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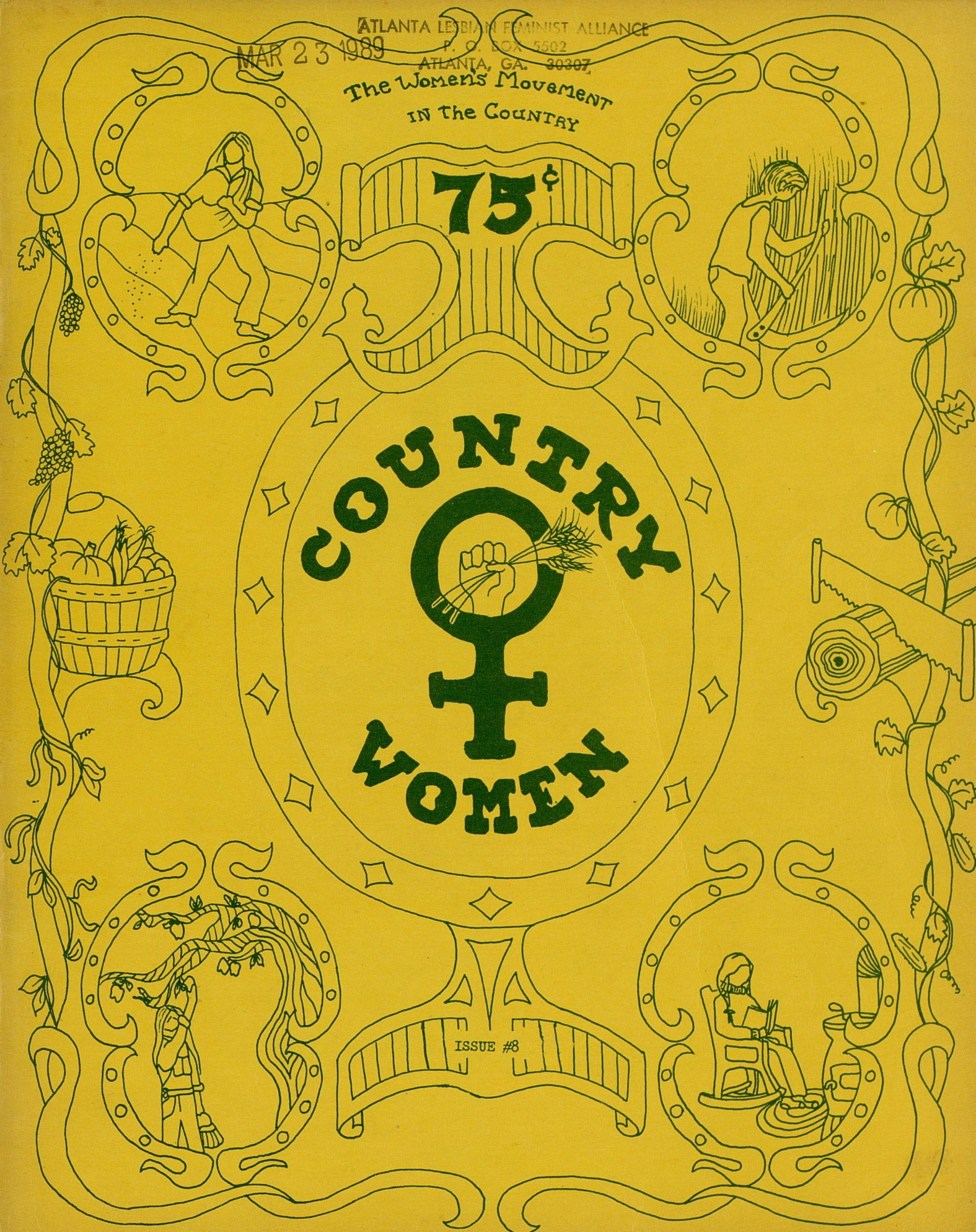
ATLANTA, GA. 30307

The Women's Movement
IN the COUNTRY

75¢

COUNTRY
WOMEN

ISSUE #8





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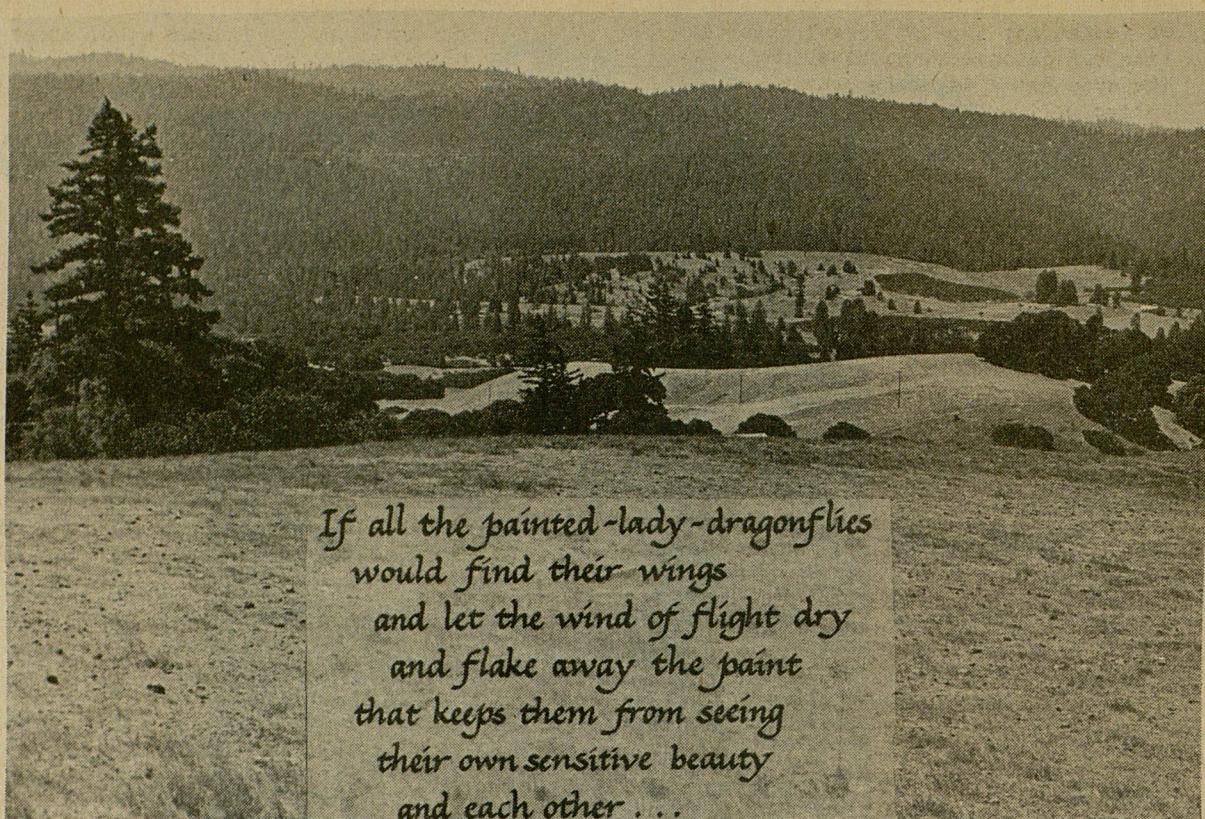
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— We set out to create an issue on the Women's Movement in the country, to get a national overview of country women's organizing. Instead we have collected articles about the experience of being a feminist in the country — not an overview — but rather the feelings and changes of women's lives as we are reaching out to other women from our country homes.

LETTERS COUNTRY TOWNS WOMEN



*If all the painted-lady-dragonflies
would find their wings
and let the wind of flight dry
and flake away the paint
that keeps them from seeing
their own sensitive beauty
and each other . . .*

And if ever this might happen, surely it might happen in the country, the safe, open, earthbound country. We wondered if it is happening, if there is a Women's Movement in the country, and if so, what it's like. We solicited letters and testimony from you, our readers and correspondents in the country, but in answer to almost one-hundred and fifty flyers and sixty personal letters, we received less than twenty responses. So we don't have a very definitive view of the Women's Movement in the country, but we do have some experiences and perceptions we would like to share with you besides those being printed as complete articles.

The view of the Women's Movement from Albion is often very optimistic ("What is here, is elsewhere; what is not here, is nowhere"). The view from the city is often pessimistic. Donna from Orange, California was excited to learn of Country Women's existence because

"I've wanted to leave Orange County for several years now and a major stumbling block was my fear of having no contact with other feminists in other than urban areas."

Laura (from Berkeley) laments

"I'm trapped in the city, wanting out -- except most communes are anything but alternatives for women."

And Mary (Rochester, New York) echoes her perfectly by saying

"So far, the country families and tribes I've seen have been only small, quasi-hip versions of this larger, woman-crunching culture."

Roberta (Carmel, New York) sees the movement as limited in a way that excludes her:

"The movement has helped me greatly, I am a staunch supporter. However, I don't feel part of it simply because I am single and feel it is somewhat of a clique of married women. There is a wide gulf between single and married women."

"We are a collective of lesbians living in Chicago, but soon in the future we are looking to the country to redeposit ourselves, dogs and dreams,"

is the hope voiced by Barbara. Another woman writes of a marvelous trip to Santa Barbara where she met some wonderful feminists who are seriously planning to live in the country. Many Women's Movement activities radiate out from larger population centers, often through women who have gotten involved while in the city and then moved. Esther and Kay (from Cassopolis, Michigan) first came in touch with the movement when they participated in an Ecumenical Lenten Workshop. Some of the women decided to continue to meet after the series ended.

"The groups continued to meet until June and numbered about ten or twelve. No one had had consciousness raising experience, so we groped around and found mutual problems and interests. After summer we reorganized the group and began full fledged consciousness raising in one of our homes. This continued on a weekly basis until spring. We found several other small groups and began to organize together."

We fought any type of formal organization but discovered no other way. Now the area has a day care center, an active political movement, a newspaper and other action projects. We have since moved out of the area and at present are charter members of a NOW group just being organized in an area essentially John Birchish. We intend to put our efforts into more consciousness raising as we feel this is the basis of the movement.

We feel the Women's Movement in the country seems to be at least acceptable and somewhat inevitable, but don't feel it's really making grass roots headway, just some noise, but again, this may be the way to progress.

Most of us have moved from the city to the country within the last ten, if not the last five years, and are part of a continuing movement of women to the country. While the women arriving now are likely to come with a stronger feminist consciousness than we brought with us several years ago, they are likely to find a much less active and organized Women's Movement than they had access to in the city.

Some women would just as soon have it that way. For instance, Ginny from Pomo Lake, Pennsylvania, feels that

"The Women's Movement has been of value to me, but not in a group-oriented way, although I am a member of NOW and was in a consciousness raising group for four months. The value has mainly come in greater confidence in what I am and greater self-assertiveness....

I have not found many women with whom I feel much rapport, but one friend in particular is supportive, and I am to her, as we have learned a lot through writing our ideas on liberation.

I generally do not feel positive about group actions; so much of freedom is an individual thing, with control of her own life being up to one person. It seems to me a mistake to hope to change many other people's minds when that energy can be, channelled directly on one's own life."

And Donna, now in Lucerne, California, has had the not uncommon experience of consciousness raising in the city, then reaching out on her own when she got to the country.

"I got into women's consciousness about four years ago through a group of women's liberation lawyers, and two and a half years ago joined a consciousness raising group of women thirty of older in the Bay Area. Our group of ten met once a week for a year and a half -- seeing me straining at the bit, then leaving my husband and doing it on my own with the kids, and finally coming home to the country with my dear friend, Tyler, and my new friend, me! We love it!

Lake County is mostly older, retired people -- though I've slowly met some "far out" older country women -- so no

coffee shops, meeting places, etcetera, are known to me. At first I made some aborted attempts to get a small group of women together; but since then I've found I'm stronger than I thought and have stuck more to one to one encounters or sharing.

Recently, however, I ran into a "big" gathering of women, enforced, and learned and shared a lot while at the same time making money. I... went to work at the Pear Factory."

Donna is apparently able to bring her consciousness in contact with other women's in whatever setting she finds herself; but for many women this is not so easy and they find themselves feeling isolated. We received three letters from different parts of Vermont which expressed this difficulty, and demonstrated the difficulties of space and mobility. Ann finds it hard to get from Hinesburg, where she lives, to the Women's Centre in Burlington.

"There are a fair number of groups and Women's lib activities, (a weekend Women's Festival at Mt. Philo last month, a good Women's Health Center, etc.), but it's all so scattered and hard to find out what's happening, at least for those of us who live in the country. I find it takes a lot of energy for me to participate in Burlington activities, so I often don't do it. Except for my consciousness raising group which keeps me going."

Elaine, living in Putney, is thinking of moving to northern California.

"I am tired of winters, for one thing, and have felt isolated (especially from the women's movement) in my almost two years in rural Vermont.... Women's Liberation is the most important thing in my life."

In a third letter from Vermont, Fern (from Wardsboro), expands on these feelings of isolation, and the effort she, like so many women isolated in the country, is making to raise her own consciousness in that environment. Again, she expresses doubts about the value of groups.

"I think I became aware of my woman's consciousness about three years ago, while living in New York City. There I was constantly working with and talking to other women. I was in close contact with women's struggles. Although I was never part of a women's group, there were many areas for exploration and self-expression in the city. I am a member of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and have always found that a place for working, with women and men and children in a life affirming direction.

Living in the country on a remote hill in Vermont has made it much more difficult to find other women to share my thoughts and feelings with. I chose to live here with the man I love

(my husband) with whom I have lived for seven years. It has been a source of great joy, some inner peace and personal growth.

What is missing is support and contact with other women. I seem to get most of that on a very limited scale through visits from old friends, mostly from writing and receiving long letters, from magazines like Country Women where women generously share their newly learned skills, feelings, etc., and from other writings by women. I am most appreciative of contact with women's ideas, thoughts, feeling, activities, but am most responsive to writings, where I can respond slowly and pensively. I find women who are heavily involved in the "movement" are too zealous, feel too oppressed, too bitter, and do not give me positive energy. I am appreciative of what they are doing and the need for it. I can't be a part of it now, except for in spirit.

There are places in the larger community where women meet, but these are inaccessible to me since I am so isolated and transportation is so difficult.... In the city I was very involved in my work as a teacher, in community activities, and never felt oppressed. I had many choices and mobility.

There are many things that need to be done here that demand more trainings and skill than I feel I have....I find myself going through many changes and am really struggling to understand, gain confidence, find my way back on the path to feeling whole, good, strong. I feel like now I am a country woman and want to fully actualize this."

Margaret, from British Columbia, sent a letter that expressed an idea repeated many times over in the letters we receive: "Country Women" is a source of contact and support for many women in the movement who don't have personal contact with each other.



