Now for twelve years, I've been driving to weekly auctions between Santa Rosa and Ukiah, buying thin or weak animals, bringin' 'em home, caring for 'em, and reselling 'em. But with gas over a dollar a gallon, and feed prices rising higher by the day, it's nonsense to continue. A man's got to be comin' out just a little ahead. You know, I've decided just over the last few weeks, to sell my animals, let the fields be, and go work in town at the valley store."

"Oh I'm glad I'm as old as I am. Even though I have more energy now than ever before, thanks to my new raw food diet, this country just ain't a place to farm anymore. It's a sad thing. And there won't be many of us left soon who know how to do it."

There wasn't much more to say. I gave him the cheese and drove up the hill toward home thinking, how can we combat agribusiness, that monster insidiously taking over our land and farmers, and filling our grocery stores with food that is dangerous to our health? Our sources of life are almost totally under the control of corporations and specialists and they are quickly destroying those sources: our rivers are polluted, our air smells, and our fields are being starved.

In one agricultural community in California's central valley, no local has bought a farm in the last eight years. Farmers that realize an income of \$10,000 to \$20,000 yearly, find themselves sitting on land worth inflated hundreds of thousands of dollars. So when farmers die, no one can afford the inheritance taxes, much less buy the available farms.

Anytime a problem is overwhelmingly complex and pervasive, I see no solution sufficiently large and complex itself. So, my combat approach is on a different scale, one that is personal, cheap, simple, and can be embarked on immediately. I want to lessen the grip of corporate power over my life and I want to strengthen my commitment to the earth and care of her.

To realize my first intention, I embrace a program and philosophy of *restraint of consumption*. If I don't buy products of exploitive corporations, I don't contribute to their profits, expansion and destructive environmental designs. How can I do this, one who has been spoon fed on continued affluence as the American way of life?

I can check up on myself every time I reach to buy something or make a shopping list. Is this something I need? Will it help simplify my life? Who makes this item? If it is made by a huge corporation, can I find a locally manufactured product instead?

I can keep myself out of large supermarkets and chain stores. I can avoid cheap goods and junk food. One sure way not to consume is to stay away from stores, to shop once a week instead of every day.

If we consume less, we can change the materialistic emphasis of our society. If we get together and talk about the hype of advertising, we are more likely to resist its onslaught. Buying often feels like a freedom exercised, but in the longer view, the faster you spend your money, the sooner you'll have to hustle for it again, which is a much greater limitation on your freedom than restraint of consumption is. It can be a challenge to not do what we have the purchasing power to do. If you are earning money beyond your basic support consider giving it away to environmental or humanitarian movements. Support those who are organizing together to fight the same battles you recognize and may attack from a personal stand.

But now I'm drifting into what you and you can do. What about what I'm doing? Well I'm also writing my president and congresspeople (dry as it may sound) and advocating restraint on their purchasing power, particularly in the areas of military spending and environmentally unsound projects like nuclear power. They do write back and I try to keep a dialogue going.

Obviously, we are linked into the system to different degrees and with different attitudes. We all consume. This acknowledgment leads to the second part of my plan, which is to take some responsibility for my consumption. *Every consumer should be taking care of the earth in some fashion, producing or recycling.* Agriculture is a nurturing cyclical art, not the mining venture agribusiness has turned it into. Our wastes can be returned to the land in a manner which enriches it rather than further harms it.

Agribusiness has broken our vital agricultural

connections. To some degree, we are all ill. Only by restoring those connections can we heal ourselves and our abused planet.

To those of us living in rural areas, check up on your care of the earth around you. Are you composting? Are you producing in balance to your consumption? Are you following through on that production and taking surplus produce and animal products to health food stores or farmer's markets? Too often we begin each year with great enthusiasm for planting, then become lazy about harvesting. If surplus produce was distributed from all the small gardens in this country, our dependence on SAFEWAY would diminish and our health would improve.

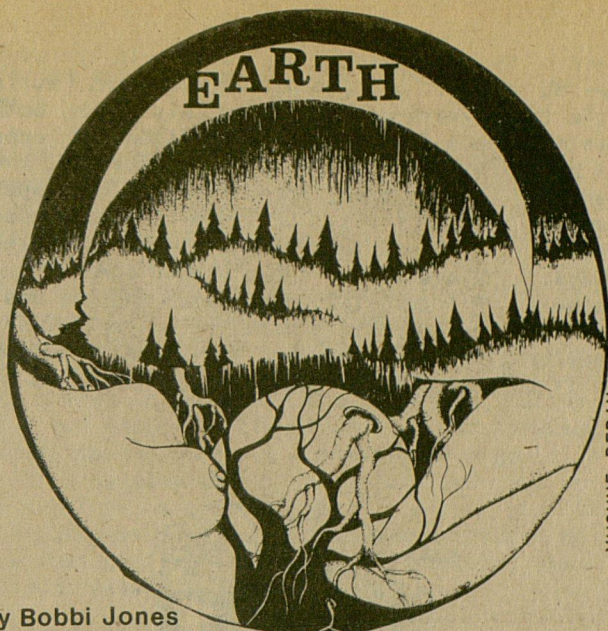
Not much time, yet seeing garbage and weeds and manure turn into piles of rich dark humus is a satisfying earth connection. Also I feel a psychic bond with millions of beings who are also lifting their tools and bending their backs to care for this planet.

If you live in the city, it is harder to be an earth tender. But it is just as important because often an urban environment estranges you from the earth. Is there a community garden that you could participate in? Don't think, "Well I'm only here temporarily." Think, "Well whenever I leave, I can always think of one little patch of earth I enriched." Any plot of land that you cultivate, no matter how tiny, will be there to inspire others.

We can organize on a community level. Consumer co-ops are spreading. Why not start a producer's co-op? Get your city or town to operate a recycling center and an organic waste depot where leaves, garbage and waste paper could be collected, composted, and resold at cost to gardeners and farmers. So many truckloads of food come into a city daily. Could we send compost and wastes back out to the agricultural land? Figure out what concrete ways you can tend to earth. It can be as simple as separating your garbage or recycling your newspapers. Developing a caring attitude is work you can do daily. Use your human energy to care for our support system. Don't let the experts take care of us. Work with the body for the body for "no matter how urban our life, our bodies live by farming; we come from the earth and return to it, and so we live in agriculture as we live in flesh." 1 ♀



Wendell Berry, *The Unsettling of America*, Avon, 1978, p.97.



by Bobbi Jones

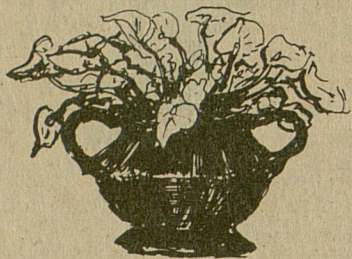
I began this article with the intent to explore the financial viability of organic methods in a small family ranch. During the five hour interview with a local woman rancher about her commercial apple ranch, vegetable garden, vineyard, and produce stand, other issues emerged which reflected her political and philosophical attitudes. The reading matter which she gave me, mixed with my impressions of the ranch itself, inspired me with new determination to communicate to others the impact of her message.

As I wandered around Sandy's garden, the soil itself, the vegetables, fruits and flowers were bursting with life. The deep green of healthy plants, yellows, oranges, reds, pinks of beautiful flowers of many different varieties, testified to the care which Sandy and her helpers took with the garden. From her front porch you view her lovely garden, and corn stalks waving in the wind across the highway. The produce stand had people arriving constantly who didn't want chemically treated foods.

We came inside to a dining room which doubled as an office, with walls lined with filing cabinets and full of bookcases. While we talked, there were constant interruptions from workers needing directions, John finding instructions for a broken water sprinkler, phone calls, and questions... It gave me just a hint of the demands which running this ranch made upon both of them.

SANDY: We have five ranch hands. Four tend the apples full time and two others help me with the garden. Two young woman work in the fruit stand. I oversee the one acre garden, fruit stand, new dwarf apple trees (which have pumpkin and squash plants planted underneath at this stage), make apple juice, pay bills, bookkeep, can and do housework. My chores outnumber my available time per day so I direct my helpers and try to make the rounds often enough to check up, help, or advise. John is in charge of the vineyard and the main apple orchard as well as the ranch equipment. He also takes care of composting and soil treat-

ment. We rarely leave the ranch. In the evenings we do most of our reading and research. During the three years we have owned this ranch, both of us have made what seems like millions of records. I have kept notes about which seeds I buy, when and how I plant them, prune them, or the experimental methods I use. This year I planted several varieties of tomatoes, strung them in different ways, tied and fenced them, pruned some but not others. All this to decide which was the most productive and easiest to pick. I am continually experimenting with types and varieties to see which will do best for our weather conditions and soil.



BOBBI: Could you tell us a little about converting the garden to organic methods?

SANDY: We tested the soil for nutrients and mineral deficiencies and started our conversion to organic by enriching the soil greatly. The first year we used some chemical fertilizer the previous owner had left behind but the last two years I merely expanded my home garden organic methods. The soil is in perfect shape. We companion plant, compost, and rotate crops. We don't need pesticides. I have very little bug damage or blemishes. If you carefully balance nature's way, everything is healthy.

BOBBI: As you moved away from pesticides, have you suffered financially in the produce stand from insect damage?

SANDY: No! The fruit stand sells our organic fruit and vegetables, apple juice, etc. It has become a real money maker for us as more and more customers realize the advantages of pesticide free food. I am always talking to customers about pesticides. They often write back that they are unable to get organic food in their local home store.

In the major apple orchard, the switch to organic has been more difficult, requiring much soil testing and discussions with an entomologist. John has done a lot of research. He is truly becoming a bug, disease and soil expert as he attempts to gradually wean the major apple orchard off pesticides. Our small organic apple orchard is still really an experiment. The I. P. M. system, which has helped us tremendously wean ourselves of pesticides, has allowed us to be a productive, financially successful operation.

"INTEGRATED PEST MANAGEMENT . . . is a holistic strategy that utilizes technical information, continuous pest population monitoring, resource (crop) assessment, control action criteria and materials and methods in concert with natural mortality factors, to manage pest populations in a safe, economical and effective way. In every respect, integrated control makes sense, and it works. . . The impediment has been a powerful coalition of individuals, corporations and agencies that profit from the prevailing chemical control strategy and brook no interference with the status quo. This power consortium has been unrelenting in its efforts to keep things as they are and, as so frequently happens in our society, the games it plays to maintain the status quo are often corruptive, coercive and sinister."

SANDY: By using the Integrated Pest Management system, monitoring bug populations, etc. we have gradually been able to eliminate a lot of the really horrible chemical sprays, drop our treatment to necessary dormant oil sprays and John and myself have noticed a lack of stomach aches, headaches, and generally less illness. I recently read that pesticides actually lower the body's natural ability to resist disease by breaking down antibodies.

Unfortunately most commercial ranchers/farmers in this country use a spraying program that is often supplied by the chemical company's salesperson. This salesperson walks around your land; tells you what diseases or bugs you have currently, or could have in the future; and then suggests a package plan of sprayings for killing *everything*. Sometimes this spraying program can be as cheap as \$50.00 for your entire ranch. To prevent crop loss and possible economic ruination, the chemical plan seems to be the cheapest and best method. Many ranchers also feel that their grandfathers used chemicals so why shouldn't they?

Unfortunately, this method means almost continual spraying for one or another disease or pest. Often many ranchers don't even wait to see if spraying is necessary, but follow the prescribed program to *avoid* infestations.

"BENELATE" for example, a chemical pesticide used throughout the United States for MOST crops is everywhere. It is sprayed on fruits and vegetables, and ingested by animals who eat sprayed food or graze on sprayed fields. Animals grazing in pastures or simply grazing in the winter grass under the orchard trees are polluted by the drift from orchard sprayings. The label on Benelate recommends against food or fodder treated by the product.

being ingested within one year. However, all of us consume this product in less than one year in many ways; strawberries (you can't wash off what has gone through the skin), tomato juice, jam, meat, and even in our cotton products. As a consumer, there is no way to get away from it. Even people home-steading usually use some of these contaminated products.

As a rancher, I want the consumer to be aware of these dangers. The consumer can *demand* purer food and a healthy environment. Also, since we have cut our spraying down our land has seen a return of the birds, bees and butterflies. The natural ecosystem has begun to re-establish herself.

"A look into pest control in California gives insight into the severity of the insecticide treatmill and its economic impact. A neat measuring stick for this is provided by an analysis of the twenty-five most serious pests listed by the California State Department of Food and Agriculture's report on insect caused crop losses and control costs for 1970. Each of these twenty-five insect species cost the California agri-economy one million dollars or more during the 1970 crop year. Their economic impact notwithstanding the most startling thing about these twenty-five heavy weight damagers is that 72% of them are resistant to one or more insecticides and 96% are either pesticide created or pesticide aggravated. This is a shocking state of affairs but not really surprising, since California is the world's most intensive pesticide user, receiving 5% of the global insecticide load."

BOBBI: What are some of the problems you face in your attempts to grow organically and at the same time economically?

SANDY: In order for a commercial apple orchard to pay, it has to produce wormless apples. We have a friend on the ridge where there is a cooler climate, lots of wind, and no neighboring orchards. He seems to have no problems growing organically. However, the laws which have been created to protect consumers from the sale of unusable wormy apples by unscrupulous ranchers are now backfiring. Under present laws, the Agriculture Department has the power to shut down the commercial grower for selling wormy apples. You are allowed to sell three grades of apples and wormy, culled, apples are not allowed at all. If found, the Agriculture Department could shut you down, close the fruit stand and make you dump all of your lugs of packaged apples on the assumption that they also had worms. This could be a disasterous economic loss for the grower. This law essential-

ly forces the commercial grower to spray pesticides.

This is just one of the problems many organic growers face in this state. Is a worm you can see more deadly than a pesticide sprayed apple which would have to be chemically tested before the level of pesticide could even be determined? Pesticides are not easily monitored. Apples often have a film or residue which is natural. Recent government research stated that we eat "normally" (their accepted level) three pounds of insects a year in processed food (juices, catsup, etc). For example: if you sell culled (bruised or wormy apples) organic apples to an organic apple juice company and an inspector found the insect level to be too high, he could then shut the juice business down. The laws seem stricter on worms than pesticides. Is anyone checking the *pesticide* levels in non-organic juices?

Many ranchers also use the term organic (meaning from the earth) to apply to many chemical sprays which consist of materials by their definition of "organic", for example: sulphur. So do we know if what we are buying is *really* organic?

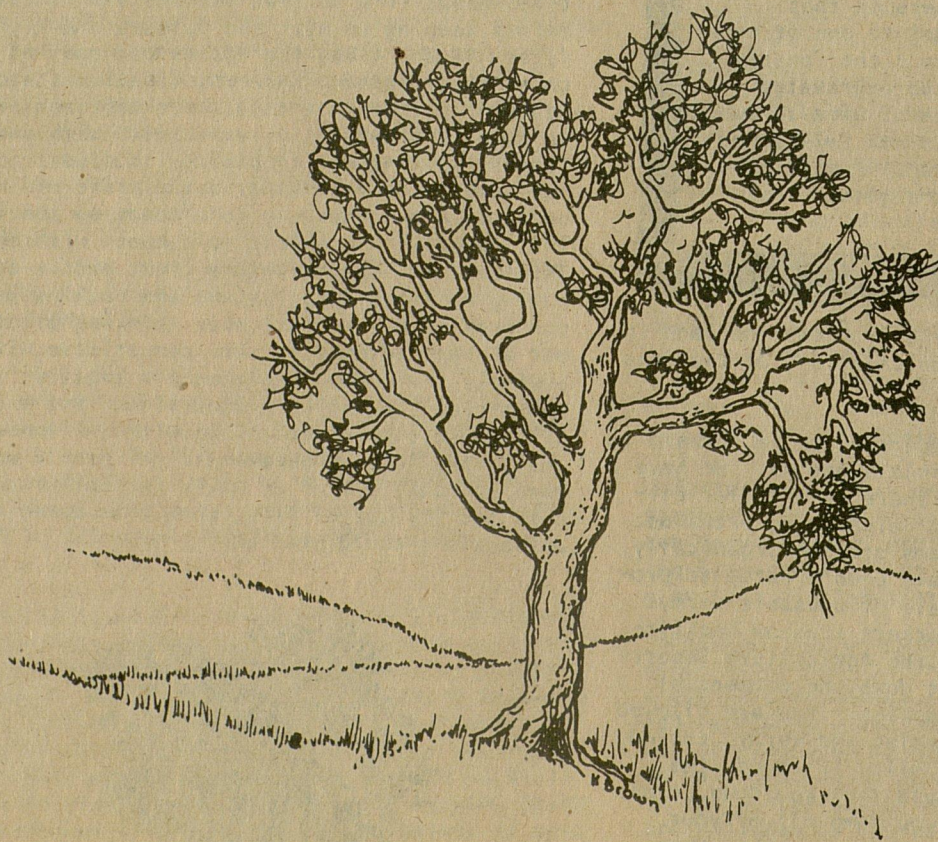
The government has been talking about a new law defining "organic." But just as discussed earlier how laws backfire, I wonder whether this really will achieve any good purpose. If instead the individuals of this society would become more ethical, we wouldn't need these legal restrictions. Individuals really have to shift their perspectives about life so that honesty and ethics come before keeping up with the Joneses and high profits. We don't buy the "Jones package" of new cars, fancy houses, campers, vacations, etc. Life means more than that to us. It has been difficult to make it financially, especially with so many farmers selling out to big agri-business that often buys their ranches as a tax write-off. Agri-business often hopes to lose money on the ranches. This makes it impossible to compete with them. This year we hope to show a clear profit and start paying back the families who are backing us and our crop loan. We have been thinking of expanding our acreage to make it more competitive with agri-business and more of an economic reality. Small commercial farming is a good life. But a good life doesn't mean keeping up with the Joneses and taking lots of vacations. If people were more ethical, all of us would get more happiness and joy out of life, more than money and possessions could ever buy.



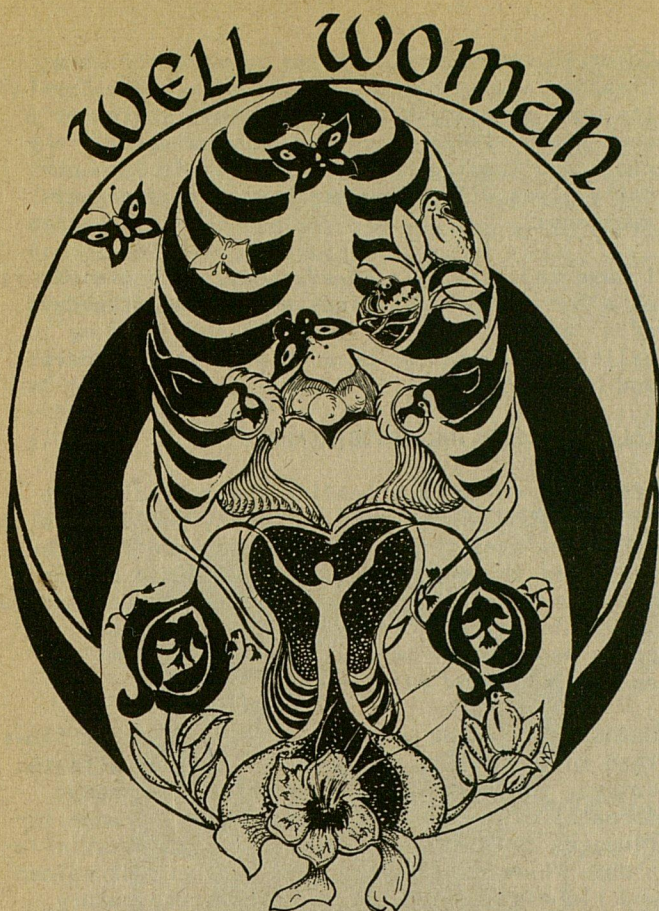
Sixteen years ago Rachel Carson's Silent Spring awakened the world to the problem of environmental pollution and warned particularly of the threat posed by pesticides. General concern about pesticide impact on wildlife and the threat of pesticide poisoning and pesticide induced carcinogenesis, teratogenesis and mutagenesis grew. Other voices more powerful than that of Rachel Carson muffled the echoes of Silent Spring, so that today the pesticide treadmill spins more wildly than ever.

We use twice as much insecticide as in 1962; there are more insect species of pest status than ever before; insect control costs have skyrocketed; and insecticide impact on the environment grows daily.

Talking to Sandy helped me to understand some of the structural barriers to getting off the pesticide treadmill. I realize that consumer action is absolutely necessary to force the kind of change which will stop the poisoning of our food and the earth and her waters. Will we survive? United we have a chance.



KATHRYN BROWN



GRAPHICS AND TEXT BY YVONNE PEPIN

My mother's grave had only recently been covered over, a symbol of grief to my life at fourteen. I was at that difficult adolescent age, now compounded by my orphaned reality, the day I began to use art as a means to heal myself.

I sat alone in the empty house of my legal guardians that day, and drew my guts out. As I listened to melancholy music and ruminated over the uncertainty of my future, I drew pictures of little people in painful predicaments. There were drawings of innocent faces peering over jagged precipices, weeping eyes, hearts splayed open, and tiny bodies dangling in empty space. I didn't realize then what I was drawing, or why. I just drew what I felt because all I felt like doing was drawing.

The pen became the circuit connecting me with my emotional currents, forces so overwhelming that I could only communicate them through the pictures I drew. Expressing my feelings by drawing them out, acted as a catharsis to ease me through the painful crisis of my youth.

Through the many ways we have of healing ourselves, I have found, as one with strong visual inclinations, that the use of art via images and color has been my greatest source of helping myself. Often in combination with other therapeutic practices, art can bring about a productive integration of the conscious and the unconscious. There are many means to heal ourselves through art.

THE IMAGE

There are pictures inside every one of us. They represent past, present, and future scenarios of feeling and thought. The use of these images or pictures drawn-out from within us may hold more meaning than what can be physically seen.

In one of the little people pictures I drew, a small figure was in a flaming pit. There were hands extending from the sky towards the little imprisoned person. All the hands held jagged spears toward the pit, except one hand which grasped a rope dangling in descent to the little person. In this picture I was the little person in the pit. The hands which threatened me were the painful predicaments of my life. The hand holding the rope was my hope...I drew hope into the picture of my life.

I have found through drawing out painful feelings and representing them in images, that I am able to touch the pain, understand it, and become clear of the pain through the pictures I draw-out. Through this process I help myself.

If we are able to extend our range of vision with binoculars, then through the use of the images we hold inside, we may be able to probe deeper into the depths of ourselves. An image becomes symbolic when it implies something more than its obvious and immediate meaning. As the mind explores the image it is led to ideas beyond the grasp of reason.

VISUALIZATION

Visualization is the first step in coming to touch the pictures inside yourself. Its practice is believed to be one of the oldest healing techniques. Visualization was used by ancient people to contact and identify with spirits causing disease. These ancient peoples referred to the planets and position of the sun and moon and to their own dreams for visions that they could activate into healing forms.

The use of the visualization for healing purposes was taken even further by a Renaissance physician, Paracelsus, whose medicinal practices embodied the link between occult, mysticism and science. Paracelsus believed that spirit could prevail over matter and consequently manifest disease or health in the physical body. His belief was that "The spirit is the master, imagination is the tool, and the body a plastic material." The power of imagination being a great factor in medicine, Paracelsus said, "Ills of the body may be cured by physical remedies or by the power of the spirit acting through the soul." Paracelsus also believed that people could be healed by their own thoughts.

On that sad day I sat alone drawing, I didn't realize that by releasing my painful feelings and thoughts into images, I was able to keep myself above the paralyzing effects of my emotional pain.

My process of visualization is simple. It is done by following intuition. If I sense something wrong within me, I quiet myself, withdraw inside and become receptive to my system. Instead of letting pain or conflict take hold of me, I take hold of it and touch the problem by drawing it out in images.

The pictures we draw-out from ourselves can be a reflection of our psychological state. Images in combination with the use of color can have a physiological as well as psychological effect on our being.

COLOR HEALING

The principle behind color healing is the regulation of the flow of color forces by consciously absorbing them when needed, by using each color ray with the intent of re-vitalizing every organ in the body.

There is energy in color. Each hue moves at a different rate of speed. Each color has a definite wave length and carries a different frequency and impact force. Color affects muscular, mental and nervous activity. Color rays can act on sense centers, and the subconscious mind.

For over a year I had something which doctors termed a lung irritation. Not even the antibiotics prescribed cleared up the condition. One night when the pain was unusually irritating I took up some crayons and began to draw. What evolved was an image of constricted red trachea and lungs. I interwove these images into a green healing circle. The color red felt to me to be the color of the pain, so I chose it as an ailing color and chose green because it felt healing. Through this process of identification, by absorbing green thoughts and healing visions, into the afflicted organ, I was able to reduce the pain through the use of imagination and color. Now by incorporating color with the image, I am able to take this discovery of art as a healing practice beyond the psychological realms, and utilize art to affect my body in physiological ways.

I do not limit the use of my color sense to drawing or painting. Color is an omnipotent force and has indefatigable uses. Sometimes if I have a stomach ache I will imagine a yellow light flowing through my viscera. By letting this color absorb into my senses, I feel its soothing effects. Sometimes I use the color vibrations in light by holding a colored piece of glass or paper up to a light bulb and letting the rays permeate my vision. I have absorbed color in this way at times just before going to sleep, by letting a color flow into me and retaining the color in my vision as the last thing I see before going to sleep. I have placed swatches of color on my body and have had colorful dreams. Sometimes I paint the dreams in the colors and forms I remember them to be. I have had luscious violet and soft undulating yellow dreams.

Color is everywhere. It can be eaten or worn, breathed and seen. We are receptive to color in its many aspects whether it be in a sunset or a neon sign. Color is an unspoken universal language and knowing how to interpret it into our daily lives will allow us the power of deeper awareness.

I have made significant advances in my use of art as a form of healing since those traumatic days of my adolescence. Discoveries that lead me to believe that art can be used as a tool to help and heal ourselves.

COLOR AND HEALING ASSOCIATIONS

RED This color is a healing agent in diseases of the blood circulation, debility and depression. Red stimulates the arterial blood, controls the chakra at the base of the spine and can act on the primary instincts by arousing the subconscious mind. To Taoists, it is considered to have supreme magic power in that it protects families against ills and pestilence.

ORANGE is linked with the vital force that flows into the body from the sun. Associated with the spleen, the orange chakra draws in the prana (breath) of the physical atmosphere. Orange influences the processes of digestion and assimilation. This color is used in treatment of spleen and kidneys, bronchitis and other respiratory ailments. Orange brings about a union of body and mind.

YELLOW This ray signifies primal matter, the beginning and base of all existence. It holds first place in the spectrum for brightness and luminosity. Because it is connected with the solar plexus which acts on the brain, it has a powerful effect on the nervous system. This color ray has an affinity with the liver and intestines and carries healing properties to the skin. Yellow is a mental stimulant, the hue of imagination and novelty. People who prefer yellow may have neatly formed thoughts and often a search for self fulfillment.

GREEN This hue lies midpoint in the solar spectrum, consequently it is a ray of balance and harmony essential for the well-being of our nerves. The green ray controls the chakra at the heart of the cardiac center and influences blood pressure and stimulation of cranial nerves. Green is indicative of sympathy, altruism, charity and balance.

BLUE The blue ray is assimilated by the spiritual center of the head and awakens within one a knowledge of their own inherent divinity. Blue is associated with the throat chakra, which is the gateway of spiritual aspects, religious instincts, and mystical nature. As a great antiseptic, this hue helps combat feverish conditions, bleeding, germs and nervous irritation.

INDIGO influences organs of sight, hearing and smell. With a high astringent value, indigo transmits a cooling vibration based on the pineal gland which controls nervous, mental and psychic forces and faculties. By regenerating and stimulating the mind and soul it holds the power of extending inner visions and opening up to a greater understanding. Diseases of eyes, ears, nose and nervous disorders may be put in balance through contact with the indigo ray.

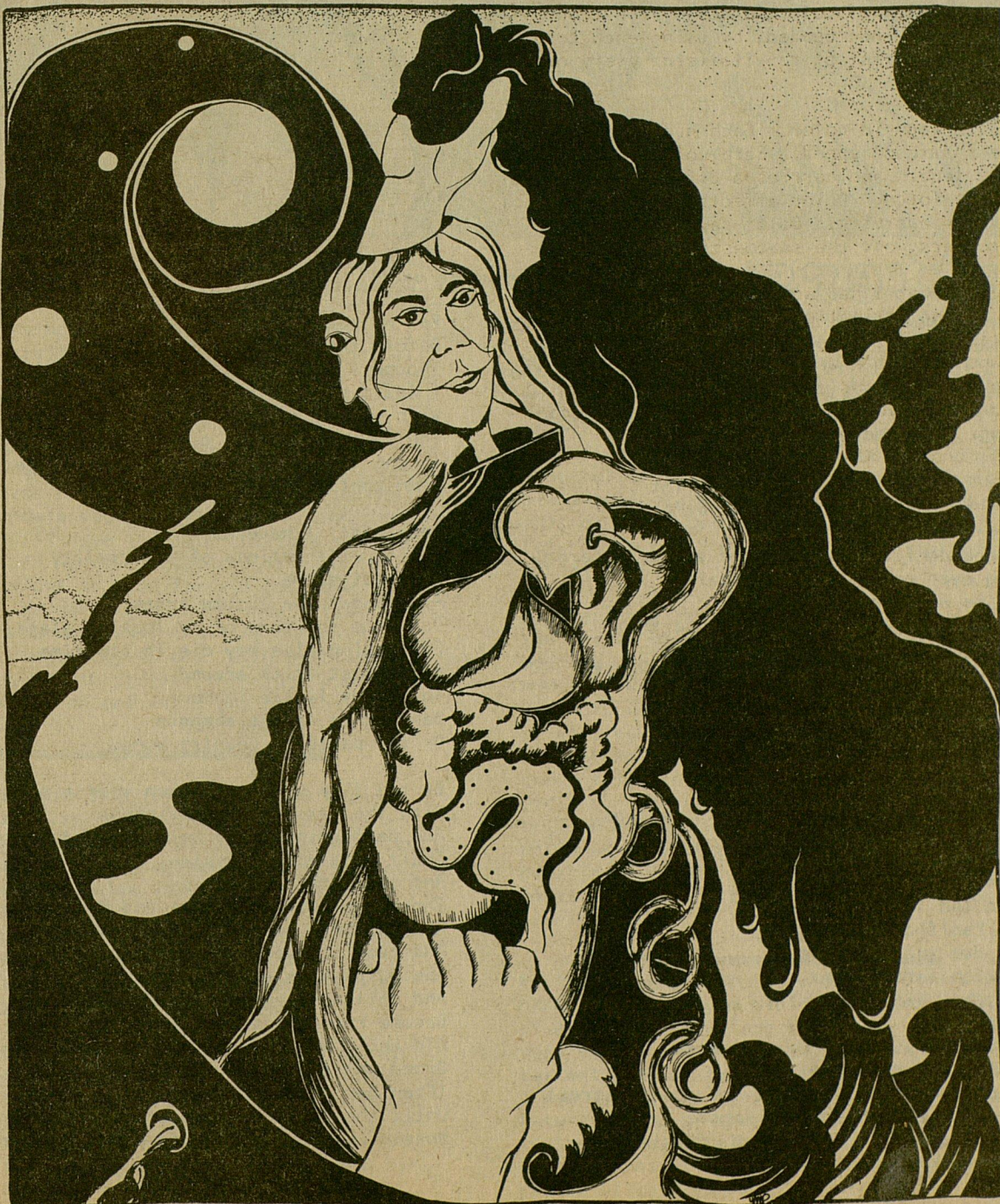
VIOLET This color is highest on the totem pole of the spectrum, because it carries the highest vibration of light. Connected with the pituitary gland it is concerned with spiritual intuitive

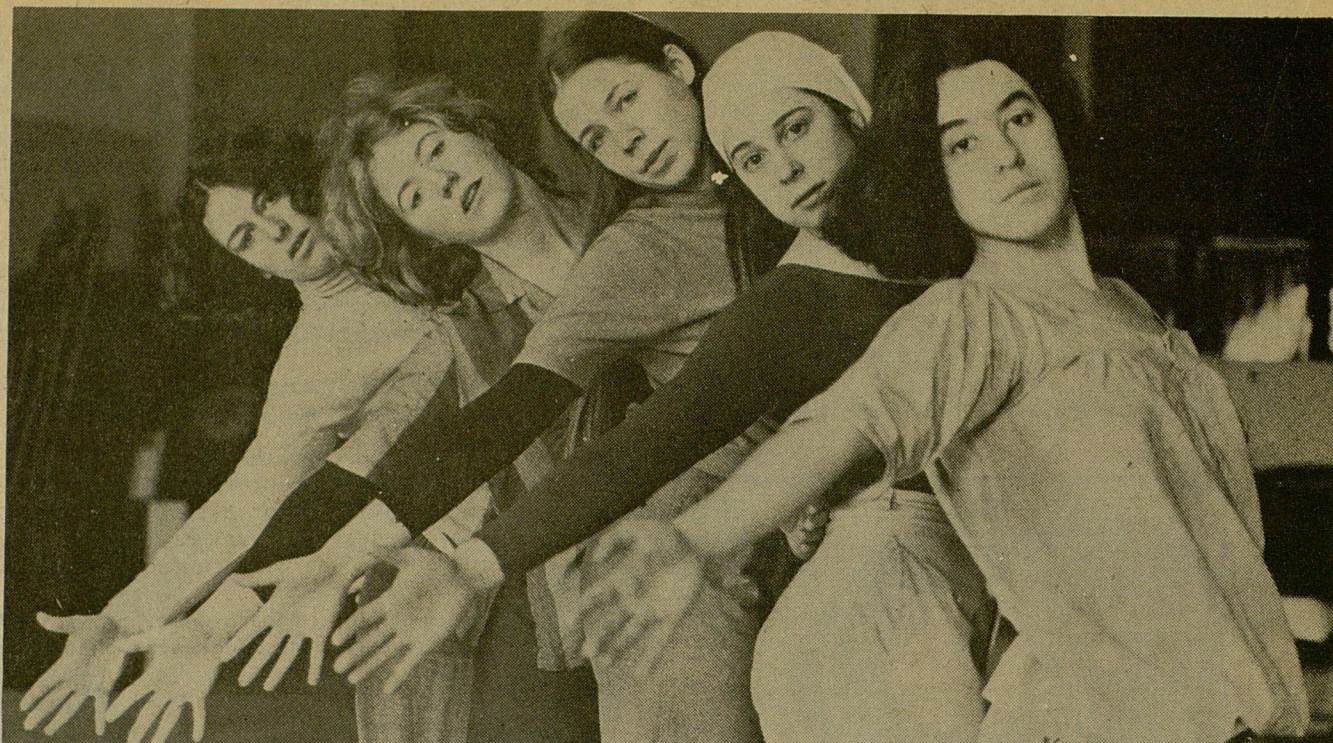
faculties. The violet chakra, located at the top of the head, is the sanctuary of this color. Violet aids in the development of spiritual consciousness, clairvoyance and psychic sensitiveness. It is of great value in meditation and concentration exercises. Violet is used in the treatment of many neurological diseases. ♀

REFERENCES

Healing and Regeneration Through Color. Corinne Heline. Rowny Press, Santa Barbara, California.

Color Healing Chromotherapy and How it Works. Mary Anderson. Samuel Weiser, Inc. New York.