"Though there are many 'freaks' 'going back to the land' around Powell River, there is very little community among the women. Most places are set up as private property, nuclear families, traditional relationships. Before I moved to this farm (last April) I felt alone much of the time in my struggles. There was little support from the women around me (to say nothing of male support). I had to draw support from women through publications. Even now, though I have direct support from one woman, it's very important for me to feel energy and strength from other women through writing."

Lila, living with her eight year old son in wilderness fifteen miles from the nearest town, on the Yakima River in Washington, writes:

"Your magazine has helped give me answers for all those who don't approve of a woman 'alone' out here."

So consciousness is being carried, even by one woman at a time, into those areas in which such attitudes of disapproval prevail.

It may not be coincidence that those women who wrote most positively of what is happening in the Women's Movement in their area, and of the support they receive, have been involved in indigenous consciousness raising groups. This is true in the case of Cindy from Guerneville, for whom consciousness raising led to other activities.

"In fall of 1972 I began meeting other people, reading, and beginning to relate to the movement in a personal way. I began spending much of my time with other women, just boogeyin' around and floating. Three or four of us kept saying, 'we really ought to get a group together and really talk, etc.'. In March of this year, we did, and the group has stayed together as a rap group up until the present, with constant additions and leavings of the women involved. We are just beginning to move beyond a rap group, and have now begun to plan for a women's library, a film festival, and a column in the STUMP. All of us have been reading voraciously and learning how to hold our heads up high.

To me personally, it has meant a great change in my self-image, how I relate to other women, and how I relate to men. It has given me a chance to see my experiences in a context of other women, to get support and reassurance from them, and to give my own support to them. Because of the rap groups, and a new feeling of worth about myself, I have given up birth control pills in favor of a diaphragm (why didn't I do this years ago???), become more self-assured about my work (I do silk-screen printing), radically changed my view about marriage (from romantic approval to emphatic distrust), learned about my own body and how I can make myself feel good (at the tender age of 26 I learned to

masturbate and it blew my mind), and to enter into a relationship with a man which is a partnership of equals, with as much freedom as we need. I have found direction, confidence, and a new awareness of the games and myths in which we are all involved. I guess I could say I've come a long way, but by no means am I finished.



Although my group has no contact (officially) with the national women's movement, we have been discussing setting up a chapter of NOW here on the river. I feel that it could give us some good topics for work and discussion. I am terribly excited about the prospects of moving beyond rap groups, and into the community. Our film festival is planned for September, and we hope to have workshops afterward to explore each other and find out what we can do. The column which we are planning for the STUMP will be an informational column, sort of a grapevine, in which we will explore our own experiences and offer information on the topics we feel we need to know about.

Yes, there is a Women's Movement in the country, thank God, and it has good potential. Those of us who can't go back again (and don't want to) are excited about the prospects ahead."

The group Sue from Whitethorn was in also expanded its activities beyond consciousness raising.

"We have had a women's group here in Whitethorn area for over two years. It began as a consciousness-raising group of about ten and was very effective in changing many of our lives.

We all leaped at the literature and ideas of the movement, convinced that it was valuable to us. Some of the women were able to alter their relationships with men so that they were more satisfied. Several relationships broke up entirely, with the result that many of

the women left the area. I became involved in a love relationship with another woman.

Over time the meetings have lost a lot of their excitement, there has never again been so much change happening to so many of us at once.

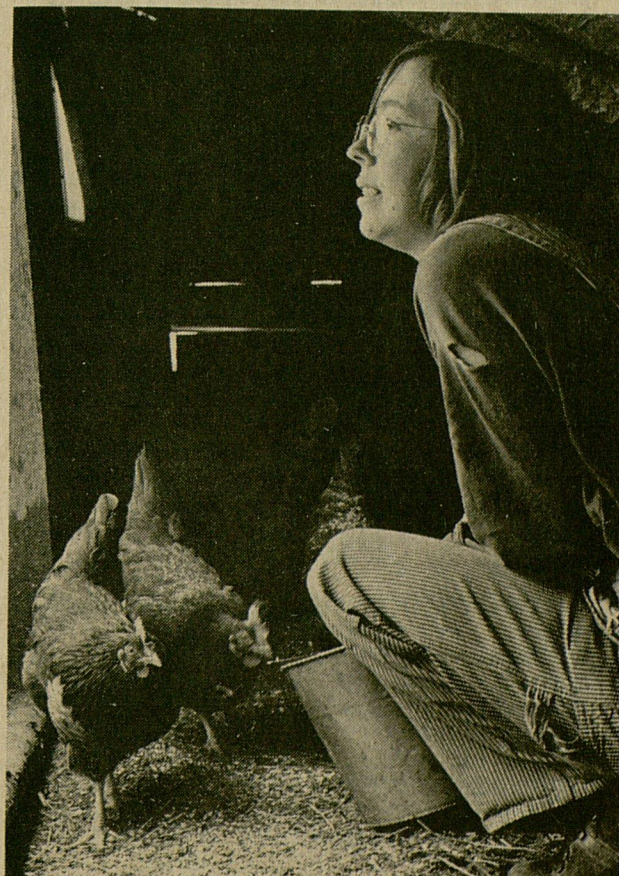
We have gotten into work projects meetings, in which we help each other do things necessary for survival in the country. These meetings have been some of our most inspiring time. It is exhilarating to work with a group of women, all of us learning skills together.

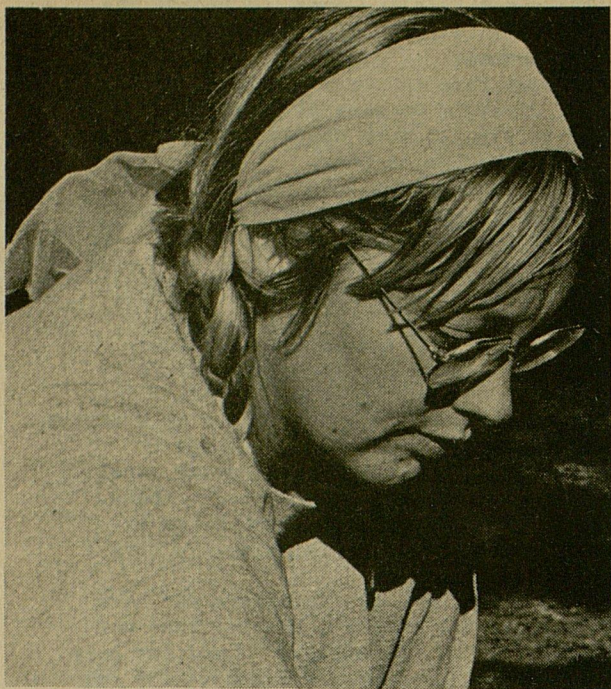
The back to the land movement is so traditional in its role playing, I feel invisible right now as a group or a movement. But I believe that change is happening. I know on a personal level it is, as I find myself building a house, working on our vehicles and being extremely happy in my relationship with a woman.

I know there are feminists who have moved to the country, knowing they can take care of themselves. There are more and more women who are dissatisfied and are starting to realize that there are alternatives to their traditional, self-effacing relationships."

Bobbi, from Albion, wrote to tell us how the women's movement here is affecting her life.

continued





"When I moved to the country a year and a half ago, I had only vaguely heard of consciousness raising through college friends. At that time I felt I was a liberated woman as my husband and I shared childcare and housework. We had actually done a role reversal, as I went to work daily while he stayed home, and then when I came home he went to night school.

Ah, how subtle are the ways of oppression. I realized after living in the country how easy it is to escape into the role of being the weaker species and thereby always dependent on men. One of the advantages of the country is that it forces you to independent for survival.

I've gained confidence and knowledge by watching women work and build or repair things themselves. I'm doing things now I never could have imagined myself doing two years ago, like digging ditches, checking gas lines, and hauling bales of hay."

But Bobbi's consciousness raising does not stop with a "fair division of labor" of country survival skills. It is her consciousness raising group that is enabling her to explore her potential on the subtler levels.

"At my last consciousness raising meeting we asked the question of each member 'Think of two good things about yourself and two bad things.' The negative things about myself flowed through my mind so fast it was hard to stop and limit myself to only two. Positive things were almost impossible to think of, and only in my group's discussion did I finally agree on a few good attributes about myself. I did discover I was not alone in not

following through on things and thereby feeling very unaccomplished. Our meeting reconfirmed my feeling that I still have a long way to go in consciousness raising. I am sure that as I've grown since last year, so my next year will be full of even more growth, confidence and independence. Especially with the help of my group and the many enlightening books I've been reading by women. I have come to the conclusion that I don't have to know everything, such as car mechanics, but I do have to know enough not to be ripped off or patronized. Oppression is very subtle."

The lack of a women's movement, when there is none, seems to be felt most painfully by lesbians and bi-sexual women, who are often forced to hide this part of their identities. Maple, from Pennsylvania, has much energy to give the Women's Movement, but faces frustrations typical to being in the country. Her attempts to organize a women's festival last fall were thwarted as everyone was busy getting crops in, canning, food processing, and doing "the winterizing that has to happen on a farm." The festival was postponed. Her living situation involves much deeper difficulties.

"I'm living on a farm in Pennsylvania with a group of about ten people, balanced in the sexes unintentionally, very high energy place. Lots of work to be done. Last winter we were down to three adult men here and nine women. It felt really good, too. We were all very aware of each other and our growth capabilities, like... building, and doing fencing, woodchopping, hauling logs for our postage stamp of an industry, really learning about our bodies and how to use and develop the strength that's there. But there really never has been a sister consciousness here, mostly due to fears that some of us have about women and especially our sexuality. We never talk about sister kinds of things, or sexuality, or why most of the women here don't really want to identify with women's lib or feminism. I sit patiently and listen and speak when I might be heard, or when a word is pertinent, it's very hard for me to push, I don't really like to, usually just results in bad vibes and a lot of resentment. I am the only bisexual woman here, now, and everyone knows about me. That really kind of holds me away from the women here in a way, if I'm being too nice or too affectionate, fears have developed, so often I am forced to be sensitive to that kind of thing being projected on me. 'Maple wants my body' WhoaWhen one woman and the man she's married to were going over the rocks, we really got tight, and when she needed some shelter, she would sleep with me. But I could feel the tension in her, like I would rape her or something, when I slept next to her warmth and hugged her as someone I cared about that needed a hug. Women seem to see

female bisexuals and gay women as sex fiends gone astray, or something. Not as women that can be warm with and love other women and see the beauty that's in us all and respond to it on many levels in many ways. It makes me want to cry sometimes, like when the man I usually sleep with can kiss her and I have to restrain my affections to a hug and peck (quickly, now), or even when I realize that there is a man that I usually sleep with. So much for this. Gonna get down if I think about it too much, cause there isn't really anything that I can do about it except wait for, women to see me as just another woman.

Happily, not all lesbians in the country are isolated from one another or sister consciousness. Julie from Stone Ridge, New York, writes to say that:

"I live in a lesbian community about forty miles from Albany, New York. There are about twenty women in a twenty-five mile range. Several of us have children (all female, luckily). We're all trying to live separately from the man, learning skills from gardening, farming and carpentry, to women's songs. One group of us wants to buy land together next year."

It may simply be indicative of the bias of letters coming to 'Country Women' that only one woman expressed neutrality towards the presence or absence of a women's movement in her area. Katherine wrote from Columbia, Missouri to say

"Going back to the country means so many things. Getting nearer to nature, self-sufficiency. Very high idealism. Usually the case is the women cook those good ol' fashion homecooked meals. The women make



socks and other homey articles. The women tend the fire. The men go outside and take care of the animals, run those big neat tractors, experience the thrill of a fresh hewn tree. Wait a minute -- not all the time. What our new turning to the country means is also looking for a better, cleaner way to live and develop some self-awareness. This means men and women. So what raising the consciousness means is everybody's consciousness--the menfolk too. And moving back to the country means a chance to start all over. Neither of you really knows how to run a chainsaw or raise chickens, so roles are not as easy to lapse into. Maybe lugging wood is more masculine in the city sense, because it involves muscles, but you're home alone, it's cold, and the firewood is low. Then you lug that wood and all of a sudden it's a chore and you're doing it, not man's work or woman's work, it's people work. The country is a place to jump into a new bunch of crazy chores with a totally new outlook.

Around here there's a women's center, but it's not that big of a deal. Because there's KOPN, the volunteer radio station, the Food Co-op, the Medico-op and Everyday People, a young people's counselling center. All directed towards people work, not women's liberation or raising women's consciousness, but people liberation and raising folks' consciousnesses.

continued



Whoa.

This is not to say many women don't need to be turned on to the fact that they are being fucked over. Especially women a little older than their twenties. I don't know how to reach them but I don't think the majority of feminist writings would ever impress them. But movements like our radio station and the food co-op are real, basic elements that maybe a young, middle-aged or older housewife could relate to. Anyway, I think positive practical experience is necessary to raise all people's awareness for one another."

For some, whether they are living in the midst of a formal Women's Movement or not, a sense of sisterhood comes easily, naturally. Susan, living by the ocean in British Columbia, feels

"feminine consciousness, really much of it in me, around me, and always growing, learning, changing, flowing. I am relating to women and men, and finding men who are able and willing to deal with sexism and role oppression. Nice to find whole human beings Just a thought I've had about finding men whom I can deal with honestly, openly, lovingly, is that being in the country really makes a difference, as we all know, in people being more free and relaxed and whole. Being in Canada makes a similar sort of difference. There is really a much smaller amount of cultural sexism here than in the states. Not that Canada is non-sexist -- far from it,--but there seem to be more people, more men too, that are able to let go, and see the need to let go of their male dominance. (The contrast for me was Berkeley and San Francisco.)

Still, most of my friends are women..."

It was remarked at one Country Women meeting, "Well, obviously, women are moving to the country, getting their consciousness raised and turning gay, and that's the Women's Movement in the country." The speaker may have been playing the devil's advocate, for what is obvious is that the Women's Movement in the country is taking as many forms as the Women's Movement everywhere. Women are going it alone, seeking other women for support, living with men, leaving men, seeking other women as lovers, finding support, finding lovers, satisfied, frustrated and changing. Despite the feelings of isolation and lack of support sometimes when it's needed, there are too many women caring and concerned to deny that the Women's Movement is making inroads into the outback. Some find the country nurtures higher consciousness, as we're forced to join in men's work, some find the endless struggle for survival inhibits it. But more and more of us are appearing as unpainted dragonflies, and beginning to see each other for what we really are, powerful women in the country. ♀

A POEM FOR ALL PRISONERS

I have been a teacher of tenderness
a wet nurse to pain
I have cut keys to lost locks
entered rooms without doors
walked through walls thick as death
thrown open the prisons of the heart
and seen the skeletons embrace

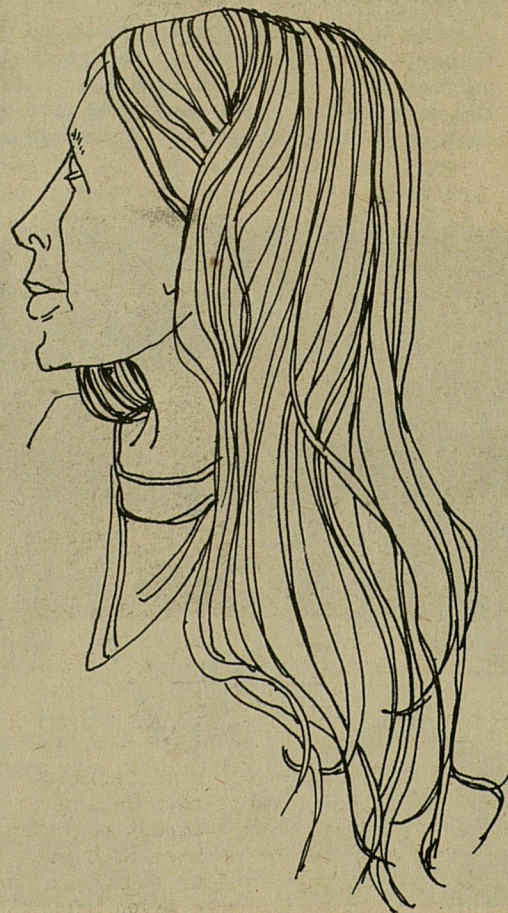
but like a broken arm
the mind finally moulds itself
to the cast that surrounds it
and after a while
every prisoner becomes
his own guard

I have watched you patrol
your own periphery
confiscate contraband emotions

I have beaten myself against you
breathless
like a moth against a light

but there are no visiting days

the skin search goes on
I suspect you of harboring concealed passions
I have felt you tremble
shake yourself down
shoot yourself trying to escape



FOUR VOICES FROM BLUE MOUNTAIN

We move, hug, kiss, understand, support, but we are not a political, ideological force. We dance together, sing together, breathe through births together, share our children.

We still struggle about our loyalties. Do we follow our men or each other? Some of us make love together. Some of us know it will soon happen to the rest of us. We can value love from our sisters as much as from our brothers.



ANNA: ONE VIEW OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS

We've been living here, in an isolated mountain valley for five years. We are six miles by foot from our nearest neighbor, twelve by truck. Few of us have been here all along, others three years, four. In our earlier years most people lived separ-

ately, in nuclear family arrangements. I came here as a single woman, and lived alone for two years. I got pregnant and had a child, without becoming too intimately involved with her father. We grew as a family and as individuals in our valley. Many of us moved out of our nuclear families and couples. I moved into a couple, never having spent more than two months with a man in my life. Polly was six months old, he wanted an old lady with a baby. We fell in love. We lived in a house a man had built for me in silent admiration when I was pregnant. We did not in any way transcend the role stereotypes our physical situation imposed. He cut wood. I hauled water by hand and heated it with the wood he cut, to wash diapers. After three months I woke up one morning and said, "I can't live with you anymore." The winter was half over. In the January sun that comes each year, clear and bright in the middle of winter, we all decided to move from our separate dwellings to one house where we slept, ate, cared for our children, did everything together. There were 60 of us at the time, counting children. I was scared to move in and as usual when I cop to a fear, I gotta do it. It was an overwhelming experience. It made radical changes in all of us. I got back into my couple, and we started having women's meetings. I don't remember how they came about or much about the earlier ones. For the first year or so, there was a man at most of our meetings. At that first meeting, some sisters some years older than me spoke of a subject which we have rarely mentioned since then. They spoke of the power of women, which stems from the fact of our womanness, our power to produce -- energy, children, all that we produce. These are poor words to describe what I mean; I know why we don't talk about it much. The mention of our power, our magic, which has always been important to me, made me wanna go on having women's meetings since maybe they could get us to this place I don't even know how to think about. It's a long term goal.

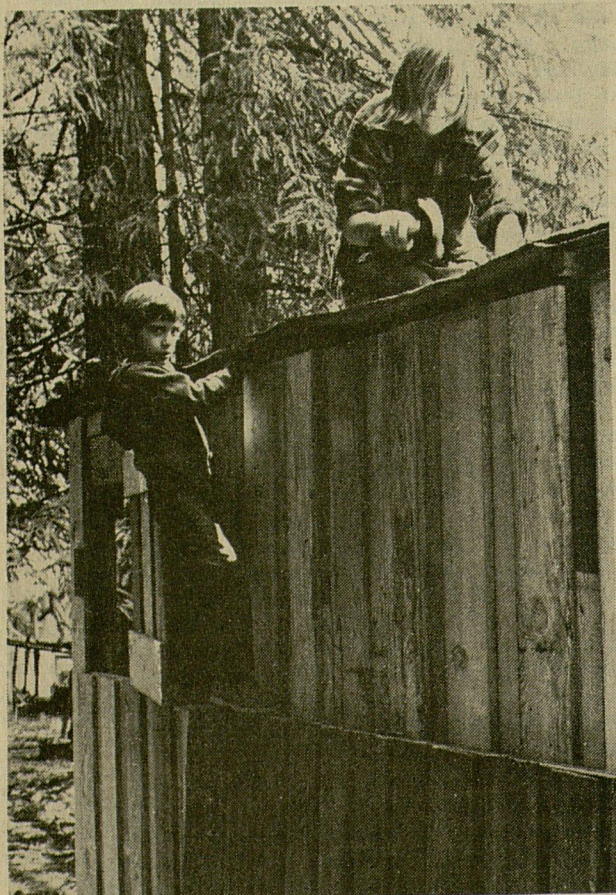
We lived together in one house until the weather changed. We moved out into the woods as the weather got warm. We continued having women's meetings, sometimes more often than others. I spent every night with Jack. We lived together, though we never spent any time together during the day. When I recall that summer, I cannot remember anything I did, I probably took care of Polly, then 18 months, a lot. At this stage in our lives, we all took care of our own kids separately. As I recall women's meetings, which men didn't feel they

continued

had to attend as we continued to have them, they were quite polite and seldom went beyond the unspoken rule: you don't talk to a woman about her man. Occasionally two sisters would confront each other directly, air some old grievances. Sometimes they would clear the air, sometimes only smoulder.

I felt I often took the step of breaking another unspoken rule: you don't talk about problems you're having with your own or anybody else's kid. I moved towards opening up space to talk about our children by talking about my own, getting off the macho image supermother, which was code here for a while.

Summer passed, we had to move indoors. After our shared experience of the previous winter, we were all anxious to live in smaller groups. I moved to one end of the valley with a group of 12 adults and Jack.



The rest of us, 20 or so, lived a mile down the road in the house we had all shared. Part of the basis for this division of people, not immediately obvious to us, was whether or not you were totally into a monogamous situation or not. Up the road we were. Down the road was not only less into monogamy, but in the middle of winter they declared their devotion to a different way of living with children (which is an essential step in breaking monogamy).

My recollection of this period, as of most of the time I lived with Jack, is hazy, fogged as I was with the devotion of my romantic love. Some people from down the valley came and got

Polly one day, to live with the rest of the children. Some time after that I became crazy to break out of this bad dream I was in love with. The first time I split up with Jack I just awoke one morning and said, "No more". This time I was a little more conscious of the fact that the reason I was getting crazy and unhappy was that I was living in a totally stifling situation. My relationship with Jack was no nourishment to me, and the atmosphere at the end of the valley I was in was not conducive to my growth. Our valley was becoming split down the middle on lots of important counts: how you lived with kids and whether you lived in a closed couple relation or not. I found myself on the wrong side for me. In fear and trembling I moved out of my house and my romantic bad dream of monogamy. The next six months of my life were God-awful. Though it was my decision to move out, I still suffered the agonies as if he had moved out on me. I seemed to forget it was my choice to leave him.

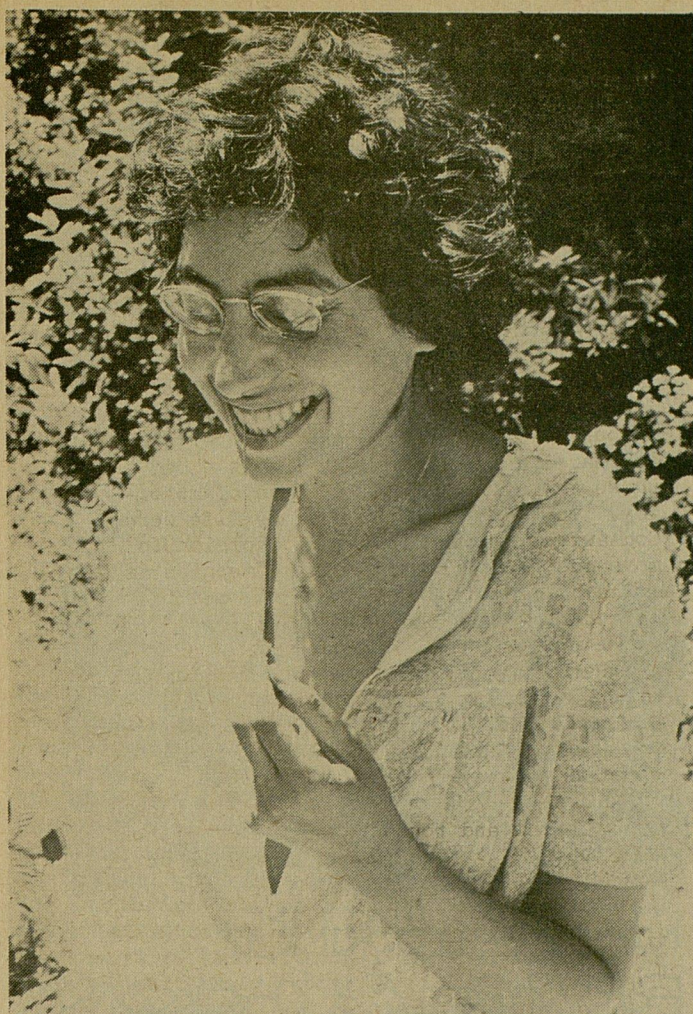
During that time for the most part I lived with women. There were other women on the ranch who had also split up with their old men, who were not with any one man. We got together. I flashed living with women would save my life, and it did. We moved into a dome, built high up the ridges. It was quiet and round. We lived together, five to eight women, beds that rolled up in the day time.

I was devoted to curing myself of my bad dream, which took months of living with the tight stomach, sweaty hands I got every time I saw Jack. My body reactions took a long time to catch up with my mind. None of us women were into making love at this time. And in general I felt that, although we lived together and shared much, we still were very polite with each other and adhered to certain rules, did not break any taboos. We seldom spoke about what was happening with the men we were still involved with.

It was safe and warm, us living together. We all wore flannel night gowns 'gainst the winter's cold. We did yoga together in the mornings. It was good to leave the hustle and bustle of the valley floor, to climb the ridges to our high quiet house. When we moved in we took out all the junk that had collected there, brought only what we needed. We talked lots, then, as now, the kind of supportive non-critical talk that is good--but some times too good. I spent a lotta time writing a long scroll journal of the torment I was in over my break-up with Jack.

We then went even further; aside from women living together, we decided to work together too. The men and women all together decided to work separately and cover our maintenance trips: cooking and diapers. The men did cooking work three days and we did other work and then we cooked three days and they did other work.

Once again the weather changed--summer came, we lived outdoors. No one felt comfortable in the separation of sexes we had had in the winter. People lived alone mainly. This summer, 12 or so folk who didn't want to move out of monogamy, left. There were other reasons that got talked about.



this reason wasn't mentioned much. It was not an easy move; it hurt us all a lot. Time is healing us.

Those of us who stayed have now been here a year--men and women--a motley collection, some devoted to a different way of being with kids, some not. Some wanting to stretch the bounds of monogamy, some devoted to no specific other person. We still have a women's house, it is ours. We do not live in it now. Some may this winter. I use it, as others do, as a retreat place to be alone. I go there to write. We still meet. Just now we met to talk about writing for you. It's hard to do--both meet and write.

I have told you my view, my recollection of a course of events which has led me here. Now, where is here? I lie in my bed. I have my own bed, a room of my own. Polly sleeps next to me. She is 3. We are together tonight because she just got back from staying with near neighbors. Otherwise she sleeps in the kids' house with the other children. I stay there different nights, alternating with other parents. My bed is a low frame covered with mosquito netting under a cedar tree. I built this bed with some help from my sisters. It is by the creek. In the 5 years I've lived in this valley, I've learned to feel the seasons with my own body. I watch the light change as equinox approaches. I've learned to feel my body, to know that it

can do what I want it to do, that I can do anything. I have begun to learn how to get the emotional support I need from sisters and give it. The emotional support I need is the kind that will free me from being emotionally dependent on men for love, sustenance, things which make me feel good daily. I am still physically dependent on men for a lot of things, mainly in the mechanical side of life. I don't mind living with men as long as they are not my primary source of emotional support.

I would like to live closer with women than I do, barring that, I'll live alone. To that end I am now building a shack to live in this winter. I am working on it with one of the men who lives here. It is my house we're building, though Ned has the technical skill. I am learner, apprentice, boss and worker. We finished the floor today. As I sit looking out of my future window, I am deeply grateful for the opportunity I have to seek the edges of my independence and fall off them.

TOSHI: THINKING OF THIS TIME & THAT TIME

Of going off high into the mountains with Beriets, getting enveloped by a rain hail wind storm and deciding so easy: let's go on and when we were shivering and our boots slurping water: let's go back. We knew whichever course we took, we would feel good because we only had to be ourselves.....walking our own pace.

Of the night a few nights ago when, after 27 hours of labor, it took us 8 hours to get from here to the hospital. Stopping for almost every contraction on the mountain roads, breathing 6 pants 1 blow all night with Marigold. Me and Nada taking turns giving her wet gauze to suck on. Of Marigold telling us her dream last winter of plucking a ripe apple off a tree in some lady's yard and now in the season of her child being born, the apples fall everywhere around us from our mountain trees. Of the day Marigold went into labor, women coming together.

Of the full moon night we all took peyote together and after we unloaded the huge white truck of 40 hundred pound sacks of goat grain. It was Mahalia's birthday (26th, 6th or 206th) she went down to the rope swing under the English walnut tree in the kids' play ground and Nada and I went down to push her and Morning Bloom and Cat came and we played 'chicken': one of us on the rope swinging into the person coming the other way on the regular swing and then we were witches howling with glee and going wild, I mean wild, jingle jangle plow screech and then exhausted into a pile we sang with the men who had come to join us: and we'll all go togetherto pick wild mountain thyme....

Of the time a few weeks ago Anna said to me she must talk to me about me going to the city for 3 months with Paul and Rain; Anna angry at me for 'selling out'; going back to a nuclear family situation and me feeling, Anna doesn't know me, doesn't know that I can never go back from being my-

continued

self first, doesn't know that I want to go to the city because of the ways I want to grow, things I want to learn that I can't do here. We talk about how we still **have** a long way to go trusting each other, knowing each other, accepting each other, we women.