LYN NEELEY

Letters

(Yes Yes - please write us !!!)

To Country Women (re: The two poems of mine that you have had for it seems like years. Looking forward to your third form letter telling me that if I don't mind you will hold onto them till we are more firmly grounded in the as yet embryonic Age of Aquarius.)

Perhaps the day they appear in print
I shall be needing the help of bifocals
To read them
Great grandchildren to help me and my infernal
Shaking over to the rocking chair,
To fix me warm tea with pills.
Perhaps I shall not know who wrote them,
Not recognize the images anymore,
Need the help of the Great Mother herself
To turn the pages
To the very last word.

Yet fret not! Do not
Be Disturbed by my sentiment and ravings.
I am as yet, ever alert
Perched on the limb veranda
Of my solar-cold tree house
Here in the last outpost
Of the Pacific Northwest,
Having due and specific
(Down with leftbrained
Patriarchal heirarchies)
Respect
For your decision-making processes
And fully understanding that
Each and every prepubescent and postmenstrual
Female in the Northern Hemisphere
Must reflect, meditate, chant, circledance,
Fashion masks and commune
With the lunar dieties

Re: My poems
Before they can be fit to print;
Though I must admit
I would hate to get caught in a burning
With you as my saviors If
The same collective process applies
In the case of Matriarchal Rescue Operations
From conflagration,

Fear not! I have no time
Limit. Intimations of immortality
Peer out at me
From under the autumn trees
Out from the snow of my looking glass.
Everything else may die in its time,
But I must stick around
To see my little rhyme
Dancing in senile abandon
On the pages of Country Women.

By the time you have taken your time -
With the rate the subdivisions
Are performing their weird reproduction,
Their googleplex fission,
And the lumber companies
Those bent metal beavers and dinosaurs
Rev up their hotpants chainsaws
And rape the venerable elders,
The awful rate at which beauty
And childhood and virgin forest
Become ravaged and spoiled
Old and sold
Owned and civilized,
(Even not leaving my tree
Until the day they come to get me) -
None of us may be Country Women anymore.

Love, Ro

♀

¿CONSENSUS : WHY NOT?

For the theme of this first issue of a revitalized *Country Women*, we were unable to decide between the two choices, "Future Visions" and "Survival in the Next Ten Years". So we elected to merge them. After all, our visions of the future will insure our survival, and we must survive in order to transform our future visions into present reality.

After many of the articles came in, we realized that most of the future visions spoke only of women and children. This, in itself, is an interesting fact. Certainly we have been neglected in the male utopias from Plato on. Now as we come into more conscious knowledge of ourselves, women are freely imagining the kinds of new societies we would like to see.

Some women asked, "What happens to the men? Do they just disappear or do you kill them off?" Of course not. There is no violence in the womanworld I envision - that is not our way of solving problems. If, out of feeling threatened, some of the men attack us (with women's liberation, male violence against us has increased), we will protect ourselves by the force of our psychic power. What happens to the men? I don't know. It's up to them to determine that. I hope they get their act together. I hope they will learn gentleness and respect for women and the earth. A few of them have, and they can teach their brothers. They need to discover and show each other how to take care of themselves - we are talking about survival. If we women continue to use our energy to take care of men, we will remain stuck in the world that they have made and will have to share the fate of that world. It's not the responsibility of our future visions to plan for all possible contingencies. We can start in our new direction and find out what happens, trusting ourselves to have the creativity to deal with problems as they may arise, not to project them in advance. So, find your vision and let's get started.

Sunlight

I had high hopes for this collective experience -- idealism in the realm of perceiving and refining the vision of the Whole of which we all are parts. The members of this collective represent a wide variety of positions within the feminist framework, but it had been my hope that with mutual acceptance of one another's validity and legitimacy, we would be able to encompass a whole spectrum of material valuable to many women.

Unfortunately consensus was difficult due to our differences. I acquired a volume of experience in sensing the subtleties involved in the dynamics of trying to accept the value of a reality far different from my own while at the same time remaining consistent within myself and retaining my own integrity.

I regret that there are "Future Visions" which are not included here because we would not all agree on their inclusion. I regret that we, as a collective, were unable to move closer to a Oneness among us. Perhaps that's a Future Vision in itself.

Lynda

This issue of *Country Women* is coming out of a nine month hiatus which involved no solicitation for articles from our readers. This is especially unfortunate, since our theme, Future Visions/Survival in the Next Ten Years, is one which turns every woman into an instant expert. Exchanging our images of the future is important work for all of us. It gives us a way to drape our values in imaginary clothing, so that we can compare and trade with each other about what we believe, without getting confused by a lot of tarnished abstractions such as 'peace' or 'ecologically aware' or 'equality'.

As we discussed the theme among us, we became sensitized to the negativity of most of our expectations for how the future may be. Imagining an ecologically balanced society emerging out of technology running amok takes a leap of faith. Imagining a world culture which is good for women and children emerging out of patriarchy is even harder. But we also recognized the danger of the *absence* of visions which reflected our values. Space colony imagery of the future diverts attention from the real arguments about priorities which keep getting acted upon all around us. Whether it is herbicides or aerosols or life styles or nuclear reactors, the future has been negated in the decision-making process.

By imagining the possibilities which emerge as the result of decreasing dependency on technology and upon men, we engage in the process of *naming*. Naming has less to do with finding a new word for something than with rearranging priorities and values---women defining what we give attention to, what is important, what comes first in solving problems and making decisions. We suspect that our readers will want to join our conversation about possibilities which we only began in this issue. We hope to be able to devote a regular column from now on to material on the future. Send us your visions.

Baba

My friends say I am the eternal optimist. Perhaps I am. I have a basic faith in the goodness of every individual on earth. To think that so many people are conscious, ethical souls in this current time of turmoil and strife is certainly a comment on the basic goodness of people. My future vision of the breaking down of our current unethical society is that it should allow even more beauty and wonder to emerge from the people of this planet.

Already many people are awakening to the reality that this society, based as it is on capitalist greed, money, power, and consumerism, is not the answer... It is not a happy, successful society. There is far too much injustice, grief and suffering. People are becoming aware of how they are being lead down the rosy path to self-destruction thru our gobbling use of nature's resources, our blatant injustice on both economic and social levels, thru our racism, ageism, classism and sexism. Our very survival as a people is consistently being threatened on some level everyday.

But take heart sisters, for I feel the human race will overcome this social mess through education. As people become more aware of the social and environmental destruction their thoughtless activities produce, they will change. Already some people are beginning to change themselves, and as their small part changes, so they effect a part of the social whole.

Does Good triumph over Evil? Justice over Injustice? Age old questions because as societies lose their ethics, as individuals lose their ethics, people with more power or money seem to come out ahead, whether their cause is just or not. When motels full of old people burn to the ground with most of the inhabitants still inside because there were neither enough fire escapes nor adequate alarms, our society has allowed another unethical, greedy person to kill. But whether it's nuclear reactors almost blowing up or just the inactivated plant's shell sitting empty, emitting radioactive death, a common cause for all people has started a uniting front against nuclear power. No matter what our sex, color, or creed, we all want to survive.

As we all question the poisoning of our food, air, water, and very lives, we also begin to look at more natural ways of survival - Nature's Way. By using solar, wind, and water power, eating organic foods, car pooling and more efficient rapid transport, and less waste of all our resources. Think consciousness, think less rape, think 'what else can I do to help heal and nurture the earth?'.

A strengthening of the female power in the world has already started changing society and as the female/male (yin/yang) of our society comes more into balance, our society will grow more whole. We must trust one another as we raise each others' consciousness. Many of us are trying to raise our children without society's messed up sex roles and these children are discovering both the female and male energy in all of us. Female/male energy that is naturally emitted, combined, and shared. Spiritual growth is also happening; a unity beyond our existence on this plane.

We all can become conscious, ethical people and do more to spread the word and knowledge of action against our unethical society. It

starts by not supporting TV's programmed role playing, refusing two cars in every garage, and ceasing to buy junk food. Every step we take makes us stronger. I see all of us finding more alternatives to the 'package plan' given us by society, and finding worthwhile goals which don't cause the destruction of earth. I see us breaking down the barriers between us and uniting in a common cause for our survival. My future vision is a world peopled by ethical humans working and living for themselves and society, committed to replenishing and healing our bodies and the earth. A world where Nature and Society are again living in balance with one another.

Bobbi

In American made time we are at the edge of another year and another decade. A century continues to tick away. In a larger perspective, humyn beings are about to enter the year 9980 a.d.a. (after the development of agriculture). Ah, the seventies! However shall they be remembered? From the end of the Vietnam, to the beginning of disco music: the rise of womyn's energy and the rise of nuclear energy. From Watergate to punks.

But here I sit now on the brink of the new age. The eighties and 1984 looming closer and closer. And, in the wake of Three Mile Island, marijuana wars, the continuing harassment of womyn, gays and third world peoples, and all the spreading dis-ease on and of the earth, I am still left with my lingering doubts and fears about any future.

But wait. Listening softly, steadily, I hear the hum of other voices singing. It is the earth, and the gentle beings upon her. Voices with choices of hope. I catch a glimpse of this path I'm on and I detect a direction. I am moving towards center and I remember that I must begin to look for what it is that I want to find. Re-uncovering this path back to myself means traveling in circles and not in straight lines. It means cherishing and nurturing my womyn self. It means listening for the music, and learning to dance softer on this earth.

And it has something to do with being a countree womyn. By actively taking part in the living and the working of a feminist reality I begin to get more grounded within my own being and the reasons to continue.

So, I find myself within this collective process working towards an ideal vision. But, though we all concur on our feminist status, the polarities within that boundary often leave us out of sight of each other's realities.

This issue collective agreed from the start that we had different visions. Some of us wanted to address the idea of surviving now, and the alternative means that some of us are trying to establish to make a future possible. Some of us felt the need to express feminist (utopian?)

visions of a future far from here and now. A few of us felt like the two could fit together, one as a precursor to the other. But by the end of our struggle, we recognized the wide expanse between these two kinds of visions.

We are left with a stew of material. The more grounded, immediate action type visions, show feminists struggling to grow and affect world events. In our utopian futuristic visions, we see feminism as the way of world events.

Within the collective there is anger, frustration and disappointment. I am saddened again, facing the reality that working with womyn can be such a struggle. The question arises as to whether or not we can work together within the polarity of our disagreements. We do have similar goals, and all paths do lead to home. Some womyn want to work only with other lesbians. Some womyn are committed to relating to men. Some of us, like myself, see that there is a time and place for both interactions. I want to work with straight womyn, and I want to work with other lesbians; and I don't believe that by my supporting another womyn's reality, that I, in any way, deny my own, no matter how great the difference may be.

Kim

Save me! What am I doing on this *Future Visions* theme collective when I can't even project myself a year ahead of my current reality?

Well, I'm trying to support my short-term vision of an acceptable future for me, one in which *Country Women* magazine continues to survive, and continues to provide me with intellectual stimulation, exposure to radical ideas and feminist consciousness raising.

What gave me my first clue as to the difficulties working on this issue would involve was having a brief article we wrote rejected by a local magazine as being anti-male. In that article, we described some characteristics of a feminist future we had brainstormed in our early meetings, and invited other women to send us their ideas.

They are worth listing here. We imagined a future:

- Where woman and nature are connected, and their union is the source of culture.

- Where women name everything in nature and culture.

- Where Western, linear time is replaced by cyclical time, envisioned not as a line but as a spiral.

- Where a process orientation, not a product one, is valued.

- Where cooperation replaces conflict as the mainspring of all actions, where collectivity replaces individuality and hierarchies.

- Where woman bonding is respected and valued.

- Where there is no denial, fear or suppression of sexuality; of carnality; of the body.

- Where female energy decides the society's technology.

In choosing material for this issue I was shocked and appalled to discover that many of the articles our issue collective originally wanted to include in this issue of *Country Women* were threatening and offensive to the women, my sisters, on our

staff. And, after more reading, thought, and discussion, to members of the issue collective as well. What to do?

Some months ago, in discussions about the future fate of *Country Women*, we drew up a list of criteria for all prose appearing in the magazine. Although we didn't debate these seven points very extensively, all the women in the larger circle, which has supplanted the old editorial collective structure, agreed to the following propositions as yardsticks against which potential articles would be measured:

- (1) Does the issue as a whole raise consciousness not simply as an exposure of women's experience in print, but by real breaking of the silence around the circumstances of women, our oppression from within as well as without?

- (2) Does the issue as a whole move the boundaries of the reader's identity to include other women, other categories of women, and the earth herself?

- (3) Does the piece reflect ageist, racist, classist or looksist perspective or assumptions?

- (4) Is the piece accessible, interesting, and/or reflecting a country/earth-aware perspective?

- (5) Does the piece perpetuate patriarchal premises such as stereotypes, hierarchy, polarization, role limitations, or alienation from nature?

- (6) Is the writing clear and unclipped? If not is there a possibility of working with the writer?

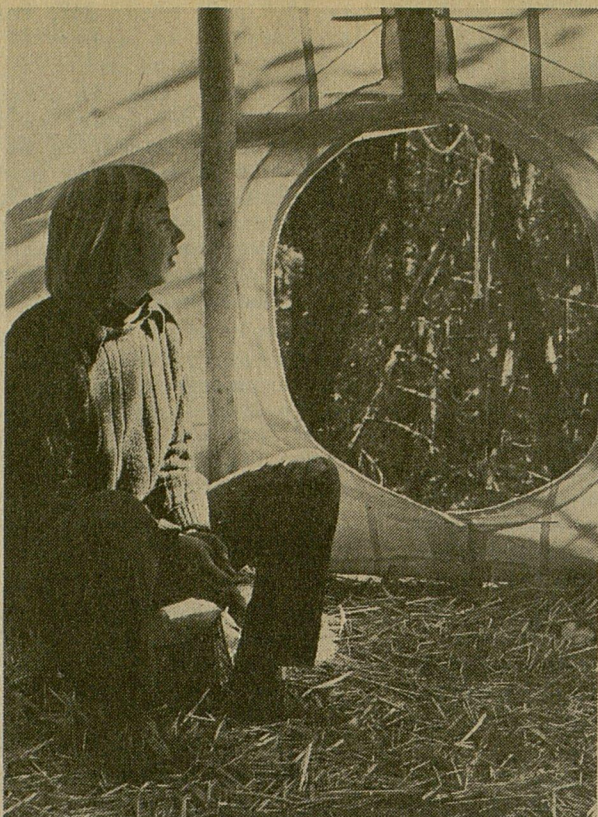
- (7) What is the intent of the inclusion of the piece? A giving of information, an including of an example of good writing, providing a variety of women's voices? Agree on category and list all pieces, to see if categories balance.

Ah. Having agreed on these publishing standards, I naively thought we had only to apply them to the articles in controversy and all would be resolved. But agreeing on standards in the abstract is one thing, applying them another.

My perception of our collective process on this issue is that on this last point, our process broke down completely. Our categories quickly seemed to fall into lesbian and heterosexual, or, to be precise, lesbian or heterosexual. Grave fears were circumspectly expressed that too much of the material submitted, and so being considered, was not including men in an affirmative way. Tensions mounted rapidly. Polarities appeared. The winter rains arrived and our meetings sometimes seemed echoes or reverberations of the violent storms lashing our dwellings. Processes muddled along with the roads.

But storms end eventually, as do heavy meetings. Would that our *Country Women* magazine's future looked as clear as skies after heavy rains. I always thought that expression, "in the foreseeable future," assinine. For me, it remains a contradiction in terms. I can foresee neither our future as feminists nor as *Country Women* staff workers. But I never was much of a visionary.

Nancy



PURIFICATION IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

by Pelican

Once many years ago I told my parents that the Revolution was coming and I would be dead in five years. I then went on to study astrology and I learned about the Turning of the Ages from the Piscean to the Aquarian Age. We are now at the end of the Piscean Age, on the cusp of Pisces and Aquarius. The old Piscean forms have to be destroyed in order to make space for the new forms of the new age. This is also a seed period when patterns which will structure the new age are being formed. Aquarian Age vibrations are beginning to be felt by those people who are sensitive to them.

Living now in the southwest, I hear the prophecies and teachings of the Hopi people which speak of the coming Day of Purification. Purification fits right into the picture, it is all the same. Purification is the Revolution, is the death of the Piscean Age, to make way for the healing of Mother Earth. This will mean the end of all oppression, which will be the Aquarian Age.

It is important to be aware of Native American teachings and prophecy because there is a message in it for all people about the future of the earth

and how to proceed. The traditional Native American cultures are living examples of a practical alternative to the suicidal white man's Western Civilization.

Native American people all over North America now look to the traditional Hopi villages of Oraibi, Hoteville and Shungopovi for spiritual guidance because of their own prophecies and instructions, which often match those of the Hopi. The traditional Hopi leaders have never signed a treaty with the United States government and are probably the least compromised of any Indian leadership on the whole continent due to their firm adherence to the Hopi Way of Life. The Hopi people have a long history of resistance to the white man, first Spaniards and missionaries, and later, the Americans. Their resistance has always been peaceful, for "Hopi" means "Peaceful Ones," and refers not to an ethnic group but to a way of life. Through ceremony and prayer, the Hopi give reverence to the Mother Earth, which is the true heart of their culture, as well as to all forms of life upon her. The land is the foundation of the Hopi Way, which is in turn based on natural law.

For many generations before the coming of the white man the Hopi people have lived in the sacred place now known as Four Corners in the Southwest, and known to them to be the spiritual heart of our continent. The Hopi people's teachings tell them that they have been placed on this side of the earth to take care of this land through their ceremonial duties, just as other races of people have been placed around the earth to take care of her in their own ways. Hopi is the bloodline of this continent, as others are bloodlines of their continents. Together these people hold the earth in balance.

The Hopi prophecies and teachings, which had been handed down for generations, told of the day that would come when another race of people would appear in their midst and would claim Hopi land as their own. The new people would try to change Hopi patterns of life. They would have many good things which would tempt the Hopi people, and a sweet tongue, but forked like a snake.

In 1947 Chief Sackmasa of the Coyote Clan revealed to the leaders in his kiva certain teachings and prophecies. He had been instructed to keep them secret until a gourd of ashes fell from the sky which boiled the oceans and burned the land, causing nothing to grow there for many years. This was the sign to the Hopi to declare their prophecy and message to the world before it was too late. Then another man stood and said he had been told to speak when the Coyote spoke. Other leaders of other clans had similar instructions, and all of them agreed that the gourd of ashes could only be the terrible atomic bombs that the white man had exploded two years before at Alamogordo, New Mexico, 300 miles away, and later at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in Japan.

In subsequent councils, spiritual leaders of all the villages revealed their teachings, agreed upon the meanings and proper presentation of Hopi prophecy and ideology, and took upon themselves the obligation to fulfill the duties of transmitting the teachings to non-Hopi people. Spokespersons were chosen and interpreters who carried the Hopi message to the outside world in language and political action that the white race could understand. Their duties were to "Keep eyes and ears open, know what is going on, learn to operate along the periphery of the white man's world, present Hopi prophecy and teachings in regard to changing events, and warn of danger." For the first time in history the secret clan prophecies were brought together and told, and with prayers and messages sent out to the world to help.

Hopi prophecy describes a series of three world-shaking events, accompanied by the appearance of certain symbols that describe the primordial forces that govern all life. The gourd rattle is a key symbol. A gourd signifies seed force. The shaking of the gourd rattle in ceremonies means the stirring of life forces. On the rattle is drawn the ancient symbol of the swastika, showing the spirals of force sprouting from a seed in four

directions, surrounded by a ring of red fire, showing the encircling penetration of the sun's warmth which causes the seed to sprout and grow. The first two world-shaking events would involve the forces portrayed by the swastika and the sun. Out of the violence and destruction of the first, the strongest elements would emerge with still greater force to produce the second event. When the actual symbols appeared it would be clear that this stage of the prophecy was being fulfilled. Hopi leaders now believe the first two events were the First and Second World Wars.

The third and final event, called the "Great Day of Purification" has also been described as a "mystery egg", in which the forces of the swastika and the sun, plus a third force, symbolized by the color red, which will take command, culminates in either total rebirth or total annihilation. We don't yet know which, but the choice is ours. The third event will be the decisive one. The whole world will shake and turn red, and turn against the people who are hindering the Hopi Way of Life. Almost all life will stop unless people come to know that everyone must live in peace and harmony with Nature. Only those people who know the secrets of Nature, the Mother of us all, can overcome the possible destruction of all land and life. In the "Purification," the ills of Mother Earth will be healed.

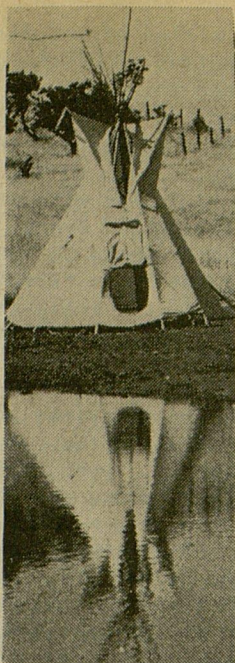
The degree of violence and natural catastrophe this involves will be determined by the degree of inequity among the peoples of the world and within the balance of nature. In this crisis, the rich and poor will be forced to struggle as equals to survive. The violence can be lessened by improving the treatment of nature and each other.

The white man's system, now working to destroy the Hopi, is deeply involved in similar violations throughout the world. The devastating reversal predicted in the prophecies is part of the natural order. If those of us who live in that system can manage to stop it from destroying Hopi, then many may be able to survive the Day of Purification and enter a new age of peace.

The white man, through insensitivity to the way of Nature and lack of regard for spiritual path, is desecrating the face of Mother Earth. The white man's desire for material possessions and power has blinded him to the pain he is causing Mother Earth by his quest for what he calls natural resources. The waters, the soil and the air are polluted. Living things and the things that support life have been viewed as objects to be used and consumed. And the path of the Great Spirit has become difficult to see by almost all people, even many Indians, who have chosen instead to follow the path of the white man.

* * *

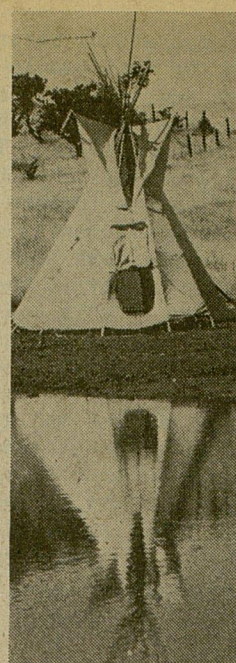
Recent developments and re-evaluation of facts show that nuclear technology threatens life on our planet with extinction like nothing before. Thousands of tons of radioactive materials, whether



released by nuclear explosions, "normal" reactor emission and spills, or mishandling of wastes, are now dispersing through the environment. These material wastes are potent virtually forever and continue to accumulate every day. The air we breathe, the food we eat, and the water we drink is becoming contaminated enough with radioactive pollutants to create a health hazard far greater than anything humanity has ever experienced.

Plutonium, one of the most carcinogenic substances known (one dust-sized particle will cause cancer) remains poisonous for half a million years. Found naturally only in minute amounts in a remote region of Africa, plutonium is produced as a waste product from uranium in a nuclear reactor in quantities of 400 to 500 pounds a year. There are no safe methods of disposal or long-term storage of any radioactive waste, and it is unlikely that any can be developed.

Nuclear power plants are spreading throughout the world. There are now over 360 nuclear reactors



ALICE FLORES

in thirty countries. Like all capitalist industries, nuclear power must keep expanding into new markets. The expansion now is to Third World countries, because of the loss of United States and European markets. In the United States, increased costs, slightly decreasing demand for electricity, and increasing public awareness of unsolved safety questions, have caused a sharp decline in the orders for new reactors. European and other advanced capitalist countries are no longer ordering new reactors because of strong anti-nuclear opposition. (In Sweden, anti-nuclear forces voted out the government that had been in power for 44 years.) In order for the capitalist producers of nuclear reactors (General Electric and Westinghouse) to survive, it has become necessary to export reactors to Third World countries where political opposition is suppressed.

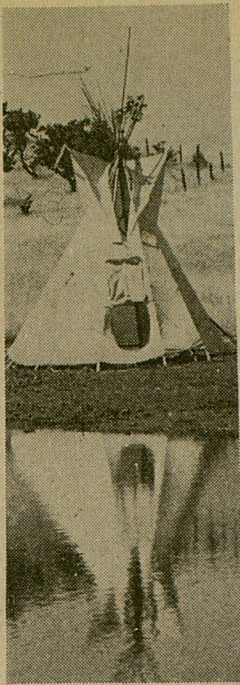
Nuclear power is central to Third World governments' electrification programs, which serve the wealthier classes in the cities by providing the power for industrialization, increasing the market for American goods, and propagating American culture. All of this tends to erode the natural way of life of the native peoples. It also feeds the United States based corporations who make all the profits.

Every country that gets a nuclear power plant gets a potential source of nuclear weapons-grade materials. India was the first to demonstrate this in 1974, and other nations are likely to test their own nuclear bombs. This proliferation of nuclear weapons increases the likelihood of nuclear war. Only the threat of such a war can overshadow the dangers of nuclear power. A reactor meltdown could kill 50,000 people and contaminate thousands of square miles. A war fought with nuclear weapons would put an end to civilization as we know it and could cause the total annihilation of life on earth. For the planet and all life on her to be safe, the use of both nuclear power and nuclear weapons must be stopped.

The disaster that has been feared for years in other parts of the country has already occurred in the Southwest, where uranium mining has brought about the death through cancer of twenty-five out of a total of one hundred Navajo miners in the Kerr-McGee mines at Red Rock, New Mexico. These were the first uranium mines in the United States and therefore the first uranium mines in which workers developed cancer. Uranium mining has also poisoned the wells in several areas and has caused serious birth defects in infants at Laguna Pueblo, the site of the largest uranium mine on earth. Over four million tons of tailings (the wastes from uranium mining and milling which constantly emit radiation) are piled on Navajo land. (The Hopi Nation is surrounded by the larger Navajo Nation.) Uninformed of the dangers, Navajo people have used tailings in building homes and schools. Radioactive tailings' dust blows all over, and lung cancer, once rare among Indians, is now prevalent. Native American people, more than any others, have suffered the impact of nuclear development.

The Dene Nation of Northern Canada believes that uranium is the strongest thing known and that it is keeping this earth alive. If it is taken out of its natural place in the earth, the Dene believe that destruction will surely result.

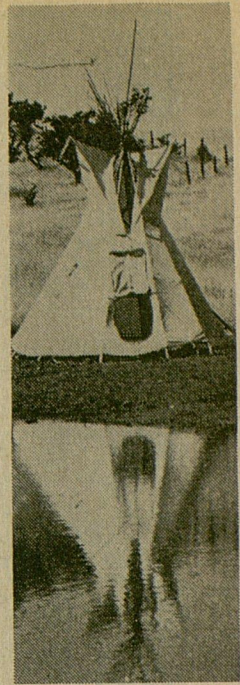
This is a prophecy told by a Yanamano/Maquiritari Indian from the jungles of Northeast Venezuela: "Among my people, near the country where we live, there are some mountains, a range of mountains. They are sacred mountains. One is bear, one is monkey, and one is bird. For many, many years, since before the white people existed, our spiritual people have gone to these mountains. No one is allowed to go for any other reason. There is much power in those mountains. Elders always speak of a dangerous material to be used only a little at a time, as medicine. Some rocks they bring back, black rocks, are used in ceremonies.



We are told in our tradition that if those mountains were ever disturbed, that it would cause much misfortune, a deathly rain that would flood everything and kill the people. At that time only those who follow the old way would survive, they would turn into birds and fly to the mountain tops."

Several years ago some geologists discovered uranium in those mountains. They have drilled exploration holes and now they intend to start mining. The Native people are worried. They see that the exploitation is about to begin and fear the destruction will begin soon.

The growing threat of nuclear technology is the most important issue that all the people of the world must consider. The forces we must face are formidable, but the alternative is annihilation. Still, according to the Hopi, the white man-made system cannot be stopped by any means that requires one's will to be forced upon another. That is the source of the problem.



One does not have to be of the Hopi Nation to live the Hopi Way. All who believe in and are confident in the Hopi Way can follow the same road. The ultimate hope and help for the oppressed Native peoples, say the prophesies, will come from the light-skinned people themselves; from the sons and daughters of the oppressors. Survival is up to each of us to consider. All people on Earth are responsible for holding the key to survival. Each of us needs to personally accept this responsibility.

We need to work in several directions simultaneously. We need to inform people about what is happening around them and encourage them to prepare for the future. We need to join with all colors and communities of people to stop nuclear technology, an issue which threatens us all. The power of a united and aroused public is unbeatable. At the same time we need to learn how to live with the land without white man's harmful technology. We need to understand and practice spiritualism as the highest form of politics. We need to understand the effects of radiation and develop our psychic powers to learn how to neutralize radiation's effects in our bodies. And we need to learn how to use our psychic powers to affect world events.

We need to look to Native people's traditional way of life and values for guidance and inspiration. They are the original people of this continent. Guided by their spiritual principles, they have lived a way of life that is in harmony with Mother Earth for a very, very long time. Ancient spiritual-based communities in harmony with Nature and Mother Earth, such as the Hopi, must especially be protected, and not forced to abandon their way of life and the natural resources which their lives depend on. The rights of the traditional peoples to survive as a people

must be recognized and supported. The policies of cultural and physical genocide must be stopped, by first stopping all further uranium and other mining, and industrial development, on their land.

We must keep an awareness of what is going on, especially through these frightening times. As Purification approaches, we can use our energies creatively if we know that there is meaning in what is happening and feel the relationship to a larger pattern of healing and growth. ♀

Sources and Resources:

Akwesasne Notes, A Journal for Natural and Native Peoples, Mohawk Nation via Roosevelttown, New York 13683, and their publications: *HOPi: A Message for All People* (\$1.00), *A Basic Call To Consciousness, The Haudenosaunee (Six Nations)* and *Address to the Western World* (\$2.00).

Techqua Ikachi Publications (newsletter of the traditional Hopi), Box 174, Hotevilla, Arizona 86030.

Friends of the Hopi, Box 1852, Flagstaff, Arizona 86002.

Land and Life, 1116 Bates Street, Los Angeles, California 90029.

Nuclear Madness, Dr. Helen Caldicott, Autumn Press Inc., 25 Dwight Street, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146, \$3.95.

Peter Mathiesson, *Journeys to Hopi: National Sacrifice Area in Rocky Mountain Magazine*, July/August 1979.

"Five Hundred Mile Island: The Philippine Nuclear Deal", Volume X, Number 1 of *Pacific Research*, magazine of the Pacific Studies Center, 867 West Dana, #204, Mountain View, California, \$1.50.



DIALOGUE BETWEEN

BY BABA

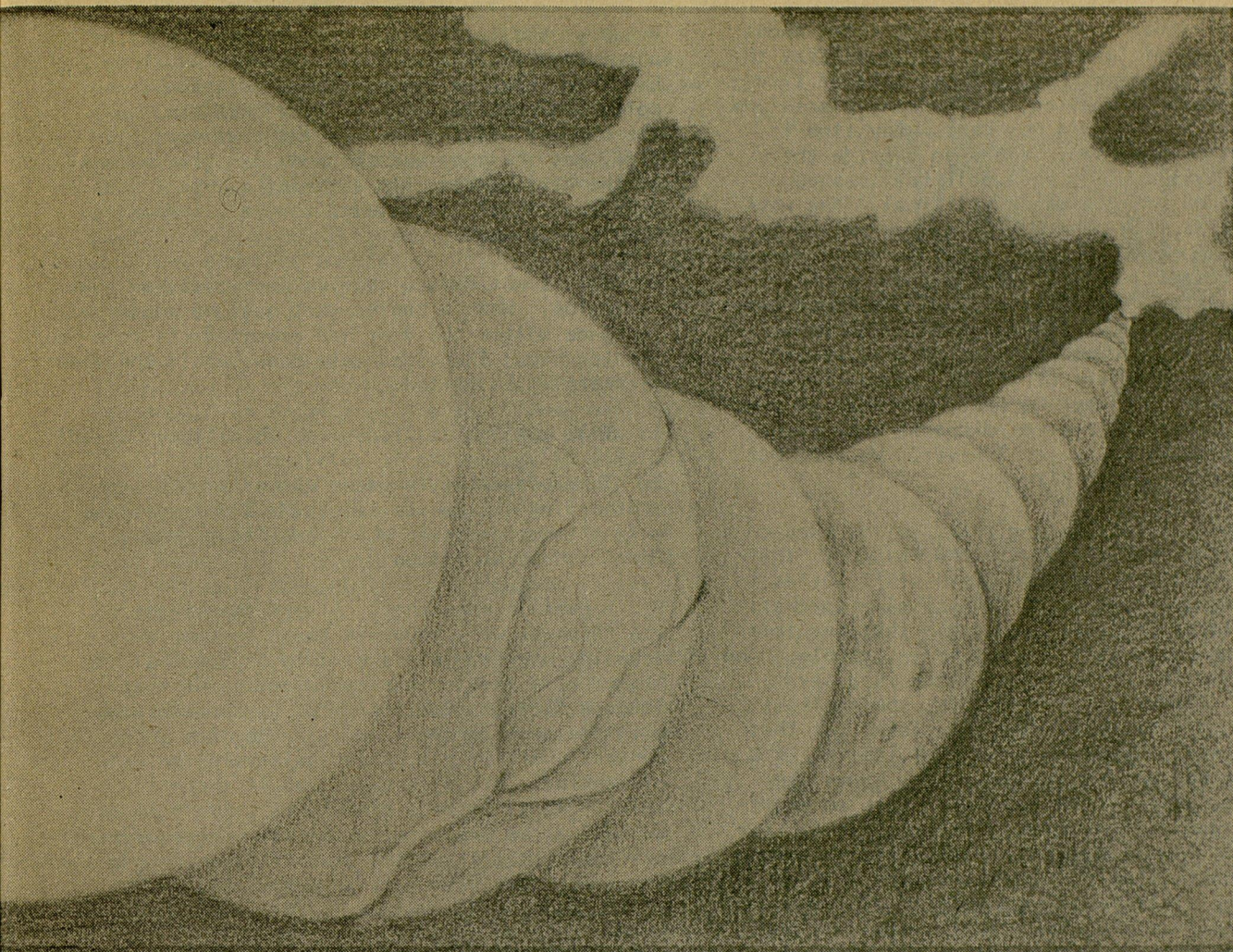
*(What follows are excerpts from a long exchange between Sally Gearhart, author of *The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women* (Persephone Press, 1978) and myself, Baba Copper, co-founder of the Union of Feminist Utopian Futurists. When pressed for an explanation of my identification, I usually reply like this: "Future studies are explorations of possibilities for the future. Since I am a feminist, I will not deal with any image of the future which ignores female values and needs. The word "utopian" has not always been synonymous with unrealistic. Positive feminist predictions are my thing."*

*The reader of this dialogue who has not yet experienced *The Wanderground* should know that the women's culture envisioned by Gearhart is predicated on unity between women and Nature. The potential latent within the psychic explorations of feminists at the present time is extrapolated*

into the realization of sufficient power to limit, if not eradicate, rapist violence to the Earth and women in the countryside.

B: Many women who have read *The Wanderground* find in it a blueprint for a woman designed r/evolution. Do you personally feel attracted to attempts to translate aspects of *The Wanderground* into the present?