Of sitting on my platform before I had put the mosquito netting up for my summer bed, looking up at the pattern of sunlight on the maple leaves above me, thinking now, at last, a room of my own.

Of the night after a long meeting we fell into song, some of the ones we knew so well, and then Nada and me started singing about what was happening now inside and out, making it up as we went along, always knowing that we will pick up what the other has started, that out of the jumble of voices we will hear each other and carry it forward.

Of the time in the chaos of the mainhouse kitchen some of us pledged to each other: "anytime, any place" (you can count on me to empty the shitty diaper bucket and much more.)

Of the time when Ann first came or Vivian or Erica or Margo came to visit and were taken into our sisterhood whose power sometimes we forget until a kindred spirit comes into our valley and we see ourselves through her eyes.

Of the women's meetings when, totally exhausted, we dragged ourselves a half a mile up to the gulch to our women's house and, too tired to talk, sang each other to sleep, hearing each of our voices, the whole as warm and soft as the womb.

Of the time walking up to the gate me and Morning Bloom, unspoken anger between us, recognizing in each other the same "hang ups" about men, then talking to each other the anger turned to love, somehow forgiving each other and ourselves for being just as far as we were in our "liberation" and that we were travelling the same path, walking home from the garden gate holding hands.

Of the trip Sala, Nada and I took to Seattle to work in the women's health clinic to learn more how we could take care of each other and ourselves. The delight in turning the rest of our sisters on to the things our mothers never shared with us (like our own cervixes), Sala teasing me that while her vagina was all neat and trim like her, mine was all wooly and unruly, like me.

Of coming back to the ranch after a week of fire fighting, feeling that sweet hunger to see Rain and hearing that she's not here because Beriets had taken her berry picking on the river for a few days and feeling incredibly deep down grateful that my child and my sister are friends for life.

Of times away from the ranch taking care of Paul's mother as she was dying, being with her the last days and minutes of her life. In one of her last moments of consciousness she wanted to see piece of embroidery I was making. "It's for Mar-

igold's baby." I said. "How beautiful, how beautiful," she said over and over again. I felt in those days I was not just myself, but all of my sisters here. That we were sharing with her, in her labor of dying, the spirit of our births.



NADA: LOOKING FORWARD & BACKWARD

I was taken by the land; mountains, meadows, woods, no one living up-stream, and the spirit of the people.

I had come from the city. I was just beginning to form a consciousness about women; the possibility of feeling strong with the support of women. I was just beginning to drop my youthful fantasy about the prince charming I would meet who would be everything to me. I was just starting to realize that through the years, the people I was closest to longest were women. Also realizing I wanted a relationship with men more on the level of brother and sister, sharing the work and responsibility. When my friend June and I suggested a women's meeting to some of the women who were here from the beginning, they said, "Who us? We don't need women's meetings. That's for city women." It was a threatening idea, implying some separation from the men that no one was ready or willing to make. It was a year later that we had our first women's meeting.

Now we have women's meetings sometimes every week, sometimes infrequently. There were times when we would meet at night and spent the night together, a few times when we spent two days and nights together. A time when eight of us lived together at the women's house. Sometimes we meet at night around the fire. I used to have high expectations and desires for a deep level of intimacy at these meetings. At times it happens, other times it doesn't. Sometimes I'm disappointed,

feeling we haven't fully explored or used our power as women to change things here. But I'm also aware of our growing connection with each other, a trusting and knowing we are here for each other. Discovering how we can move as a group, as one's, two's and three's, with men and without men, as people whose lives, spirits and work are intimately connected. This winter we have emerged more as who we really are.

It seems important for each of us to come to a higher consciousness in our own way, at our own paces. I mean, four years ago, we could talk about sharing our life, our children, and our work on all it's different levels. But only now and slowly are the changes really taking effect. We still have a long way to go. Only with time will we be able to sort out what we really want of the old and the new.

MAHALIA: TREES CAN TEACH YOU PATIENCE

Once upon a time a woman lived on a marble mountain with her sisters and brothers, goats and burro. She watched her garden grow, saw the goats eat her corn and grew very angry. "Goddamn boo baa fuckers", she said, "I am bored with canning, cooking and kids. I want to do something exciting this summer. I also want some lumber for siding the shed Marigold and I are building. Maybe I can work with my brothers at the Funky Fir Sawmill and get some boards." Then her thoughts returned to her sister, whom she loved very much. They, Mahalia and Marigold, were creating in their minds and actually building a shed for their garden tools, for the first time without a man's direction or leadership. The two women worked on equal terms, taking turns sawing and nailing. Sometimes they got frustrated when it was hard or slow but the building continued to grow.

In Marigold's belly a baby was growing, like the tomato seeds and the tiny green apples. The woman thought, "I must be with Marigold now. This experience of creating a child intrigues me, and I love being with Marigold, it feels good and easy." And so the sisters went to town to wash clothes, see the doctor, get birth supplies, diapers, and watermelons. They got blown out by shopping and were glad to return to the river to sleep.

The next morning they picked blackberries. Mahalia says, "Well, the time is right for me to work at the mill. I'll be home before the baby is born with boards for the toolshed walls." And she kissed her friend goodbye and walked to the sawmill where the men were sitting around after lunch.

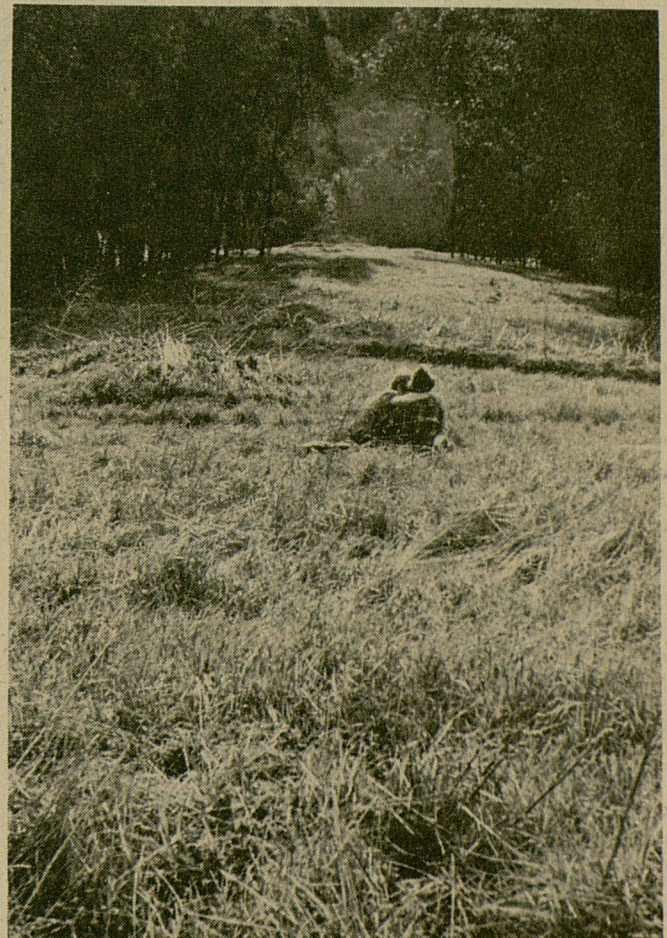
And the woman entered a new world of machinery--whirling blades and conveyer chains. She loved working hard with the men, getting hot and sweaty moving lumber around. She loved her brothers and was happy to be with them and know their work for a while. She learned that it takes more than muscle to move logs and lumber around. The concept of levers appealed to her Libra nature and she enjoyed moving one- and two-by boards around. She was on the bottom of the hierarchy and that felt ok - when they worked. She thought it fair, based on her inexperience. She was excited to see the mill in action and glad to be making lumber. For a while the men acted like brothers-- talking out

plans together, listening to each other, sharing energy. She was happy. Her friends canned peaches with her one evening and that made her feel good. But then... sometimes at the mill the men would get into patriarchal, or competitive trips. That made the woman's head reel. "I don't like it" she said, "I want to be home where I feel free and equal working with my sister Marigold on the tool shed until her baby comes."

She had a frustrating time trying to get her lumber home. It took her days. She wished she had a truck so she could move freely around her mountains. She rationalized, "I can't do it all at once, take on full responsibility for my life, become a mechanic and a carpenter at the same time." But that is what she really wanted to do - to move freely, and so she sent out energy for a truck to come her way. She visited her neighbors, ran with Polly and Sunshine and ate strawberries. She thought about her anger and impatience. "It's a man's world", she said bitterly. "This is not how I want to live. I must return to my mountain home and find peace, see myself, feel my strengths and weaknesses, to share work and love with my family to build a shed and have a baby."

The two women worked on the tool shed until Marigold started having contractions. Her fruit had ripened as the apple trees were dropping their fruit. The birth of Sumi Apple Woman was a new awakening for the two women. A new sister who would change their lives, tune them to the seasons and teach them patience.

♀



a little Faith

There is a unity in the cosmos
with which we've lost touch
Our lives are an expression
of how we seek
to regain that unity.

How can a movement
that segregates people
that builds "us" up
by putting "them" down
Or putting them off

Further our coming together ?
If this is the means
to the end
of equality

Will it corrupt us any less
than violence corrupts
the seekers

Of a just and lasting peace ?

Women talk so much about the pain
involved in the changes
involved in becoming a feminist
But my devil is the doubt
we don't talk that out
it's too elementary.

"Don't come to me
until you can see
that all women are oppressed
more and longer and worse
than all others.
It would help, furthermore,
if you found it apparent
that the only people who really touch
are women with other women
that men, being the beneficiaries
of power
have no desire to change
and are just an energy drain
cause they're really incapable
of understanding
what most women know naturally.
And don't forget
that sexism is the basis of all social
intercourse
and the reason for all of our hangups."

Here I am in conflict again
with you
the Women's Liberation Movement as internalized
in me.

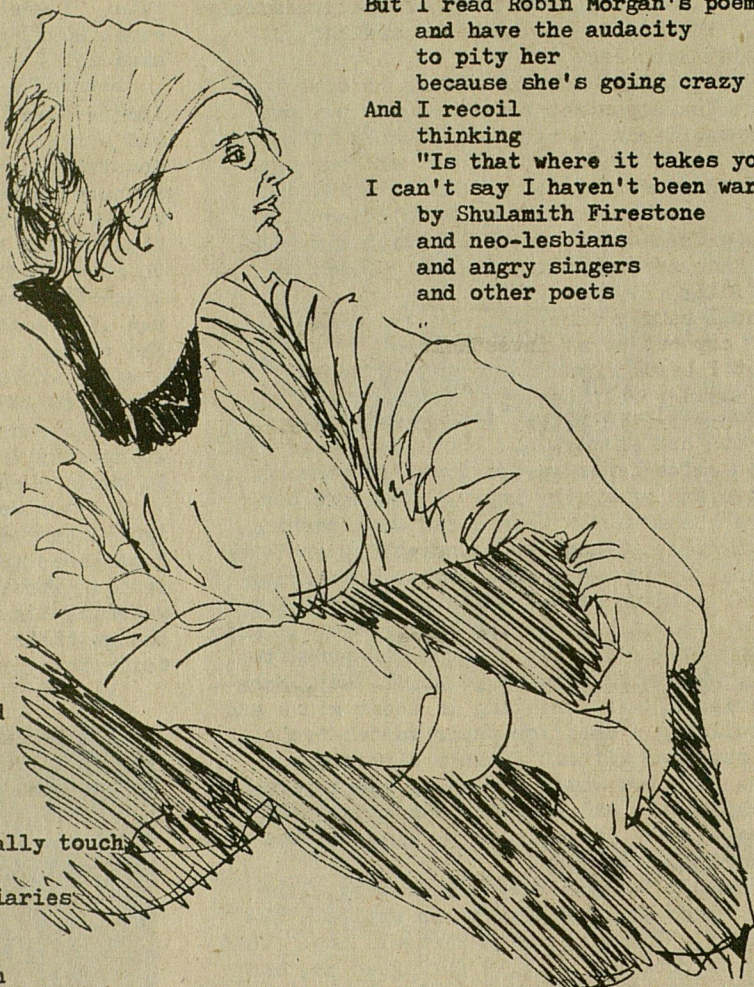
With my values at stake
I approach the whole body of
literature
poetry
music and
art

weaving together the women throughout the world
who may never visit or talk with each other
but connect in these other deep ways.

I read Sisterhood is Powerful
and marvel and rejoice
that in just three years its expression
of the hopeless condition of most women

has become in many places and ways
obsolete.
And in wonder I shake my head
thinking
"Thank goodness it's not like that here."

But I read Robin Morgan's poems
and have the audacity
to pity her
because she's going crazy
And I recoil
thinking
"Is that where it takes you ?"
I can't say I haven't been warned
by Shulamith Firestone
and neo-lesbians
and angry singers
and other poets



Neither can I say I haven't been enticed
by this philosophy which says
"It isn't me, it's us."

So I feel misgivings

Towards what I feel is for many
The only frame of reference
through which to view the world
the short and obstinate yardstick
against which we measure
the cosmos
and thereby don't see
any creatures or concepts or allies or worlds
that do not have a feminist slant

Towards an implicit set of prescriptions
about how I "should" behave
in pursuit of freedom
and how I might best
reinforce my convictions
and resentments
and rebellions
and claim I am raising my consciousness
Towards what could be considered a cheap shot
on my part

Finding a "we"
an identity
is that getting the most
i can from myself
in my quest to be a fulfilled human being?
Especially when I'm surrounded by
a community of active, friendly feminists
blooming in an island of apathy
who will embrace me
if only I'll think like them
on a few important points
for solidarity's sake.

And I feel misgivings

Towards a movement to which I give
my time and my energy
so fully
that I hardly dare
cop out on my investment
that I hardly can
make a real choice
between participating in what's happening
For Women Only
and taking time out (!)
to relate to men.

Towards what I suspect may be a fad
not trivial but
ready to mutate beyond recognition
should we move past this stage
this "phase" we are going through
just as we passed through the dominance of drugs
and political activism
and the man in our lives
and all those things
John Lennon doesn't believe in.

(Forgive my mentioning a man,
but I feel misgivings)

Towards what I fear is
a shield I can thrust
between me and all those men out there
in the barbarous sexual arena
where women
are sacrificed like Christians
to the lions incarnate as men,
where we call ourselves lucky
to be devoured by them
and not merely elicit a yawn.

And towards what could become
all I hate in religion
belief
and a system of thought
that's propounded as everyone's answer.
A haven where followers
can repeat great ideas
and echo authority
can repeat great ideas
and echo authority
and belong
and find salvation.
"Sister, abandon you low down ways,
and don't study men no more.
Yes, a lot of my sisters
have seen the light
and they say

it was like a blinding flash
and after that they were
consciousness raised.

So get on board, little sisters,
for this is the way
to learn trust and love
and the joy of knowing
you're responsible for yourself.
All it takes is a little faith."

A little faith.

But what am I talking about ?
This is not the reality
of how the "Women's Movement"
the women I live with
out here in the country
have affected my life
my now
and my thinking.

If I'm bothered by the pronouncements
of the woman on my right
with whom I disagree
and struggle to refute them
blame my myopia
for not seeing the woman on my left
who's refuted them already
or hasn't even found that necessary.
How many times more
will I overlook the obvious fact that
the women's movement has by now taken
so many forms and attitudes
it could only trap
the most willing victim
into violating her highest awareness
and instead embracing dogma.



And if where I live
the movement is strong
and populous
how many more facets that means we can carve
into our collective reality.

When I fell
into my consciousness raising group
which arose soon after
my arrival in Albion
a year ago

I was bright-eyed and bushy tailed
with just glimmers of what
it could mean to me
and some nebulous expectations.

Surely,
I said to my group
you will be just what I need
for isn't my self-effacing, debasing,
disgracing
self-protecting, non-directing
essence
essentially feminine ?

So I marked off the time
it takes a pregnancy to come to term
in this consciousness raising group
that was not raising my consciousness
Comforting myself with the foreknowledge that
it would actually take up to a year
for us to learn to trust each other
enough
to get down to it.

And if the women in our group
in the most classic of female roles
backed off and disappeared
because their old men insisted
or they sagely looked
at all they would have to give up
if they gave up
their femininity
that should only have raised
our common denominator
of consciousness
instead of shrinking
our ranks
and our confidence.

Yet I wondered if maybe
I wouldn't prefer
the skills of that woman
who could reap with the bat of an eyelash
innumerable benefits
material and felt
for her friends
and herself
and her ego
to skills like
beginning mechanics.

But knowing I'd squandered
the bulk of my life
in trying to do it like that
gave me the means
to deal with my doubt
and start to move out and learn new ways
to enhance my world
and my sense of myself.

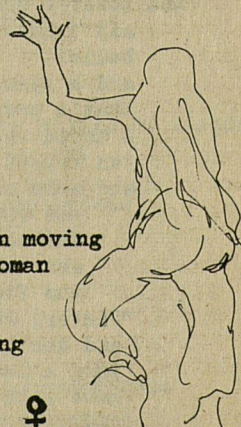
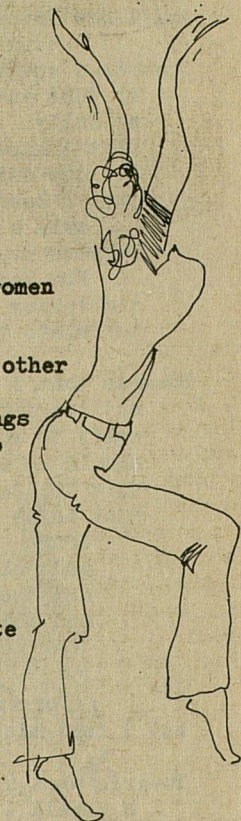
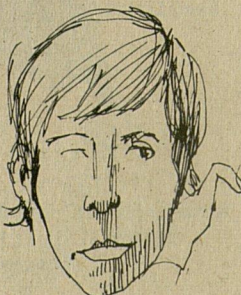
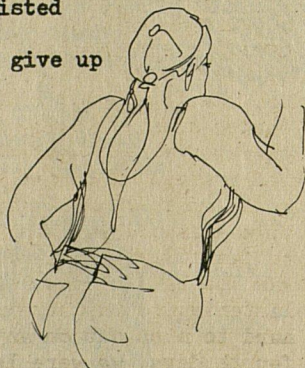
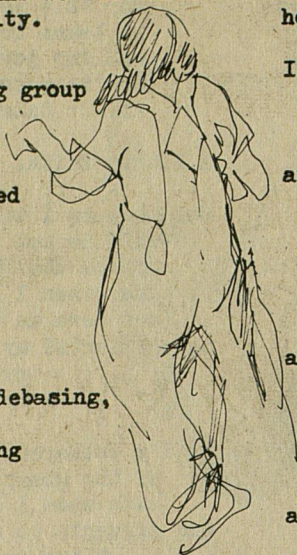
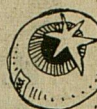
Until something has happened
I can't quite put my finger on it
(we always say that)
what it is
how it happened

I know I played volleyball
with lesbians and wives and stumblebums
and ballerinas
all women
and I moved out of the relationship
I was lately determined to preserve
and probably would have
too long
without women
and we felt good about it
and nobody got trashed
and I went to a concert
of classical music
that moved me and others
and realized
"That's all women
making that music"
and all these far out and diverse women
joined my hitherto ailing
consciousness raising group
and we all started giving each other
support and honest feedback
and somehow I wrote a couple of songs
which is what I most want to do
and quite obviously I decided
to work on this magazine again
and get tackled with feeling
hassled and busy
and threatened by deadlines
and restless and nervous
trying to sit down and write
what I think I might think
or discover
yet that's not it.

Perhaps it's that now
I can offer myself
the benefit of the doubt
instead of just doubts that are burdens.
For strangely enough
as I learn to do that
with a little help from my sisters
I begin to accept
that maybe the worst motives
I can imagine
aren't my reasons for joining the movement
and maybe I need not
and will not capitulate
to an ever more radical stance
when it conflicts with my own
private
vision of clarity.

I'm letting myself hope
have a little faith
that the movement is each woman moving
towards what it can be to be woman
fulfilled.

At the very least I feel
that I'm questioning and growing
At most
that I'm experiencing
the mystical womentouch.



♀

FESTIVAL OF COUNTRY WOMEN



Like a gathering of the tribe, women drifted in from all over the west that Friday, day and night. Repairing the mistake of last year's festival, we were gathering in a space that was all our own; A woodland camp sheltered by redwoods and warmed by slanting sun. Far from the mainstream of America, this camp was to become woman-space. By one's, two's, small groups we wandered in bringing all the tools we had for survival and sharing: chainsaws, drums, backpacks, garden vegetables, cord wood, axes, banjo's, dulcimers, mechanic's and carpenter's tools, journals, and secret poems. Watching the stream all that afternoon, feeling energy and excitement mounting with each new arrival, it was clear that this was our space. The faces were unknown, but so familiar--the powerful beauty of women who have learned to be themselves; each of us different, each of us one.

But this was not just a mystical merging: it was home for a steadily growing number of women. When cabins and beds had been found, friends hugged and strangers smiled at, we began the work of settling in. Everyone signed up for a daily shift working in the kitchen, at the childcare tent, at registration or in the car parking lot. Women arrived at the kitchen and began to bake bread and chop vegetables for dinner, while two of us frantically tried to convert recipes for four people to quantities for 200 and to allocate and ration the food for each meal. Others split firewood and laid fires in the big stone fireplaces in the dining hall. Working registration was the most fun of all: taking down names and addresses from Vancouver, New Mexico, Washington D.C., and all over California; seeing for the first time the faces of women whose names we had written over and over again on envelopes for Country Women.

Coming together that first day, 60 or 70 women laughing and talking, beginning to know each other's faces and even some names, it was clear the festival had become a reality. The hours and hours of work by two women who wouldn't let the dream die, when no one else had more than dreams to give it, had led to this seemingly spontaneous community. Weeks of following up every minute detail while always wondering if the publicity had been too late,

why so few people were registered--how many pounds of cheese, how many candles or blocks of ice to buy, would 15 or 150 women arrive? The decision to go ahead was very frightening. Camp rental and insurance were \$780, initial food bills were over \$700 while there were still only 40 women committed to coming. The omnipresent 1200 lbs. of pears which figured in every meal, brought back nightmare visions to the organizers as they remembered days spent picking fruit to stretch a meager budget. Then, following on exhaustion and anxiety came the excitement: country women had found and were finding each other.

As women arrived, they read the lists of workshops and the list began to grow. Those who were arriving were adding their skills and interests to the lists. It was impossible to know which to do, how to choose; anything and everything one wanted to know living in the country was listed there. We each wanted to be everywhere at once. The activities seemed overwhelming and they were. We tried to share years of learning and living in five short days. What seemed wonderful also began to feel over-scheduled, too crammed full. There was too little time for sitting still talking, or listening to the stream and trees. Yet, it was hard to miss out on anything. By the third and fourth days, we were learning when to drop out for baseball or banjo playing in the sun, but Saturday morning we just felt the excitement and the pressure of two morning and two afternoon sessions with a break for lunch (not a long enough break, discovered the lunch crew, rushing in from groups they hadn't wanted to leave). That first day most of us were still trying to do everything. For some it was a chance to learn skills we would badly need when we came to the country; for some, it was a time of sharing, a breaking down of our homestead isolation and a collectivizing of our knowledge; for others, it all felt a bit like school--"It's two o'clock? Oh, I should be..."

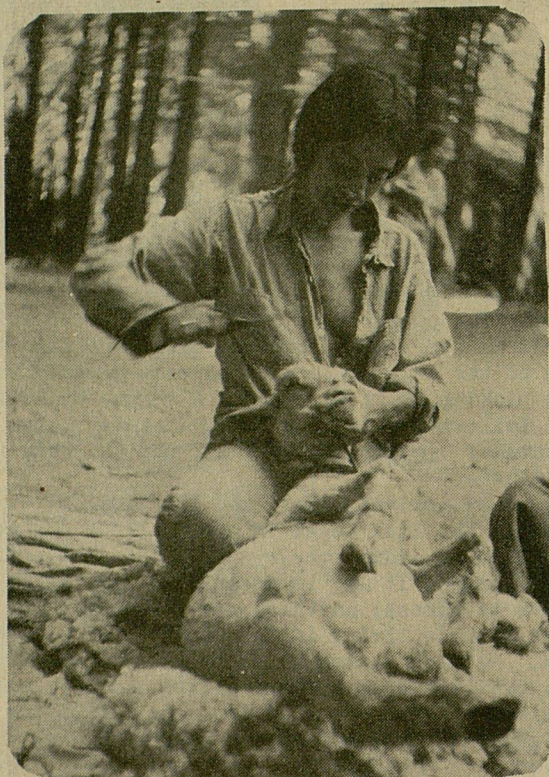
The workshops touched on nearly everything: sheep shearing, carpentry tools, Balkan dance, Tarot, using a chainsaw, herbal medicine...all aspects of our growing countrywoman culture. One workshop touched everyone in some way or another;

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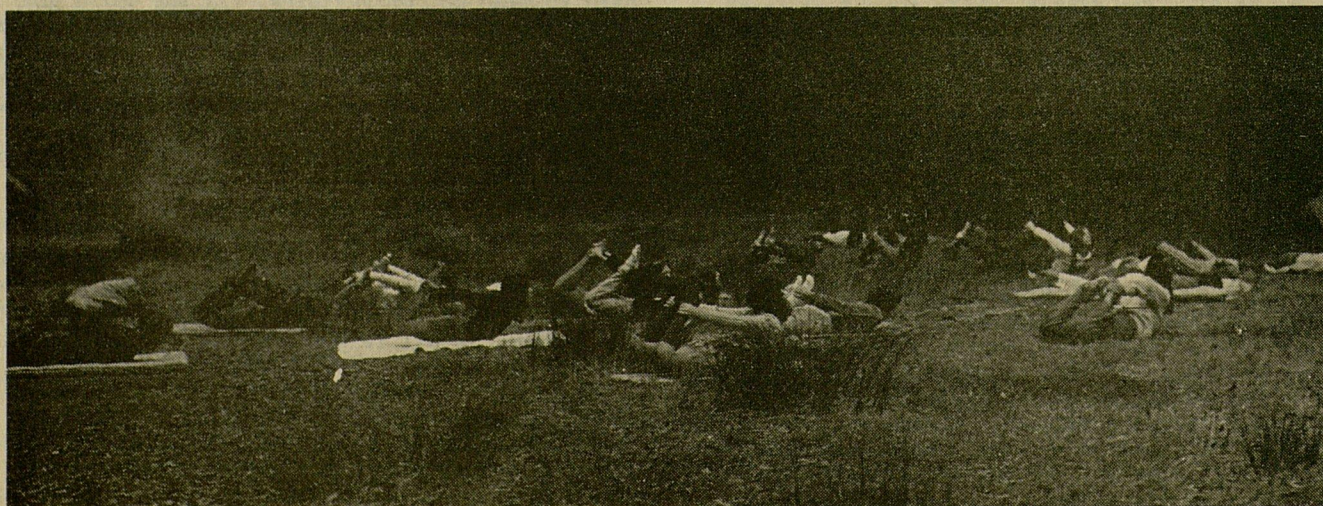
by Saturday afternoon word was spreading through the camp, "Have you heard about self-defense?" An on-going, twice daily workshop on the basics of self-defense from which women returned glowing and high. Even those who didn't participate came to watch: 60 women in a grassy meadow exercising in unison, learning to feel the power and strength of their bodies, shouting together as they practiced kicks and punches. "Never before have I believed I could defend myself," said one woman. "I feel so at home with my body," said another. Women who had feared self-defense as hostile and alien were mesmerized by the beauty and the grace.

Other workshops happened too. Some continued for several sessions, others were brief intensive



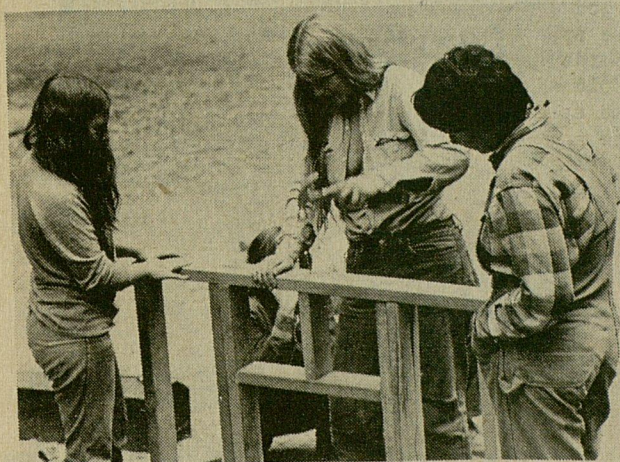
lessons. Women learned to use a chainsaw, that most mystified of tools, and in doing so cut the firewood for our stay. Country newcomers learned to use splitting mauls and wedges until two cords of rounds were almost reduced to kindling. Eight year old Alison came running to her mother straight from a self-help workshop, showed her mother how to use a speculum, took a look herself and said, "very healthy, no yeast at all."