S: Of course. What is the connection between our real lives and fantasy? I've been asked that question a hundred times. The function fantasy has for me is that it gives me something to look at while I am stepping forward, taking the first step toward it. But the minute I make that first step is the moment that the whole vision changes, so that then I have another vision to step toward, and then some other elements alter again. What fantasy does is to give us an environment,



CARMEN GOODYEAR

TWO FUTURISTS

a matrix, within which we can move. That doesn't mean that it is going to come true. As a matter of fact, *Wanderground* will never happen like we envision it, ever. Visions are to make us begin to think of those possibilities. That is the secret word - possibilities, alternatives. Once we begin thinking in that mode we alter our present reality as we begin to change our lives to get there.

B: I agree. Also, I think that because we are part of a reactive movement - the women's movement being a response to the patriarchy - we have become entrapped in male constructs. We've been so busy with the appropriately negative reactions to our oppression that we have not been able to put energy into our own definitions of where we want to be. A Rape Center in every hamlet is not going to solve the problem of rape. We have to imagine a world *without* rape. There

is no way to get from here to there if we don't know where there is, and what it is like. Visualizing our own possible futures plays back into the politics we participate in now.

S: How do you handle it when people say that writing fantasy or sitting back and speculating or painting pictures is not political, but retreatist. It's so hard to keep having to justify our work as political.

B: The stance which says, in essence, "I'm political and you're not," is a defensive one. You have to recognize that the woman who makes this judgment is insecure about her own politics. I don't have a good way of dealing with it. Sometimes I get mad, or withdraw. However, we have to keep pushing against those male definitions of what is political.

S: The personal is political. You asked about the function of fantasy. The struggles that the Hill Women have are precisely the kind of struggles we should be having, and in many places *are* having, in the women's movement. Any time I reach out to you; any time I go outside the shell of myself, I am in a political stance. What goes on between us is political. The ways we criticize each other. The way we relate to conflict amongst us, while still maintaining some kind of respect, so that we don't go around trashing each other. One of the most important points in *The Wanderground* was the "gatherstretch" (A conferring between hundreds of Hill Women separated by hundreds of miles), where they say to each other, "Always we must know that we can separate, even splinter or disperse one-by-one, for a little while or for forever. We rest our unity on that possibility."

B: I found it fascinating that, in the chapter *A Time to Sing*, you dealt with the issue of "thinking incorrectly." We have great difficulties in the movement around being "politically correct." In the story, Troja is frightened that her lover is not making contact and may be in trouble. She thinks invasion of the City, which is a war thought. Almost instantaneously, she realizes that not only has she "torn the cloth" but that thinking such a thought, in and of itself, is a danger to her and her sisters. She knows she must sing, which is the healing. It's so exciting that you deal with being responsible for our thoughts. Should you get up and preach a sermon about "Controlling our inner thoughts and not projecting violence on each other," everyone would have a lot of difficulty with it. And yet that concept is central to the source of the extraordinary powers of the Hill Women. By not slipping into the violent and comparative thinking, which is the norm under patriarchy, they are able to sustain the altered states which allow telepathy or teleportation.

S: That is the function of fantasy. Art moves people in ways that simply telling them in an expository way never will.

One of the first stories I wrote had the word "scanner." It had come out of the creative process, so I thought, "Well, it's there." But it bothered me. It was one of the few words and concepts I changed, from "scanner" to "spanner." It was clear to me that what must not happen in "mindstretch" is invasion. That was the reason for all the "enfoldment." Every time I "mindstretch" to you, I don't invade you. I put a womb around you that says, "I want to talk to you. Will you talk to me?" and you, if you are open, will. But never, never probe. So much of male science fiction I read involves getting inside somebody's mind and probing around. No one has the right to get inside another person's mind without their permission. Women enfold each other, creating vessels around each other. There is no inherent violence in this model of female communication.

Wanderground is more about violence than it is about anything else. The issues of invasion; handling anger in interpersonal relations; not doing violence to animals. For instance, how the big cat can, indeed, in the course of its life, eat the pony and the pony can give herself to the cat. I know I'm a romantic, but I want a deer that is killed to *want* to die. I know that's crazy but...

B: That's not crazy. Native Americans had that tradition. When a hunter went out, he would not get game unless the deer had accepted its role in feeding him. Then, and only then, would the deer be there to be killed.

S: That was the attitude with which they hunted?

B: They addressed the deer directly: "Little brother, my village is hungry." Those were the *only* circumstances in which a kill was made. There was no violation.

S: I guess I knew that. Always the bigger or the stronger will have the power to take away from the weaker. Who are we to expect that the bigger will develop the ethic not to do that. Science fiction, for instance, is shot through with the male conquest model. They are going to control every planet, every galaxy in the name of mankind. It is assumed that if there is no intelligent life on a planet, it will be raped by taking the minerals, using its waters, experimenting with its animals - as if it were only the intellect that was worth communicating with. If it is really true that men cannot see it any other way than to conquer, then the male is an aberration and the male has to go.

B: You play in an interesting way between a feminist utopian vision and a masculist dystopia that is repellent.

S: In *The Wanderground* the City is very close to our present reality, although women now *do* have the freedom to get together and get "re-sourcement" there, without having to come back to the country. But when I see how women are drugged and put away in institutions now! We are so close to having "breeder homes!"

B: Well, we're living through the disintegration of the patriarchy. As it falls apart, it is bound to be very ugly. Right now it is difficult for an independent woman to survive in the country.

S: Some do like I do, which is to work nine months at three full time jobs - eighteen and nineteen hours a day, in order to recuperate for two and a half months in the country. Now, there are other women who are able to spend most of the time in the country and only a little time in the city, or maybe no time at all. Part of me wants to preach to those women and say, "You've got to stay in contact with that patriarchal energy or we will lose our vision of what it is we are fighting!" It is a huge dilemma for me. Do

I really believe that a circle of women on a hilltop in the country doing a ritual to "protect" the women in the city - is that enough of a political purpose? Who am I to tell those women that they have to pick up and spend time doing "legitimate" politics in the city? One part of me wants to say that the work they are doing is much more the heart of the political issue than what we are doing in the city. On the other hand, I look at myself, and I know that I am inexorably drawn to the city. I love my teaching, my involvement with city politics and with the women's studies program.

B: One of the things we have to take into consideration is the new demographic shift from urban growth to rural area growth. Women must develop political and practical bridges which reflect real recognition of the change in possibilities around issues of survival. We need to be more explicit about "how we would do it, projecting with real confidence the reality we know we must have. For instance, don't we have to find some way soon to socialize our daughters into being lesbians?

S: I despair, because the mechanisms of socialization are so powerful that by the time a daughter gets old enough to get anything out of the television she watches, no amount of a mother's desires will make any difference.

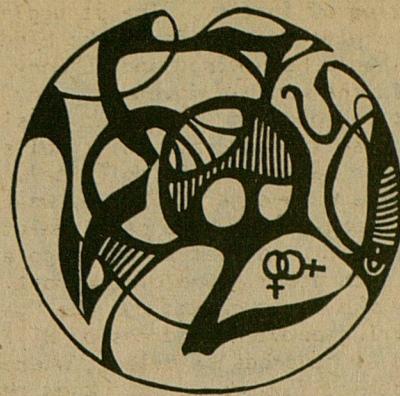
B: But don't we have to create intentional communities of women who come together to raise their daughters to be political lesbians, in communities large enough to supply their full social needs? Am I not talking about *Wanderground*?

S: You know, first I thought, "What a far out idea - I never thought of that!" And when you said *Wanderground*, I realized, of course, that it's true and I hadn't realized it.

The analogue to *Wanderground* is in your paintings. That kind of writing and your paintings are the same texture. Your commentary and my political thinking and speaking are another mode.

B: Both painting and speculative fiction come from the right brain and speak to the whole brain. I believe that we have to find ways to be able to communicate better between those aspects of ourselves which have been cut off as the result of patriarchal prohibitions and misnamings.

Part of what we need to do is to start to listen differently. How can I be passionate about what is happening, what we have to do to change, if I can only say it obliquely, through art? I have been robbed of part of my voice. Yet most of us can't stand to listen to humanistic preaching any more - we don't trust it. Speaking of this, there is something I have heard you do that I admire a lot, that is not really allowed. It is very important that we identify the edges of what is allowed! Sometimes, when you are making a speech, you light up with a kind of fervor and



TORIA RHEA

"realspeak" in relation to values.

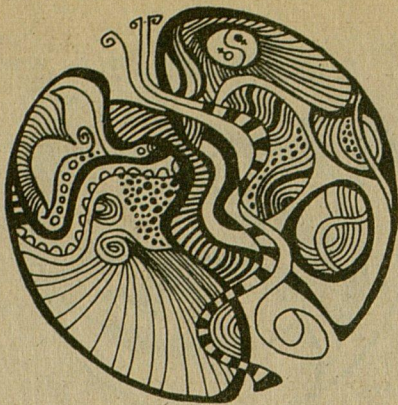
S: Tell me what you mean exactly.

B: By "realspeak" I mean that you get to what is forbidden. You are able to talk with real passion. What you really believe in comes up out of you.

S: But if I identify correctly those times you are talking about, what I usually do is preface what I want to say with something that will soften it, like "What if..." or "Sometimes I think..." I soften it to show that I know better. I protect myself. But you are right, and indeed those are the times when I am saying the things that are the most important to me. I feel like I have not only been closeted as a lesbian; I've been in the closet as a kook. I have been more frightened of people calling me a kook for my crazy ideas, my fantasies, my visions, even telling my dreams. You said that you thought that this had something to do with being a woman?

B: I do. I believe that women function mentally in a different way than men. One of the ways we have been silenced has been by being afraid to show the magnitude of our differences in priorities, differences in associational patterns, in the complexity of our thoughts. Since the definition of normalcy has always been male, the way we really see things - the way we function mentally - is then named abnormal, unrealistic, crazy. One of the things that women must develop is the kind of protection women can give each other around "being crazy." Maybe some of what will come out will be truly crazy, but a lot of it will be that unknown ingredient that we have so much trouble identifying: the seeing that isn't male seeing, the naming that isn't male naming. It is so difficult separating out our own knowledge. One of the ways we can get to it is by feeling free to "be crazy."

S: How can we do that? You can do it here, by yourself or with your friends. I can do it in Willits, by myself or with my friends. But try doing that in the city!



TORIA RHEA

B: Well, future visions are a category which allows us some leeway in the definition of sanity. It is one of those edge categories. The question is, how do we break out of those categories into our own naming? Their categories are ways to keep us safe.

S: In *The Wanderground* there are places called the caves of the mothers. I haven't explored them yet but I know that they are there and that there's a whole story attached to them. I know that the women, when they come from the City after heavy experiences of being hunted or the like, are all insane. They go to the caves of the mothers and I have the idea that they do nothing but shriek or else they are very quiet. The activity that goes on there is nothing but holding. Women just hold each other. That's all they do.

B: And dream?...

S: And dream. It seems to be one of the most important places in the *Wanderground* that I don't know about yet. It is true, the definitions of insanity are man's. I allow people to know about my little eccentricities, but the real crazy ideas, no.

B: Unfortunately, there seems to be something akin to fashions or tastes in communication which women fall into without analyzing them. Right now there doesn't seem to be the space that trust can make in which to be passionate with each other about what we see as necessary change. And you don't dare try to claim that space.

S: I describe that trust factor as a matrix that we have to have in order to hear each other. For instance, I have had a tremendous change in my public speaking attitude. For ten years I did a lot of speaking for the church. I always thought of myself as penetrating the audience with my message. Recently, every time I face an audience, I think in terms of us all being together in a womb. However hostile we may be to each other, whatever differences there may be among us, we are all in it together. It is important to me what comes back to me non-verbally - the visual dialogue that goes on. Although I have

the power of the verbal space, it is more of an interacting atmosphere. Maybe the secret to the preaching that you and I both want to be able to do is being open to hearing back - the ear, the vessel.

B: We need two ways of listening: one, the way we do as we stumble along surviving in the patriarchy; the other, the listening we give each other. We need to be able to recognize our own fantasies as teaching tales, like but unlike those of ancient Sufi tradition. We need to be able to see the tarnished, unfashionable preaching of values as an analytical necessity for women.

You use non-words in *Wanderground* in an effective way. You have really been able to indicate new conceptual frameworks with non-words such as "earthbreath." But I don't understand your creative process well enough. Did the concept come first, or did the words come and you grocked them? (To grock, from science-fiction, meaning to assimilate meaning intuitively without translation.)

S: I have tried not to coin words consciously. That is such a temptation. The way it happens is that I get to a place where I want to say something but there is no word for it. What I *think* I do is to visualize motions - actions that are involved. Somehow the connotations of the words which represent those actions bring down another meaning. The terms "softself/hardself" would be an example of this. That's *really* the Marxist dichotomy between the material world and the ideal world. But the way I came upon that in the Clana story was that I was trying to differentiate between the dirt that she had in her hands and the rabbits and groundhogs she was remembering and imagining. I said, "What are the characteristics of this dirt?". The dirt was real - hard. The creatures were not hard, they were intangible. That meant softer than hard. "Softself" came out of that. I try to feel out the kinesthetic or visual elements of the things I want to express, and then read the connotations of the descriptive words.

B: Sounds like you write like a painter.

S: You said new conceptual frameworks come from the words. That is what words do - they generate new meanings.

B: Well, never forget, "First there was the Word."

S: I can't think of myself as a writer. I think of myself as a teacher. And I've recently come to think of myself as a political activist. But fiction writing - Baba, you must know this - or maybe you don't...

B: I am not a fiction writer.

S: Well, it's so much fun, even though it is work! I open myself up and there is a whole

world which I can jump into at any point. For instance, I thought I wanted to have the character Alaka go visit her friend Seja. That was all I really needed. I hoped by the end of the first paragraph that I would have them together. But no. All this other stuff of going under the water and holding her breath and "lonthing" and talking to the fish and talking to the trees had to come first. It was physically impossible to write of them together until I had gone through all of it. It's not that the creative process seizes me and says, "Write about this." But given the fact that I want to get from A to B, the creative process dictates that I go through A¹, A², A³ etc. first.

Also, when I read back over *Wanderground* I find a lot which is derivative from other writers, sometimes even ones I haven't read yet. For instance, I'm going to read *Herland*, (a feminist utopian fantasy written by Charlotte Perkins Gilman in 1915), and when I read it, I know I will realize that I have derived from it. In the same way that there are hundreds of women who have tied into *Wanderground*, or someplace like it, without ever having read it. *Wanderground* stimulates those fantasies and affirms the fact that we all have them and that they must be expressed.

B: Expressed and exchanged. The words being one of the ways to create the reality.

S: At the same time, my writing is also filtered through my own experience. In the *Sisterblood* story, where Ono has the dog whose limbs are hurt. When I was a child, I had a Dalmatian who was hit by a car. I remember sitting up all night, holding that dog. When I was writing the story, I had an image that the dog had to be healed by blood. I hit upon "backstretching" to the day Ono lost her wisdom tooth. I was writing about how my own wisdom teeth bled when it suddenly came to me that there was a much richer source of blood - nosebleeds. I personally never have nosebleeds, but there was a woman I went all the way through grade school with whose nose would bleed at the drop of a hat. We'd stand around watching her blood pour out on the greasy floor. So that story was right out of the memories of my childhood.

Let me tell you what is coming out at this point. It has to do with "spooning," which is what women do. It is not so much sex as it is sleeping together that I think is important. "Spoonning" is, of course, sleeping together like nested spoons. I think the women have some kind of ritual by which, through "spooning," they can get into incredible places in their dreams. I don't know what is going to happen when I get back to it, but I'll find out. I am simply tapping into the landscape of *Wanderground*.

B: I have talked to women who said, "I'm reading *Wanderground*. I just let myself have one story a day. If I read it too fast, then I won't have it to look forward to." Women are really listening to it at a whole new level.

S: That's because it is something that we have all always known. *We have always known* that we could do these things, that we could relate in these ways. Only we've never been allowed to let it happen.

B: Most futurists, in the canonical sense of the word, are either science-fiction writers - with their visions of conquest and violence, or corporate futurists who talk about technological solutions, growth and profit, or academic futurists who project models of disintegration through pollution, scarcity and competition.

Future studies are now central to corporate and government planning - they all have their "think tanks." Our destinies are being caught into an ever accelerating futurist orientation, because that is the way that computerized managerial structures of greater and greater complexity must function.

S: Then isn't there implicit in what you are saying a criticism of future thinking. Isn't it devastating that this is being done to us? Why not live in the present?

B: There isn't anyone living only in the present. To the degree that our *image* of the future has been captured by their projections, to that extent *only* are our destinies captive and our present affected.

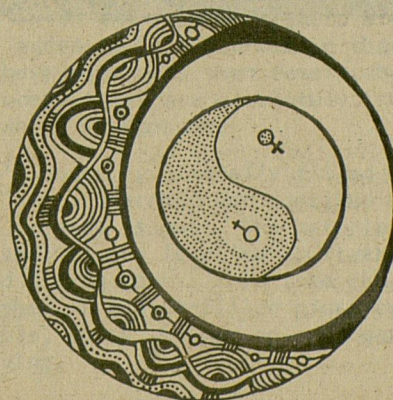
S: And the function of feminist fantasy has to do with women taking control of our own future.

B: Yes, remember, there are *no* future facts. ♀

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, *Herland*, (Panther Books, New York 1979).

Persephone Press, P. O. Box 7222, Watertown, Ma. 02172.

The Feminist Press, P. O. Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568.



TORIA RHEA



LYNN WEINERMAN

WOMAN AGAINST POISONS

by Lynda Ford

Change in society happens when the individual makes a motion. It's hard to see that that is true in these times of enormous technological complexity. It's hard to remember even that society is made up of individuals capable of making moves. This is because societal organization in the forms of bureaucratic structures are huge and impersonal. They run, once established, on their own momentum, interested primarily in perpetuation of their own lives, and perhaps, secondarily, in providing services to faceless segments of the population. Perhaps, in fact, providing disservices.

Betty Lou Whaley is a woman who lives with her husband on the coast of Mendocino County in Northern California. In 1972, she discovered that the blackberries growing wild along the roadside which she and her husband had been picking and eating, as one of the pleasant experiences of their new rural environment, had been sprayed the previous day by a roadside maintenance crew.

Betty Lou can be characterized as a woman of conviction. She is certain of her values and unwilling to allow wrongs to pass unnoticed. She emphasizes how difficult it was to find out the nature of the chemical with which the berries had been sprayed. She was assured by an official of the county Department of Public Works, the organization responsible for controlling growth along county roadsides, that the substance which had been sprayed was "safe as table salt and legal."

In fact, Betty Lou ultimately determined that the chemical being sprayed was named amino triazole and it is a determined carcinogen, not registered for use on any food. It is, however, effective in killing weeds. Betty Lou points out that people pick the blackberries and go home and make jam, then eat a little every day, "just the right way to eat a carcinogen."

Betty Lou proceeded to petition the county Board of Supervisors with 460 signatures from her immediate area asking for an Environmental Impact Report before further roadside spraying could be continued. The supervisors could see no reason for such action. In fact, all the supervisors then serving said they used it themselves and that without it "nobody would have any vegetables."

Finally, through a friend and the aid of a state assemblyman, the State Attorney General's office was asked for an opinion and that was that the

county must do an EIR before any further spraying could be done. Betty Lou says that the county has not done such a report during the past six years and presumably has not sprayed since. But that edict applied only to that particular county agency, one of a number of possible users of poisonous materials to kill unwanted plant life.

We've become sensitized over the past few years to what's being added to our food directly. This has affected our buying and is reflected by many manufacturers now producing products which bear declarations of containing no preservatives. But what about the hidden additives contained in our food either by direct contact through spraying, by way of the water supply or simply by means of drift in the air?

There are so many chemicals being used to kill so many unwanted animals and plants in order to produce supposedly better crops of plants that are deemed desirable, that Betty Lou calls the situation a "potpourri" of poisons or "poison stew."

She refers to "our poisoned food" in an ironic, even cynical tone, but at the same time, as I walked into her house, I encountered sacks of organic grains in the hallway and later she showed me a concrete bread oven which she had constructed herself and which she uses to bake weekly supplies of bread for herself and her husband. She showed me sorghum which she was trying as a replacement for the molasses she used in baking bread, but about which she had become suspicious of possible residuals as indicated by what she called a "yucky" smell and taste. "Residuals" are a current area of Betty Lou's research. These are the chemicals which are either deliberately or inadvertently added to food sources in their growing state. These chemicals then remain through refining processes and are ultimately included in the food which we consume.

Betty Lou's house is literally filled with data which she has researched and compiled on herbicides and related issues. The material spills from bookshelves and is piled in stacks in her living and dining room. This time there was also a gopher in a dirt-filled glass cage on the dining table, which she, as an avid gardener, was observing.

Betty Lou has compiled more information on the area of herbicides, their uses and effects, than perhaps any other individual in the country. Be-

ginning with the blackberry incident, she began in her thorough and no-nonsense fashion to probe and pry out all the available data she could encounter and to amass it and correlate it in her own home. She had become an invaluable resource, both the grounding and motivating force in a grassroots political action which culminated in a highly successful voter response at a special election against herbicides in June of this year.

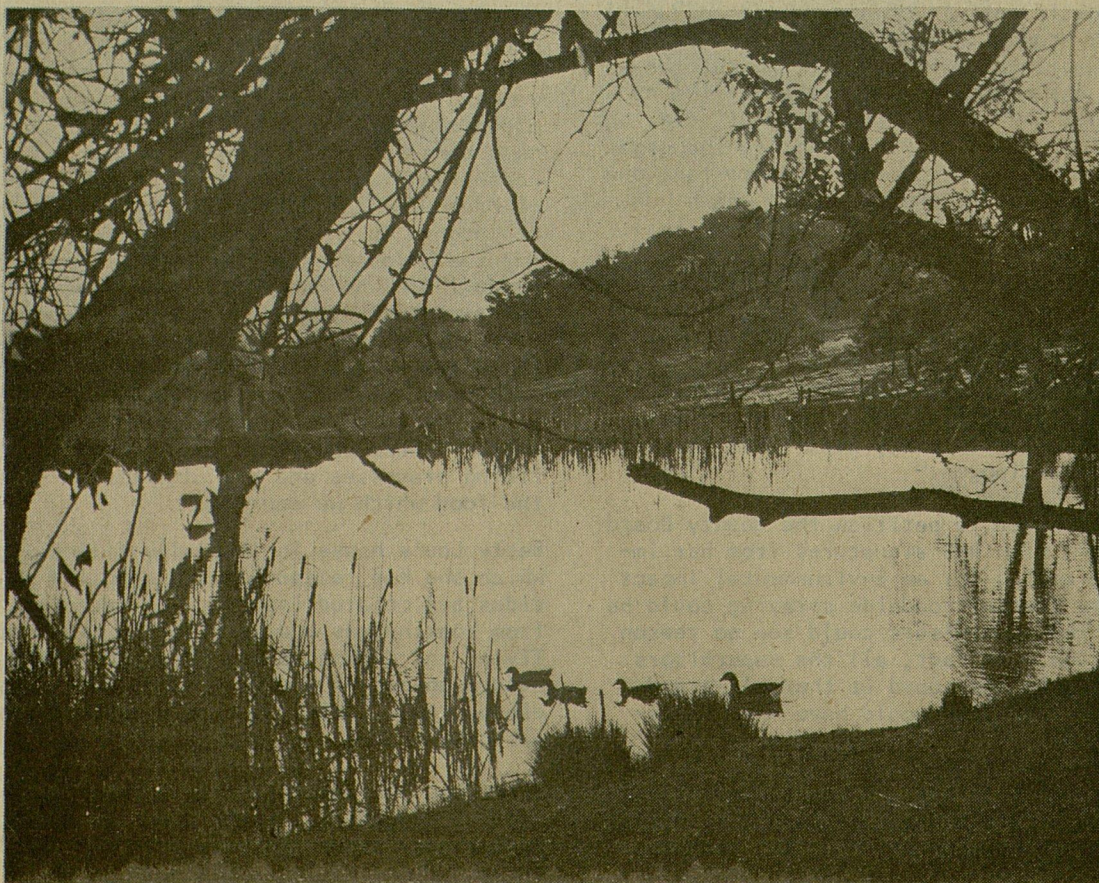
California shares with some other states an invaluable political tool. It is called the initiative measure. It represents the only instance of direct democracy functional in this nation. It is a means by which voters may generate legislation and bring it to a ballot and vote it into law, without the help of any elected official, without any lobbying, petitioning or politicking. It is a process whereby x% of the signatures of those who voted in the last state gubernatorial election must be collected during x period and verified, whereupon the county must put the issue to the voters. If a majority of the voters vote in favor of the issue, then it becomes law.

After six years of a variety of attempts - including pleas, letters, public "input," petitions, a threatened lawsuit, participation in an "investigation team," and lobbying for a state Senate bill - to control the use of herbicides, Betty Lou and some other concerned citizens formed an organization called Citizens Against the Aerial Application of Phenoxy Herbicides (CAAPH), with the express purpose of drafting an ordinance to

be presented to the voters in the form of an initiative measure.

Aerial application of herbicides is an especially insidious form of their use because of drift, in which the poisons are blown off their target and land on crops, animals and families of unsuspecting neighbors. The dioxin contained in these phenoxy herbicides has been determined to cause miscarriages, birth defects and cancer. Humans are affected not only by direct contact, but by residuals in food animals such as deer and fish, which are contaminated, and also by seepage of the poisons into the water supply. These materials are widely used in northern California, as well as many other areas of the country, because of the extensive timber industry. Lumber companies defoliate unwanted brush and hardwood in order to promote growth of pay-crop evergreens. It's supposedly the cheapest and most efficient way to deal with unwanted growth.

CAAPH used a TV documentary titled "The Politics of Poison" produced by Channel 4 in San Francisco showing birth defects in children living in northern California where herbicides have been used regularly, to draw voter attention. Reference was made to "Agent Orange," a phenoxy herbicide which was being used in Vietnam for the purpose of defoliation in the pursuit of the Viet Cong, and which contains the same deadly substance, dioxin. It was withdrawn by the armed forces before the end of the Vietnam war as "too toxic."



KAREN GOTTSTEIN

Betty Lou's figures show that 7189 signatures were collected in the county over a six month period and 5100 were verified, which qualified the measure for the ballot. A one-issue, special election was called and 43% of the voters turned out and voted 8644 yes to 4980 no. Hence, the measure passed into law in this one county. This is the first county in the nation to use the initiative process to ban the aerial application of phenoxy herbicides. CAAPH spent about \$21,000 collected through benefits around the county, which, according to Betty Lou breaks down to \$1.39 for every yes vote, and "worth every penny."

Betty Lou said that she has recently been in contact with representatives of groups in two counties in Arkansas which attempted to ban herbicide use. Opposition there was organized by the Cattlemen's Association, with the help of Dow Chemical. When I was surprised at this opposition, Betty Lou explained to me that about half of the land area in this country is classified as rangeland. It is not, however, naturally occurring grassland as much as brushland. In order that the growth of grasses for cattle feed will be promoted, brush is killed by the use of herbicides. That means, of course, that cattle feeding on the resultant grasses are also consuming residuals of the herbicides used to allow for the existence of the feed.

The other organized action against the use of herbicides which Betty Lou knows of is that of Citizens Against Toxic Sprays in Oregon, which

undertook a lawsuit against the Forest Service on the basis of an inadequate Environmental Impact Report and did manage to stop spraying at that time. The reason for a lawsuit versus initiative action is that a much higher percentage of the land in Oregon is governmentally owned and therefore a suit could be a more effective tool.

Betty Lou said CAAPH had only expected to have impact on the spraying activities under the jurisdiction of county agencies. She was pleased to have learned recently that the county Agricultural Commissioner, in the wake of the victory of the initiative measure, had refused spraying permits to State Parks officials, which she felt suggested that the success of the ban might have a more far-reaching impact than its sponsors had anticipated.

I can't say whether Betty Lou is a visionary or a pragmatist or both. She certainly is realistic in her estimation of how widespread the problem is. She discusses corruption in state agencies matter-of-factly and while the picture mounts to what seemed to me to be almost insurmountable odds against really cleaning up our environment, Betty Lou, who helped to form a country-wide news service, remains unruffled and determined. An intelligent, articulate woman, who once taught woodworking to army enlisted men, she is not in-

timidated by those she characterizes as "do-nothing bureaucrats," but rather seems to view them more as fools who have to share quarters with the rest of us in a sewer of their own making.

She was particularly indignant when she told me about Monsanto, the fourth largest U.S. chemical company and a major developer of petroleum-based pesticides, planning to develop a line of ethical pharmaceuticals. It seems that in their research on the effects of pesticides on human tissue growth, including birth defects and cancer, they have begun to develop some chemical antidotes. Thus, while marketing a cause of these problems, they have also developed a market for a cure.

Betty Lou has received several requests for input and information since the success of the initiative measure. These include a pregnant woman in Massachusetts through whose property passes a utility company right-of-way on which she would like to stop spraying, the aforementioned two counties in Arkansas which would like Betty Lou to come there and give workshops on her strategy, a group concerned with roadside spraying in the Nevada City area of California, and an invitation to speak at a National Health Federation convention in San Francisco.

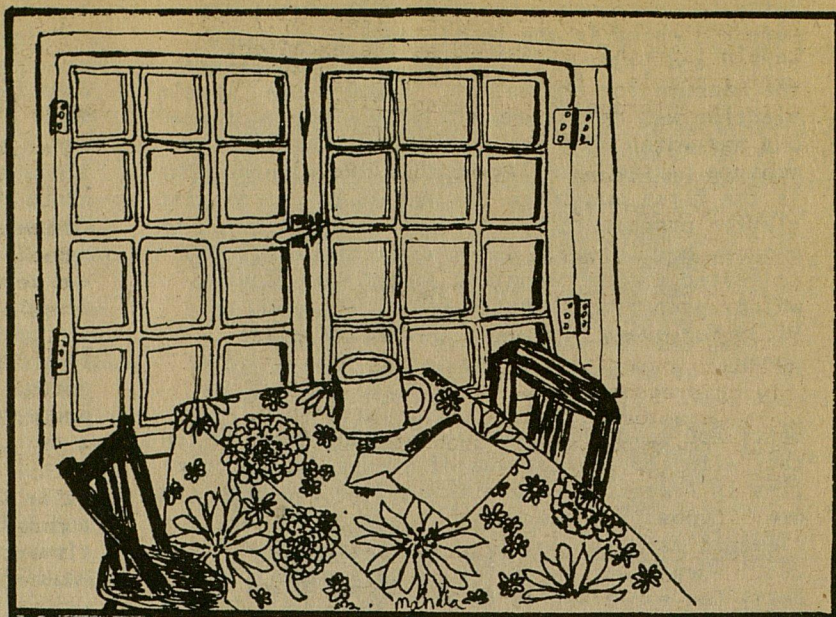
Betty Lou's advice for others following the same course, is that they "be scrupulously accurate and don't *ever* say anything that can't be backed up with a decent study. Seek the support of local unions and doctors by providing them with an annotated bibliography of scientific studies and with copies of any studies that interest them. Be prepared to speak to church and civic clubs - but don't waste time seeking their endorsements; most likely they receive donations from herbicide users, and they will never bite the hand that feeds them. Make good use of radio and TV which *must* allow time for public opinion. Don't *ever* debate "experts" - instead ask for equal time and make reasoned presentations. Ask the University Extension Advisors (or Agents) if they receive money from the Cattlemen's Association, the Farm Bureau or the Timber Grower's Association or other lobbies with vested interests in economic poisons, and inquire if their job descriptions allow them to lobby for the use of economic poisons."

A positive note of information which Betty Lou has recently received from the county Agricultural Commissioner is that federal agencies have been instructed to comply with local laws.

"You know," she commented as we finished our coffee by the backyard pond which she and her husband had dug to contain fish and crawdads as a food source, "there's something very interesting that I've noticed in contact with other groups around the country organizing against the use of pesticides and herbicides. I've found that the whole movement seems to be run by women." ♀

COURIERS: Women Writing Speculative Fiction

by Hyacinth J



MAHALA GREENBERG

A growing number of strong women writers are infiltrating the male-dominated realm of science fiction (or more appropriately called speculative fiction). These feminist visionaries are not creating escape literature, but a literature of dynamic challenge. They are creating a powerful magic for us by defining the future in feminist terms. Baba Copper, a feminist utopian futurist, has stated: "The future is shaped by our image of it. To see clearly the 'end-state' desired...is a political act, an act of power. The present is nothing more than the *point of action* between the past and the future." (Emphasis mine.)

As feminists, we are indeed the "point of action" between the past and the future. As is shown in Marge Piercy's novel, *Women on the Edge of Time*, a woman of present times, Connie, is befriended by Luciente, a woman from the future. Connie is able to visit the future with Luciente. Connie has been committed to a mental institution by her family and is living in an extremely frightening situation. Through her friendship with Luciente and the people of the future, she comes to see how her actions may affect the future. Connie gains the awareness and courage to take action that will not completely save her but will have far-reaching effect.

The strength of our future visions is an important tool. These strong women writing of their visions are emissaries/couriers from the future to strengthen our actions.

Susan Janice Anderson and Vonda N. McIntyre, eds. *Aurora: Beyond Equality*. (Fawcett.) An anthology of feminist and lesbian/feminist stories. A few of the best.

Marion Zimmer Bradley.

The Saga of Darkover. (DAW.) The Darkover series is a large collection of works about the planet Darkover. Complex and well written, each book stands alone. Of special interest to

feminists is *The Shattered Chain* about the free Amazons of Darkover.

The Ruins of Isis. (Pocket.) About the matriarchal planet Isis.

Dorothy Bryant.

The Kin of Ata are Waiting for You. (Moon Books/Random House, New York.) A very creative vision of a simple, agrarian, androgenous society in which dreams and rituals are the focus of the people.

Suzy McKee Charnas

Walk to the End of the World. (Ballantine Books, New York; Berkley Books, New York.)

Motherlines (Berkley.) An excellent two part study of a future where only a few have survived the holocaust: the women-hating white males, the "Fems" - their women slaves, and the Motherlines - the free women of the wilds. A must for lesbian/feminist futurists, but be warned, Ms. Charnas is very graphic. *Walk to the End of the World* will sicken, disgust and anger you.

Sally Gearhart.

The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women (Persephone Press, Watertown, Massachusetts.) (See "A Dialogue Between Two Futurists," this issue, page 24.)

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Herland. (Pantheon Books, New York.) A fantasy first published in 1915 about a utopian all-woman country.

Ursula K. LeGuin.

The Left Hand of Darkness. (Ace Books, New York.)

The Wind's Twelve Quarters. (Harper and Row, New York; Bantam Books, New York.)

The Earthsea Trilogy. (Bantam.)

Orsinian Tales. (Bantam.)

The Word for World is Forest. (Berkley.) Ms. LeGuin is highly acclaimed as the excellent writer she is. Food for thought and fantasy with an anthropological perspective.

Anne McCaffrey.

The Dragon Riders of Pern. (Del Rey.)

Dragonsinger. (Bantam.)

Dragonsong. (Bantam.)

Get Off the Unicorn. (Ballantine.)

To Ride Pegasus. (Sphere.) Ms. McCaffrey creates wonderful fantasy. Imagine intelligent flying dragons bonded for life with their riders in a loving telepathic relationship! McCaffrey's books will grab at your heart as well as your mind.

Andre Norton.

Judgement on Janus. (Harcourt, Brace & World.)

Victory on Janus. (Harcourt, Brace & World.)

Forerunner Foray. (Viking.)