By Saturday night the steady stream began to feel like a flood. Counting stopped after 200 women. The kitchen crew cut eggplants and grated cheese until they felt close to craziness. But if cooking eggplant parmesian for 200 plus felt crazy (who else but women produce gourmet delicacies for their masses?), dish washing for 200 felt insane. The clean-up crew was still struggling at midnight when they called for reinforcements. After that, we learned to simplify. Meals were always delicious but not always so elaborate. Clean-up was never completely solved, though scheduling double shifts helped, but cook-

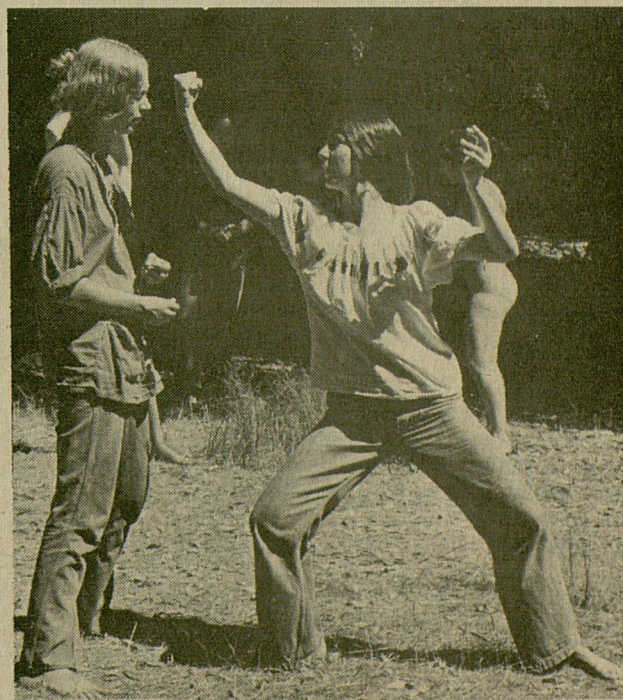
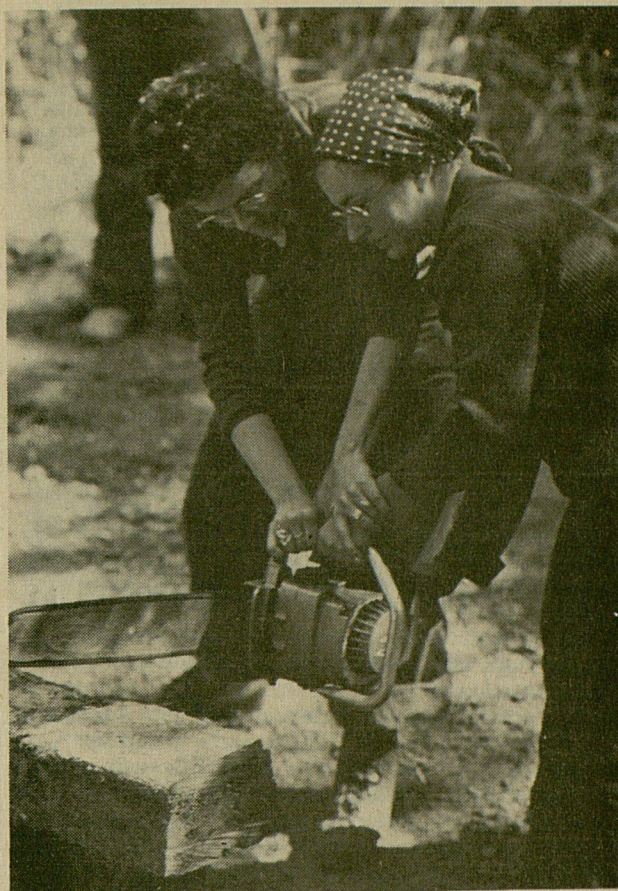


ing became a joy and a pleasure. Working together six or eight women had time to meet and get to know each other. Faces familiar from the workshops became recognizable personalities and then friends. One of the greatest problems of the festival, having too little time or opportunities to get to know each other, was partially solved here in the kitchen. It was a great meeting place--Carmen, Alison and Gloria making topping for apple crisp, three generations elbow-deep in butter and oatmeal. And oh, the variations one can dream up for pears!

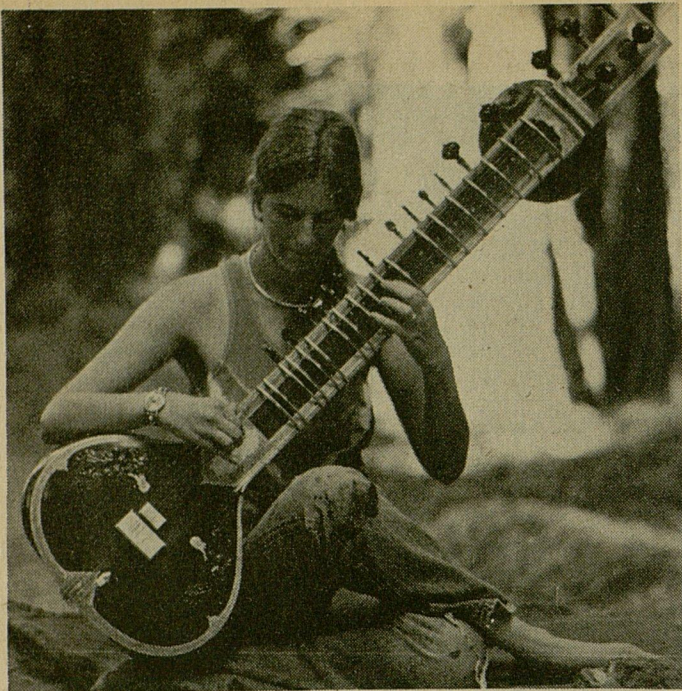
At the Saturday night dinner, the reality of an overnight village of 200 people began to be felt. The hall was crowded, noisy, frenetic; eating lines seemed to stretch on endlessly. The kitchen crew was frantically trying to make more salad and eggplant. In the chaos women were exclaiming how good it all was and rushing back for seconds, oblivious to those who had never yet had firsts. The lack of a structure for cen-



tering us all and the sparcity of leadership was most clearly felt here. The one woman who was carrying all the load for the physical organization of the camp couldn't take on one more thing. No one knew who to turn to with questions, needs or problems when Harriet seemed pressured to the point of breaking. Leadership happened spontaneously in small, more personal matters. One woman became sick Saturday night; by Sunday at breakfast, a list of those willing to help care for her was already posted in the dining hall. But leadership for things that included us all was slower to arise. Most of us felt the lack of any place where we could all together share who we were and what we were feeling. Amidst the general warmth and closeness, there was a shortage of concrete communication. It wasn't



continued



until Monday that a few women, pressed hard by that need, took the initiative and the courage to call a camp meeting.

Evening activities were joyous fun for some, disappointing for others. There were too many people and too much energy for peaceful centering around the campfire. But there were plenty of people and simple joy for partying. Gallons of wine were set out on tables, musical instruments appeared. The first two nights these conflicting needs were all focused on one activity, a film show one night, a poetry reading the next. Then we learned that we need not all be one: Sunday night there was a dance, choral singing by the campfire and a group to share dreams. Partying and playing went on long into the nights--through the trees one could hear the noise of voices and laughter, a 2 a.m. impromptu virginia reel to Ellen's fiddle. Women wanting quiet drifted off to cabins carrying candles and flashlights. From the farthest reaches of the camp came the haunting notes of Daisy's sitar, sending us flying through innerspaces and then gently into sleep.

By Sunday the clearest feeling we all shared was the pleasure of really being a community. The camp had become an ongoing entity providing for all of our needs. The social rules of this world were all our own. Time seemed to flow at an unworldly festival pace. Perhaps the most important thing about the festival was its most basic fact: we were all women living together. We went to sleep in cabins surrounded by new and old friends, woke up at 8 a.m. to shouts and gongs to find breakfast hot and waiting, fires burning in the fireplaces. We spent the days talking, playing, working together. The social rules we automatically follow in large groups of people didn't have much meaning here. I "lost" my favorite sweater twice a day and always found it waiting for me where I left it. Sam's car tools and Carmen's drum, which they never just leave out, waited unwatched and untouched beneath a tree. It was a society based on touching, intimacy and closeness. Women were constantly touching holding hands, coming together in small groups to hug and hold each other. There was a pervasive

and simple sensuality everywhere. Freed from sexual objectification and warmed both by women's love and sunlight, bodies moved loosely and easily.

Those who came from and went back into the outside world most especially felt and understood the wonder of this new society in the woods. I left to work a straight job on Highway One in America and drove back quickly. Like an fugitive returning to my outlaw camp, I felt glad to have this home. Joan, arriving for the first time on Sunday, found it took over an hour to walk the quarter mile to her cabin, friends and acquaintances offering hugs and excitement along the way. Darlene, leaving as planned Sunday afternoon, stopped four miles from camp, said "I can't do this, it's too wonderful," turned around and returned.

Sunday afternoon a few cracks appeared in our harmony and these widened rapidly. Two workshops had been scheduled simultaneously, "feminists living with men" and "being a Lesbian in the country". The idea had been to draw women together by



needs and interests and to give each group a chance to talk among themselves without defensiveness or explanation. Instead these workshops created (or mirrored?) differences and divisions among us. Women living with men resented being identified that way. We had come together as women and as individuals. For many, it was our first time living with only women or getting to know Lesbians. It was a time for understandings and sharing, for exploring ourselves as women. Once again were we to be identified by who we slept with? Lesbians, coming together for the first time in a large group, found it hard to talk personally or meaningfully. Eventually, the Lesbian workshop broke up into smaller groups: one on monogamy, one on moving to the country, one for those actively interested in forming a women's commune. Women who had no identity but self felt alienated and isolated. Ruth, 56 with grown children living by herself now, walked back and forth, back and forth. Where did she belong now? Almost everyone felt frustrated in some way by dinnertime, almost no one felt satisfied.

Harriet, coming into the dining hall and remembering the chaos of the night before, thought of

her nightly ritual of holding hands before meals and asked others to join her. Gradually, in the clearing outside, the circle grew and grew until more than a 100 women stood together silently holding hands. Moments passed still, then in unison a chant arose, until we were touching, feeling, moving, dancing together. The circle flowed into smaller circles hugging and swaying together around each other. Dinner was more warm and peaceful than before.

Childcare was our least successful joint effort. Few women chose it as their task and too often there was one woman alone in the childcare tent with children ranging from an infant to seven years old. Mothers were reluctant to give up any of this new found freedom from children. Non-mothers wanted to be with other women and did not willingly sacrifice this special time. For older girl children the festival was a wonderful time of playing and learning. They moved freely through the activities joining in when and where they would.

By Monday, the numbers had ebbed to less than a hundred and the camp had a settled-in feeling. Everyone's face was familiar and activities happened more loosely and off-schedule. Some workshops were cancelled in favor of sun bathing and conversation. Others continued: a car mechanic's workshop with an emphasis on doing--6 women and 6 cylinders, one for each to work on; a workshop on how to split shakes where we realized yes we could cut the four foot redwood log and Ruth and Jean came to sing their "Two Woman Saw" song; a healing workshop with a laying-on of hands for a sick sister. Two women from Australia came with video equipment and we played with and explored the wonderful possibilities of instant replay.

But the tensions and dissatisfactions voiced after the workshops on feminism and Lesbianism were still a strong undercurrent. Women kept coming together to talk and argue. Finally, Lesley and Harmony called an open meeting for

after lunch to share our feelings and experiences. It was in some ways a hard meeting, stretching to touch and understand each other. Lesbians spoke openly of the real differences they felt, of how for many it was the first time in their lives they could publicly and openly be themselves, all day every day. Women living with men spoke of new open-ness, feeling of oneness in a community of women, and of their anger at being separated and catagorized. Other women spoke of what we all share and emphasized what we had concretely shared here at the festival--voices of harmony and optimism. Feelings of division between the organizers and the participants were voiced--women felt isolated among these circles of friends. Together, we realized our individual responsibility to overcome our shyness and take initiative in bridging our personal isolation. We spoke of problems with childcare, dishwashing and over-scheduling. The meeting was very good, freeing us to return to our commitment to and involvement in the festival. It was also too little and too late; we should have been coming together to talk all along.

More women left Monday but as they went there was a feeling of centeredness and love. There was also a feeling of being drained, of being surfeited with emotions and experiences. The last day was the hardest of all, a long, lingering, desultory cleaning job. None of us wanted to leave each other or the camp. The Woodlands had come to feel so deeply like home; this group of women so clearly our people it was hard to remember that only five days before we had traveled in from isolated homestead farms and forest cabins. Here we had created our most ideal visions: a thriving community of women. Here we had tasted a culture whose rhythms, patterns and directions came from women. It was unlike any other gathering we had ever known. The Woodlands was Countrywomanland. ♀



A Woman's Place

The women's movement in the country has profoundly changed my life in the last few months. I am amazed. I find myself this morning - once again curled up in my bed - mellow after meditating - with the comforting drizzle of the rain continuing outside my window. How my scene has changed since the last time I wrote for Country Women in the spring.

Last year at this time, my good friend, Susan, had gone back to New York after a month visit. She was returning early because she was pregnant and had an abortion scheduled for the following day. She came to California with the strong conviction that she wanted to withdraw from men sexually, and that when she returned to the city, she wanted to get involved with the struggle to save the abortion law. Then she found out she was pregnant. I, too, was going through heavy changes about the place of men in my life. There had been a steady flow of them through my bed since Kenny and I broke up. And I had been using no birth control for a year - unable to subject myself any longer to their methods - convinced I couldn't get pregnant. . . but then my friend Susan did. It was really a shock. I felt bound to learn from her experience. Committed to care enough about myself to stop compulsively fucking. I was alone a lot then - stripping tipi poles in a late autumn attempt to get my winter home together - reading The Dialectic of Sex and thinking a lot about the women's movement and my isolation from it.

My experience with the women's movement in New York had been in the women's caucus of a communist organization with an anti-feminist position. The Dialectic of Sex was my first feminist reading. It really opened up my mind and gave me the energy to try and bring together a women's group at the ranch. Several of us really wanted to do it - but just as our attempt the following spring, it seemed doomed to fail.

And then there was a very brief, sad, and beautiful love that I shared with a woman last year when the sun was in Libra, which really opened me up to women again. I didn't know about Albion then, but I loved the coast and started to fantasize living by the ocean with women. And then the rains came and washed me out of my little campsite by the stream that I shared with my dog. My attempts to finish my tipi by winter were futile. And so there I was - unable to make a home for myself - camping out in the living room of Michael's cabin - the pressure to fuck him was acute. So I did. After all, it was wet and cold and lonely, and I was too special to get pregnant. Michael was a gentle, sleazy sexist. Being with him was in direct conflict with my growing woman's conscious-

ness. Some heavy trips went down last Scorpio, including that another lover of his and I were really drawn to each other, and both wanting to be with women, and both thinking that we wanted to be with Michael too, fantasizing that the three of us would be lovers. But reality intervened. And Michael and I split up. A month and a half later I was heading east to New York, finding myself simultaneously involved with two men on my way out of California. I had flashes of fucking my way across the country, but thank god, when the "opportunity" arose again, I found I couldn't go for it.

By the time I left New York I hadn't slept with anyone in a couple of months, and was feeling really good about where I was at. Having spent some time when I was in the city around feminist women really made me feel a connection to the movement again. Except, of course, that in my basic life style, I had little in common with these city women. And I was really looking last winter for people I could feel in common with. On the way back to California I stopped in Washington to see a country woman friend. The beauty of the land and the warmth of the wood stove made me feel that I was returning home. And somehow, just as I was feeling really right and secure in my withdrawal from men - there was this man who seemed so attractive - so much in common, struggling against sexism. Of course, he was the lover of my friend, and I found, much to my dismay, as we slept together in her bed, that I had changed not so much at all. And that as long as I continued to relate sexually to men, I would compulsively rip off all my dearest women friends.

I returned home in March, rather depressed about my whole trip in Washington, really excited about seeing this Country Women magazine that Barbara had been so excited about in her letter. The first 3 or 4 issues were out, and I read them all cover to cover, joyfully. I loved the magazine. I loved the name. It was the first thing I'd read that really spoke to me as a woman - struggling to be a feminist in the isolation of the country.

I planned on writing a multi-paged letter pouring out my heart. I wanted to head straight to Albion. I didn't do either of those things right away, but I sent a lot of high country woman energy this way. And lo and behold, through a wonderful series of waits, Barbara came to Albion and met River and returned to the ranch with plans for several of us to write for the upcoming issue on relationships. We met in the coop last spring - 4 of us - to make a collective article happen. It was such a day. I can remember it now with the tears just right below my eyes. So much came tumbling out of all of us. We came so close together, felt so safe with the idea that we didn't have to be isolated from the women's movement in the city. We could be part of the women's movement in the country. We started to come closer together, working separately and collectively on our articles - making great plans for a consciousness raising group when the other half of the women population returned. Wondering who would be into it. Hoping, fantasizing, doing a lot of writing for the magazine.

Seeing it as a means to connect us to each other and to make us part of the women's movement in the country. And we did get our articles off in a last minute race to the mailbox, and we did all, every woman at that crazy ranch, meet one night in Susie's tent and all decide together that we wanted to have a women's group, but the summer pressure was too heavy. And the scene too male-dominated. The energy too male-directed. It was sad and frustrating. I really hoped that I could perhaps go through some of the changes that were stirring inside me and not have to leave the ranch to do it. But after writing that article, so many of my real feelings about myself were brought to the surface that I could no longer deny myself the right to live as I really felt. My first trip to Albion, soon after, decided my fate. I felt so much good energy from so many good women. Support that sent me home so high and so determined to cut the umbilical cord that tied me to that wild magic land and to None of the Above ranch for a year and a half.

Waiting for me when I returned home was a letter from my woman friend in Washington. Hurt and betrayed, perhaps, she still loved me and was inviting me to come up there in the fall to live and look for land with them. On the one hand, my growing contact with the women's movement in the country was giving me a sense of myself, and the strength necessary to plan definitely to leave the ranch in the fall. Yet, on the other hand, the only place I had to go -



the only people who really wanted me were in Washington - a scene that intimately included a man. So half of me was going to leave the ranch and live with women, and half of me was going to Washington and be safe.

There was a spiritual gathering of women in Oregon this August. I heard news of it during a brief visit to Albion. Although my life was too hectic already, I knew I should go. So I did. It was my first women's festival. And, of course, it really changed my life as I knew it would. We created a whole new reality there - a community of women briefly brought into existence as if by magic, under the Oregon full moon. We had workshops on healing and tarot - swam naked in the creek - made music - danced - shared ourselves with each other in circles of sisterly love. And got very stoned on the sacrament the night the moon was full. I howled a lot at her - the moon - that stoney night - deep throated howls coming up from my depths. I really felt myself coming out. I decided that weekend that I couldn't go up to Washington. Not after spending time with these beautiful country women, fantasizing women's land. For the moment it all seemed to be fantasy, however, as visions of the fall rains grew more imminent - with no money and no place to live - winter loomed grim ahead. I was really struggling to keep the country and the women parts of my life together. But for a while it seemed that couldn't happen, and I resigned myself to returning to the city and started looking, with Susan, for a place and other women to share it in Berkeley.

We hoped to find something before the Albion Women's Festival in September, but luckily, we failed. We came up from the city for the festival - so excited to be back in the country, seeing friends again - but more than a little depressed to be coming to a country women's festival on my way back to city life. Of course, I was quite hopeful that something would come together there.

Of course, it all did. We were just standing outside our cabin early in the festival. Four of us. No one can remember quite how it all started, but somehow, one woman at the festival was living outside Caspar in a place that was coming up for rent. A large place, one that could be a home for quite a few women. And she told another woman - who in turn . . .

It took us a whole month of ups and downs - personal crisis - borrowed money and a whole lot of energy from us and a lot of other people to get this place. But we got it, and the potential here is tremendous for really becoming a high woman's place.

I am finally living now with women - communally - involved in a relationship with a woman I love and who loves me. Frustrating and hectic our home is sometimes, but the potential for growth and change and love - becoming a real family - is greater than any place I've lived since I shared that other woman's house with June, my mother, for the first 12 years of my life.

So I can never forget that amazing women's festival or doubt the real growing strength of the women's movement in the country. ♀

June 9, 1973

Dear Sherry,

I have been trying to write you all week. Now that Mark has left and I am alone I finally can. You have a great talent for making me feel your writing in Country Women is a personal letter rather than a magazine article.

Last Sunday my head got turned around in a way that has never happened before. Mark and I got up early to play tennis. M played with the cat while I made coffee and toasted bagels. I got pissed off because the bacon pan from the night before (M's turn to clean up) wasn't done. But complaining doesn't help so I did it. M came over to hug me and kiss the back of my neck while I was finishing his clean-up job.

We walked over to the tennis courts, started playing. M got mad because I wasn't so hot (which he should have remembered from last year). He started yelling at me but not about my playing, rather to run faster when I go after the balls, don't try to hit the balls that go out of bounds, etc., etc. I got angry and told him if he ever wanted to play with me again, he couldn't treat me that way. He said I was too proud. Some guys came to play on the next court and we stopped yelling. After an hour, I walked home. M stayed to hit some balls with a guy waiting alone.

I felt great walking home. Sunny morning. In the house I watered the plants, put the stereo on loud (M always complains when it is louder than the background). Slowly I began to realize that I'm happier now than when he's here. M came home 45 minutes later, turned down the stereo and began to read the paper. I made a banana cream pie which I don't like but M does, saying all the while to myself that if I made something I liked, I'd get fat.

I went into the bedroom to watch a movie on TV. Five minutes later M came in and started to fondle me. I knew I wasn't in the mood for sex but I stopped watching the movie anyway. We made love for about five minutes when M lost his hard-on (which has been happening lately). I felt disgusted with myself and started yelling at him about never calling me by my name. Always "Hey" or "Hey you". A little while later, he said "Hey, want to go out to lunch?" "Sure, where?" "Luchow's." That melted me a bit. Luchow's is this German restaurant that we've been planning to go to for at least a year. Everytime it gets close, M gets mad at me, is too tired, gets sick or picks on me till I get mad at him. I thought "great, we're finally going." M laid down on the bed and more or less told me to go away. I got ready to go and started flirting with him. He told me I wasn't dressed right for Luchow's. I didn't say anything but gave him a cold stare and walked out of the room. Five minutes later I came back and as invitingly as I could said, "I'm going to Luchow's--how about coming with me?" He said, "No, I don't think so today."

Something snapped inside of me. I had had enough. I'll go anyway. Alone? Well, why not? I was scared driving there alone. I felt conspicuous. I wondered what I should do--should I go visit a friend instead? When I got there, I wondered what the waiter thought of me. But the elaborate woodwork and the stained glass skylights won my mood over. I felt lonely and happy at the same time. Also stronger-than-my-usual self.

When I got home, M had gone to work. I tried to think of things I wanted to do but immediately felt paralyzed and depressed. I feel that I can't both get a handle on how I feel, what I want to do, etc. and still live with Mark. For the past year I've used him to shield me from all sorts of confrontations with people: other men with whom I might be able to have a good relationship and women I might have been able to feel close to. My women friends here all have boyfriends more or less like Mark and we make it clear that our boyfriends come first which of course keeps us from ever getting close. I don't know anything about women's groups but through talking to people this past week I found out about some discussion groups.

I'd like to do some reading, novels or otherwise. Do you know where I could start?

On the one hand I feel good and excited and challenged by all this but I'm afraid. Part of me still loves him and wants him to be here.

I would love to get your reaction to this-- I feel like you have been through something similar.

love,
Janice

Epilogue

September 15, 1973

Dear Sherry,

Sorry I haven't written you back. It is not because you offended or frightened me, more that I have been generally confused and also didn't know exactly what to say. Your letter got me off my ass.

Shortly after I wrote you, I moved out--about 15 minutes away by car. It is a beautiful place to live. I share a house with two women whom I like very much.

For a long while Mark and I didn't get along. I was angry and hurt and I guess he was too. Sex was terrible. We didn't see each for long periods of time. Then I started writing him letters because I couldn't talk to him. I tried to explain how I felt, he would call and talk about what I wrote and gradually things got better. We fight more now but the fights end more constructively than before. I know I love him and he loves me but we're still not able to live together. The time spent away from him makes me happier to be with him. I had never before realized how much space I need.

Love,
Janice

♀

COUNTRY WOMEN HERSTORY

An account of the life of Country Women magazine seems essential to this issue on The Women's Movement in the Country because it is, as far as I know, the only written record of our movement. It reflects where we come from and where we are going.

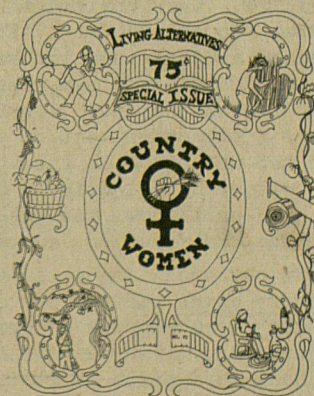
To begin at the beginning means describing the pre-conscious lives of the women who finally came together to make the magazine a reality. We were all living in isolated country places: gardening, raising animals and unaware of each other. First we began coming together to consciousness raise. Then a weaving cooperative started. By the time we put on the Women's Festival, a year later, we knew our strength as country women and we wanted to share it with others. A newspaper was envisioned. But when Jeanne called a newspaper meeting the women who came were more interested in the companionship than the struggles of actualizing a publication. Many meetings ensued, frustrating meetings of changing faces and undirected energy. One whole afternoon was spent on deciding a name. Because of its simplicity in describing who we were, Country Women was chosen. But for months nothing was decided, nothing was written. Finally Jeanne, Sherry and Jenny appointed themselves editors, eliminating the previous unsuccessful democratic structure. It was a difficult decision to make in the face of their new awareness of the evils of male hierarchicel organizations, but it finally made the magazine a reality in which other women could now participate with some direction. Their common vision was of a magazine, not a newspaper, devoted half to sharing the personal experiences of women living in the country and half to exchanging new found skills with each other. A cover was drawn and material began to be gathered for the first issue.

The theme chosen for the first issue was Consciousness Raising, in tribute to the force that had changed all our lives so dramatically and eventually had focused our energy to creating a publication just for women. Nobody felt that they were writers or artists although we did have plenty of skilled typists. So about ten of us locked ourselves up in our various cabins, attics and bedrooms and struggled to produce some of the first writing we had done in years. The desire to share with other women gave us fuel. We tried to share some of the insights of our meetings together, to share the joy of our first Women's Festival and to share the skills of wood

chopping, chain sawing and roofing that we had actualized from the realm of improbable. When writing full-sized articles became too difficult we discovered the collective article. Each woman wrote a paragraph on her experience and then we compiled them and we had a political statement. The mechanics of consciousness raising carried through our lives in so many ways. Even today, a year after our group has stopped we always sit in a circle and talk collectively wherever we are. Even at the local bar we rearrange tables and chairs to fit our new kind of women's society.

So the words were written, the photographs and drawings prepared, poetry submitted and we came together to layout. What's layout? "I think we need some graphpaper and rubber cement," someone said. We had no idea of how to make ready copy for the printer. And the printer was far away in San Francisco because there was no local press to do it. So we cut and pasted and slowly began to learn. Our first effort looks shabby to me now but when we got those 1000 copies back from the city they looked BEAUTIFUL. They came back uncollated and unstapled which added another two days of work to "putting out an issue".

The printers cost of \$300 was borrowed from a woman and it's only now, a year later, that we've made enough to pay her back. Everything has been limited by the absence of extra money. The decision to print "Another 4 pages!!" takes hours of struggle to make. We feel luxurious now that we can afford this issue being 64 pages and pay the bindery for collating



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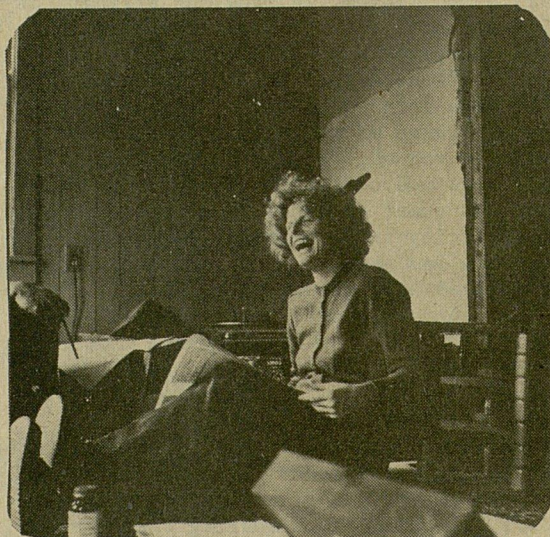
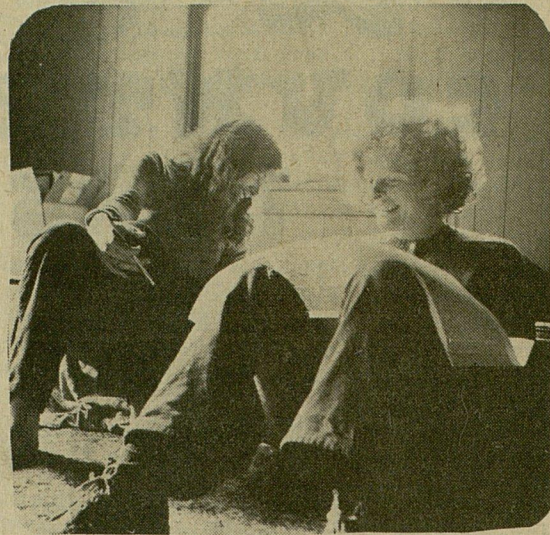
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and stapling. Still none of us have ever paid ourselves for the hours of work we give to Country Women. We're beginning to feel the pressure of that now, especially in trying to foresee giving that free labor for many years to come. We must make the magazine an economic alternative for ourselves if we are to survive.