Iron Cage. (Ace.) Norton usually writes for and is read by young people. Most of her work is male-oriented, but some of her newer work (as those above) have women as protagonists.

Marge Piercy.

Woman on the Edge of Time. Possibly the most important feminist novel of the era. If you

are a feminist and have not read this work - do so immediately!

Joanna Russ

The Female Man. (Bantam.)

And Chaos Died. (Berkley.)

Picnic on Paradise. (Ace Books, Berkley Books.) Russ is best known for *The Female Man*, a very intense work of interest to lesbian/feminists.

Pamela Sargent, ed.

Women of Wonder. (Vintage Books/Random House, New York.)

More Women of Wonder. (Vintage.)

The New Women of Wonder. (Vintage.) These three volumes are excellent collections of short stories. The third volume is quite lesbian/feminist oriented. The editor, Pam Sargent, presents much information about women's speculative fiction and includes long lists for further reading.

Mary Staton.

From the Legend of Biel. (Ace.) Staton is described as a brilliant new writer. This is her first work and it is superb. "...the story of the growth of consciousness - human and alien." A complex and absorbing work. ♀

WORLD IN OUR IMAGE

by Sunlight

"There is a constant give and take between each individual and his or her society; the divisions and characteristics of any particular civilization will be a perfect exterior representation of the overall attributes of the people within it, as they relate to one another and as they see themselves.

"The exterior dimensions are replicas of interior personal ones. The accomplishments, wars, difficulties and institutions are all 'after the event' - that is, they are outward actions of an inward existence..." Jane Roberts, *The Nature of Personal Reality*.

I begin with the premise that the man-made world in which we find ourselves is destructive to the

earth and to the beings - animal, vegetable and mineral - who inhabit her. Attempts to reform that world serve only to perpetuate it; therefore it must be replaced. It was made by and for men, out of male ways of thinking and doing, and leaves little room for women and for other species to flourish.

It is a world based on assumptions of violence, domination, exploitation and control, and these elements are reflected in the institutions man has devised. They are foreign to our womonnature, but we are so enmeshed in them that we don't even question some of these structures, while others seem impossible to change. Examples are: rape (where men violently inflict their will and their

bodies upon women, children, and sometimes other men); law and government (where those who hold the power decree what may and may not be done - even in a democracy working at its theoretical best, 1001 people decide what the other 1000 will do); schools (where children are forced to go to be separated from their own knowledge and are taught what to think, what to do, how to act); war (where men suspend their laws for a time to go out and kill each other and women and children and animals and plants and the earth at an accelerated rate with their most diabolical machines); competitive games (where the purpose is to beat someone else); business (a competitive game where the purpose is to amass as much money as possible); money and machines (which remove us from contact with what we create and with each other); marriage (which legalizes the ownership of women and children by men)...

The list is endless. Man's institutions and influences are everything that surrounds us and extend deep within us through what we have assimilated in the years of our lives and the centuries of civilization. We have been totally pervaded by their beliefs. The 5000 years of domination of our bodies by men is not nearly as serious as their domination of our minds - which enabled them to control our bodies and our lives.

Basic to patriarchal institutions are the male ways of thinking that give rise to them, thinking characterized by logic, yes or no, cause and effect, the scientific method. This male mentality has defined and controls the world we live in, limiting and distorting it. *As soon as we recognize that men's perception and description of the world is really not the world itself, but just their view of it, we are then free.* Free to move away from their reality into one of our own making.

We can begin now replacing male "truth" with our own. We have to separate ourselves from male sources of information - whether through the media or through beliefs we have absorbed from the culture. Examine our beliefs, notice the realities they generate, the feelings they set off and how they cause us to act. One by one, consider them and their ramifications and find those we would like to change. Then *do* something to change it. Roberts' book, *The Nature of Personal Reality* has valuable suggestions as to how. Know that it is possible to change and acknowledge the imperative of doing so - whether it is something that seems trivial or enormous. Each thought we revise, each action coming out of woman consciousness will help us establish our *own* beliefs and, through them, our own reality. It takes vast stores of energy to have to be who we are not, and this energy is ours to use by releasing ourselves from that confinement. Strength comes from that very movement. Every step we take away from those restrictive ways will strengthen us to take another step toward ourselves.

Then, from our belief in our self-defined identity; from our mutual caring and support; from our

bonds with nature, with life, with the earth; from our intuitive knowledge; and from our newly discovered selves, we will create a womonworld in our own image. A world where...

we will be gentle with the earth and other beings, see them as our sisters and learn from one another.

we will be open and trusting with each other and ourselves.

we will see the beauty in wimmin of all colors, sizes, origins and all conditions, knowing each of us is unique and wonderful and brings with her much to share.

we will see the beauty in the wrinkles of old wimmin and caress them with our fingertips as we listen to what they've learned from the pain and the joy that gave rise to those lines. We will caress the smooth skin of children and go walking with them in their world. We will touch and hear wimmin of all the years between, each with her own perspective, her own knowledge and her own path.

we will help each other in our living and we will help each other in our dying too - reaching across spaces that were boundaries to us once.

we will explore dimensions of consciousness largely new to us and use them for guidance and to help us form our world.

we will love each other in a hundred ways, finding those regions where we overlap, and going together to places still invisible. Our world will be shining with love.

For me, this is a lesbian/feminist culture of wimmin-identified-wimmin, but we start from where we are - changing the ways we see ourselves, one step at a time, one belief at a time, one act at a time. It's a door into another reality, and I know we can open it. During the last century, the consensus reality of western civilization has undergone many changes. In a given time, realities are vastly different for different cultures on this earth. Within my life, I have lived several lives. And in a moment, we can move swiftly from one world to another of our own creation, carried there by dreams, fantasies, obsessions, memories.

Our womonreality may at first appear as a different state of mind. One in which we live in such a way that the male institutions effectively cease to exist for us because our focus is so changed and our inner strength and sisterhood so great. Then whatever seems possible to us is what we will be doing. While, in some ways, still physically living in the present patriarchal world, we will be outside it to the extent that we are able to reject its tenets, its definitions and its power. Even now that's happening when we are fully centered with each other - sleeping in the arms of a lover, talking and working with our sisters, gathered in circles, living our magic and singing our songs.

The revolution takes place in our beliefs about ourselves. When we get rid of those presented to us by men, we can establish our own, and from them we can shape our culture without bounds. ♀

Here's my plan, For openers...

by Alice Malloy

My concept of the woman's movement is that it represents a return to matriarchal values and priorities and that, as such, we are trying to restore the primacy of the family, not destroy it, as our enemies claim. Not the nuclear family, but the extended family, in control of its food supply, shelter, clothing, and health maintenance, part of a community in a collection of interlocking communities whose national priorities are those required by mothers raising their young. Mothers' security, not national security.

Such family structure and small group power is the enemy of the state and the corporation, which, as the tools of patriarchal energy, have entirely different priorities.

As animals, our basic work consists of raising and socializing our young: feeding, housing, nursing, clothing and educating them; and these needs must again be the basis of industry, commerce, technology and science. It all comes under the general heading of nurturance. But to be only a nurturer is to be a slave, and under patriarchy that is what nurturance is reduced to.

Under patriarchy the primacy of the strongest and meanest (and most acquisitive) males is the first tenet; all exists for their benefit, and their goal is to organize the rest of us to work for them, as extensions of their personal power. We and the planet itself exist to the extent, and as, they need us. We are their property.

Their concept of nurturance is such that they are comfortable only with machines. Machines need maintenance (nurturance), but they do what they're told, stay where they're put and don't talk back, and have no reason for existing other than the specific use to which men put them.

Matriarchal nurturance recognizes that each person, each being, each animal and plant and rock exists *because it exists*, and is entitled to the good life *because it lives*, and that each creature is *just as important* as any other. It is mutual respect. Nurturance is integration. Integration is what happens when there is integrity. Respect for the integrity of every being on the planet.

Not that I am against, for example, eating meat. We are all part of each other's food chain. Male-energy elitism has tried to remove humans from that food chain; our culture does not lovingly

(or any other way) plow our "waste" back into the earth, and makes damn sure there are no other animals around whose food we might be. Men have developed the notion of the "jungle" as a "wild" and dangerous place, whereas the opposite is true. Jungles are peaceful and calm, with everyone going about their own business: eating, sleeping, socializing, young-rearing.

Men's machines are their children, and it is the goal of patriarchy to have a machine for every function that humans can perform. Our century has seen the creation of a machine to replace the human brain: the computer. When men put their machines together, as our arms and legs and stomach, etc. go together, and add the computer brain, they have the start of a new species.

The soul or persona of this new species, its identity and ability to grow, comes through another patriarchal concept, that of the corporation. When the lawyers get together and sign the papers that create a corporation, they are bringing a new person into the world. The corporation is defined as a person under the law. A "legal person." Well heck, that's all you need in this culture. The concept of corporation has been around since the Romans (who institutionalized our culture), waiting in the wings, a 2000-year infancy, until a suitable body and mind came along. And now it has them. The super-being is now among us, life breathed into it by the law. The corporation is the new super-male, whose needs we and the planet now exist to serve.

Corporations stride manfully about the planet, seizing more and more of it, with international multcorporations being the upper class of corporations. They even marry each other, only they call it merger, but it is classic marriage under patriarchy: it is rape. A stronger corporation will decide it "wants" a weaker one, and will make an offer; if it is rejected, they grab anyway.

There is no biological limit to their growth, and their whole drive is to keep growing. They devour like tumors: people, land, oil, minerals, metals, etc., far in excess of what would be used if it was just people we were housing and feeding. For example, less materials, time and energy are used if 80% of our food comes straight from our own community than if grown here, shipped there, processed, packaged, shipped out again to stores, and, of course, advertised. Plus the industries that grow around servicing and regulating these industries, and so on...

By virtue of their size and wealth, corporations are increasingly the only creatures getting the full protection of the law. And it is they who need nuclear energy, chemical fertilizer, and pesticides, and microwave pollution. And if lots of us die from these things, well, that's survival of the fittest. The corporation is the largest slave plantation in his-story, and the most sophisticated. It is committed to a synthetic, quantifiable future. This is our enemy.

Our only hope to change all this is a massive

forging together of the ecology movement with the women's movement and the third-world movement. Under the label "ecology" I include anti-nuclear, organic, alternate technology, small is beautiful, plus Ralph Nader types. This whole movement has been enormously strengthened by massive public fear of nuclear power, and is planning a strong bid for electoral power in the 1980 elections. There is a public determination to close down nuclear plants that may have surprising repercussions during that election. However, I think no significant gains or changes will be made in 1980.

THE FEMINIST FUTURE

In my mind, the following goals represent the feminist future:

1. A total end to the nuclear power industry.
2. A total end to the armaments industry.
3. A total changearound in the way humans and goods travel. Cars battery-operated; maximum speed 30 mph. Re-establishment of train system; no more cross-country army of trucks.
4. An end to the murderous system of AMA medicine, with its chemicals and machines and hospitals and butchery (poison, burn and slash). We have seen the various herbal and other holistic health and healing systems, and they work.
5. Ninety percent of fuel, housing and clothing are generated from renewable resources: solar energy, grains, trees, wool, cotton. With the return to an agricultural society, this is feasible.
6. In general, an end to mass production. No more processing of food. It is grown locally, and eaten right away, in general. Nutrient life is the priority, not shelf life.
7. Seventy percent of the population lives rural-ly. Village-type life, lots of gardening and farm animals. It is imperative that we live amidst other animals - chickens, goats, pigs, sheep, cows, etc., - not just cats, rats, dogs and roaches; it is essential to our socialization and our learning about body language and emotions.
8. An end to massive, one-crop, artificial fertilizer, pesticide agribusiness corporate farming.
9. Thirty-five percent of the entire population is involved in agriculture (right now in this country, it's about four percent - this is a total departure from all of history). Another forty percent raises much of its own food. *Underlying assumption:* it is more efficient if most of the population supplies much of its own food, and trades around the community for the rest. The word efficient is in relation to efficient for whom (people, not profiteers and machines) and for what (healthy life, not shelf life). If you

have to look to the man for your food, you are a slave.

10. No more landlords. The landlord-tenant relationship is unhealthy for both parties. One's own space, that can't be taken away, makes the difference between anxiety and security.

11. Eighty percent of commerce, industry, technology and science performed by small business and "cottage industry"; the home and the extended family (very often self-chosen) as the center of economic and technological life. As it is now, home is the slave quarters we return to after

"work," children are the unpaid slave labor we perform until the state is ready to use them as "workers," and our elderly relatives and friends are expected to disappear.

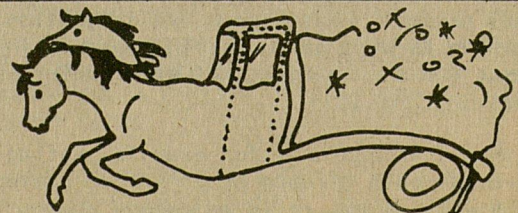
12. An end to the organization of work that is geared only to the adult, non-handicapped, under fifty. Every one works, is productive, until they die. (Work and "art" are all the same to me.)

13. An end to the educational system whereby children "go to school and learn in class." It is artificial and unreal. With industry back in the home and in small businesses, children can again be productive members of society the minute they can coordinate their activities. That is true learning; holistic. Instead of school being the main activity, with the other aspects of life tucked in here and there, "schooling" will be tucked in here and there.

14. An end to the very concept of corporation; it is not within the province of government and "law" to create new beings.

15. An end to the concept that land can be inherited above and beyond homestead.

16. The phasing out of money and the concept of profit. Profit is always stolen from someone else. To start the process, an end to the concept that money can bear interest.



The system is in a strong holding position. But the people's party or coalition that forms for the 1980 elections is what can make a difference in the 1984 elections.

When I say the system is in a "strong holding position" I mean that it is maintaining a steady altitude; it is not weak enough for us to win out in the elections. Additionally, it is not ready to unveil the final solution, the master plan for new repressive legislation - the one that Nixon botched and that they've been regrouping towards since. (Partly, they have to get the computers in place first.)

But the ecology movement is blissfully sexist and racist, not committed to ERA, childcare, abortion rights, affirmative sex and race hiring, abused wife shelters, or protection of the handicapped and elderly. We must fight to make them accept these among their major issues.

Many women are active in one aspect or another of the ecology movement. It was N.O.W. women who had the vision, the smarts and the connections to put together the defense team and strategy that won the Karen Silkwood case, which was important not only because another woman was murdered, but because she died fighting for worker safety. She was killed in the line of nurturance duty. Undoubtedly, as with every other movement, the ecology movement would fall apart without woman energy. So I think we have the potential. And it's not as if the issues we raise are controversial within the ecology movement; they speak of raping the planet, and must link it with raping women.

One phase of the changeover from rapism to nurturance is under way: even now, a small but interconnected, and rapidly becoming statistically significant as they say, portion of the population is beginning to demand (and get from our own small businesses) unprocessed food, moving to farms, starting alternate-culture businesses, and practicing non-AMA health care. (We have peyote and acid to thank for much of this; they made the organic vision accessible to a lot more people, who became our pioneers.) And an even larger portion of the woman population has had access for the first time to childcare, abortions and jobs. We don't ever again want to be without any of these things.

Our numbers grow, and at a certain point our doing these things will collide with the system's doing its thing. As our markets expand, theirs dry up. At a certain point we will literally have to dismantle their system - undo the dams (in the long list of crimes, the Army Corps of Engineers is a leader), chop up and remove the freeways, rebuild the trains, take apart and re-use the factories, the high-rises, armaments, etc.

I believe that we should now start making concrete plans for the orderly performance of all these tasks as though the whole society were in general agreement. Plan in detail the actual concrete

changeover of our culture. Massive dislocations will be involved, such as the shutting down of whole industries, and it must be orderly.

In Japanese companies, when a new project is to be undertaken, much time is spent beforehand developing the plans with the workers, with each contributing to the plan, until each worker is thoroughly familiar with the whole plan and her specific function. It is basically a long process of visual rehearsal, so that when the plan is started in motion it happens rapidly and smoothly. Like the Japanese cuisine: cut, cut, cut for hours, cook in a flash. Whereas in American companies a new plan is devised rapidly at the top, but takes a long time to happen smoothly.

And, such a strategy carries with it its own success. Step-by-step visualization of what one wants to happen is a major tenet of craft. The detailed steps are what we must get firmly in motion during the next ten years. Only the phasing out of rapism and the phasing in of nurturance will ensure our survival. The point is, we now know from our own experiences, a lot of us, that the kind of goals I list in this article do indeed make sense, are indeed better than what we have now, and can indeed work better, and in fact, are vitally necessary to the existence of life on this planet. If we did not know these things for a fact, rather than "just from our visions" I would feel too silly to put them out here so soberly.

Concept shifts from rapism to nurturism

Three major concept shifts are required for a feminist future.

1. *Conceptual shift from rapism back to nurturance.*

2. *Conceptual shift from the dividing of human activities into higher and lower (art and science higher, child care, housework, tending garden lower) back to the concept that art and culture and science grow out of childcare, housework and tending plants, not instead of them, and not as a higher order of activity. (Notice I didn't give garbage-collecting as an example; only under rapism does the concept garbage even exist. Under nurturance, everything (and every one) is useful. Nature has no garbage dumps.)*

3. *Conceptual shift back to community-oriented self-reliance, self-responsibility (commie-anarchism). In order to be self-reliant one must control one's own food supply (grow your own) and shelter (no more landlords) and health (doctor and nurse yourself). Patriarchal medicine says you must not prescribe for or treat your self; nurturance says you must (and must be able to).*

I am part of a subculture within the women's movement (the commie-anarchist, system drop-out, women's culture freaks) that has consciously not participated in electoral politics struggles. It is my belief that we should now start doing so, under the leadership of the women who have been fighting in that arena during the past ten years. These political women are one with us as to goals, and I for one am proud of them, for the staunchness and guts they have displayed - and that includes having to fight with each other and still work together, which most of us avoid as being too painful. What I envision is that we could add a lot of woman power to their campaign and vote struggles. (As a commie-anarchist, I am not against hierarchy; I'm against fixed hierarchy and assignment of values to roles.)

One aspect of the situation is very very depressing: what role can we expect men to play, either in helping to secure "reforms" (abortion rights, ERA, affirmative sex and race hiring), or in *appropriate* promotion of the organic, ecological, non-nuclear life.

It really begins to seem that males as a class are not now fit to govern, and never will be; and that the sane society is one in which woman-identified women make the decisions, set the priorities, and supervise the carrying out. I have begun to think that biology is in fact destiny; that, say, 80% of women will always be concerned with nurturance priorities, and 80% of men always concerned with war, pillage, rape and pecking order, left to their own devices, and thus, that it will always be women who take care of the children. (Read *The Violent Sex* by Laurel Galina and Gina Covina.)

It is mothers therefore who must be the ones who make the decisions that govern the whole society; for certain during the changeover process. To put it in terms of our present structure, we must have a woman president and vice-president, a Congress of 80% women, women 80% of managers and administrators in private industry and government agencies, including city and state governments, police departments, the military, schools, prisons, hospitals. Skilled nurturers must make the decisions in all our social and economic institutions. Their job is two-fold: making "reforms" in the institutions while simultaneously working out the plans for either dismantling them or rotating them 180 or 360 degrees, or turning them upside down or inside out.

Nurturers must be in control, and I do not believe that men have any intention of being less rapist and more nurturant; not the vast majority.

But some say that men will stay in control because they are stronger and can exercise more force, can beat us back. And certainly we have no intention of amassing or using their killing machines; that is, as one might say, contraindicated.

SURVIVING THE NEXT TEN YEARS

1. During the next five years we must give major aid and abettment to getting feminists elected, to protect our needs: abortion rights, childcare, ERA, wife abuse shelters, housing, affirmative sex and race hiring, medical care for the poor, elderly, and handicapped. It is mothers and children, and the handicapped and elderly who suffer most in times of need.
2. Threatening the ecology-alternate technology movement with shit fits if it doesn't clean up its act on racism and sexism. Convincing them to concede that skilled nurturers should run things. Say it loud and long.
3. The women's movement is weakened by its own racism and the sexism within the black/third world movement. The black/third world movement is weakened by the women's movement's racism and its own sexism. Let us not allow our common enemy to exploit these unresolved areas. One enormous bone of contention is white women lumping black men indiscriminantly with white (rich) men. It never behooves us to allow mistreatment of anyone. It's tempting to say that it's just men killing each other, but in practice that attitude stinks. I like to think of myself as a separatist, but I think there's smart separatism and dumb separatism. Smart separatism employs what I call constructive schizophrenia. (For a good example of constructive schizophrenia, I suggest reading the articles by black women on the subject of black men's violence to black women, in the May-June 1979 issue of *Black Scholar*, titled "Black Sexism Debate.") Ordinarily I give no energy to men, although I will pick their brains. In the workplace, I will unite with co-workers; there I will conspire with men especially since the labor movement is voting pro-ERA, and boycotting non-ERA states. If we all don't start conspiring better around affirmative action, the system will be able to manipulate us into fighting each other for jobs, and betraying and hating each other. Yes, this involves personal struggle and education. It has crossed my mind that it would sure be nice to have a world without men. But then I realized that all those guys have mothers, and 95% of the time mothers want no harm to come to their sons, any more than to their daughters. That is a fact of nurturant life, part of our biology. It even affects daughters. And when you get right down to it, it's easier to write off someone you don't know... That's why just getting to know each other is the basic personal political act in combatting racism; and was the process that electrified the women's movement (see item #4).

4. Renewed vigor and energy around getting consciousness-raising groups started. It is an imperative process that a woman must experience at least once. It is our concrete introduction into community and out of isolation; it is the test we undergo. Here's the simple truth; remember it: the operative thing in CR groups, the thing that is happening when the group works, is the mere bare fact of individual women spelling out how they grew up, their education, jobs, etc. A full resume/dossier, complete with feelings is what does it. Knowledge bridges the empathy gap. That is the secret.

5. Systematic, funded publicizing of rapists, wife abusers and child molesters. These things can happen only because they are kept very secret. But all a person's friends, relatives and co-workers should know he does these things, and should feel free, and obliged, to let him know they don't like it one little bit, and expect change. This tactic has been used with great success by Santa Cruz anti-rape women. It is an alternative superior to prison, which reinforces rapism, being a system that rapes the inmate.

6. Attempt to make one's own life nutritionally sound, and cut down on consumerism.

7. More sophisticated handling, within the women's movement, of information. We are forgetting faster than we learn; mainly style is being transmitted to upcoming feminists. Information keeps pouring down on us, and we are not processing it in the way that generals need. (I will attempt to show better what I mean in a quarterly newspaper I plan to publish, to be called *Generals Information: Plotting Our Way*).

8. Intensify our study of language. We have two languages, body and verbal. Only one, words, is talked about, learned about systematically, categorized and agreed to (all bow to Webster's), even though it is only about 30% of communication. Both kinds of language are used against us.

Awareness and understanding of body language has been repressed and suppressed. Word language has been worked into a system that, as a system, fragments the concepts and labels that could describe our body language system and make it that much more accessible. (What we don't have a word for, we can't invoke.) Before any real change can occur, our use of language must radically change.

9. Step up our understanding and use of what we call witch powers. For example:

a. Investigate the possible existence of an Empathic Nervous System, as empathy is key to nurturance and mutual respect. It would be a configuration of the nervous system that male-priority science ignores. (I would start with the pineal gland; although it is within the brain, brain books ignore it.)

b. Learn more about body language; until we become conscious of exactly what we transmit and receive with eyes, ears, vocal chords, skin, touch, body movements, we cannot achieve deeper (ESP) use of our faculties. Mind reading begins where body reading ends.

c. Practice dowsing. It involves a divining rod. One divines. (And it is divine.) Usually only water is thought of in connection with dowsing, but the technique can be applied apparently to anything; perhaps one could even divine for answers (or questions). Divining is a skill we must all become conscious about.

d. Instead of conferences on women and assertiveness, or women and psychology, let's have conferences on the crafts (plural) of witches, and invite nurses, herbalists, "witches," chemists, neurologists, poets, musicians, acupuncture-massage women, physicists, etc. Not to read papers at each other, although the time for that will come, but to crash-educate each other. (Our academics should probably take acid. I think it takes acid to break through the habituation and mental structures set up by our educational system.)

e. Coherent, intensive study of altered states of consciousness/multiple personalities/hypnosis/habitation - the keys to our universe lie within. From the moment of birth hypnosis is being used against us; yet self-hypnosis is self-awareness, as Freda Morris has demonstrated in *Self-Hypnosis In Two Days*.

f. Perhaps the women into "witch" who do coven things are seriously engaged in such activities. If they are, they're not saying. Most of that stuff calls for practitioners to keep their information secret, lest it fall into wrong or unsteady hands. I question that strategy.

10. Hold conferences on how to engineer a consensual changeover of the society, to discuss such activities as the kinds I mention in my list of Changeover Temporary Measures. Change is less scary and less resisted if it is thoroughly understood, and if people realize that everyone's needs will be respected. (A no-blame changeover.)

11. Develop the concept of Nurturance Quotient, and make a big issue of it politically; it is a way to pinpoint and imprint our values, and a concrete screen for evaluating "leaders." And how, asks the editor, Kim, do we reach consensus. I think we start by putting our cards on the table; that's what I'm doing in this article. (First we take a census...)

12. Recognize the implications and potential of the nationwide random network of public, accessible places created by the women's movement: bookstores, bars, women's centers, health clinics, etc. These are incredibly powerful tools for campaigning for electoral politics.

Tasks for Wild and Crazy Lawyers

1. Sue the honey sellers who heat the honey (better shelf life) and destroy nutrients. They are selling damaged goods. Sue the frozen potato sellers who remove the peels from the potatoes, destroying the nutrient balance, thus rendering the potato unhealthy. They are robbing us and endangering our health. Other suits along the same line.
2. Develop the philosophical verbiage required to undermine in court the legal concept of corporation as a person under the law. We should all be so lucky.
3. Sue the dictionary makers references to women that are demeaning (rob us of meaning) and lower our market value; not for money damages, but for changes. The attitude is global, as our dictionary analyzers have shown. Apart from words relating specifically to women, my browsings over the years of unabridged dictionaries (the ones that give examples of how each word's usage has changed over a period of three or four hundred years) has convinced me that the whole dictionary reflects a constant shift toward more patriarchic, elitist, sexist, racist definitions. Increasingly alienated connotations adhere to more and more words. But analysis is not enough. Like the other institutions of this culture that oppress us, the dictionary will change only when pressed, and the only thing we have to put pressure on them is "the law."
4. Develop the legal framework for attacking the legal concept that money can bear interest.
5. Develop the legal framework for attacking the legal concept that land can be inherited.

How do we define or determine skilled nurturance. First, we have a good idea, a sense of it, from our own experiences; that is our visceral guide. What I propose, to put it mechanistically to give it clarity, is that we develop a nurturance grading test that everyone in the culture would take. I would like to think that our psychologists, our psyche logicians, are capable of formally outlining and evaluating the components, although some feel that they would be the last ones. In this culture we speak of "taking" tests, whereas more natural cultures "undergo" them; and in the testing its self, the persona transmutes or goes through changes, or learns about its self. Perhaps delving into nurturance is the test that our psyche logicians should undergo.

Let's call it the Nurturance Quotient (NQ), and determine everyone's NQ as this society now talks about IQ. This is a way to publicize the concept, make it graspable and demonstrable; it is a way to make the personal political. It becomes a concrete way to question the right of individuals in power to be there.

Successful nurturance is not just about feelings of "caring" or "love" or "personal responsibility"; nor is it policing or babying; it is based in the exercise of the facility of empathy. The ability to "grok." It is holistic modeling within the brain, and carries with it its own sense of organization (that is, how you do something).

The NQ becomes a hammer to brandish, with our moral force behind it. Part of a party platform. (Perhaps we could start a government in exile, just for the practice. Use the women's bookstores and other public women's places as polling points.)

But our moral force can destroy them, beginning with the nag and the battle axe. The force that lies beneath the word witch. The force of our bodies, our selves. Call it magic, or ESP, or psychic skills, or being in the right place at the right time with the right attitude. This thing we call psychology, which has been used against us, is what I call psyche logic, the logic of the psyche. Out of this grows our force. I call it moral force, and it is about morale. Through our moral force, rapists will lose their morale; must begin to recognize that they are not fit to govern, for their his-story clearly indicates that they are not.

CHANGEOVER TEMPORARY MEASURES

Closing down of industries could wreck havoc in peoples lives; so the following temporary measures would be required: no one gets evicted, no one pays rent, free health care, a moratorium on debts, and food at grocery stores is free. Habits are the greatest problem; if one could go to the store and take what one wanted, the best and most would go to the speediest and greediest. A rationing system would be necessary. Other steps would have to be taken; for example, Puerto Rican grocery stores in New York used to cut up a side of beef into pieces and lump them all indiscriminately together, so that there was no concept of "better" cuts. These are the kinds of details we will have to think out. We are a culture of the badly brought up, and the too long deprived. There are going to be many contradictions, and we have to have non-punitive ways of coping.

The orderly closing down of the corporate industries will be an enormous task, as everything is so inter-related. For example, if a ballbearing maker in Maine stops production, it might mean that oxygen tanks in Montana can't be repaired and children might die. It is an enormous logistics problem, but not impossible. The complex is not a higher order of things- it's just many, many simple things interwoven. Like spaghetti, macaroni, noodles and lasagna all mixed up together. ♀

Matriarchal Tarot

Every culture has developed some way of record making to preserve its treasures. We feel that the keeping and communicating of cultural information is a power and a responsibility, but it is the process that keeps images alive in people's minds, thereby perpetuating our beliefs. What we believe in shapes us, and consequentially, our social reality.

For the last two years I have been part of a three-woman collective creating a Matriarchal Tarot deck. We believe part of becoming powerful is having access to communication channels. If the media is clogged with commercials, and books and films are smogged with violence, where do we turn for our information? Where are the images we seek that will refresh our spirits?

Women have gone back to the origins of culture keeping - our own words, dreams and memories; knowledge kept and transmitted by women.

The Matriarchal Tarot was birthed in a circle of women sharing our thoughts and feelings. We realize that a new culture is coming through us, carrying our ancient root culture, and seeking expression in the here and now. We found it frustrating that all Tarot decks we have known have been influenced by patriarchal belief constructs. The more woman-identified we become, the harder it is to use existing cards, and so we have undertaken to render a new set of images. It has been an immense challenge, and we don't claim to have included every possible change; such a feat would have to be accomplished through generations of women, but we are amazed at how much information has come our way, from many sources and many women. We have used feminist concepts, delved into myths, and treatises on magic, and included our own inspirations.

One of the changes is round cards; reflecting the concept of circles. The approach we are using envisions a connected and cyclic whole or continuum. Each image now is experienced as a cycle of energy.

In many Matriarchal cultures, the goddesses were worshipped in three aspects - maiden, mother and crone, reflected in the corresponding phases of women, in the new, full and dark of the moon, in the cycles of birth, life and death. The maiden expresses new young life, adventure, independence, springtime, birth. The mother was seen as the fullness of maturing life, fruits, and abundance, summer harvest, nurturing and supporting...the zenith of creation. The crone reflected the dark powers of the underworld psychic wisdom, the mystery of death, the secrets of the universe. In folklore and myth, Diana was a maiden goddess,

Demeter a greek mother goddess, and Hecate a crone, or hag.

For women today these symbols are having immeasurable impact. They help us to reaffirm all parts of ourselves, and heal old self-rejections. Now we can feel our beauty and power, as maidens, mothers and grandmothers - as sisters, lovers and friends - and most important, as ourselves. We have included this symbol system in the Matriarchal Tarot. We have also included many kinds of women of every race, age and class. Our message is to all women.

The four 'minor' suits are still seen to express the physical elements air, earth, fire and water, while the fifth we have conceived as spirit or psychic energy. These five are in themselves an inter-related continuum, so that even the concepts 'major' and 'minor' have become less important. They are named in order of density: Pentacles (Earth), Cups (Water), Blades (Air), Flames (Fire) and Accacia (Spirit). We also re-distributed the troubled subjects throughout, as we felt the air suit had been overloaded with these in older decks. Now both comfortable and uncomfortable situations appear in all five suits.

The Matriarchal Tarot is our future vision of a world based on the feminist ideas of strength and equality for all women. It also contains images of a culture which is healing and loving to the earth, where people work at non-oppressive jobs they like and co-operation is a way of life.

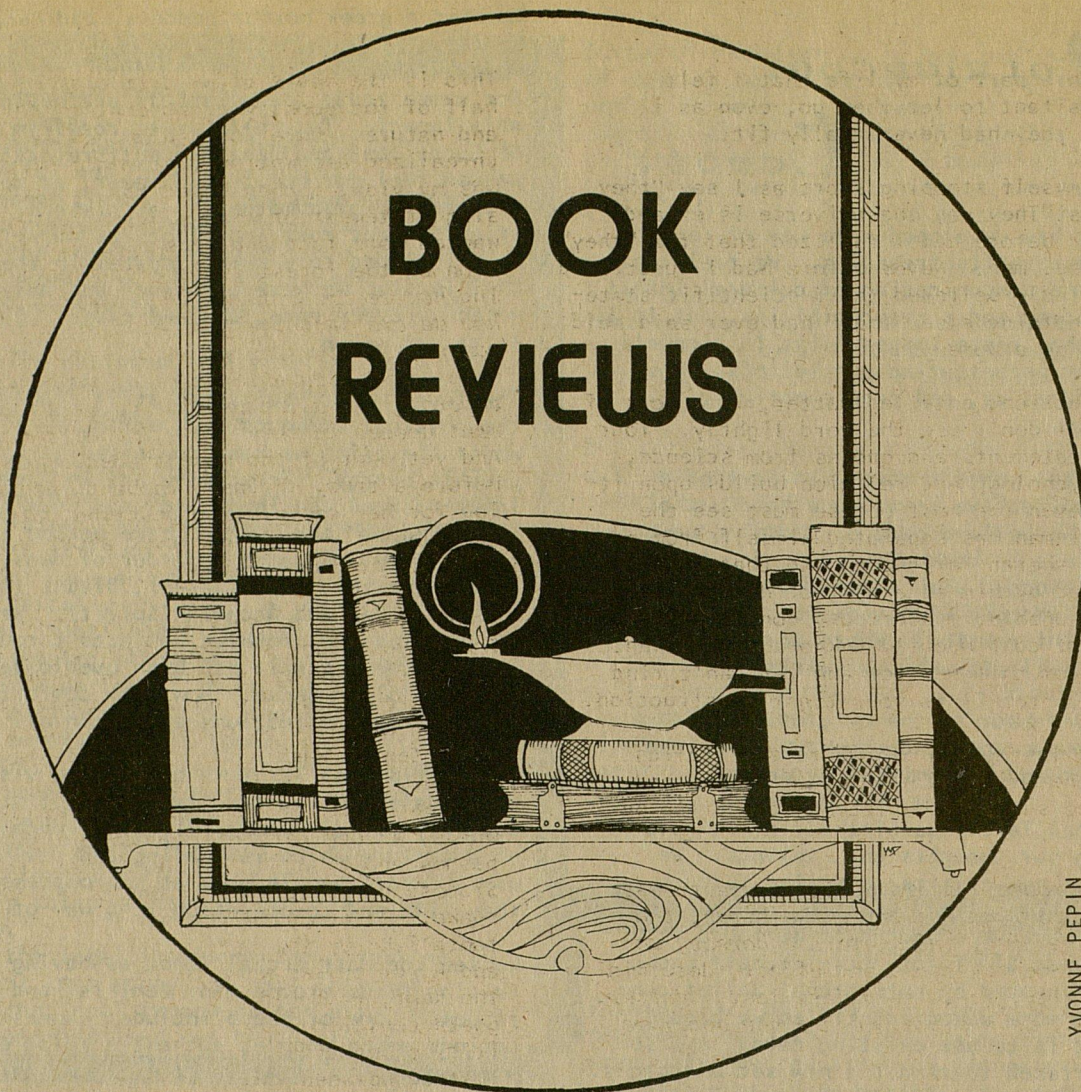
We see the Matriarchal Tarot as having a consciousness-raising focus around many feminist and spiritual issues. Some of these include: honest communications among people, authentic relationships where power games are at a minimum, children, work, collectivity, honor and ethics, just to mention a few.

Because of financial limitations (we all have to work at jobs) the project is taking a considerable amount of time, but we have decided to see it through as we feel it is a necessary and valuable addition to both feminist literature and our own growth and development.



Matriarchal Tarot Project

BOOK REVIEWS



YVONNE PEPIN

Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her,
Susan Griffin, Harper and Row, 1978

Reviewed by Carmen Goodyear

Dear Susan,

I said when you were up here last that I would write you a letter about my reactions to your book, *Woman and Nature*. Now *Country Woman* wants a review, so I'll try to do both simultaneously. It seems the only way I, as a maker of pictures, can presume to review such a skilled work of words.

Taken as a whole, the book made one resounding impact on me in describing, as it does, a whole new level of oppression. In the past nine years I have continually confronted new ways in which I, and all women, have been oppressed by men. So many basic human experiences - religion, economics, even our relationships with each other. My personal religious beliefs changed long ago but I still had to face that this culture is permeated by a male god and his only son. Christmas has had to go and now I'm considering what to do every time I write 1979, knowing it's a

patriarchal demarcation of time. I've barely begun to understand the depths of the economic oppression, the structure of capitalism, the ways that class and money keep us separate. And try as I do to overcome it, the patriarchal rules of relationships continue to infect me. I no longer believe that romance and possessiveness are human conditions but rather they are vestiges of man's individual entrapment of woman. Yet marriages continue to be ecstatically made and despairingly broken in the lesbian community around me.

Now you've shown me that there is another level of oppression, unnamed, much deeper and more insidious than all of the above. The oppression that keeps us separate from our very natures, that makes us believe in concepts and doctrines, scientific knowledge and proofs all formulated by men. We believe these "truths" speak for us, about us. We women, who are so physically close to nature, at the same time intellectually believe in men's alienated scheme of things. It is a difficult dichotomy to exist under and has never been named until now. These views have

been so much a part of my life that I felt slightly hesitant to let them go, even as I sensed that they had never really fit.

Now I find myself stopping short as I say "they say" such as "They say the universe is expanding." Never before had I realized that the "they" is, of course, men. Never before had I questioned why I so blindly believed their scientific statements when nothing else "they" had ever said held true for me as a woman.

The first section, entitled Matter, is a work of genius, and I don't use the word lightly. Your medley of statements and quotes from science, history, psychology and religion builds upon itself until even the most obtuse must see the point - that man has separated himself from nature in his search for reason and that woman has been included by him as a part of nature - separate, unreasonable, mysterious, continuously defined and yet continuously unknowable. I want to excerpt from this section and yet can't find any place to break into your tight construction.

Perhaps the last paragraph where the italics stand for the voice of nature, of women, and the boldface sums up the latest scientific belief.

"We are the rocks, we are soil, we are trees, rivers, we are wind, we carry the birds, the birds, we are cows, mules, we are horses, we are Solid elements, cause and effect, determinism and objectivity, it is said, are lost. matter. We are flesh, we breathe, we are her body: we speak."

The rest of the first half of the book, more and more documentation of man vs. nature, continues to make clear their terrible battle against themselves. Particularly meaningful to me, living in the redwood forest, was your section on timber, where forest management is juxtaposed with secretarial management.

"nineteen girls all working on the same operation were using ten different methods.) Clearcutting the virgin stand and replanting the desired species is recommended."

I did feel that you stretched for comparisons sometimes which, while they may be valid, need a larger discussion than you gave them. My interest in breeding dairy goats made me want more exploration into human control of animals than you went into in your chapter on cows. Is concern for animal conformation ("The udder should be held snugly to the body and be of good texture. It should not be too large in size lest it be subject to injury") merely man molding the world to his fantasy or can women farmers do this with love and respect?

This is the basis of my criticism of the second half of the book, your attempt to describe women and nature. Once you had opened my eyes to the unrealized assumption that men's view of nature was my view, I then hoped for an equally encompassing statement of what my view really is. I wanted more fact and less poetry. Your description of the forest is lovely. The trees speaking *how we are both infinitesimal and great and how we are infinitely without any purpose you can see, in the way we stand, each alone, yet none of us separable, none of us beautiful when separate but all exquisite as we stand, each moment heeded in this cycle, no detail unlovely.* And yet what of the moment when a woman stands before a tree, chainsaw in hand, needing another log for her cabin? You describe nature beautifully but I'm still confused about woman's relationship to these things.

I want to tell a story to illustrate what I mean. I read your book straight through in three very hot days, staying in a tent on friends' land. They were living "in nature", their large collection of animals loose around them, their shelter a tent. Washing in the creek, out of doors all day. Well, while I was escaping the noon day heat under an oak, totally immersed in your words, a loud rattling sounded in the nearby bushes and R. said "Rattler!" We ran to find a Siamese cat sitting in front of a beautiful large snake, all green in its new skin. The snake was tantalized by the cat, sitting inches away. J. and R. discussed what to do. "It's too close to the tent, it could hide in our bedding. The goats could step on it and get bitten." "But it's so beautiful and isn't attacking anything." I stood between them, my fear of rattlesnakes warring with my love for wild animals. J. got the rifle and fired on the retreating snake. Cut off the head, buried it. We went back to our shady spots and suddenly your book seemed just shallow words compared to this real life drama. Yes, we women do take the beauty into consideration, but then we continue to participate in the killing and destruction.

This is not so much a criticism of your work, however, as a vision of what more needs to be written. I immediately began dreaming of a book full of quotes by women, the same sort of medley of voices as your first section only drawn from women's direct experience with nature. You have created a milestone in women's understanding of ourselves. Thank you. Now we will carry this understanding further and heal the divisions that men have convinced us were ours too.

"I know I am made from this earth, as my mother's hands were made from this earth, as her dreams came from this earth and all that I know, I know in this earth, the body of the bird, this pen, this paper, these hands, this tongue speaking, all that I know speaks to me through this earth and I long to tell you, you who are earth too, and listen as we speak to each other of what we know: *The light is in us.*" ♀



Give Me Your Good Ear, Maureen Brady,
Spinsters, Ink, Route 1 Argyle, New York,
12809, 1979 (Paperback \$4.50)

Reviewed by Sunlight

Several years ago at a women writer's workshop in New York, I heard Maureen Brady read from a novel she was working on. It was exciting, powerful and real to me. I identified with her protagonist, Francie Kelly, the child growing up on a small chicken ranch. I recognized her from her thoughts and feelings and things that she did. I knew her through the part she played in a family that revolved around the father - not because he was a strong man, but because the mother placed him at the center of their world. I identified too with Francie, the woman, as she struggled to break out of the old patterns she was caught in.

Published this year, *Give Me Your Good Ear* is the story of a woman freeing herself from that long chain of mother-to-daughter socialization that teaches us to become invisible and silent, putting ourselves second in our own lives. Francie severs this chain by leaving the empty, no longer satisfying relationship with Ben, the man she has been living with. She is free then to live more fully, opening more to those around her - her physical therapy patients, her friend Lisa from their consciousness raising group and finally, her mother, with whom she tries to share what she has discovered.

Francie's narrative weaves back and forth between these recent changes in her life and her memories of the childhood events and thoughts that gave rise to them. One basic to her resolution of some of her bonds to the past, is the scene she partly imagined and reconstructed and partly witnessed through the floor vent as she listened to her mother playing the piano one night. Her al-

coholic father comes home ugly drunk and, in some way not clear to the child, violates her mother who then, in a state of shock, stabs and kills him with a butcher knife. Very vivid in some details, this memory and her understanding of it are clouded in other ways. Later, when the scene comes back to her fully, Francie recalls her father saying,

"Oh, come on now Laura, enjoy it. You like it, don't you? I can tell. You're getting wet. You're not any better than anyone else, just because you play that thing. You're the same. All you women are the same." I remembered the cruelty in his voice, undisguised, not even slurred, the words slapping against Mother's soft skin like whip stings. Mother, who so carefully picked the hairs from her brush and left them for the birds, Mother, who smiled and stepped back quietly from danger, was not made for his heavy hands. "All you women are the same."

No, no we're not.

When Francie is able to remember this nightmarish scene and talk with her mother about it, the last link of the chain is broken as the silence is broken and a place is opened between them where, as two women, they can share some of their feelings.

Maureen Brady writes with insight and warmth, drawing her characters clearly, skillfully touching the tiny, important daily things that make them human and unique: Grandma Gerty, Francie's mother and father, big sister Megan and little brother Joey, Ben, teachers, neighbors, friends and the other people who flow, with Francie, through this book. *Give Me Your Good Ear* is a first novel and a fine one, and I look forward to Maureen's next. ♀

Portrait of Margo

by Diana Rivers

Margo loves to be the first one up, loves to greet the morning alone, chopping kindling in the silent house. Before going down, she always stands a few minutes at the upstairs window, watching the new light redden the bluffs. When it touches the tree tops, that's her signal to move.

After she's stirred the old coals to life and filled the stove with wood, after its cold metal sides are beginning to heat up and radiate warmth, the others start to stir - women's voices from upstairs, Earth running in from the tipi with her clothes under her arm. Every morning she runs in like that, naked and shivering, to dress by the stove. "Good fire, Margo."

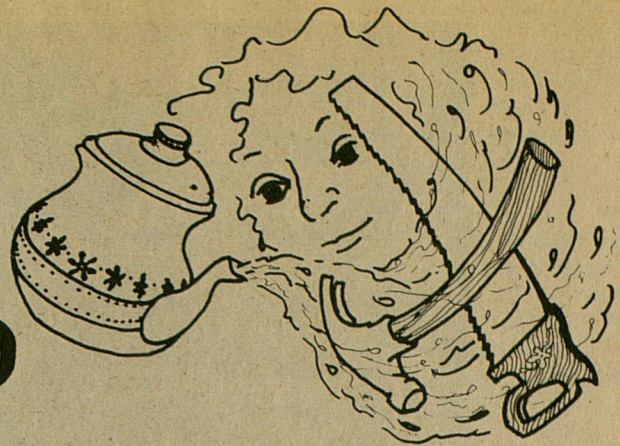
By that time Margo has the cookstove going too, a big pot of water heating for dishes, a pot of oatmeal on, the cast iron frying pan heating for whoever wants eggs, coffee keeping warm at the back. She pulls the old rocker over by the cookstove and sits there rocking, keeping an eye on breakfast and listening to the house slowly come alive around her.

Earth is usually the next one in the kitchen. She sets the table, fills the big honey jar and tries to gather enough cups for them all. Cups have a way of migrating upstairs or to the outdoor kitchen or even further to women's tents and tipis. "How does it happen so fast?" Earth murmurs and makes a little note about cups at the bottom of the meeting list.

Carrie comes down still buttoning her shirt and rings the breakfast bell. Then she cuts thick slices of homemade bread, fitting them in skillfully on the crowded stove top. "I'll watch those, Margo. Why don't you start eating?"

Margo enjoys being mother of the morning, seeing them all gather for breakfast, hearing women tell their dreams. Afterward she has a second cup of coffee, a little luxury of time while the dishes are being washed. By then she's ready for the solitude of her workshop. In the evening, as a trade for her morning energy, she likes to be fed and taken care of. It's a silent bargain she's come to with the other women in the house.

The workshop is down a little slope from the house, out of sight but near it, an old goat shed Margo's converted for woodworking. She walks to it awk-



LEONA WALDEN

wardly. Going down hill always increases her slight limp, reminding her over again each day that she's still alive when she could have been charred flesh and bone wrapped around a motorcycle. She's learned to accept the limp and the scars too as part of her herstory.

The big oak tree in front of the shop is turning bronze. Autumn, a time of changing weather, a fire in the morning and a sleeveless shirt by afternoon. She opens all the doors and windows and sweeps yesterday's sawdust into a big pile in the corner. The dirt floor shows through again, dark and waiting. With the end of the broom handle she carefully unhooks a bat from the rafter and shakes it off outside. It flies away drunkenly in the unaccustomed light. Third one this week, she thinks. The shed still has some gaps that need patching. Well, after the craft show's over and before winter...

Sunlight falls on her tool wall, the tools elegantly arranged, hanging on nails against the gray weathered wood. They sparkle in the light, waiting to greet her. "I like to have my tools out where I can see them...makes me feel good." Ever since she can remember she's loved hardware stores, the look and the feel of tools. For a while when she was younger she went through a stage of pocketing tools that appealed to her, even ones she had no use for - until she got caught...A big man looming over her with his hand on her shoulder. "I see you're helping yourself..."

When the community was going through a readjustment there was talk about collectivizing everything, no personal property. "Look, I'm willing to collectivize whatever else you want, my clothes, my books, anything. Throw it all in a box. I don't care. (Margo doesn't have much else.) But not my tools. Hell no! I'm not collectivizing my tools. I've had some of them more than fifteen years, longer than I've known any of you. They're my friends. They're part of me. We've traveled all over this country together." She'd said all that clumping around in her big boots, making sure they heard her. "Any woman wants to use those tools, she can use them in the shop - after I show her how. But no tools out of the shop." For emphasis she'd been hitting the table with her hand. "No tools out!" That became the catchword for a while when someone was taking a tough stand - "No tools out!" Standing square shoulder-



CAROL NEWHOUSE

ed and obdurate in the middle of the kitchen she made it clear that if she were forced to collectivize, she'd leave.

But in spite of what she says, Margo does lend out tools, worrying and fussing the whole time. "Okay, just this once. Make sure you bring it back. It goes right here." (A missing tool leaves a gap on the wall, a wound.) And she has limitless sensitive patience for teaching women how to work with their hands, even women who've never held a tool before, who feel awkward and clumsy and sometimes cry with frustration. "It's worth any amount of time just to see that look of pleasure when they get the feel of it." They've all learned a lot from her. Except for Earth, she's the only country woman at Green Sister. She grew up on a farm. The rest of them come from cities and suburbs. So however they may grumble about her ways, she's a valuable resource.

Margo clears herself a space on the worktable to do some drawings. The morning light blazes back at her from the paper. Big, rough slabs of wood, yesterday's truck load from the local sawmill, stand waiting against the wall...Make some fine tables, Margo thinks, looking at them fondly.

While she's working Earth slips in, soundless on her bare feet. She sits against the wall, feet tucked under her, chin on her knees. Her straight hair falls forward like a dark wing almost covering her face. Margo glances around, aware of her presence more by sense than sound. She sees Earth isn't ready to talk, is just 'being' and goes on with her drawing. Margo's designing joints and notches so her furniture can be disassembled, laid flat in the truck and reassembled at craft shows. She's completely absorbed in the problem when Earth stands up to leave.

"D'you want to talk to me?"

"No, I just wanted to be here." Earth is moving sideways towards the door. "Someday I want to start building things, even my own house. First I have to get over my fear of tools."

"Any time you're ready..."

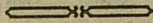
"Not yet. I'm not ready yet."

"Maybe you can help me with this next craft show..."

"Maybe..." Earth slips out as softly as she came in, as if erased from the air.

Margo watches her go down the hill, moving with the lightness of an animal. Earth is the quiet one there. She never talks about herself. No one knows what her life was like before. Sometimes she makes them nervous, that way she has of watching things none of them can see...

"Strange woman," Margo says to herself. "That's for sure one strange woman." Earth has disappeared, melting into the little cluster of trees by the pond. "She can bake ten loaves of bread at a time, the seedlings in the greenhouse jump out of the ground for her, she knows where to find the right herbs to brew when we're sick - and she doesn't think she's worth shit." She shakes her head with puzzled fondness.



Margo tacks her drawings on the wall. She gets up and stretches, happily breathing in the smell of earth and sawdust. Such a pleasure to have a real shop. No woman could ever get as much joy from her mansion as Margo gets from that old shed. Moving around it she pets the waiting slabs and runs her fingers across the cool metal of the tools. Such a pleasure after working out of a truck. That truck had even been her home for a while. What a crazy time that was. Twice she'd almost gotten locked up for vagrancy. "You mean you're living in that thing? Well you just drive it away and park it in some other state. Next time I find you hanging around here you're under arrest." She'd driven off, raging and helpless.

Needing to earn money, wanting to use her skills and not work a job again, Margo's finally settled on making furniture for craft shows. It's been a good bargain but it took her a while to get there. First she had to escape the farm. "Hell, they worked me like a boy and treated me like a girl. I felt like they had a noose around my neck." Trapped back in the hills, the autonomous independence of the city looked good. "I'll never shovel cow shit again in my life!" she'd shouted at her father when she left.

But it hadn't been easy. At first she tried working straight jobs...a secretary once. She was a fast enough typist but had no patience for office protocol. It ended with her shouting at the boss, "You can shove this typewriter up your ass sideways." There were no references from that one. It didn't matter. She'd already decided an office was too confining. After that there were a few waitressing jobs. On the last one she threw over some tables loaded with dirty dishes and stormed out. At the door, back into the faces

of startled customers, she'd shouted, "Good show for you. Better than T.V." That's when she'd had her motorcycle accident. "Lost my week's pay on that one. Not that it amounted to much anyway...sure was a cheap place."

After she recovered she bought her old gray truck and some tools. Then she started wandering across the country, doing carpentry. It wasn't much better. She got hassled by men on the job - even had a few fights. One foreman said to her, "Margo, you're a good carpenter. You work well, you're quick and careful. Everything would be fine if you could just keep your mouth shut."

"Why? Why should I keep my mouth shut? Why not them?"

"Look, they're only kidding around. That's the way men are. You just have to get used to it."

"The hell I do!" Next morning she'd been on the road in her loyal truck. She never worked for a boss again. With the wood scraps she'd accumulated, she started making toys: trains, cars, boats, even a motorcycle, sometimes selling them out of the truck or off the street.

It was getting lonelier. She felt like she was running and there was no place to run to. For a while she drank, knocking off a few quick ones at the end of the day and beginning that way the next morning. When she started getting an ulcer she quit. Alone that way, she couldn't afford to be sick.

Green Sister Farm had seemed like paradise to her. She'd heard some men in the lumber yard talking about a "...weird bunch of women living together up in the hills, over by Crawford Gap..." and headed that way, not even waiting to buy her wood. Living on the land with all women, doing her own work - a reprieve, an oasis, a sanctuary. She was even glad to be back in the country, "...not really the city type after all," she'd say, kicking the mud off her boots. It was as if she'd been saved. "I can see for sure I was headed for jail or the bughouse, one or the other." But she's still a bristly fighter, not an easy person to live with.

"Hell, it took me years to get this way. I'm not going to mellow out over night. And I've changed some already. I used to be a wild one. There was one time in Wyoming I busted up the whole bar, chairs, tables, bottles, everything and got out of there walking. Here I've never even thrown a plate, have I?" She winks at Carrie who throws plates and anything else at hand when she gets angry.

Margo likes to tell them stories about her rowdy past, sitting around the stove at night, the lamplight shadowing the corners of the room and drawing them together. Then she loves to talk, but not at meetings. She has no patience with meetings. She walks out. If she can't do that, she falls asleep.

"Talk, talk, talk. I just want to be doing something. How can you sit around using up the best part of the day just talking?"

"Margo, we have to talk so we can decide what to do."

"Well let me know when you've decided so I can go do it but don't ask me to sit here." Her energy burns holes in her. She needs to be making, moving, doing.

Sanding a slab, Margo is suddenly aware of Earth standing next to her. She clicks off the sander.

"I came back to help you," Earth says softly. Then she shakes her head, looking at the ground. "No, it's not true. I came back to struggle with it, my fears..." She scrapes her toes in the damp earth.

Margo's delighted. "Doesn't matter what the reason is. I'm glad you're back. Here, I'll show you how to run the sander. You can do that while I notch the legs."

"No, not the sander. I couldn't do that. I'm afraid of machines." Earth is shaking. She seems ready to spring back through the doorway. Margo puts out a hand to hold her and it's like holding a frightened horse.

"...so much," Earth says, shaking her head, "So much...but I can't talk about it..." and suddenly she's crying.

Awkwardly Margo draws her into a hug. "Hey, easy, easy." Trying to be consoling she strokes Earth's back but her own wide calloused hands seem clumsy to her and out of place. She's not used to physical contact. It makes her feel helpless as if something has come too close and is blocking her movement. Sounding hoarse, almost whispering, Margo says over and over, "It's all right, it's all right." Finally when Earth doesn't move, Margo pushes her away a little. Earth stands with her arms held stiff against her.

"Look, we'll start slowly, okay?" Margo's still whispering. "I'll do the sanding. You can stand next to me." She shakes Earth gently to get a response. "Just put your hands over mine. You'll see how it feels."

Earth shakes her head. "I don't think..."

"Your hands - " Margo says forcefully. She starts the sander. Earth rests her hands on Margo's, lightly, like shy birds ready to take flight.

"Press down a little, get some contact." Earth takes a firmer hold. There are tremors running up from her body through her fingers. Gradually her hand steadies, her arms move with Margo's arms, it becomes a dance, two women and a sander moving in unison over the surface of the wood.

"Let's trade now,"

"Not yet..."

"Just put your hands here. I'll guide." Again they move together. Very slowly Margo lightens

her hands until she's not guiding anymore, she's following. The grain of the wood evolves out of the sawdust.

"That's enough, we're going to sand it all away." Margo stands the wood up in the stack of finished planks, wiping the surface with her sleeve. The walnut glows back at them, darkly beautiful.

"Are you ready to do it alone?"

"Yes, I think so, I'll try...but stay next to me."

"You can push the off switch whenever you want. You have the controls, the last word."

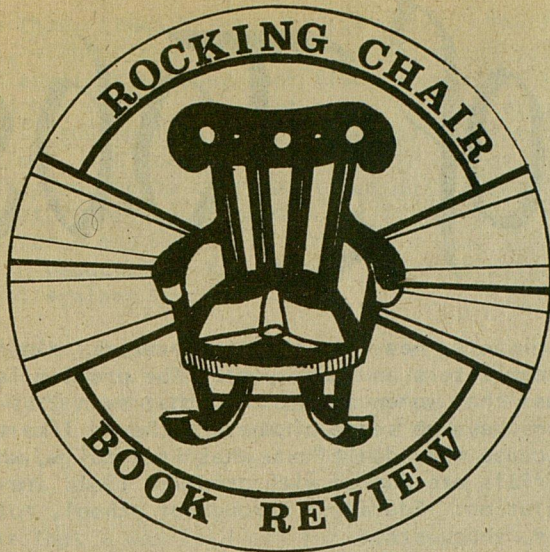
At first Earth turns the sander off every minute or so. After a while she runs it for longer. When she begins humming, moving lightly and loosely the way she moves around the kitchen, Margo goes to the other work bench and starts notching legs. Soon Margo's humming too, a little off key, unconsciously following Earth's melody. By late afternoon the slabs have shifted from one pile to the other. Earth clicks off the sander for the last time. She's coated with sawdust. The room is getting darker. Autumn coolness comes through the open door.

"That's enough " Margo says, "That's much more than I expected to get done." She hangs her tools carefully in place. "Earth, I'm late getting ready for this show. It would help a lot if you could work with me." That's as close as she can come to asking for something. Earth doesn't look at her, she just nods, brushing herself off.

Walking up the hill Earth says, "This is the first time I've ever..." and without finishing she's off the path into the field. She comes back with flowers and ferns and a branch of red berries bound together by grass. As she passes Margo, she slips them in her hand and goes singing up the path. With her bad leg, Margo has to move more slowly but Earth is waiting at the door.

When they come in Carrie and Sage are setting the table. The lamps have just been lit. The battered old kitchen is lovingly softened by lamp-light. They're all transformed by it, made soft and glowing. Earth looks particularly radiant, her face moonlike. Margo feels that inexpressible ache that sometimes comes to her in the evening. She lays the flowers gently in the middle of the table and takes her sweater off the hook. Going out again she hears Earth say, "I used the sander today. I'm going to help Margo work on the tables..." and she thinks - that's the most I've ever heard her say about herself.

Margo sits on the steps with her leg propped up on a stump. Her back is against the door jamb. The evening blue fills up the sky and darkness. The first stars spring out. Familiar evening sounds come to her from the kitchen, food and laughter. She keeps thinking - I've never worked with anyone before... ♀



CARMEN GOODYEAR

Cabins and Vacation Homes

by the editors of Sunset Books and Sunset magazine. Lane Publishing co., 1975. 94 pgs. \$2.45.

This little book consists almost entirely of photographs and if you're dreaming of a wood-sided, shingled, cozy wood-heated cabin in the woods, they're well worth looking through. All of the cabins and houses pictured are uniquely shaped, rustic, homey. There are details for building in snow country, ideas for making a small space more liveable, basic floor plans for round houses or log cabins and so on. The text in this book is minimal and there is no real "how to" information, but the photographs may well spark your imagination or surprise you with something very close to the house you've been imagining.

How To Design and Build Your Own House

Lupe Di Donno and Phyllis Sperling. Alfred A. Knopf. 1978. 365 pages. \$9.95.

Here is a book written by two practicing architects which skillfully combines design theory with simple-to-complete construction techniques. Because it has been written by women who are entirely familiar with planning *and* building, it offers a nice balance of elements. The first major portion of the book is devoted to defining your house-needs and designing a structure that will meet them. This section covers everything from zoning laws to choosing color and textures within a given room. The second part of the book teaches you how to translate your design ideas into actual working plans for your house. This portion includes details on estimating and ordering building materials, designing floor and roof systems, integrating plumbing and wiring, and choosing exact windows, hardware, etc. The final part of the book covers actual construction techniques. Here you can pick up an infinity of basic skills from cutting gypsum board to installing hot water pipes! There are few books available which offer so much practical how-to-infor-

mation in such an accessible and clear fashion, and in this last section of their book, DiDonno and Sperling really outdo themselves. They have written this book to encourage people to design and build their own houses and their thorough, clear, encouraging text does just that. The illustrations are similarly clear, correct and useable. Throughout this book, carpentry terms are explained (unlike many male-written books, which keep you mystified by *not* defining them!) and procedures are discussed in a frank, easy style which leaves you feeling comfortably confident - or at least well encouraged! If you were to buy just one book to serve you as a guide in designing and actually building your house, this one would be an excellent choice.

Thirty Energy-Efficient Houses...You Can Build

Alex Wade. Rodale Press. 1977. 316 pgs. \$8.95

Of the many books currently available on designing and building your own home, this one from Rodale Press is a jewel! The thirty houses featured vary in size, design, orientation but each one is presented in several ways: the story of the house (who built it, why, where - and special feelings about the designing and actual creating); photographs (both interior and exterior shots of houses both in-process and finished); and blue-print-like framing sketches and floor plans. If you're looking for ideas for a house of your own, this book not only provides a treasury of real alternatives (an entire chapter on small houses; another on "underground and passive solar-tempered houses"), it discusses post and beam framing, wiring and lighting, ecological materials, estimating costs of your project, and so on! This is a book you can browse through again and again, each time discovering something new. For example it includes instructions for making and applying a "rough finished natural grey plaster" which makes an interesting low-cost interior wall finish. And the aesthetics of it are as pleasing as the information shared! This is not a "how to" step by step book of practical carpentry, but for an idea or resource book it has few equals. The overall emphasis of the book is on economical, ecological and *charming* houses of the sort you may well dream of building - and living in. ♀

The "Practical Section" of *Country Women* wants you to write for us. Regular columns will include animals, gardening and crops, tools, house design and building, buying country property, and book reviews of books on these topics, and non-traditional work (if you are an electrician or a plumber and have skills to share, please do!) Address to Practical Editors *Country Women*, Box 208, Albion, CA. 95410.

Freedom of Jobs

The Department of Labor has proposed goals and timetables for getting women into the construction trades. This will aid in helping women break through the prejudice that has kept building trades closed to them.

As women who have worked in construction, we feel that the conditions women must work under in construction, once they've been given jobs, needs to be drastically changed if women are expected to remain on the job.

We write this article in the hopes that women in the trades who find themselves working on jobsites in the midst of physical and emotional conditions they find unsuitable, will benefit from our perspective, tempered over time, on the same experience. We also hope that construction contractors and organized labor will be moved by the weight of the evidence into acting on the proposals we offer.

When I was an apprentice, the B.A. and apprenticeship coordinator used to love to complain to me, (as if I would understand) about how hard it was to find minorities who were willing to work in the trades. I patiently explained that because construction has been closed to people of color for years, they couldn't expect a rush on apprenticeship openings merely because the government had set quotas.

The argument Labor is giving the government over the proposed regulations concerning women is the same, "We'll never find enough women to fill 20% of the entering apprenticeship classes. What do they want us to do, go out and knock on doors?" This time however, the problem goes much further. Because of the way women are raised in this society, they are ignorant about construction work and what kinds of jobs it involves.

Alexis Herman, Head of the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor, likes to quote her father, "No child ever becomes what he or she has never heard of."

When I went into my apprenticeship, I knew of only two trades: carpentry and bricklaying. Even though I had grown up a tomboy and frequently haunted the sites where houses were being built to pick up the knock outs from the electric boxes, scrap wood and other treasures, I did not know, until I was well into my apprenticeship, that apprenticeships were offered by the Lathers, sheetmetal workers, glasiers, painters, tapers, plumbers, pipe fitters, iron workers, cement

finishers, heavy equipment operators, plasterers, steamfitters and surveyors. The problem isn't just that women do not know that such jobs exist. They have no sense of whether they'd like the job because they don't know what it entails, what materials are worked with or which tools are used. Solution: Education throughout school, role models, shop, etc.

I was very careful when I filled out my application for the apprenticeship. I thought the Union might eliminate me because I was a woman but give other reasons like bad moral character - for being arrested during a demonstration against the war in Viet Nam. So I rode on my name (a boy's name) as far through the application process as possible. When I finally did go down to the union hall with the piece of paper, it took the business agent five minutes to realize that it was me who was applying. He first said, "This is for your husband, right?" When I said no, he concluded it was for my brother. After it began to dawn on him that I really was the one applying, his response was "Who sent you? Did the Women's Libbers send you? Did the government?" I kept saying it was my own idea, but he never quite grasped it because as I left he said, "Well you know they made a mistake. If they really wanted to get us they would have sent a black woman."

The next phase in the process was taking an aptitude test compiled by the national apprenticeship committee of the union. At that time it was half math, spatial reasoning, tool names and pulley problems. The other half was carpentry terms and concepts. They've changed it so that now it's all math and aptitude. The carpentry term section was discriminatory against women, who because they were not allowed to take shop, had no way of having the background to answer even those basic questions accurately.

The last part of the application process is an interview with the Joint Apprenticeship Committee, three contractors and three journeymen in the trades. The questions I was asked are classic in that they have nothing to do with trying to discern if a person will make a good carpenter: "Can you work with men? What if they swear? It gets rough out there. Can you take the cold? Can you take the mud? There's only one bathroom," etc.

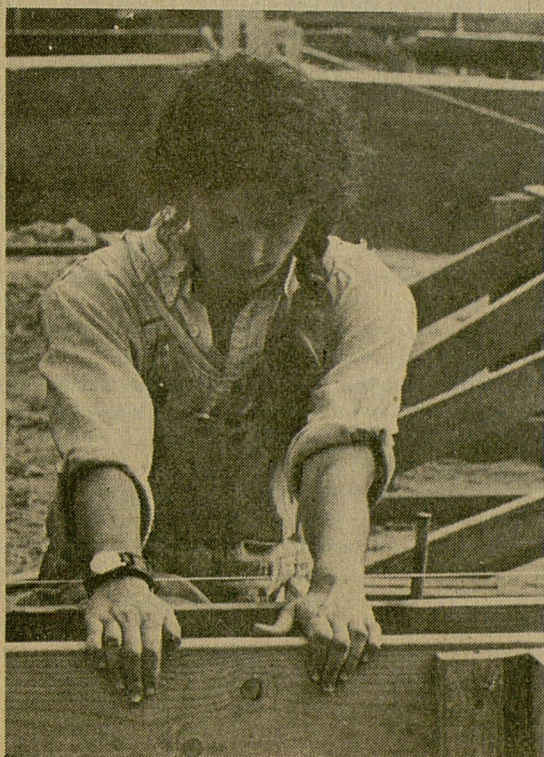
Sometimes there is no aptitude test, so selection is based solely on an interview. A friend of mine applied to the Bricklayers Union to be an appren-

tice three times in consecutive years. The first time, without the benefit of an empirical test to rank applicants, they took five apprentices and named her sixth. The next year, she was disqualified in the application process for not responding in time. She hadn't received their notice, which is supposed to be sent certified mail - return receipt requested. Somehow her letter wasn't sent registered and was lost. The third year they let her in because she had filed a discrimination complaint against them.

My first job was working a radial arm saw all day cutting 2x8's. The men yelled at me a lot and I think they were trying to make me quit. For about a month I cried every night when I got home; I was using 90% of my physical and emotional energy at work, but I wouldn't let myself quit.

After that I was laid off for four months while all the boys in my apprentice class were working. The business agent would call a contractor and ask if they'd take an apprentice. When they learned it was me, there would usually be an illegal excuse like the contractor couldn't afford another bathroom for me, or it was too cold and muddy for a woman. The Union never stood up to the contractors for the minorities or me in these cases. I was laid off nine months of my first two years. As it turned out, throughout the four years of my apprenticeship, every job I got had Federal money in it, so the contractor was required to file an Equal Opportunity Report on the number of minorities and women working on the site. In other words, no one hired me that didn't have to.

The second job I had was installing acoustical tile in one of the University buildings under con-



Lynda Koolish



Lynda Koolish

struction. I did that for nine months. During that time my business agent and other foremen on the job kept saying things like: "Ceiling work is good clean light work for a woman. It's inside all the time. You don't get too dirty." I realized they were trying to channel me away from heavy construction. I didn't like ceiling work; it's hot, boring, dirty and heavy. Besides I wasn't getting experience in other facets of carpentry as the apprenticeship had promised. I started pleading with the B.A. to get me a job in residential or heavy construction. Finally I was given a job in heavy construction and worked for the same contractor for the last two years of my apprenticeship.

In my third year I started getting harassment. I think the reason it had been minimal the first two years was because I basically didn't know much about the trade and just sat back to watch and learn. After I had been an apprentice for a couple of years I began to acquire skill and know what I was doing. I became more of a threat to the men. One laborer said to me, "My wife asked me last night, 'How come you're so tired when you get home if a woman can do your work?'."

I began to be the brunt of sexual remarks, and graffiti about my sexual prowess appeared in the bathrooms. Although most of it was demeaning and gross, I had not yet lost so much of my sense of humor that I couldn't appreciate two of the phrases written on the walls: "Dale fucks herself with a chain saw" and "Dale does it with a hammer." I liked the way they pictured me in mythical proportions, although I certainly didn't feel larger than the situation. It became a daily hardship trying not to go to the bathroom because I knew the men would be laughing when I came out,

or finding the remotest bathroom with the least demeaning graffiti.

About this time a few of the men started hanging dirty pictures where I hung my coat and hat. Each morning I would come to work to find twenty-five bricklayers, laborers and carpenters waiting to see my embarrassment and my reaction. I began to dread coming to work. They branched out into putting dirty pictures and obscene objects in my lunch box. I told the foreman and he said, "Boys will be boys." I complained to the supervisor and he said there was nothing he could do and the guys were just trying to get to me. I told him they *were* getting to me and that people aren't supposed to have to work in an atmosphere of hatred. I asked him if he was going to do something about it, because if he wasn't I would. He said there was nothing he could do.

We were talking in his trailer-office. I was furious and stomped out. I took out my hammer and menaced it at my side as I headed for the warm up shack. On the way, I met Joe, a laborer, who is 6'2" and weighs 230 lbs. He was one of the guys behind the dirty pictures. I grabbed him by the shirt collar, shook my hammer and yelled, "Are you the one who's been putting up these pictures?" He claimed he didn't know anything about it, so I let him go and went on to the warm up shack where I found about eight carpenters and bricklayers including Ron, the head prick who hated me the most. I said with my hammer in my hand, "All right, whoever's putting up these pictures had better stop." One of them said, "Why don't you go home and push your broom?" I was uncontrollably angry at this point and seeing a bench on which were about ten lunch boxes all in a row, I made one well-placed blow down on one of them. After the hammer had broken through the grey plastic there was a satisfying phhhith as it broke the thermos bottle within. It just happened to be Ron's lunch box and he came roaring toward me shouting over and over as he poked his index finger at me, "You better get me a new lunch box by Monday." By this time I knew I'd upped the ante in our conflict more than I would be able to handle daily. As the only woman on an all male jobsite, there was no way that a physical battle could remain in my control. I just kept saying "not until the shit stops" and left. After I was outside the door, I heard a stomping sound and found out on Monday when I came to work that they had smashed in my tool box. I couldn't open it to go to work, so I spent twenty minutes of the company time and fixed it.

I realized that I couldn't go on at this level of frustration and anger, but also that there was no way I could handle the situation myself. I filed a harassment suit with the local Human Rights Commission. They found probable cause in my favor and the situation began to get better for me, not because the men's actions changed greatly - their obscene pictures stopped but the graffiti and verbal remarks didn't - but because I felt I wasn't alone and had help in dealing with the problem. That's what helped me get through each day.

Despite all the energy it took to stand up to this harassment, the hardest thing to deal with was the covert sexism. The feelings of invisibility, and that they don't really need you on the job, aren't recognizable at first for what they are. That sneaks up on you. They treat you as a mascot, take over work you are doing, and won't let you do heavy work. When you work eight hours a day in an atmosphere that implies constantly that you don't contribute much, it begins to affect how you feel about yourself. This isn't anything as blatant and tangible as graffiti which you can realize is sexist and harassing. It takes months or years to realize that you're invisible on the job. And when one day some especially sexist remark makes you understand what has been going on, you can hazily see how this work atmosphere has affected your life. You are irritable at home, have separated from a lover or husband and lash out at friends for no reason other than that you are totally confused and have lost track of who and what you are.

The construction trades are the paradigm of male culture. They contain a lot of elements that most men consider important: strength, danger, coarseness. When you put a woman into this situation, you have a conflict on many levels. First, women value different things from men and therefore will feel alienated in varying degrees from the comradeship of the jobsite. Women have a different way of doing work. In general, they like doing work better and safer than men. When you take longer putting in a door jamb because you want to get it plumb, and do it safely, the other men make you think you're just slow, not that the time was well spent. The most insidious thing is when the men's conception of you as slow, incompetent, chip on your shoulder, etc. becomes a part of the way you see yourself. It seems hard to believe, but when you're surrounded for eight hours a day by men who make you feel inferior in dozens of ways, it begins to weedle its way into your personality. One of the reasons this is so devastating is because it's complete and constant. There is seldom any encouragement or praise for good work. At this point it takes more emotional energy than physical, to get through the day.

After dealing with this all day, there is night school twice a week. For four years I attended related training, (book learning) with my apprenticeship class - all boys except me. For four years they laughed at my silly questions until our last year when we were all required to enter the local apprenticeship contest. I beat them all and out of eight of us, only I and another guy knew how to lay out stairs.

I went home and bought six bottles of champagne, and celebrated with about fifty women in my community who had aided and abetted me during my apprenticeship. It was one of the most satisfying days of my life. All those years. We so seldom get to have clear victories in our lives. ♀

Small Scale Insufficiency Farming

Kamala Grohman



BOBBI JONES

The inspiration for this bit of writing came to me while I was milking my Jersey cow, wishing I was milking a row of them and looking on afterward as they strolled out to pasture on green fields. Instead I lead my faithful Abby out to her chain where she is tethered to spend the day making milk on hay that is deceptively green on the outside, moldy on the inside. And I paid \$1.50 a bale for it.

I have held on to my cow for over a year now, we have lived in four different places in that time. I have had several other cows and assorted livestock but had to part with them along the way for reasons of space and economy. The struggle to buy the next bag of grain or bale of hay continues, mainly because I refuse to give up my ideal of supporting myself through farming and get a "real" job and also cannot bring myself to part with my soulful-eyed pet, the only link I can keep with my future aspirations. In optimistic moments I see

Abby as the lead cow in a pedigreed herd built up over the years by my perseverance and determination. At other times I see myself as a young sentimentalist allowing my days to be governed by morning and evening milkings, watering, trying to find outlets for the milk supply.

Last fall and winter was a prime example of insufficiency farming. I brought my cow into the Maine woods to live shortly before she was due to freshen in October. I bought a sack of grain and some hay and stored them in a little travel trailer that was unoccupied, no shelter having been erected. I lived in a 10x20' cabin lacking at that point windows, insulation and any source of heat. The half mile drive up from the main road was full of rocks, ruts and extremely narrow. Abby marched up on her own four feet because it was decided that to drive up was asking for an early calf. The stream, the only source of water on the property, was off in a different

direction in the woods.

I fenced a small area for the cow, stringing wire from tree to tree and using a battery fencer. Abby looked round and healthy although a little bewildered by her new surroundings. She had been at my parents' farm which had plenty of green grass and a full grain bin. I was so happy to be away from people and cars that I found it hard to worry about the approaching winter. Carrying the five gallon buckets from stream to cow seemed an activity sure to benefit me with strong arms.

Every day I checked Abby's swelling udder and looked for the first signs of calving. One day in mid-October I had to drive north and on the return trip my pickup truck died on the highway. Luckily I found a place to spend the night and got the truck towed to a gas station. That night there was a powerful thunderstorm and I fretted over the cow and remembered I'd heard that storms often bring on labor in people and animals. Sure enough, the next day I hitch-hiked back, ran up the hill and found Abby lowing over a beautiful heifer calf, fawn-like and adorable.

The first time I completely milked out Abby's large udder I realized I would have a lot of milk to deal with, without the benefit of refrigeration or a good location for selling it. I got a garbage can and started pouring the surplus milk into it "for the pig." I was to get my brood sow soon that was also at my family's farm. It turned out, however, that the pig was living with a boar until she was bred and many weeks passed before she got the milk.

The new calf, Angelina, was strong and healthy. She took no notice whatsoever of the electric fence and dashed in and out and through it joyously. Many times I thought I had lost her when actually she was sleeping in the brush not far away. With deer hunting season coming up I did a lot of worrying and finally bought her a bright orange dog collar and a little bell. Every morning she could be heard tearing around the woods getting warmed up, her bell tinkling and hooves beating on the frozen ground. I let her suck freely on Abby and consequently often had to milk a lopsided udder.

Insulation started going up in the cabin and double plastic stapled on the windows. One day I got the tiniest sheet metal woodstove available and hooked it up. I did this in the belief that it was a temporary measure but ended up using it all winter. Every night it would warm up to 75 or 80 degrees in the sleeping loft but in the morning there would be ice in the drinking water. The milk was hard to keep from freezing, putting it in water in a cooler was the most satisfactory method.

About this time my friend started axing down trees and had an idea for a shelter for the cows. It turned out to be a very unique and clever design - two poles braced in a criss-cross at the top,

eight poles in all, notched and joined along the sides by horizontal poles. We didn't have the money at the time for lumber to cover the frame so covered the whole thing with plastic. The first wind set the thing flapping wildly, the animals wouldn't go near it. The first rain settled in pools on the roof and tore the plastic with its weight. Plywood was bought and rafters put up for a more suitable roof. The day the roof was completed the first snow covered the ground. Abby was tied inside the barn, Angelina running in and out wondering at the blanket of white.

That first storm was not a hint of winter but the real thing. I foolishly allowed my truck to get snowed in thinking it would all melt away. Probably some of the same snow was the last to go in April. We got the truck out by shovelling madly, stamping down the snow, sweeping it aside and by using a come-along. It took two full days to get it to the bottom of the hill. It didn't come up again until the snow had gone in the spring.

So winter found us up a hill in the woods with no hay supply or lumber to finish the barn. All winter I bought hay in small amounts, ten bales at the most, and sledged it up the hill on a home-made sled made from a pair of skis. We also sledged up rough-cut boards for the sides of the barn, a couple at a time. Everything came up (and went down) by sled - grain, hay, groceries, laundry, rolls of insulation.

When my pig was ready to leave her lover it was too late to get her up the hill in the woods. She was an especially impossible pig to move anywhere and I knew it useless to try and get her to walk a half mile in the snow. I built her a pen in a friend's garage nearby and sledged my extra milk and other pig scraps down out of the woods in buckets for her.

At Christmas time I gained another cow, my father left me with his Jersey heifer. I cheerfully welcomed another animal although it meant more hay up the hill and more water to be sledged from the stream (which thankfully flowed freely all winter) Looking back, I have to laugh at my enthusiasm for this type of "farming."

I was fortunate in finding several good and reliable customers for my milk. I would sled it down the hill and sled the empty jars back up. The trip down was a harrowing experience - each gallon of milk represented so much labor, from bringing the hay and water to the cow, milking, trying to maintain a sanitary straining and bottling procedure using as little water as possible. Every gallon of milk I could sell was another bale of hay I could buy to continue selling milk and buying hay...One day I put four gallons in a wooden box, carried it out to the sled and slipped while trying to load it. Creamy milk, glass and tears froze fast on the snow. I picked up the glass but later when the thaws began the snow melted to reveal cream still frozen to the spot

where that particular disaster occurred.

There were days when my truck was broken and the snow was falling ever faster and the hay was gone. I would walk several miles into town and call a friend to see if she could get me a bale and leave it at the bottom of the hill. Then I would trudge home and try to reassure my brown-eyed, thinning charges that help was on the way. When things became really desperate I would bring whatever seemed edible for cows out of the cabin (flour, vegetables, etc.) to give them courage to carry on.

Having to support my pregnant sow was an extra drain. I figured out that Abby was supporting herself and the two heifers with her milk, plus a little extra. The piglets would even things out but before they were born and until they could be sold it was tough going. The pig had her piglets over a three or four day period, the weather was frigid and I was afraid they would all freeze to death. She had eighteen in all, the last few must have despaired at ever being born and didn't make it out alive. I sat by and worried, hoping not to have to call the vet and pay his bill. My pig turned out to be an excellent mother and raised a litter of very fine piglets. I did get rewarded for my investment.

This account would not be complete without telling something of the thrill of opening my eyes to a sparkling and silent world, of stomping through freshly fallen snow to the outhouse, of being encompassed by the warmth of brown, sweet-breathed cows with frosted whiskers and the smell of manure. The struggle to survive and co-exist with nature is much more meaningful to me than the struggles of the civilized world. There were times when it was not difficult to imagine the fields as they had been years ago, the stone walls rebuilt - the whole hilltop fertile and productive.

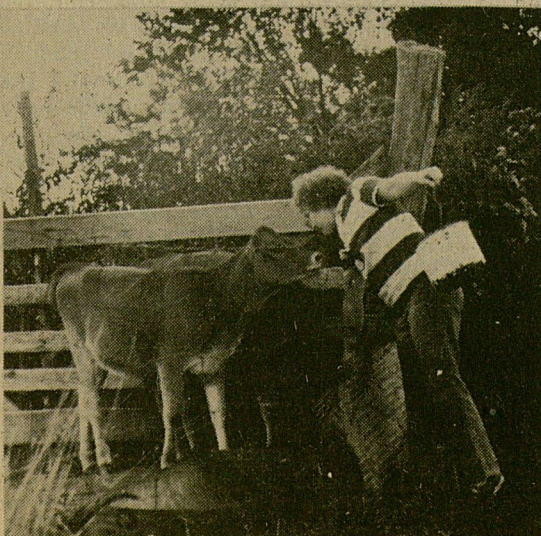
When Spring finally came I found I was exhausted. Instead of rejoicing at the warming of the earth I looked at other people's fields starting to grow, comparing their bounteous awakening to the few blades of grass to be found here and there in

the woods. Having to continue buying hay when there was pasture everywhere else seemed too great an insult. I got the cows some chains and tied them out to forage among the scrub bushes. The insects moved in on us, the cows' eyes dripped and swelled, I cursed constantly while milking, being alternately bitten by bugs and whipped by Abby's tail. The smell of fly wipe made me nauseous. It was time to move.

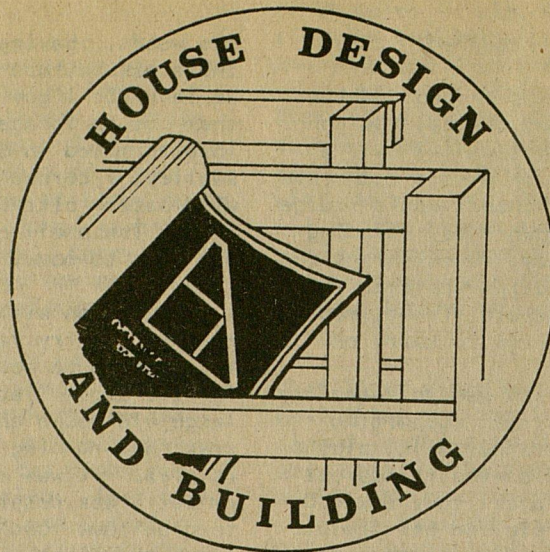
I hired a man with a horse trailer to take the cows to a dairy farm while I looked for a place for us to move to. I searched for over a month for the Right Place but ended up housesitting a large old house on a busy road. At least it had grass and running water and was located in a scenic area. It was already July by the time I moved in but I was determined to get a garden in and try to grow some food for the winter. I bought a spade and a hoe and dug a small and orderly garden, carefully extracting all the long grass roots and manuring well. I had placed my garden right in the middle of the fenced-in yard so had to keep the cows tied until I built a fence around it. All my pent-up frustrations and disappointments were soothed when the corn started coming up and the little bean plants started pushing through the soil. I spent hours just watching the little plot and watering the seedlings. The cows were let loose in the pasture as soon as the garden fence was up and were happy in the long grass. Living on the main route meant that my dairy products were easy to unload and so things looked promising as long as I didn't look too far ahead and become depressed at the prospect of relocating my farming enterprise once again.

Grass is very deceiving. When no one has mowed it and it has been allowed to grow for a few months undisturbed it looks so lush and permanent. Within a few weeks, however, the cows had eaten the best of it and continuing dry weather meant the pasture soon was not very exciting. The cows broke into my garden, eating or trampling all but the squash patch. It took many days for me to get over the feeling that life was a cruel joke and completely futile. The creatures I worked so hard to keep had turned around and destroyed the thing that meant so much to me in hopes and unfulfilled desires. The rest of the summer drifted along and I still milked twice a day, made cottage cheese and butter, and at summer's end harvested my squash patch. I even shared some of its fruits with Abby cow.

So here I am. My pig I sold during the summer, not wanting to face transporting her to wherever my next destination may be. Angelina is still at the dairy farm I boarded her out to in the spring. Abby is bred again. I get up in the morning and milk her, carry water in five gallon buckets out to where she is tied, bring her some hay. Then I make cottage cheese or butter and dream of a dairy with a sink and stainless steel buckets and hot water, with blocks of butter in barrels, cheeses aging in the cupboard and my row of cows munching away contentedly. ♀



BIRDSFOOT



CARMEN GOODYEAR

DESIGNING A SMALL HOUSE

by Jeanne Tetrault

Winter may feel like an odd time of year to be thinking about building yourself a house, but in truth it provides the perfect climate for day-dreaming, researching and planning along those lines. If you're suffering with cabin fever (inside too long, too small a space), one sure-fire cure is to begun stretching your imagination in the direction of spring building. If you're in the city now but contemplating a move to join friends or start on your own in the country, this is the time to be thinking through how to make yourself an economical, comfortable shelter. Building a small house takes neither extraordinary skill nor extravagant resources; it does take time, patience, and a willingness to learn and take risks. Financially your house can be a major long term investment or an ultra-economical small space. Within the past few years, women built houses have been springing up quite solidly all over the country. We are learning that we can not only handle hammers and all of the other tools that men have always claimed as their own; we're finding ourselves quite capable of designing, building, repairing and remodeling the houses we live in. Within the next ten years, we can develop the skills to look more critically at our housing needs and begin to evolve building techniques and designs which are ecologically sound, structurally sensible, healthy to work on and live in and which meet our needs and please our senses. It is all grounded in these first small houses

which we build for ourselves....

How to even begin to think about this house you might like to build, to live in? Most of us have grown up with rather complicated ideas of what a house should be: living room, bedrooms, hallways, staircases, bathrooms.... mazes of rooms put together in mysterious ways. The language of carpentry, of building, is itself an unfamiliar one. The tools are another area of mystery. Small wonder that when we try to think of building a house we are stopped, overwhelmed! The first basic knowledge we need is how a house is put together. A simple wood-frame house (most of those you see around you) consists of four elements: the foundation, the framework, the outer covering and the inside finish. The foundation is the groundfloor of the house, the part that supports, defines the house and connects it to the earth. The most common foundation is a concrete perimeter or "continuous" foundation. This resembles a small concrete wall which has a broader footing of concrete beneath it (under ground level) and a wooden sill (or mudsill) on top of it. The height and width of the wall and the depth and width of the footing are determined by the size of the building above; (a larger house will need a more substantial foundation wall and a broader footing) and by the nature of the soil the house is built upon (very stable, compact soils will need less substantial foundations as they will take the weight of the

house very evenly; looser, sandy or clay type soils tend to shift and change, thus necessitating a broader-base foundation with a deeper footing).

A second type of foundation is the pier and post or pier and column. This one consists of independent concrete piers set at regular intervals under the house; these piers support vertical posts or columns (made of wood, steel, concrete or brick) which in turn hold horizontal beams or girders which support the house. The piers themselves usually rest on concrete footings similar to those supporting the concrete perimeter wall (i.e. the footings are broader than the piers resting on them and extend into the ground). In hillside areas, houses are sometimes built with a third type of foundation: pressure-treated posts or pilings which are embedded deep into the ground. Like the piers, these posts stand independent of one another at set intervals under the house and like the piers they support the horizontal beams or girders which bear the weight of the house. A slab foundation is just that: a poured block or slab on concrete which rests directly on the ground. The slab often has a perimeter footing of concrete and is reinforced with special steel mesh. One final type of foundation is the concrete block foundation. This is similar to the continuous concrete perimeter foundation; it consists of individual concrete blocks built up layer by layer and joined together with steel reinforcing rods and concrete. There are, of course, other ways to construct a foundation - ranging from stone or brick walls to simple "skids"

or wooden supports placed directly on the ground. Regardless of type or design, the foundation of your house must be carefully constructed and strong and stable enough to support the entire structure.

The framework of a house consists of the floor members, the walls and the roof and ceilings. Unless you pour a slab floor, you'll probably want to construct a platform floor - a system of supporting joists which rest upon the muddsill or girders and which are covered with the flooring (often two layers - the rough subfloor and a finish floor above). Walls are constructed according to two basic systems: the conventional stud wall framing system, or the once traditional post and beam system. The stud wall consists of light vertical members (2 x 4's) connected by equally light (2 x 4) horizontal plates and diagonal pieces. Walls are constructed in sections on the ground (or floor platform) and then lifted up into place and secured together. Stud wall framing is fast and easy; one big advantage is that all of the materials can be managed by one or two people of average strength. The materials themselves are commonly available and can be transported without any problems. If you're building your house yourself, or with one other person, you'd do well to consider this method of building. Post and beam framing consists of larger vertical members (posts) and larger horizontals (beams) - the size of these members means that they are heavy and awkward to handle.

If you have plenty of hands (and strong backs) to help, post and beam framing has several advantages. Because the individual pieces are so large, much fewer are needed and the work can go very quickly. This method is considered cheaper than stud wall framing - one common estimate is that you can save one third of your framing costs. If you leave the framing exposed inside your house, the effect is quite beautiful (an exposed stud wall, on the other hand, is far from beautiful!). One final advantage of this system of framing is that you can use home-milled lumber, poles or rough cut pieces from local saw-mills, saving yourself still more money and allowing you to improvise with what's available. Of course if you have leanings toward anarchy, you can combine framing systems and do parts of your house each way - or perhaps dream up some new systems altogether? One example of improvising successfully in the framing department is seen in some of the yurts being built with outward leaning walls of interlaced, incredibly lightweight "stickers" (one x two material). If you decide to build a round or polygonal house, you will probably have to adapt one of these framing systems to fit your building's needs: the basic concept to keep in mind is that the walls serve to carry the weight of the roof and sides down to the floor (it goes from there to the foundation and down to earth). Your walls must be strong enough to support themselves and the roof. The walls and bracing of the walls also serve to tie the building together. Last in the framework of the house is the roof framing. As with the floor, a system of supporting pieces (rafters) holds the solid roof (sheathing) which is then finished with a rain-tight, wind proof outer covering (roofing). Some of the different possibilities for roof styles/framing are discussed later.

For an outer covering, your house will most likely have a "skin" of wood or some wood product. The wooden frame of the stud wall house is usually covered first with a layer of asphalt saturated felt paper (which acts as a vapor barrier) and then with plywood or one-x material. If a single outer layer is applied, it is called the siding of the house. Materials used for siding include special milled plywood siding (4x8 or 4x10 sheets with rough or smooth surfaces and with lapped edges which are weather-tight), various styles of 1 x material (shiplap, v-rustic, bevel siding, etc.), vertical board and batten and so forth. An alternative to the single covering is to use a layer of sheathing (plywood, 1 x material, builder's board etc.) which is then covered with the second layer of siding (wood shingles, shiplap boards, thinner plywood siding, etc.). A double-wall building is better insulated, more easily made rain-tight around doors and windows, stronger, and of course more expensive! The outer covering of your house will include doors and windows, the trim around these, the closing up (if any) of exposed rafter ends, the roof covering etc. All of these pieces serve to keep the wind and rain out of your house and to protect

the structural members. They also contribute to the aesthetics of the house - the way it looks and feels, so that the choices you make should take into account not only the durability and cost, but overall effect.

The final element of the house will be the interior finish - how you cover (or leave exposed) the inside walls and ceilings and floors. Insulation goes on the interior walls before they are finished (usually), and on the roof between the rafters before it is closed in (if it is to be -- you can also put rigid insulation on top of the roof sheathing or decking). Inside finish will also include trimming of doors and windows, adding baseboards around the floors, etc. Finishing the inside of your house can be a lifelong project; the house can change as you do. It is the final step in building your house and may be taken on at your leisure. Choices and possibilities are almost unlimited.

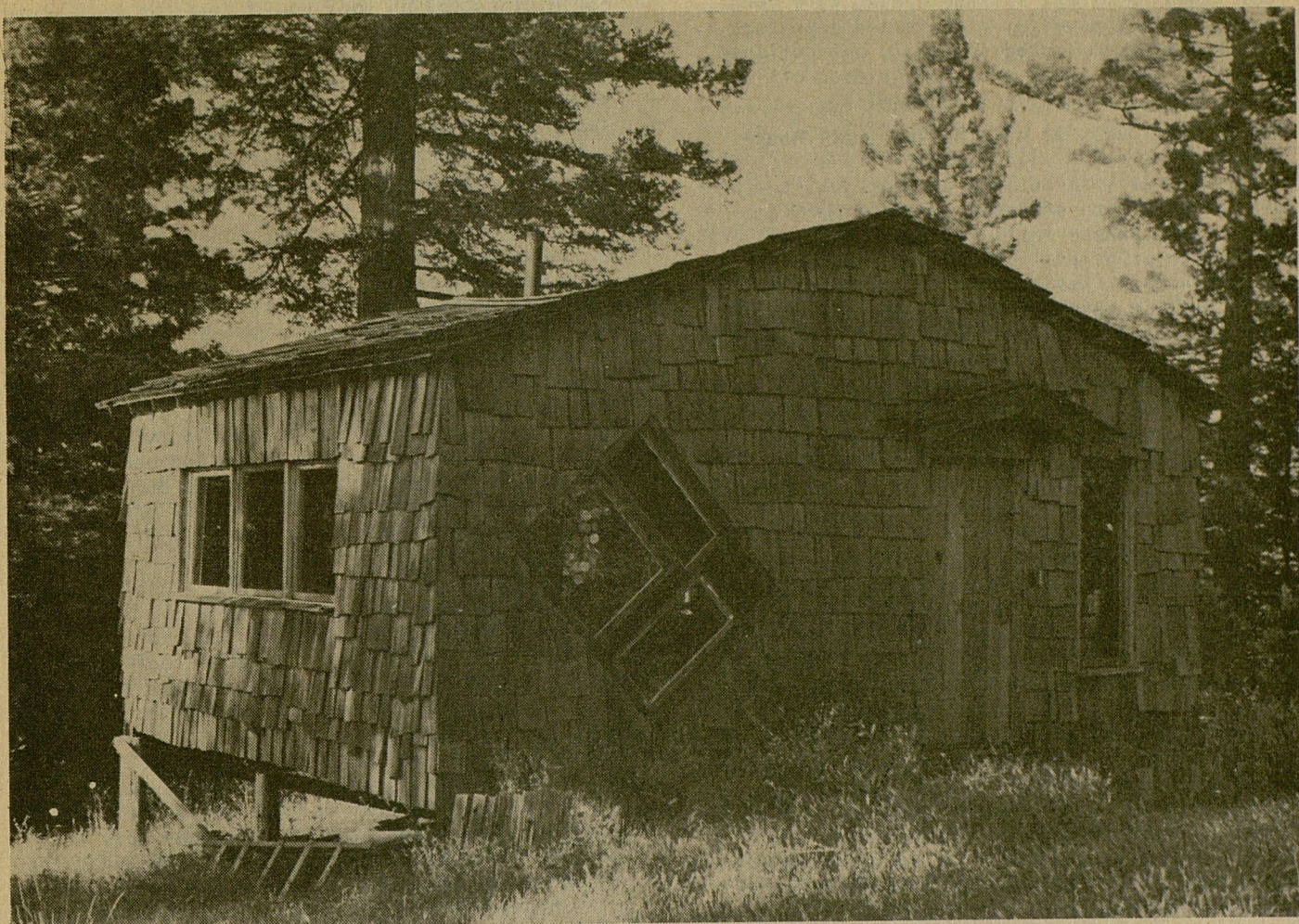
"I feel great excitement at learning to create dwellings which deeply satisfy, rather than merely contain."

River in Dwellings

With the house elements in mind, you can go back to daydreaming. Shed all of your preconceptions about how many hallways a proper house should have ... and consider the kind of space you feel good in. What do you like to feel when you're inside? Do you want a house that's small and cozy, circled around the woodstove with dark warm walls? Do you want a house that sends your mind soaring, that dances with sun and energy? Should your house sprawl out, giving you space to dance, spread from room to room? Do you need rooms? Or just a room? Perhaps one large unbroken space? Most houses built in this country are "invariably designed for the typical family with 2.6 children." (30 *Energy-Efficient Houses*, Alex Wade). If you aren't living with 2.6 children, if in fact you live alone, your house should be made to suit your needs and fancies. Anything under 1000 square feet is considered a "small" house. The houses many of us live in would hardly be considered houses by those who write the building codes prescribing how many square feet of closet area the average home must have. (Our houses might in fact be defined as closets if we hadn't quite vocally stepped out of those some time ago). But the house you'd like to build for yourself should be sufficient space unto -- yourself. For six months I lived in an eight by twelve foot tent with another woman and several disgruntled cats. When finally we began to build a small temporary dwelling, this tiniest

of spaces seemed enormous. As River expresses it in her book *Dwelling*, "For fun and for a further look into the meaning of shelter, try having none."

With the cost of lumber rising daily and our forest resources being heavily tapped, the most sane house is one built carefully to maximize space with minimum materials. There are things we are learning as we design and build that teach us that a "small" house can feel big. If you raise the roof pitch (the angle of the roof) on a small house, the inside space will lift up. Raising the roof pitch will also let you add a sleeping loft to the small house - which will free up the downstairs floor space and give you a cozy place to curl up in as well. My favorite roof pitch is the "one half pitch" which reminds me of Cape Cod and Maine - it deserves wood shingles and a snowy morning but built here, low cost, on the California coast it at least gives me an "up" feeling and a loft I can stand in! Raising the roof pitch changes the house dramatically without adding significantly to the cost of the structure. It is, of course, harder to roof - but once that is done, it has the advantages of shedding water and snow quickly and allowing good air circulation during hot weather. Skylights can also add a tremendous feeling of light and space to a small house. They should be carefully placed if you live in a hot-summer area so that they don't allow too much sun/heat in. Windows, of course, function the same way - properly spaced and abundant enough, they can make a tiny house feel bright, cheery, open. Placing and planning for windows is one of the most critical elements in house design. Another way to enlarge a small space is to build high walls. The lower your walls, the more closed-in your space will feel. If you fancy living in a hobbit-hole, cozy den of a house, you may like to make the walls just high enough to clear the head of your tallest friend. If you want your space to feel bigger than it really is, make your walls at least the conventional 8' height or be extravagant and make 10' high! (here again, you'll have ample room for a walk-about loft or study at not much more cost). One final way to make a small space seem larger is to build round- or semi-round (an octagon, a hexagon, a yurt). Rounded spaces allow the inside-energy to flow uninterrupted which, believe it or not, beloved skeptics, makes the little house feel less limiting. Those of you who raise a scornful eyebrow should go spend an afternoon in someone's yurt or round house and then for comparison walk back into a square and cornered room. The round house, yurt,



JEAN MCCREADY

octagon is of course harder to build, but only if you let yourself be trapped in convention. If you let your imagination work with you, you may find this "difficult" house a treat to construct. According to one book on design I read, a round house will give you maximum inner floor space for minimum materials when compared with other more common house shapes.

Small houses benefit greatly from the imaginative use of alcoves, built-in beds and cabinets, and careful choice of furnishings that can serve more than one function. Alcoves in particular can solve the big problems of the small house: not enough storage space and no areas for privacy. An alcove can be created by constructing partial partition walls or by adding on small shed roof "additions" either at the time of building or later on. A bed alcove in a small

house can give you a sense of coziness and separateness; combined with a skylight, it can provide pleasure of waking to early-morning light or star-gazing at night. If you live with a wood heat or cookstove, consider building an attached shed for your wood which can be filled from the outside and emptied/used from inside the house. This will eliminate the space-consuming stacks of wood usually brought in from an outdoor woodshed or the barn, and you won't have to trudge through rain or snow to get that extra armload of kindling...Another space-saving idea to consider is to build a tiny alcove or addition for your refrigerator so that this appliance is set into an outside wall. This will save kitchen space and electricity as the refrigerator will not have to work as hard during the cool weather. Built-in areas for couches or desks, like the bed alcove, will give you

some sense of a separate space within the tiniest house. If you build a gable or shed roof house with a sleeping loft or full second floor, you can use the space along the sloped roof lines for extra storage space. Here you can build in shelves or closets and make use of what is often wasted space. In conventional building, these areas are often closed off with little partitions called "knee walls".

Some final ideas for helping the small house seem big.

- Rather than build a conventional solid wall to partition off an area of a room, consider the Japanese shoji or rice-paper wall panel. The principle is to use a translucent material which breaks up space but lets the light diffuse through. You can use your imagination to come up with suitable materials - a light wood frame and an infill of any low-cost translucent material (think about using cloth or paper rather than plastic products).

- Use sliding doors to make areas more flexible; when you want privacy, you can close these to set off a part of the room. Otherwise, they may be left open for a sense of larger space.

- Consider adding a small, old fashioned porch to your house. This can be open or enclosed, depending upon the climate you live in and your needs. A porch offers the perfect place to hang up raincoats, leave snow boots, store extra firewood. All of this will save valuable space inside. An extra benefit is in keeping unwanted weather (rain, drafts) out and making your house easier to keep comfortable.

- Bunk beds or tiny "lofts" (beds built up over a small closet area) can provide extra sleeping space without an added room.

- Letting some outside in can also make the small house feel larger. French doors opening into your garden or out to a deck or porch will let the outside flow in. Dutch doors have the same effect and can be very special to the feeling of the small house. Large windows facing south (to welcome the sun) will also help to lighten and expand your inside space.

There are several more things to consider in choosing the shape, size and style of your house. The square footage of your house is, of course, the length times the width (and this is done for each story or level). A 16' x 24' house, then, has 384 square feet or 384' of floor area. If you add a second story to this house you double your square foot area/floor space. Adding a second story or loft is the cheapest way to increase your floor space - i.e., building a 32' x 24' single story house will cost considerably more than building a two story 16 x 24' house because in the second house the two stories share a common roof (in the first house, the entire floor area will have to be covered.) In some areas, the lower building may be desirable regardless of cost comparison because low buildings stay cooler or because they catch less wind (important in high wind areas). You may also dislike climbing stairs or ladders to reach your bedroom(s) or studio. If you're

building on a steep hillside, you may want to build your house on several levels with short flights of stairs between - this is a variation called the "split-level" or "multi-level" house. The type of roof you choose for your house will have an enormous affect on the feeling within the house and the way it looks from the outside regardless of the number of stories you build. Some of the more common roof types are the shed roof, gable, flat roof, gambrel, and hip. The shed roof is perhaps the simplest of all to actually construct because the rafters span from wall to wall and are very simple to cut and put into place. I've always felt a little uncomfortable in shed roof houses because the ceiling seems to soar upward and then stop too abruptly. Using a row of windows along the upper part of the high wall helps this problem; it also floods the room(s) below with a wonderful light. Intersecting shed roofs are a common feature of modern houses - this allows for a great deal of variation within the house, with individual rooms which can meet quite different needs. One nice design for a small house is to build two intersecting sheds with a clerestory on the higher shed wall - this is easy to build and provides an extremely bright, open room in the higher shed side which would make a good studio or living space. The gable roof is by far my favorite, both for its versatility and its aesthetic possibilities. The gable roof slopes up equally from each side and meets at a central peak. If you build a small house with a high pitch and exposed rafters inside, the effect is the "cathedral" ceiling which, as in the old-fashioned church, creates a soaring sensation of inner space lifting up. The gable roof lends itself to later additions and changes very well - you can add shed roof rooms which tuck under the eaves or intersecting gables which form "L" or "T" shapes. It is also well suited to heavy snow or rain areas - the roof sheds off quickly, if you choose a high pitch you may also save some on materials because you can use smaller rafters to make a given span. You will, of course, have to use slightly more roof sheathing and covering - so compute out each possibility to see which design will save you the most money. It's also important in choosing the roof pitch for your house to consider the kind of roofing material you want to use: each type of roofing is suited to pitches within a particular range. For example, wood shingles or shakes require a fairly steep roof pitch; otherwise they can't shed water properly and may either actually leak or simply deteriorate prematurely. The gable roof is not difficult to construct although it may be very helpful to work with a partner or two when it comes to raising the rafters. The flat roof is used only in certain areas of the country. Because it does not shed rain or snow, it is more suitable for dry places. This type of roof requires rather heavy rafters and special built-up or "hot tar" roofing. One positive feature is its adaptability to solar heating: it provides a perfect flat surface for setting up and servicing solar collectors. The gambrel roof

is traditionally used on barns - it is constructed with rafters consisting of many small pieces (light work but more complicated than the simple rafters in a shed or gable). The gambrel design allows you to have a spacious upstairs which is not really a second story in terms of siding and framing requirements. The hip roof is unusual in that the roof rises equally from all four sides of the house. This roof style is usually found on a square (rather than a rectangular) building. It is more difficult to frame up and probably should not be a consideration if you are a beginning carpenter.

All of the roof styles discussed above may be used on any square or rectangular house of any size. If you are planning to build a small house, you should think carefully about the dimensions. A square house gives more actual floor space than a rectangular house of similar proportions: i.e. a 20' x 20' house = 400 sq. ft. and an 18' x 22' house = 396 sq. ft. This is a general rule which you may want to consider in planning your overall space. Usually houses are rectangular rather than square as the rectangle seems to lend itself more comfortably as a living/working space. In considering how many feet per side, how much square foot area your house will be, you will have to estimate cost of materials, time you have for building, the site itself, your housing needs, etc. You should also do some work with rafter and floor joist tables to see whether certain sizes will allow you to use cheaper materials and save considerably on your final cost. These tables are available in The Uniform Building Code, usually to be found in the reference section of your library. They will be reprinted in my book, Women's Houses, Women's Homes, to be published by Doubleday/Anchor Press this spring. Most other carpentry books contain partial tables which may cover your needs. You should also consider the balance of the size you choose - particularly if you're building a small house. In general, you should try to avoid building a too narrow house. For an example - a ten x thirty foot house will feel good only if you are fond of trailer space; otherwise it will feel unbalanced. For some reason, increases of eight feet seem to work well together: a sixteen x twenty-four foot house, or a twenty-four by thirty-two foot house will feel well balanced aesthetically and will use materials efficiently as well. Spend some time visiting (and measuring) friends' houses as well as drawing sketches of what you might want in your house. Slowly, the perfect house will evolve and you'll have a house that makes you happy and is reasonable to build.

So far in discussing shape and style I've avoided certain other possibilities: the hexagon, the octagon, the yurt, the round house. Any of these shapes may well be your choice, for they create magical inner space and beautiful outer harmony; but they are somewhat harder to build. There are several other disadvantages to these

uncommon houses: they are difficult to expand later, difficult to break into rooms, possibly wasteful of materials, and harder to live in unless you are willing to build your own furniture to fit the house. All of these problems seem to diminish in the face of the houses themselves - they are uniquely wonderful and well worth any troubles in construction!

Whatever the shape or size of the house you choose to build, you should do some careful thinking about the materials you're going to use for each facet of your structure. Recycled or salvaged materials can make an enormous difference in the cost of your house, and also save resources, making your house-building more ecologically sensible. If you're lucky and have the time, you may discover someone with an old building which you can have for the work of tearing it down and removing - or which you can buy for a token cost. This process will not only provide you with some cheap (and perhaps very beautiful) material: you will learn a lot about building in the demolition! In some areas, there are stores and lumber yards dealing in salvaged wood and materials. If you're careful in your choices, you can pick up some bargains; if you're not careful, you can end up with some headaches. In general, it's a wonderful idea to get old siding - this can become your walls, interior and exterior, your roof sheathing, etc. It is usually in fairly good shape and not too hard to work with. Remember that painted wood can be turned so that the unpainted side shows - so that what looks like a garish stack of blue and pink splashed boards might reveal a whole other side (beautiful old redwood!) which you can enjoy. Using old wood for the structural parts of your house is fraught with problems. Old floor joists or wall studs may be warped, bowed, or so hard that you'll have a rough time driving a nail into them. In many instances, these pieces have settled into wierd shapes over the years and will defy your attempts to make a square, true structure out of them. Hidden nails (they may have broken off or rusted partly away) will take the edge off your saw if you aren't super careful (even then, you'll probably find yourself surprised by these!) If at all possible, use new lumber for your framing. If your house is one of your first building projects, you'll probably come through with your self-confidence a lot more intact. You can use salvaged wood for your floors, for window and door trim, and the uses mentioned above. Use it for framing only if you have to. Salvaged windows are almost a must if you're trying to build economically. These may be purchased from salvage yards, at flea markets, or are sometimes free for the taking at window and door shops. Look for windows with intact sash (the wood parts) and glass. A broken pane or two, of course, you can replace - but don't buy, or even take free a window with rotting or broken sash. Gathering windows can become a mild obsession and may provide the first clues to how your house will

evolve. You may find yourself building (as I have) your house around the windows you've found! Like the window search, the door search can become an engaging one. Look for a door (or doors) that is sturdy, interesting in design, and big enough to let you move in your furniture! Remember that a glass door will let in extra light and might be the key to a special room.

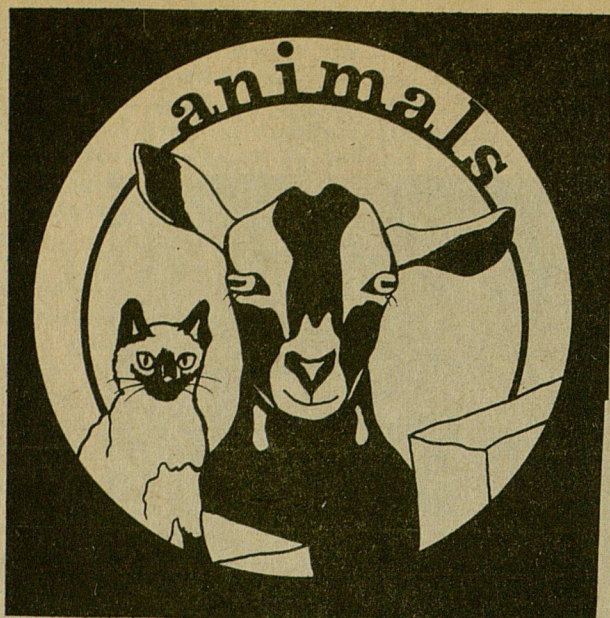
In addition to salvaged materials you should consider local options: is there a sawmill in your area? What do they produce? Can you use it in your house? Often times locally milled lumber will be much cheaper than lumber hauled in from other areas. One thing to take into consideration here is whether the lumber you're getting is green (unseasoned; wet). If it is, you would do well to buy it four to six months in advance and stack it carefully in a sheltered place to let it dry and season. Stickers, (thin pieces of wood) should be placed between each layer of boards to let air circulate and everything should be stacked as carefully level as possible. If you have to build with green wood, use it as quickly as you can and don't leave it lying around (especially in the sun). This wood will shrink in place, so take that into consideration. Don't use green boards for flooring (your floor will have big air spaces in a couple of months) or anywhere that you need a tight fit. If you use green lumber for exterior or interior siding, you should probably use it as "board and batten" i.e. vertical boards with battens placed over the joints. This will take care of the shrinkage that occurs when the wood dries and is one of the most common uses of green lumber. In considering your local options for building materials, don't overlook poles (can you cut these for a pole foundation? Can you use local trees for a post and beam structure? What about building a log house?), rock, (you may not want to build a whole house of stone, but what about using it for a wall - a passive solar heat collector - or for your foundation?), and the like.

The traditional definition of "carpenter" is: "one whose occupation is constructing, finishing and repairing wooden objects and structures." Unfortunately, the modern carpenter is working with an assortment of materials far beyond those made of wood: sheetrock, insulation, plastics, fiberglass, wood preservatives, concrete, asphalt, asbestos, metal. As a house builder, you'll find yourself making choices about most if not all of these materials. You'll be encouraged to use sheetrock on your inside walls (it's cheap, it's fast), insulation throughout your house (it's mandatory if you are building to code), asbestos shingles on your roof. Many of these materials are dangerous to your health! For example, the joint compound used with sheetrock contains asbestos fibers which have been proven to cause a particular and deadly form of lung cancer. Companies threatened by lawsuits around this issue are beginning to switch to

another compound - this one containing plastics which have not yet proven their undesirable effects on the human lung... Fiberglass insulation is proving to have similar bad effects and is quite dangerous to handle without precautions such as a good respirator, gloves, etc. Many of the products used to treat wood (both inside and outside your house) have warnings on their labels: "USE ONLY WITH ADEQUATE VENTILATION. AVOID PROLONGED CONTACT WITH SKIN. AVOID BREATHING FUMES. MAY BE HARMFUL." If you are trying to build a house that is safe and healthy to work on and live in, you'll have to do a lot of careful thinking and some research before you build. Fortunately, there are some source books appearing which can help you make decisions. Read *Work Is Dangerous To Your Health* (Jeanne Stellman and Susan Daum, Vintage Books, 1973), *Low Cost, Energy Efficient Shelter* (Eugene Eccles, Rodale Press) and *Women's Houses, Women's Homes* (Jeanne Tetrault, Doubleday/Anchor Press, 1980) for starters. Consider each material you are going to use from a critical standpoint: does it contain anything which is potentially harmful to people? to the general environment? Do I have to use it? What are the alternatives? What was used before this product was invented? Look into new materials too: all of them aren't all bad! Cellulose fiber insulation, for instance, may well be a reasonable alternative to fiberglass - right now it is available only in a loose-fill form which is somewhat harder to use, but it is an ecological material, made with recycled paper, and it appears to be safe. As building processes have evolved and new products have been created, there has been virtually no public dialogue about the safety and ecological sanity of the houses we live in. It is critical that women who are beginning to design, build, repair, remodel the houses we and others live in insist on this dialogue and share what we learn. We can make this focus an integral part of the way we approach housing- beginning on the personal, immediate level of the small house we choose to build and live in and spreading beyond to the more general context.

Throughout the process of planning the house you want to build, sketch the ideas that you have, jot down questions that might come up, keep a journal of your feelings! The house will reveal itself slowly through all of this coupled with your window searches, visits to local "owner built homes", and forays through the nearby lumber yards! The next steps (next issue) will be: fitting the house to its location, working with codes, drawing plans. After that, the building process, working with tools and specific materials, making your ideas actual. Building your own house can give you an extraordinary sense of power (I can do it all myself!) and control (I know how it goes together, how to fix it if something's wrong). It will also give you an amazing feeling of serenity (entirely at home in this house, each board and rafter familiar as a friend). In this is goes beyond the matter of economics, necessity and survival into a realm both creative and sustaining. ♀





CARMEN GOODYEAR

Butchering Chickens

by Tammy Tyler

Photos by JUDY TODD

Butchering is certainly my least favorite of all farm chores, but as someone who has chosen to continue eating meat, it is a necessity. Everyone who keeps a flock of chickens also knows that hens don't lay forever, and that economics doesn't allow for three year old hens on a pension plan. Killing could never be a pleasant experience for me but I have tried to find the most efficient way possible in order to make it as easy as can be expected for me as well as the bird.

Food should be withheld from the birds for about twelve hours before they are to be killed. This will give ample time for the crop and intestines to empty. Withholding food from the birds makes the job of eviscerating much cleaner and easier. Birds that are to be fasted should be removed from the pen and put into coops containing wire or slat bottoms, so that they do not gain access to feed, litter, feathers or manure.

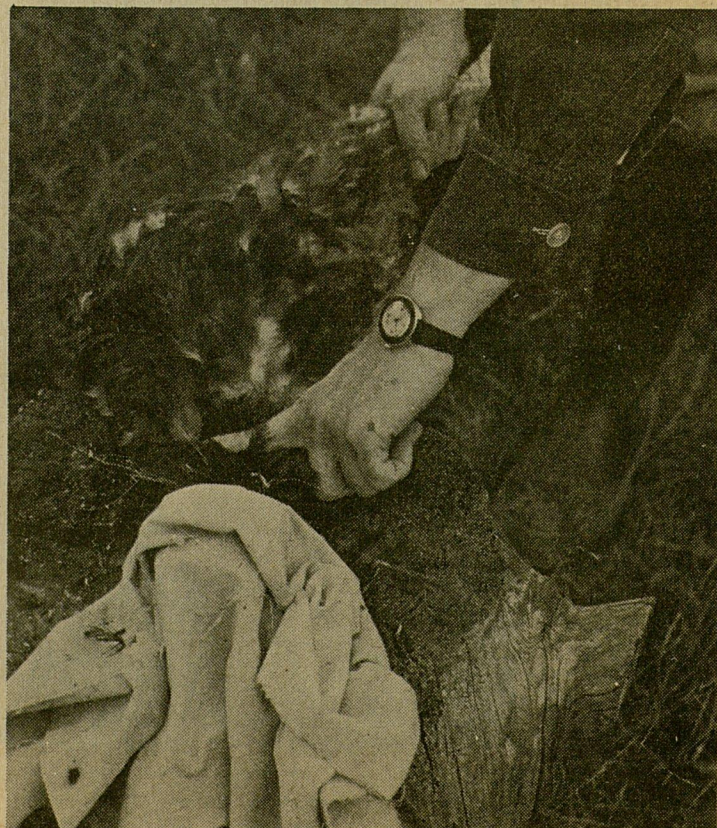
Care should be taken in catching and handling the birds to prevent bruising. They should be caught by the shanks and not be permitted to flop their wings against equipment or other hard surfaces. This will help prevent bruising and poor dressed appearance. Catching the birds at night when they are roosting will eliminate most of the trauma of handling them as they are quite stupefied. After the birds are caught, keep them in a comfortable, well ventilated place prior to killing. Overheating or lack of oxygen can cause poor bleeding resulting in bluish, discolored carcasses.

There are several ways to achieve the actual killing. I prefer the "head-on-the-block" method. Although it is somewhat messy, I feel it is the quickest and surest method. I place two nails on the block (about an inch apart), place the bird's neck through the space and then tie a piece of

string from nail to nail in order to secure the bird's neck. I then place a burlap bag over the head. I also suggest having another bag in which to put the freshly deheaded body. This will minimize flopping and help to catch the blood.



Another way of killing is by the "English" method which breaks the neck of the bird. Grasp the legs and tip of the wings in one hand to keep the bird from flopping around, and the head between the thumb and index finger of the other hand. Pull down on the head, stretching the neck, and simultaneously bend the head back sharply to dislocate the neck at the base of the skull. The bird will flutter some, but can be held. When it stops moving, you can behead it and let the blood accumulated in the neck run out.



Others prefer killing by "sticking." The head is held with one hand and is pulled down for slight tension to steady the bird. With a sharp knife the jugular vein is severed by cutting into the neck just back of the mandibles. This can be done by inserting the knife into the neck close to the neck bone, turning the knife outward and severing the jugular. It may also be done by cutting from the outside. Another method which is sometimes used, is to cut the jugular vein from inside the mouth. Using this method the bird hangs with the breast towards you. The head is held firmly with the thumb and first finger at the ear lobes. A slight pull with pressure causes the beak to open. The knife is then inserted into the mouth, so that the point can be felt just back of the left ear lobe as you face it. With a slight pressure and drawing outwards towards the opposite corner of the mouth the jugular vein is cut at the junction of the connecting vein running across the back of the throat.

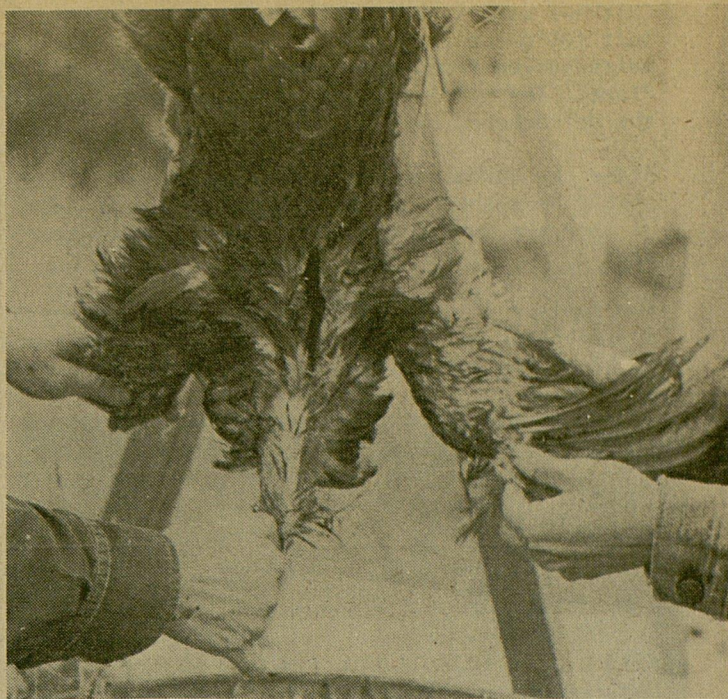
In general, there are four methods of removing feathers from birds. They are the hard scald, the sub-scald, the semi-scald and dry picking.

The hard scald uses 160-180 degree temperatures for thirty to sixty seconds. After the bird is sloshed up and down in water at this temperature, the feathers are removed very easily. With this method the time the bird is scalded depends upon the temperature of the water and the age of the birds. It should be only long enough so that the feathers can be pulled easily. This makes for fast easy picking but destroys the protective covering of the skin. The hard scald causes a dark, crusty, blotchy appearance and results in poorer keeping quality.

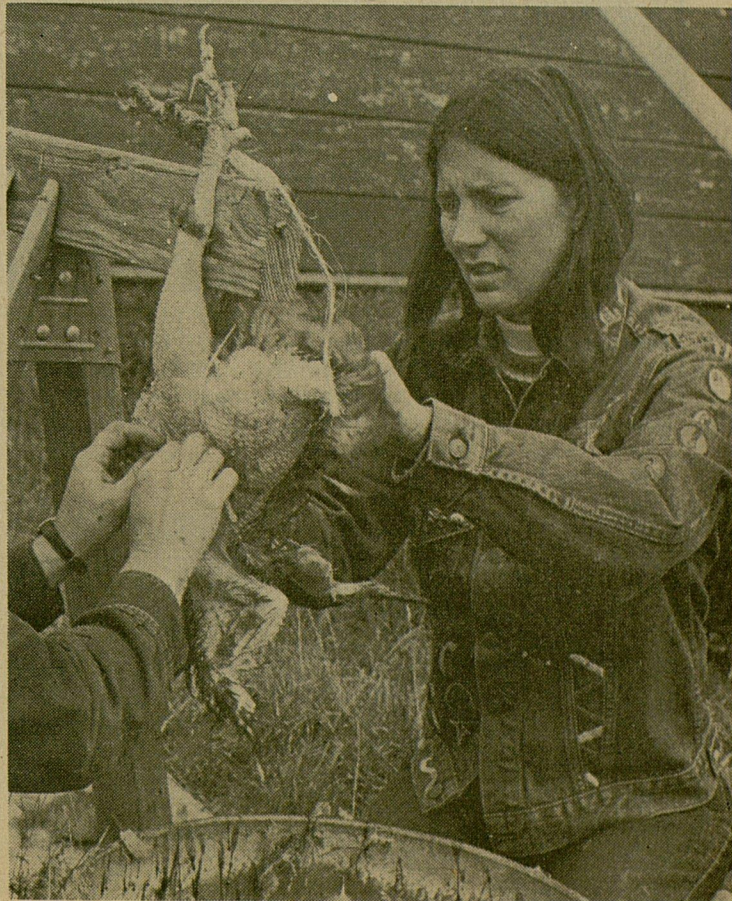
The sub-scald uses a temperature of 138-140 degrees for thirty to seventy-five seconds. This method causes a break-down of the outer layer of skin but the flesh is not affected as in hard scalding. The main advantage of the sub-scald is the easy removal of feathers and a uniform skin color. However, the skin surface tends to be moist and sticky and will discolor if not kept wet and covered. This method is frequently used for turkeys and waterfowl.

With the semi-scald the bird is sloshed up and down in water at a temperature of 125-130 degrees. Generally thirty seconds gives satisfactory results.

I prefer dry picking. This needs to be done immediately after killing and very quickly. Otherwise the feather follicles contract and the feathers become impossible to pull. The tail feathers should be pulled first, then the wing feathers and finally the body. Some birds have skin that tears easily so be aware. Hanging the bird upside down at shoulder height is the easiest way to pluck.



Pinfeathers are best removed under a slow stream of cold tap water. Use a slight pressure and a rubbing motion. Those that are difficult to get can be removed by using a pinning knife or dull knife. Applying pressure, the pinfeathers can be squeezed out. The most difficult may have to be pulled.



Chickens usually have a few hair-like feathers left following the plucking operation. These hairs can be removed by singeing with an open flame. The birds are easily singed by rotating the defeathered bird in the flame.

After the carcasses are picked and singed, they should be washed in clean, cool water. As soon as they are washed they are ready to be eviscerated.

The tools needed for drawing poultry are a sharp stiff-bladed knife, a hook if the leg tendons are to be pulled and a solid block or bench upon which to work.



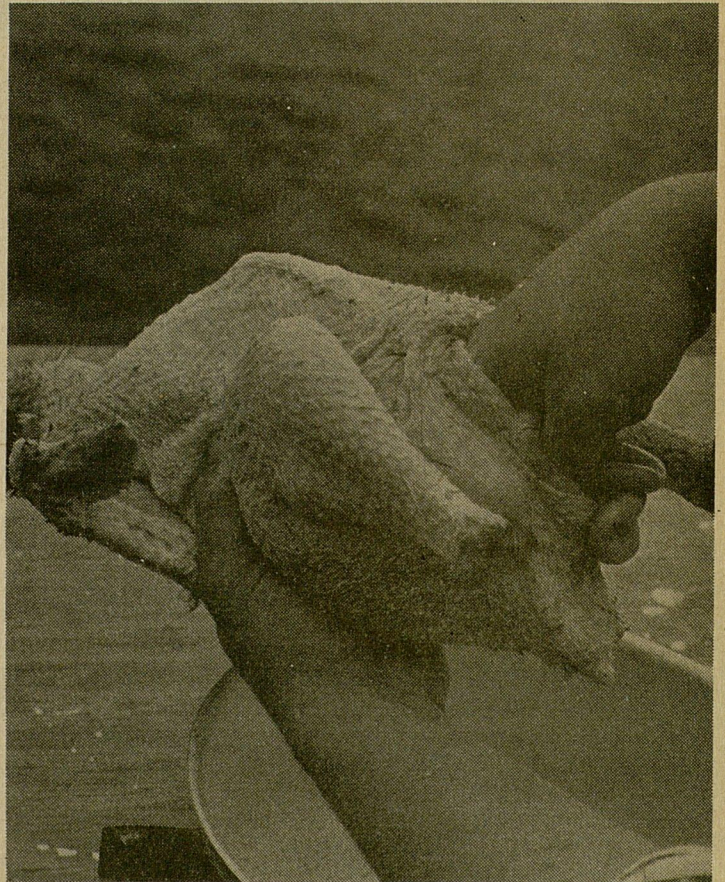
The shanks and feet should be cut off straight through or slightly below the hock joint, leaving a small flap of the skin on the back of the hock joint. The oil sac on the back near the tail should be cut out, as it sometimes gives a peculiar flavor to the meat. This is removed with a wedge-shaped cut.

To remove the crop, windpipe, gullet and neck, cut the head off, and slit the skin down the back of the neck. Separate the skin from the neck and then, from the gullet and windpipe. Follow the gullet to the crop and remove by cutting below the crop. The loose skin then serves as a flap which folds over the front opening and permits stuffing the bird without sewing. The neck is cut off as close to the shoulders as possible. A pair of pruning shears are handy for this purpose. The flap of skin is then folded back between the shoulders and locked in place by folding the tips of the wings over it.

The vent is loosened by cutting around it. This

should be done carefully to avoid cutting into the intestine. The viscera are removed through a short horizontal cut approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 inches below the cut made around the vent. The horizontal cut should be about three inches long. The lungs, liver and heart attachments are carefully broken by inserting the fingers through the front opening. The intestines are loosened from the rear opening by working the fingers around them and breaking the tissues that hold them in the body cavity. The viscera are removed through the rear opening in one mass by inserting two fingers through the rear opening and hooking them over the gizzard cupping the hand and using a gentle pull and slight twisting motion.

Remove the gonads (ovaries and testes). The gonads are attached to the backbone. They can be removed quite easily by hand. The lungs are attached to the ribs on either side of the backbone. These can be removed by using the index finger to break the tissues attaching the lungs to the ribs. Insert the finger between the ribs, and scrape the lungs loose. The lungs are pink and spongy in appearance.



After all the organs have been removed, wash inside with a hose or under a faucet. Also wash the outside removing all adhering dirt, loose skin, pin feathers, blood or singed hairs. Hang the birds so as to drain the water from the body cavity.

Birds should be cooled and aged for approximately eight to ten hours. If eaten or frozen immediately after dressing, the carcasses will be tougher than if aged for a period of time. ♀

FIRST AID FOR AILING BATTERIES

by Julianne Kuhl

With the dramatic exception of brakes that don't work when you really need them, there are no functions in a car or truck that can put one's stomach in knots faster than having a battery not do its job. Luckily for us all, it isn't the "end of the road" if a vehicle fails to crank (or turn over). There are a few First Aid Steps one can do to try solving the problem.

First, let me point out that if your vehicle won't crank, it may not be due to a dead battery. When you turn the ignition key and there is only a faint clicking sound, the solenoid may be shot. In that case, *you* are "shot" because there is nothing you can do.

If your starter is the culprit, however, and you have a stick shift transmission, you are in luck. Put your vehicle into medium or high gear and try to get your vehicle rolling. Gravity might do it, or somebody could push your vehicle. A speed of two or three miles per hour is often good enough. You may find yourself with "live power" in short order, because the rotor simply has to turn enough to deliver whatever spark there is in your engine. There may be enough "juice" in your battery to handle the task.

If your battery is apparently totally dead and you have no way of rolling, check the validity of your assumption first. As I've often said, don't assume that because you don't have a mechanic's license you can't fix it.

First, be sure your ignition key is in the "off" position. Then, look at your battery terminals. If the posts are covered with dry, crusty goop you may be able to solve the problem on the spot. Just be sure to avoid getting that stuff on your clothing. It will eat holes faster than a moth coming off a hunger strike.

Loosen the bolts on the side of each post. Your tools should never, NEVER touch both posts at the *same time* or the positive and negative sides of

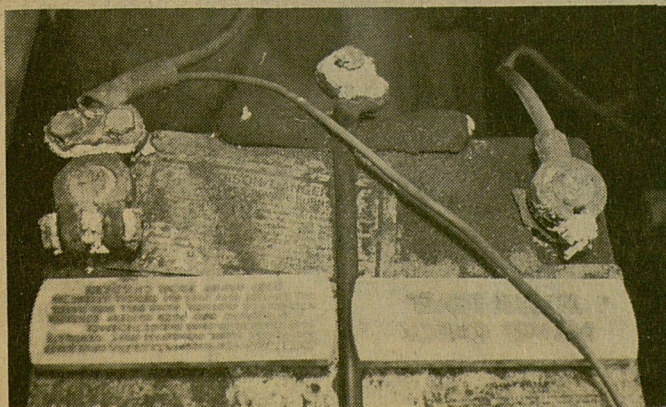
the battery will reward you with proof of whatever electricity is still stored within it. In other words, you will complete the circuit with your tool. And your body. Several folks have told me there isn't enough electricity in a 12-volt battery to kill a person. But sparks are, at the least, undesirable, so be careful to work only on one post at a time. Also, if the tool did close the circuit (got stuck into the "shorted" position), it could conceivably burn where it touched the battery.

After the bolts are loosened, wriggle the connectors and pull them up off the posts. You may use both hands for this. There is the possibility that a great deal of pressure could snap the terminal post, so be careful. If you're handy, try using vice-grips or a hammer to *gently* persuade the bolt to come loose. Again, as long as you work on one terminal at a time, there's no danger of shock.

After you pull off the one connector, let it hang to one side. Disconnect the other side, being careful not to let the two ends touch each other.

After the connectors have been taken off, take some sandpaper (you do have some in your toolbox, don't you?) and make those posts shine like new. Remove every bit of corrosion you can see, along the side of the terminal. Even using a jack-knife will give good results, but if you lack that, the side of a screwdriver will do. The idea is to get bare metal everywhere so that the electrical current can flow readily into the starter.

After the terminals and connectors are cleaned up as best you can, replace them. Be sure to put the positive wire onto the positive terminal, and the negative wire on the negative post. The positive terminal is larger (fatter) than the negative terminal.



"Don't let your terminals look like this!"

Photo 1

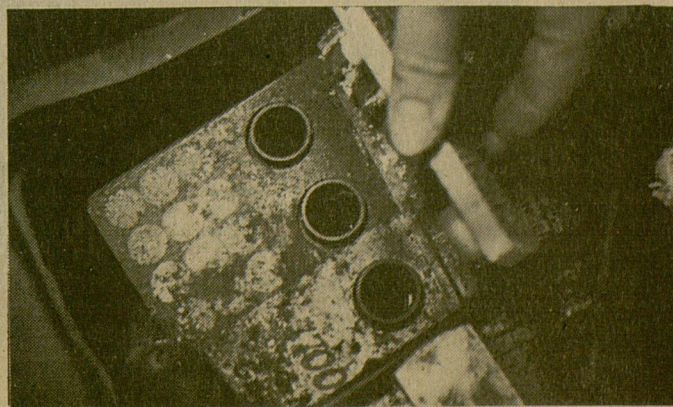


Photo 2

After the terminals are in place, turn them with your hand back and forth. Wiggle them to get a solid seating along the entire post. Tighten the screws or bolts, cross your fingers, and start the engine. With luck, you'll find your engine purring in no time.

BACK AT THE RANCH...

Battery failure can certainly be eliminated. Here are a few steps to keep in mind.

Photo 2 shows how to check the water level inside a battery. Carefully lift each section of the caps and look inside at the "cells" of lead plate. The water level should be up to the line inside each cell. The water that should be used is distilled or demineralized. Plain tap water can be used but it will shorten battery lifetime.

Immediately after you clean battery terminals, grease them all over. This helps keep corrosion from accumulating on the terminals. We even grease the posts and the inside of the terminal before putting them together. (I used to put my connectors into a solution of water and baking soda after they were cleaned up. The stuff would "boil" like alka-seltzer for a bit, then the connectors would be as clean as brand-new ones. Then I'd put them together and grease over the whole thing. This would keep my terminals in good order for at least two years. I've changed cars too often to do that anymore. But some mechanics say this should not be done.)

Always watch for signs of a tired battery. Slower "turning over" time should be a red flag to the operator of a motor vehicle. If your car, truck, or whatever has to sit in bitter weather for two or three days, however, slow starting is to be expected.

Like many other chores, routine battery maintenance only takes a couple of minutes but can save hours of inconvenience, aggravation and even expense. Take the time, especially now before the cold weather sets in, to double check your batteries. The terminals really should be cleaned twice a year.

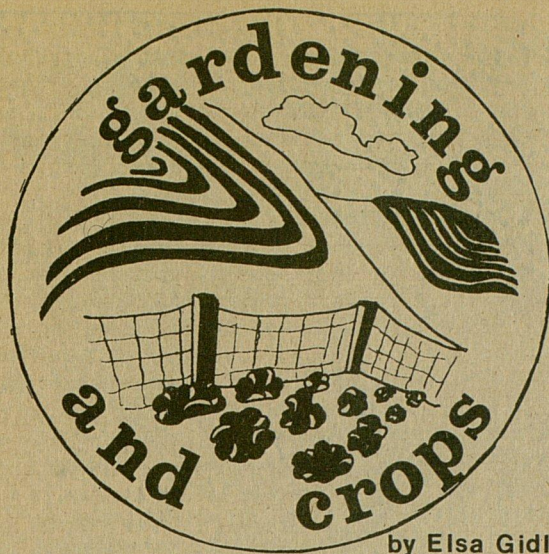
One last thought: if you have a slow-turning engine with clean terminals and you think it is a good battery, feel the battery cables before and

after cranking the engine. If the wires seem to have gotten a bit hot, you could have a problem starter. Change that starter as soon as you can. Also, the "ground" cable from the battery should be secured to the engine proper for best cranking results. Occasionally they are secured to the frame, but for best results battery ground should be to the engine.

If you are finding this series of articles to be of some help, or you wish to share some experiences, I would greatly enjoy hearing from you. Please drop me a note c/o *Country Women*. ♀



Ruth Mountaingrove



by Elsa Gidlow

AGRO-MERIMNESIS: DO YOU HAVE IT?

Everyone who has ever planted seeds and nurtured plants suffers at one time or another from some degree of a pervasive unease, a sense of what am I doing wrong - when the azaleas don't bloom the way they should...the tomatoes look healthy and have plenty of blossoms but they fall off without setting fruit...the second and third plantings of lettuce don't form heads but send up silly looking stalks with little leaves...we find aphids on one or two of the kale plants...a fat green worm on a cabbage. It seems plain we must have gone astray with the later lettuce because, didn't the planting in May do so beautifully?... All this worrying may be called agro-merimnesis: but don't bother to look it up in textbooks on psychiatry. Your favorite head shrinker will not have heard of it either. And that's all to the good. Because here is one ill for which we can be our own doctor.

Garden anxiety is what we are talking about. It afflicts experienced gardeners as well as beginners. Some, launching into organic gardening and resolved to switch from reliance on chemicals to poison-free cultivation may be most prone to it, having got the notion that there is something esoteric or even occult about it. There are adepts, they suspect, who have a key, a formula, which, if they could get hold of it, would solve what they see as problems. Of course this is not so. Whatever sort of gardening we do, there are no formulas. To believe that there are is the state of mind leading to the poison shelf and shot-in-the-arm fertilizing.

The happy fact about the accelerating trend to organic gardening and farming is that actually it is the simplest way to cultivate because its methods are natural, age-old and proven, almost instinctive once we come into a relationship with the earth. In truth it is when we get involved with the use of powerful and experimental chemicals that we become trapped in the mazes of an arcanum. The fact that the chemists themselves do not know the ultimate effects of the contents

of the Pandora's boxes they open, or are reluctant to face them until the disasters cycle back on us, should be warning to home gardeners not to resort to drastic "cures" for what are seen as problems. Resorting to poisons, more often than not is just *doing something* to allay our own anxiety about failing, or not having a perfect garden.

Now we have questions from a couple who have done little gardening other than to tend some ornamental plants in the landscaped area around the patio and swimming pool. The man, a physician, has felt that he must avoid contact with growing things because he seems to be allergic to pollens or emanations from them. But knowledge of what is happening to our commercial food supplies, added to a desire to understand non-human nature, impels him bravely to ignore his handicap and start a vegetable garden. His wife also is eager to get hands into the earth more deeply than caring for a few ornamental shrubs. They are resolved to follow the natural, poison-free methods and start reading, asking questions, as they take winter months to clear out and prepare sections of "waste" hillside ground for planting. They do some simple fencing against deer. They start composting. They make ready plots and strips of ground with manure, compost, blood and bone meal, wood ashes from the fireplace, deeply spaded in accordance with instructions. They let the winter rains do their part and come late February, plant snow peas. In a couple of months they begin delightedly enjoying and sharing this fast-growing spring crop. Encouraged by the quick success, by May they are starting tomatoes, zucchini, squashes, corn, in small patches and eagerly watching for results. Everything comes up and once more they are euphoric that seeds they have planted actually germinate. Who doesn't forever find this a miracle? Then, insidiously, doubts and worry begin.

The plants are up, several inches green above ground, the first two leaves, four leaves... they're making it! Then nothing seems to happen. No new growth as the cool spring days, alternating sun, fog, showers and wind succeed one another. Growth seems in abeyance. What hadn't they done that they should have? What was wrong with the plants?

"Nothing is wrong with your plants," we say, "but you have agro-merimnesis. "Not serious, Doctor... nothing like, say, *angina pectoris* which frightens the patient but you know it only means a pain in the chest. Your feelings are within the normal range of response to the situation." Yes, he has a mild attack of garden anxiety. But its cure? Should the plants get some fertilizer? No. No "pills", not even a placebo. Neither for the plants nor the gardener. Let's go into the garden.

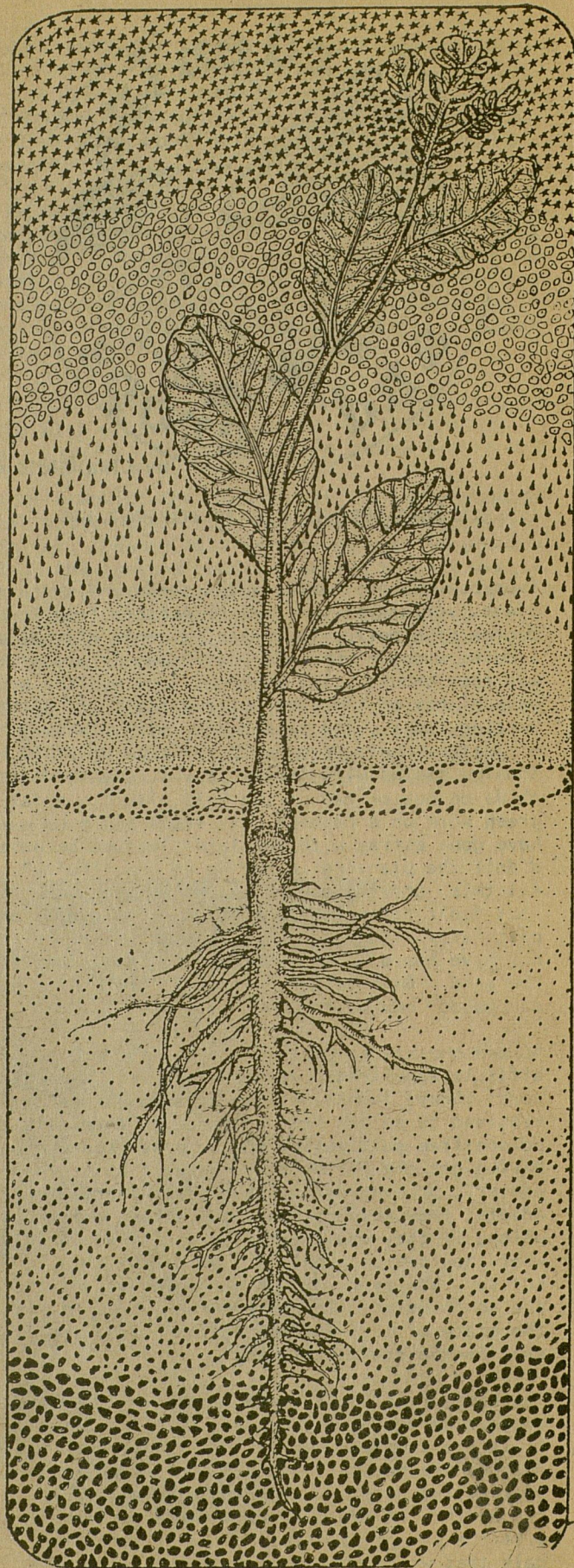
Now: be one of those plants, zucchini, for example. Your life in that oval shaped germ has had the power to explode the shell, push downward into the moist loam and up to the light. Those few green leaves represent a tremendous effort. A greater ones lies ahead. Lush leaves on heavy stems will spread several feet in all

directions. Next, huge yellow flowers will emerge, male and female on the same plant, and finally the succulent "fruit", all within seventy to ninety days. How gather the nourishment, the moisture for the energy that will require? The "work" for all this is taking place invisibly underground. Preparing for the remarkable results expected of it, the plant is making its root system. When that is adequate, when the network of roots and rootlets has branched out to secure water and food enough, and the warmth and light above ground give signals that it is safe to venture into full growth, then, almost explosively we shall see the hoped for burgeoning. Ah so! A great deal *was* going on when it appeared to our eyes that growth was at a standstill. One case of agro-merimnesis cured.

Making ourselves one with the plant we realize we can trust it and trust the earth to "know" what to do in their good time, having done our part in supplying a healthy environment. No, we do not anxiously try to force anything by fertilizing now. Later, when the plant is prolifically producing, as it will when the days grow warm and long, then it will be time to replenish the nourishment they are using up. We may then give them a nourishing and moisture-holding aged manure mulch; water with dilute fish emulsion or with a "tea" made from manure soaked in water. In my garden I use for the purpose one of those old cement laundry tubs fitted with a wooden lid. One part of aged manure and three parts of water are left to soak for a few days and the strong "brew" diluted in a water can to the color of weak tea. This is a simple and safe way to fertilize during the growing season.

Our next question comes from the woman member of this couple. Ground being limited, she wanted to produce patches of color by growing flowers in boxes and tubs. Flower seedlings were bought from a nursery for quick growth this season. They did nicely at first, then it became evident all was not well. Instead of putting forth new growth, they were losing the leaves they had. What am I doing wrong? is the inevitable question. A friend had suggested they must have a disease of some sort. Better spray. No. That solution, if it was one, is rejected by this now dedicated organic gardener. Had she looked under the tubs for earwigs? Investigation proved this was not the problem. No aphids, insects, eggs or worms on the leaves. Go out at night with a flashlight. This was done. A large banana slug was discovered to be one culprit, and some smaller ones also coming to dine. Problem solved with hand picking and some soapy water.

The organic gardener's approach is; accurately diagnose the difficulty and treat the specific plant(s) only. It can be fun being a garden detective and discovering there may not even be a "murderer", just some other form of life doing its thing. We prefer not to kill at all and it may often happen that we do not need to. This is particularly true if we provide the environment, the food supply, to ensure sturdy growth that



ally meso

enables plants to survive some damage. One of the best remedies for our agro-merimnesis may be at times to do nothing, say, when our tranquil dawn stroll in the dewy garden to check the night's growth reveals chewed leaves of some eagerly watched seedlings. This is the moment when frustration can turn thoughts to pesticides--anything--just to save our tenderly nurtured squash, beans. Yet if they have been given a healthy start, trust and patience may be all that is needed.

A planting of pole beans in my garden one May reinforced this lesson for me. Happily in a bird-singing dawn I noted that they were well up and thriving. Then, a morning later, the birds still singing that all was well with the world, I was pained at finding that some of those tender first leaves were nibbled away. "That's the end of them," I thought regretfully. Giving them up and making a mental note to start over with a new planting, it was a couple of weeks before I returned to home and the garden. Happy surprise! Those beans had not only survived to leave behind their damaged leaves but had lusty tendrils feeling for the bamboo supports and others curled around them for the upward climb. I thanked them for their faith in Mother Nature's healing powers, gave them a good watering and, two months later, those plants had burgeoned with lush growth and blossoms, 8,9,10 feet up their poles, and I was picking the first beans.

What about the gardener whose early plantings of lettuce produced lovely heads, yet with apparently the same care, later plantings achieved only wierd looking stalks or pyramids of small, bitter leaves?. This phenomenon is known as bolting. The plant is rushing to seed. It happens to all members of the lettuce family

in hot, dry weather. Speeded up, the heading stage may be skipped almost entirely. The early season planting on the other hand enjoyed leisurely growth in the cool, moist days.

The solution for us if we would have lettuce in the hot weather when we most appreciate salads is to understand and cater to the needs of the plant. First, we choose a heat resistant variety, for example, oak leaf lettuce. We sow the seed where there is cool, early morning sun and light and provide filtered light during the heat of the day. This may be the shadow of some taller plants; a temporary trellis; a removable "umbrella" of branches. Wild bracken grows in the woodsy areas of my garden. I have taken large fronds of this, stuck the stalks in the ground in such a way that they shade the lettuce. With moist loam and a mulch of aged compost if available, lettuce should do quite well even in the hot weather. A fine spray helps.

The tomatoes that flourish and send out plenty of blossoms only to drop them without setting fruit probably are suffering from an opposite situation: insufficient heat and dryness when needed. Tomatoes, to do their best, require night temperatures of between 50-65°. Tomatoes are a tropical plant. They tend not to set fruit, or only sparsely, in our coastal areas of cold, foggy nights and mornings and cool summer winds. We feel we have a right to our agro-merimnesis when we see the little yellow flowers drop off and no tiny green fruit appear.

We really don't. We are trying to make the plant do what is not natural to it: produce without the conditions it needs. In cool nights and foggy or cloudy days pollination does not take place, or is incomplete. The chemical people have a remedy; a hormone-type spray which makes the plants independent of natural pollination: fruit is started by chemical stimulation of the flowers. I tried this out of curiosity some years ago; it works; but I am skeptical about it until I know more about possible harm from the chemicals used. Instead, we can try to help the plant in other ways. Having chosen a variety developed for the Bay area (such as San Francisco Fog), we plant in a sunny area, protected as far as possible from wind. Usually, I have followed the recommended practices of training the vine-like stalks. This year I am trying the experiment of letting the plants sprawl, thinking that, since the earth gives off at night some of the warmth it has absorbed during the day, the plants may find fruit-setting easier than if the flower-bearing stems are up in the cool night air. To keep the ripening fruit off the moist soil we can raise them up slightly with a network of dry twigs. In our climate I do not find mulching tomatoes successful.

We are well advised to allow the garden and its plants to teach and heal us rather than transmitting to it our anxieties. Agro-merimnesis was invented with a smile (unlike the hundreds of solemn terms that confuse our language and our minds in this technological age) but it may in fact describe the sickness that is on the way to



RUTH MOUNTAINGROVE

killing our planet, a sickness born more of fear and desire for instant results without work than true scientific inquiry. In the world at large, anxiety is creating the ugliest aggressive and "defensive" weapons ever imagined, together with the ugly human emotions for their use. We can at least keep these out of our hearts and gardens. Anxiety kills plants as well as people.

Throughout the ages it has been a simple, provable fact to women and men in harmony with the flowering earth that plants are sentient, as the earth itself is. This belief was regarded as superstition or mysticism by the vast majority of "practical" people. Lately, however, amazing experiments by polygraph experts seem to show beyond much doubt that plants feel strong human emotions directed towards them or in their vicinity. The experimenters can show graphs to prove it. Many primitive peoples demonstrated their knowledge of this fact when they danced and chanted for crop success. Music has been shown to the satisfaction of many gardeners to promote growth and well being of plants. But the music must be to the plant's liking. One woman is reported to have set up three test areas in her garden. In one, she had a transistor radio playing hard rock music; in another, gentle quiet music; in another no music at all. The plants exposed to weeks of rock are reported to have withered, those with soft music to have responded with unusually lush growth, those with no music, lesser, normal growth. We can check these phenomena for ourselves.

Here is a true story.

A friend of mine came to me one day and said she would like my suggestions about a plant, a potted begonia, that she was unhappy about. As fast as the new leaves came out and grew a little, they would fall off. Could she bring the plant to me to see what I might do about it. I haven't much space for indoor plants, but I let her bring it. The strong stalk area indicated that it should have a heavy growth of foliage. It had four small leaves. The soil was good. It was not root-bound. I could find no sign of disease or infestation, I gave it a watering, when it needed it, with a solution of liquid seaweed and placed it where it would get filtered sunlight. That was all. All four of the leaves it had had when brought to me fell off one by one. But new growth was starting. I told it I knew it could be a lovely plant if it wanted to. I wanted it to.

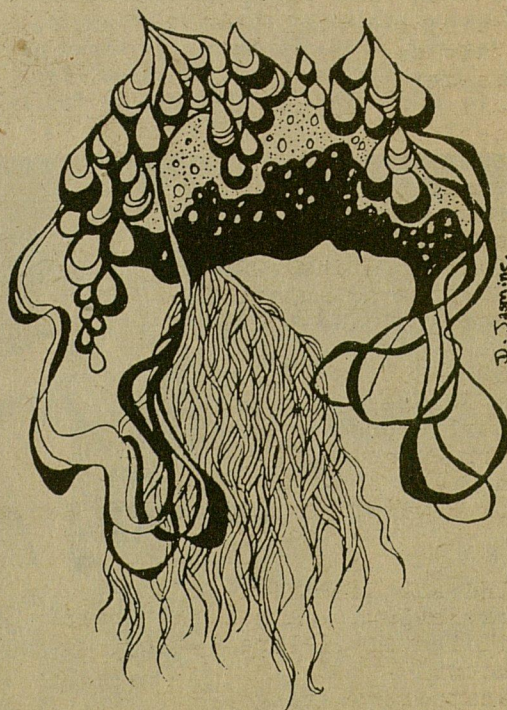
Ten days or so later my friend visited me again and asked about the plant. I was able to tell her that all the new growth was flourishing, not a leaf had died or fallen. I was as surprised as she was because I had done nothing but give it water and talk to it a little. I asked some questions. House plants have been known to do badly in an atmosphere of strife and human conflict. Was there anything of the sort in her home? Decidedly. She was on the verge of a divorce and the home atmosphere was far from peaceful or harmonious. A second question: telling about the experiments with music in relation to growing plants I inquired into the kind of music, if

any, played in her house. A member of the family had been playing a good deal of loud rock music. A third question: did she talk to her plant and show she cared for it and wanted it to live?

She replied: "I was so anxious about it, I got angry with it for doing so badly." That poor plant clearly was getting some powerful destructive vibrations.

The owner of the plant, I must add, is a beautiful and loving woman. She was in a hopeless situation for reasons beyond her control at the time. She has now resolved her difficulties, is in a new environment, and her houseplants are thriving! The begonia, still in my peaceful study, continues in the best of health.

When we have sorted out refined sensibility from superstition in plant lore and confirmed by genuine scientific research the validity of primitive and civilized pre-chemical cultivation, shall we find that the green thumb is not unrelated to a caring heart and a serene mind? That we, humans, are in a vibrating mesh with every living element and are affecting and affected by the whole sentient miracle? That if we care about our "selves" we had better have a care what we do to our "not-selves" - in "divine" terms, one and the same. ♀



DIANE JASMINE

INDEX

INDEX OF ISSUES

THEMES

- #11 Older Women
- #12 Children's Liberation
- #13 Cycles
- #14 Foremothers
- #15 Sexuality
- #16 Women Working
- #17 Feminism and Relationships
- #18 Politics
- #19 Mental and Physical Health
- #20 Food
- #21 Woman as Artist

- #22 Country-City
- #23 Class
- #24 Personal Power
- #25 Fiction
- #26 Violence and Anger
- #27 Animals
- #28 Learning
- #29 Humor
- #30 International Women
- #31 Farming Women
- #32 Mothers and Daughters

PRACTICAL ARTICLES

ANIMALS

- Bees - 24, 31
- Cows - 28
 - raising a milk cow 21
 - Dairy farmers 31
- Goats -
 - Breeding 31
 - Diseases 23
- Horses -
 - gear 21
 - hoof trimming 23, 27
 - training 27, 32
 - working with 32
- Hogs -
 - raising 22
 - baby pig care 23
 - feeder pigs 26
- Quail - 28
- Sheep -
 - nutrition 26
 - shearing 29
- Worms - 22
- Miscellaneous -
 - Tanning Hides 22
 - Comfrey as Animal Feed 26
 - Homegrown Meat 29

AUTOMOBILES Car Care

- Gas Engines - 23
- Distributors - 30
- Spark Plugs - 31
- Fan Belts - 32
- Book Review: Manual For Auto Mechanics - 24

BUILDING AND CARPENTRY

- Book Review: Against the Grain - 27
- Building with Piers - 26
- Windows -
 - weatherproofing 27
 - framing 23
 - glazing 22
- Building Saw Horses - 24
- Plumbing - 24
- Greywater Sewage systems 30

- Building Gates - 21, 23
- Compost Privies - 24
- Seedling Boxes - 29
- Solar Energy - 27
 - Collectors 29
 - Greenhouses 26
- A Lumber Jill - 28

FOOD

- Homebrewing - 28
 - Pickles and Wine 30
- Desert Jelly - 28
- Dutch Ovens - 24
- Cooking with wood - 31
 - with woodstove - 30
- Food and Energy - 31
- Comfrey - 24
- Book Review: Hygeia, A Woman's Herbal - 32

GARDENING

- Soil - 31
- Mulching and winter prep - 22
- Raised Beds - 27
- Pests - 29, 32
- Houseplants - 21
- High altitude gardening - 28
- Winter Garden - 31
- Questions and Answers - 27
- Bibliography - 23

HEALTH

- Common Cold 30
- Bugs - 22
- Holistic Contraception - 27
- Staph - 23
- Jin Shin do - 31
- Book Review: Work is Dangerous to Your Health - 26

MISCELLANEOUS

- Women Foresters - 28
- Establishing a farmer's market 32
- Country Jobs - 32
- Buying Land - 30
 - in Ozarks - 23
- Solar Energy - 26
- Weaving with Homespun - 29

Although we are trying to put this issue out on a hopeful note - we feel we want to share some of our thoughts with you.

The "economic crisis" that *Country Women* faced six months ago has not disappeared. At this point we have just enough money to print and mail this issue. We cannot deny that economics is also a factor in the amount of energy anyone can put into *Country Women*. As money gets tighter we each find ourselves having to do more to support ourselves - which makes it difficult to donate time.

We have been doing layout on this issue for two weeks and we are not certain when we will be finished. When we all had more time layout took about 5 days. This is making us question the feasibility of producing an issue every two and a half months. We don't want the magazine to end, however we do need to be realistic about what we can do. We need to start asking ourselves that question and see what our capabilities are. We will start by looking at alternatives - for instance - is it possible for us to print less frequently and survive

economically?

We do not want to be discouraging you from supporting *Country Women*, and we want to thank you for all the wonderful support we've gotten thus far. We do want you to know the current situation.

As part of our efforts to gain economic stability, *Country Women* has been applying for grants. It would be helpful to us to have letters from women who have used *Country Women* in a teaching situation, as part of their curriculum. Please write to us SOON if you have used the magazine in this way.

We also need letters of support from women showing how they have used *Country Women* for learning skills in their personal lives.

Please send your support letters to:

Country Women-Grant Group
P.O. Box 208
Albion Ca, 95410

BACK ISSUE SET

We're thinking of binding a complete set of back issues!! We don't know the price details yet but the price of the total volume will be somewhere around \$30. Let us know if you're interested and we will get more specific information.

Available Titles

- 4 Work and Money
- 7 Women and Land
- 8 The Women's Movement in the Country
- 9 Structures
- 11 Older Women

- 4 Work and Money
- 7 Women and Land
- 8 The Women's Movement in the Country
- 9 Structures
- 11 Older Women
- 12 Children's Liberation
- 13 Cycles
- 14 Foremothers
- 15 Sexuality
- 16 Women Working

- 17 Feminism and Relationships
- 18 Politics
- 19 Mental and Physical Health
- 20 Food
- 21 Woman as Artist
- 22 Country - City
- 23 Class
- 24 Personal Power
- 25 Fiction
- 26 Violence and Anger
- 27 Animals
- 28 Learning
- 29 Humor
- 30 International Women
- 31 Farming Women

Single Copies of Issues 4-9, 75¢; Issues 10-22, \$1.00; 23-29, \$1.25, 30-32, \$1.50.
Choose any 4 copies of back issues #4-21 for \$3.00 plus 50¢ postage.



Rural American Women

We represent the interests of 32 million rural women and girls.

RAW works in conjunction with:

**Community Organizations
National & Local Centers
Colleges & Universities
National & State Organizations
Workshops -**

ON

Research , Washington Representation,

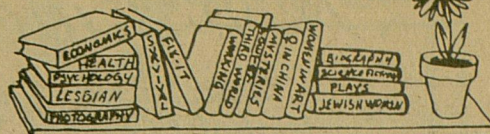
Grants & Contracts

For further information about activities in your area contact:

**Rural American Women, Inc.
1522 K St. Northwest
Suite 700
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 785-4700**

Rural America Women, Inc.
is a nonprofit organization.

I.C.I.* —A WOMAN'S PLACE



open every day of the year !!

OVER 7000 Titles.... By,
For, & About Women

Children's Area · Library
Bulletin Board; Lounge

WE DO MAIL ORDER

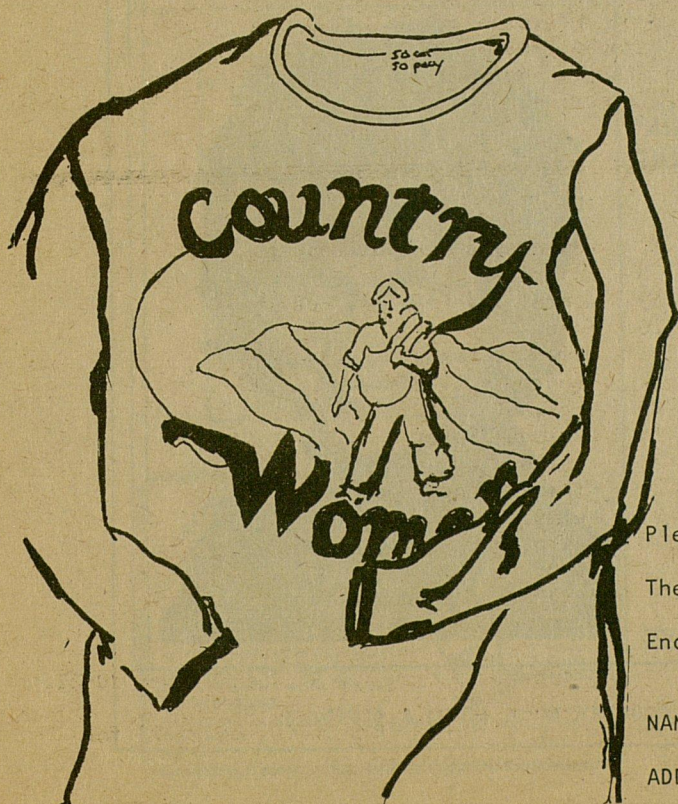
**5251 Broadway at College
Oakland, CA 94618 • 415-547-9920**

*Information Center Incorporated

Country Women Classified Ad rates- 50 Cents a word. We give 20% discounts for advertising in three consecutive issues.

For our display ad rates contact:

Country Women - Advertising
Donna Main
P.O. Box 208, Albion, Ca. 95410



T-Shirts

SIZES - SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE

FRENCH CUT

SHORT SLEEVE (LIGHT BLUE with DARK BLUE INK) - \$7.50

LONG SLEEVE (BROWN with LAVENDER INK) - \$10

STANDARD CUT

SHORT SLEEVE (GOLD with BROWN INK) - \$6.50

Please send _____ number of Country Women T shirts -

The style(s) I want is _____ in SIZE _____

Enclosed is \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Fern River

Skin Lotion
Herbal Liniment

Skin Salve
Body Powder
Deep Massage Oil
Herbal Chew

WE LIVE on the northern California coast and hand-make products for everyday body care. Our ingredients are time-tested herbs, oils, beeswax, alcohol and vinegar only. All products are packaged in glass.

Available in your local health food store or write for brochure and mail order form.

FERN RIVER INC.
Box 613, Bolinas, California 94924

HELP BUILD MATRIARCHY

SUBSCRIBE TO *The Matriarchist*

Would you like to live in a classless society without sexism, racism, and classism? A nurturant society of love and trust? Then you'll want to subscribe to *The Matriarchist*.

The Matriarchist is entering her second year, bringing a consciousness of matriarchy around the world.

A subscription of \$5.00 will bring *The Matriarchist* to your door 6 times a year.

For your subscription write to *The Foundation for Matriarchy*, P.O. Box 271, Pratt Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205.

Karen Danko
Luthier,
Handmade Guitars + Dulcimers
Write: 1088 Perry St. #D
Columbus, Ohio 43201

NEW FROM

willie tyson

SIDE ONE

YOU'D LOOK SWELL IN NOTHING
THE BEST WOMAN MONEY CAN BUY
GOOD OLD BOYS
MOMMY, WILL THERE BE MUZAK IN HEAVEN
PARIMUTUEL BLUES

SIDE TWO

ASHEVILLE
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET YOU LOOSE
MAMMA ALWAYS LOVED ME ANYWAY
CHICKEN BLUES
I CAN'T SLEEP WITH YOU
RHAPSODY OF LOVE

\$ 6.95 ppd

ALSO:

DEBUTANTE \$ 6.50 ppd
FULL COUNT \$ 6.00 ppd

ALL THREE \$ 18 postpaid



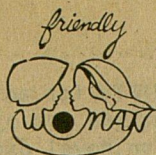
P.O. BOX 447
MADISON, TN 37115

willie tyson



LION
BEAN
RECORDS

COUNTRY, ROCK, DISCO & BLUES



Did you know that there is a journal written for, about and of course, by Quaker women? *Friendly Woman* has been publishing on a rotating basis since July of 1974. Ideas and Contributions are welcome and needed. Send typed double space, no longer than 1500 word manuscripts to: Barbara Byhouwer, c/o 57th St. Meeting of Friends, 5615 S. Woodlawn, Chicago, ILL. 60637. Subscriptions (4 issues) is \$4/yr from *Friendly Woman*, 714 West Green, Urbana, ILL 61801. Use this address for back issues, such as Sexuality (Winter '77) or Anger (Spring '78), at \$1 each plus 41¢ postage.



HERESIES

a feminist publication
on art and politics

- #7 Women Working Together
- #8 Third World Women in the U.S.
- #9 Women Organized/Women Divided
- #10 Women and Music
- #11 Women and Architecture
- #12 Sexuality
- #13 Women and Ecology

HERESIES
P.O. Box 766
Canal St. Station
New York, NY 10013

Subscription for 4 issues:
\$11.00 (individuals),
\$18.00 (institutions).
Single issue, \$3.50.
Outside U.S. add \$2.00.
Free to women in prisons
and mental institutions.



EDUCATIONAL FAMILY
BOARDGAMES ABOUT COOP-
ERATION, MOTHER NATURE &
HUMAN VALUES.

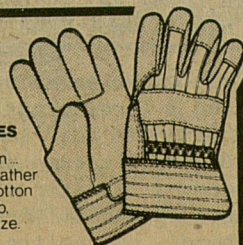
- 1976—NECTAR COLLECTOR
- 1977—BACK TO THE FARM
- 1978—SAVE THE WHALES
- 1979—DAM BUILDERS & THE
PETER PRINCIPLE
GAME

FREE CATALOG
ANIMAL TOWN GAME CO.
P.O. BOX 2002
SANTA BARBARA, CA 93120

American
Working Women's
Supply Co.

WOMEN'S
INDUSTRIAL
QUALITY
WORK GLOVES

Identical to those made for men...
in a size to fit women. Heavy leather
palm & knuckle strap, sturdy cotton
back & safety cuff. Ideal for job,
home or garden work. One size.
\$6.95 postpaid.
Money back guarantee.
NYS residents
add applicable sales tax.



A.W.W.S. Co. PO Box 100-C
Deer Park, New York 11729

Second Class, Working Class



What it is like to join the union in Mexico
... take off the veil in Iran ... strike
in Belgium ... be a prostitute from
Thailand ... have an abortion in Italy.

An anthology of original documents, analyses and interviews on working
women. Articles selected from the international women's press and trans-
lated for the first time into English.

\$3/issue if ordered before Nov 30, 1979
(add \$3.50 for postage after Nov 30, 1979)
Inquire for rates on quantity orders

Order from:
Peoples Translation Service
4228 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, CA 94609

read the
New Women's Times
from the hometown of
Susan B. Anthony

1 year sub. \$5

1357 MONROE AVE.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. 14618

more exciting
more entertaining
more foot-tapping fun

ROBIN FLOWER
MORE THAN
FRIENDS



ROBIN
FLOWER
MORE
THAN
FRIENDS

A delightful mixture of new arrangements
of great traditional tunes, progressive
bluegrass and jazzy originals, featuring
spirited double fiddle
and hot flat picking.



\$6.60 postpaid - available from
Galaxia, P.O. Box 212, Woburn, MA 01801

CLASSIFIED

LADY-UNIQUE - JOURNAL OF THE GODDESS
Cycles 2 & 3 available (2.50+.50 each) Cycle 4
available (3.00+.50) P.O.Box 803 New Brunswick,
N.J. 08903.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH-- An Anthology of Lesbian Eroticism and Sensuality. Short stories, graphics and photos. Written by lesbians for womyn only. Edited by Cedar and Nelly. Womanshare Books. Now available at women's bookstores or order from A Woman's Touch, Box 2922, Eugene, OR 97402. \$4.75 plus 75¢ postage.

FEMINIST WICCA - Matriarchal Spiritual Center - Winter Solstice Gift ideas - Catalogue \$1.50
442C Lincoln Blvd. Venice, Ca. 90291.

MUSIC TO DELIGHT EVERYWOMAN'S MIND..SPIRIT..EAR-DRUMS! 1980's most comprehensive Catalog of records by Women. Three Stamps on SAE to LADYSLIPPER #129A, Box 3124, Durham, NC 27705.

350 natural ways to prepare 61 different fresh vegetables. The GREEN THUMB COOKBOOK, edited by Anne Moyer. Illustrated. 316pages. \$13.95 postpaid. Capability's Books for Gardeners, Box 114L Deer Park, WI 54007.

Rough, sore hands? Bruises? Itches? COMFREY OINTMENT HEALS! One ounce, \$4 postpaid. SASE for free catalog. ELF & DRAGONS, box 609C Woodstock, NY 12498

WIMMIN TAKE BACK CONTROL unbleached menstrual sponges are a natural, ecological alternative to tampons. Instructions for use in Spanish or English (please specify). \$1.50 per sponge postpaid. Wimmin Take Back Control, Box 30063, New Orleans, LA 70190. Bulk rates available.

Revolutionary Sponge Tampon--no pins, belts, bulky napkins, nor applicators. Just the most comfortable super absorbent, reusable Sanitary Sponges tampon S-M-L send \$2.50 to: Nature's Answer Tampons, Inc. Box 4477, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106.

Natural Childbirth and Childcare: free booklist from Orange Cat 442 Church St. Garberville CA 95440
For Sale: Feminist Bookstore. For information write-415 N 4th Ave., Tucson, AZ 85705.

Wanted: Stable, cooperative, women with carpentry skills. Non-smokers preferred. Rustic, private accommodations. Good food, negotiable payment. write: Women's Health Farm, Bertram, Tx. 78605.

New Lesbian Love Story. By a Lesbian-for Lesbians. Send \$6.00 to Donna Camille Box 12171, El Cajon, CA 92022

1980 (9980 A.D.A.) LUNAR CALENDAR: Dedicated to the Goddess in Her Many Guises, is now available from Luna Press for \$7.95 + 1.25 post and packaging. Discounts on wholesale orders. '78 & '79 editions are also available at 1/2 price (3.25 & 3.50 respectively). For ordering and information write: Luna Press Box 511 Kenmore Sta. Boston, MA 02215

SOLICITING MANUSCRIPTS for an anthology on *Women Writing About the Art of Women Writing*. Essays, short fiction, novel excerpts, journal entries, and poetry. Previously published or unpublished works. Can relate either literally or symbolically to the experience of woman as writer. Deadline: January 15, 1980. Send a SASE w/manuscript to Cathryn Diane Miller, 4615 Fillmore St. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

Soliciting manuscripts for an anthology on the subject of child molestation. We are seeking 1st person writing--stories, poems, journal entries, etc.--by people molested as children. Also writing by other family members and by children. All material should be true, but you may change your name. Please type and send w/SASE as soon as possible to: Ellen Bass 240 Day Valley Road Aptos, CA. 95003.

MIDWIFE apprenticeship program. rural, wholistic, liv-in 1 yr. Send SASE for reply: Golden-Light Birthing Rt 6, Doniphan, Mo. 63935 (box 154)

Far West Laboratory for Educational Research and Development in San Francisco, CA is planning a series of two day workshops in cities throughout the country and U.S. territories between March and July, 1980 that will focus on how to write fundable grants and proposals for women's educational equity projects. These workshops will be free. If you would like to receive further information and an application, please contact: Estrella Fichter-Far West Laboratory, 1855 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94103, 415/565-3173.

FEMINIST JAPAN, a bimonthly journal of women's culture published in Japanese, will publish its 2nd International Issue in January 1980. Write to Noriko Mizuta Lippit 1992 Prince Albert Dr. Riverside, CA 92507 or Diane L Simpson 555 Main St. Apt 51802 Roosevelt Island, NY, NY 10044

LYON VALLEY CO-OPERATIVE is an alternative rural community looking for feminists. We are 15 women children and men (ages 4-64) of various sexual orientations living on 150 acres 1/2 hr from Ukiah CA. We are committed to social change, non-violence, open communication, self-sufficiency, non-exploitive economics and simple living. We have two houses, a barn, garden, orchards, cow, goats and chickens. Come visit if you are seriously looking for a community like ours. We are open to groups as well as individuals. write Lyons Valley Co-op c/o Jo-ann Jaeckel Box 626 Talmage 95481 (707) 462-7964.

WANTED: experienced person(s) to aid in diversifying a large organic cattle ranch in S. Central Oklahoma near Lake Texoma. Areas of skills and diversification desired are: organic farm management; tractor operation, repair and maintenance; pecan culture; bee-keeping; fish-farming (pond); or poultry. This list is not preclusive of other areas. Call Isara or Jim at 405-795-2005 before 8am or after 5pm CST, or write Isara Drummond Box 339 Madill, Okla. 73446

FUTURE ISSUES

6

Women In Non-Traditional Work

We are interested in all kinds of information about women working in non traditional ways and in non traditional fields. Send us your personal herstories of what it is like working in a type of situation that women have been kept from. (See article on page 52). What are the ways you use to change stereotypes about women in your work situation? What are the difficulties that you find yourself confronting. Or, how are you stretching yourself to create "non-traditional" work for yourself (not just work in traditionally male dominated fields).

We also would really like articles and information on training programs for women and on the legal aspects of women entering non traditional fields? Have you been discriminated against for being a woman? How have you dealt with it? Legally? Personally

Exploring Inner and Outer Limits

We want to collect women's adventures of being on the edge, of being stretched to unfamiliar places and of what we find there.

Are there limits at all? Or are they something we approach but never reach? Do we just keep changing them as we grow? How do limits function? When do we feel them most acutely? When do we steer away from them? When do we zoom towards them?

When is it in our control? When isn't it? Where has losing control lead you? What sorts of aides do we use in dealing with extreme situations? What have we found ourselves doing?

	
SUBSCRIBE	
to COUNTRY WOMEN	
BASIC SUBSCRIPTION: \$8.50	
SUPPORTING SUBSCRIPTION \$10.00	
SUSTAINING SUBSCRIPTION \$15.00	
FOREIGN COUNTRIES' SUBSCRIPTIONS: (U.S. Dollars Only) \$10.00	
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	STATE _____ ZIP _____
ENCLOSED IS \$ _____.	

Carol Karlman
851 Van Nest ave.
Bronx, N. Y. 10462

SECOND CLASS PERMIT, POSTAGE PAID
ALBION, CALIFORNIA 95410

COUNTRY WOMEN
BOX 208
ALBION, CALIFORNIA 95410
(USPS 992980)