It was only after we got those thousand copies mailed off to subscribers and stores and began getting feedback that we realized two things. First, we could become, if we wanted to, a national magazine. There were women in every part of America and Canada, isolated in rural places, thrilled to see a publication for them. We had, with eyes lowered, quietly put out our little-local-magazine and now suddenly Country Women was a voice that could be heard everywhere, by all women, and give them strength. Secondly, we found that we hadn't really known who would be reading the magazine. The mail showed that most of our readers were women who had made personal realizations about their oppression but not yet communicated this with their sisters. "I thought I was alone." many said. Should our articles be softened in order not to put off these women? We decided not; we decided to print as much of a balance between early **explorations** and radical feminism as we felt existed among country women. A woman wrote to us after reading Issue 6 "Please cancel my subscription. I did not intend to subscribe to 'Country Lesbians'." We were saddened by her reaction to our honesty until a few weeks later she wrote "May I be forgiven for the error of my ways and ask that you continue to send me the magazines?! Perhaps I have to adjust to being a 'woman'."

With Issue 2 we became very aware of the power of the magazine. When all the articles were in and we looked at what women had said about "Living with Children", it wasn't the usual sentimental ah, motherhood. It was painful frustration, loss of self, it was women's honest experience. "Will our readers think we're callous children haters?" we worried. Issue 2 was perhaps our most highly praised effort. Once again women felt they weren't alone.

The "we" of Country Women began to expand after this issue forced by the fact that none of the three editors lived with children. To avoid this happening again, an "issue collective" was established. Six women, who the editors felt were artists, were invited to work on the next issue, "Women and Art". The error of this soon became evident when two of the women dropped out immediately and two others didn't come through towards the end. Working on the magazine meant a big commitment of time and effort. The two who stuck it through became part of the editorial collective. The five of us have remained until now, the ones in charge of **subscriptions**, distribution, answering mail and helping put out each issue. In short, we have made Country Women part of our daily lives, giving her a long term promise of energy. "We" are Arlene and Jenny, living 25 miles from Albion with two men on a hard piece of land, trying to farm and hold other jobs. Sherry, living first with a man, then alone and now with her sister



(all within the space of a year) on a magnificent grassy hillside overlooking the ocean, trying to raise sheep and work full-time as a park ranger assistant. Carmen and Jeanne, "life-long companions" of seven-years, raising goats on a piece of forest land. There has always been room for this collective to expand if some of the women working on specific issues wish to join and we can all work with her. So far in a year this hasn't happened so we have come up with a new tactic. Beginning with this issue you're reading, all aspects of the magazine, business and creative, have been delegated to whoever works on the issue. So if the printer needs contacting there are ten women who might



do it. As of now, I still feel that the five of us will be the ones to stay until the last work is written but I hope that feeling will change.

For the "Artists" issue we received our first "outside" (Humboldt County, 2 hours away) article. Suddenly the women of the Mendocino Coast weren't the only Country Women anymore. It felt good to read other sisters' perceptions of their women-identity. "Certainly we are no longer invisible as artists."

Also during this issue our meetings became more and more like consciousness-raising sessions. Business had been delegated to a separate time and since we were writing all the articles our-

selves and didn't have to deal with letters, meetings took this form. The focus of one topic, for week after week made for some very in-depth discoveries.

If any of us thought that our confusions and confessions about being artists were heavy the next topic we picked, "Work and Money" was devastating. Originally we planned an issue which would include general articles, "Jobs Available in the Country" and "Welfare Rights". Our group sessions expanded us into areas such as money and its power over our relationships with each other. We took our time with this one, consequently realizing that a country-monthly magazine is really published every two months. An open meeting was held at women's night at our local coffeehouse to discuss this topic and an article on alternative labor/money exchange was produced.

Country Women came to its first spring season with this issue on "Homesteading" and the irony of rushing to meetings while the goats were kidding wasn't lost on us. But as homesteaders, it was "our theme" so we worked hard. The practical articles became integrated with the personal and the issue was beautiful. It took the usual two months to put together but then it was at the printers another month. We subsequently changed printers to avoid this delay and also because we had to switch to a newsprint press in order to survive at 60¢ a copy. We held a benefit at the coffeehouse to cover the cost of printing this issue (we sold all the copies at a loss).

Still the same women were writing the majority of the magazine. We had made friends (by mail) with Ruth and Jean from Oregon who became a very important part of Country Women but they were the only new energy. Something about the topic of "Who We Live With" brought in the much needed response of woman all over the country. The issue came out much faster with this help from our friends and reflected a much truer picture of who "we" are. Because we were using newsprint we could produce an even larger issue with more women's experiences. We were becoming more familiar with our business and layout was organized and only took 2 days and a night.

From Slim, who joined the collective for this issue:

"Working on the "Living Alternatives" issue of Country Women had two major impacts on me. First, it enabled me to meet with the famous, dynamic, thoughtful, principled and most importantly, more consciousness-raised veterans of the original Albion women's consciousness raising group. And there is no doubt in my mind but that it did more to raise my consciousness than the previous six months I'd spent in my own consciousness raising group.

The other effect came from my efforts to write an article for the issue. I was forced to make statements about what was happening in my life, which made me do a lot of introspection in which I continually tried to re-focus on how my being a woman affected what was happening to me. Writing things down also made me aware of how quickly my thinking and my situation were changing, since what I brought to a meeting was

continued

often invalid by the end of that meeting, or certainly within a few days. I began to appreciate writing as a tool, and really enjoyed the struggle to clarify my thoughts, which I hadn't experienced since writing term papers in college, and never for anything so relevant to myself.

Working now on my second issue of Country Women is a somewhat less heady experience, for someone has peeled off another veil to allow me to gaze, fascinated and horrified at several hundred hours of delinquent shitwork waiting to be done by any woman masochistic, guilt-ridden or devoted enough to dive in. While these feminine virtues may be found in some members of the collective, no-one has retained them staunchly enough to fancy herself a secretary, at least not without the legitimizing guise of a salary. So the magazine is on the threshold of learning to function efficiently without a class of slave laborers to exploit."

All the energy collapsed by the next issue (#7 Women and Land) and I think it was primarily due to difficulties in our personal lives. We have become so interconnected that each person's troubles can effect us all. The women who had been the stand-by writers for so long tired of the role, and nobody took their place. Our rapsodies about the land sounded trite and our problems seemed to be mostly legal and boring. I think we had picked a theme that was too much behind most of us buying land. But we have gotten feedback that it is a helpful issue. Lay-out was an unorganized disaster that dragged on for a week so I guess we really haven't learned so much.

We had planned our anniversary issue to be the "Women's Movement in the Country" but we realized that the issue could not be written in Albion.. This time You had to write it. We sent out 150 questionnaires to all our subscribers with country addresses. We got back about ten responses. We panicked. We sent out 60 personal letters pleading for help. We got back four articles. So once again, I'm afraid, a good part of this issue is brought to you by the Albion women.

Since this is an anniversary issue it seemed like the appropriate time for all of us who have worked collectively on Country Women for many issues to examine where we as a group (with changing members) have been and what change we want to make. Arlene writes of this:

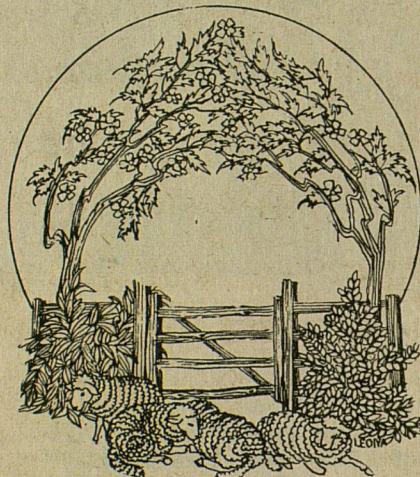
"Learning and dealing with the mechanics of getting Country Women out has been much the focus of our energies for some time. That other vast area- the dynamics of how we all work together is finally getting the attention it (and we) so desperately needed.

Meetings, the structure from which Country Women emerges, have been everything from painfully dull to exhaustingly exhilarating. We've all at some time or another felt dissatisfaction with the work process we almost unconsciously adopted. So often there would seem to be so much "business" to deal with that we didn't deal with each other. Unfortunately it would not be unusual for us to arrive at a meeting (anywhere from on time to an hour late), get all the things that "should be dealt with" out of the

way, read articles outloud (always starting with a 'This really isn't very good' or 'I don't think we're going to want to use this' when read by the person who wrote it---we've finally outlawed apologies), then on to discussing what other articles we need and who's going to write them (this used to be a particularly painful time for those of us who don't write as well as for those who wind up writing more than their share). Suddenly (sometimes not so suddenly) it would be midnight - we would be half awake discussing what we should try to have together for the next meeting and "Yes, we really must all get here on time" - and that was it! So many feelings never talked about--so many assumptions never questioned.

Sometimes it was the frustration of the unsaid that we took home with us. "Well, maybe next week". And finally a year later it feels like next week has finally arrived. That old comfortable easy nonrelating meeting isn't comfortable anymore.

All of us working on Country Women have our own relationship with it. The magazine is filling needs for all of us, not all those needs are the same. For some it may be a need to transform a personal life style into a political activity, or a need to apply a political belief into a life situation, for some the need to work collectively with other women, a need to explore topics which are so integral to our lives, or a need to focus creative energy while living isolated in the country. Although the relationships and needs may vary the commitment to the magazine is there in all of us. We want Country Women to grow and reach more women and not incidentally do we want to grow from and with it.



A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES:

- We have grown from 24 to 64 pages in size although it was only by changing to newsprint that we could pay for such an increase
- Cost of printing has gone from \$300 to \$800
- Numbers of copies has steadily increased to 3000. this is still minute compared to most publications and is due to the difficulty of distributing a country publication
- Subscribers are now in almost every state and number about 450.

♀

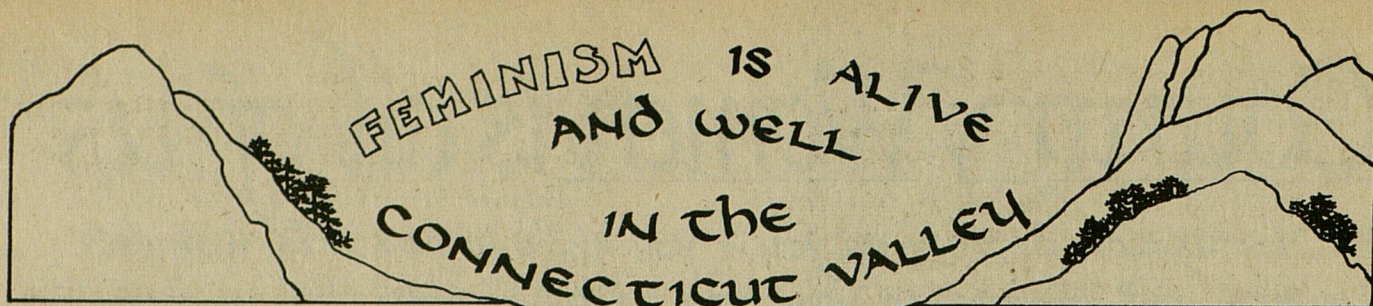
Country Women is all of us

- Distribution depends on you - you know what stores, women's centers, and libraries in your area might be interested in carrying Country Women - we don't. Either send us their name and address or show them a copy and have them write us.
- The volume of mail is growing daily and there seems to be less time to answer it. We are trying so please be patient (a self-addressed, stamped envelope will probably hasten a reply.)
- Practical Articles - Most of the women writing about their practical skills have exhausted their five years of learning in their particular area. We need new fields - such as beekeeping, alternative energy sources, more gardening experiences, making beer/wine, raising cattle, book reviews.
- We are not a women's commune and as yet, we don't have a list or directory of women's country communes. When you write that you want to visit us - there is no "us" to invite you. Hopefully, the contact page will be of some help to women looking for women's places
- We cannot afford right now to exchange subscriptions with underground publications. Also, we can't send sample copies yet.
- Please notify us of your change of address - we have many "missing" subscribers to whom we can't send their magazines until we know their new addresses

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The upper Connecticut Valley in western Massachusetts is a peculiar place right now. It still has tobacco farms, dairy herds, farm supply stores and railroads, and it still has rural poverty. It still has old couples living in Victorian farmhouses with peeling paint and a century's worth of old farming equipment rusting in the worn yard that connects the house to the big warm smelling barn.

But old route 116 is a small freeway now, and as you drive down paralleling the river something alien comes into view in the distance: a skyscraper. Soon you are driving along between a beautiful green tobacco field and...a housing development. The people who live there are vastly different from the old people on the dying farms. They are the "under thirty audience" of the new liberal newspaper here, the customers in the natural foods stores and recycled jeans stores on North Pleasant St. in Amherst; they are the people who fill the town's overcrowded streets on Saturdays with their Volvos, their Saabs and their new VW Beetles. They are the "university community".

Most of these people will be here for the time they study or teach at the University of Massachusetts, which now sprawls like a city in itself, complete with skyscrapers, just north of newly hip Amherst. But tucked away on small farms and wooded plots, in farmhouses, winterized summer cabins, yurts and domes, are the people who fit into neither category: not "native" and not "students" are the people who have come from nearby megalopolis to make the "Pioneer Valley" their home. They are the "urban refugees," and while they have no love for the university's monoliths or Amherst's suburban sprawl, they are probably considered to be part of it by the people who grew up here when the colleges were aberrations in an agricultural valley.

The women's movement in western Massachusetts reflects this climate of change, sprawl, intellectualism, resentment, and love for simple living. It changes constantly, continues to grow, and offers at the same time a haven and a built-in conflict for female urban refugees.

Randy Johnson has been active in the Greenfield women's center, the most rurally oriented, least intellectual and sophisticated of the three in the valley, and was a member of a consciousness raising group whose members were "spread over miles and miles" of country. She lives in a compound that houses both an alternative school and a working farm, and much of her time, she says, is spent doing manual work. Like many new country women, she worries about raising the capital needed to make a farm work. She is disappointed about not being able to sink \$200 worth of fertilizer into the farm's soil this

fall, in preparation for planting next spring.

Because she identifies with the women's movement, Randy is especially aware of another problem that pains country neophytes in New England: the division between them and the long time residents of the area they've made their new home.

"I hate to be so aware of this division," Randy says, "but there's always that split between the 'urban refugees' and the women who were born here. We don't really understand the needs and the issues here...Like day care. We haven't done the surveys to find out who needs day care, and where and what kind of centers they want. "Health..welfare. We don't know."

Yet Randy and a small core of other women kept the Greenfield women's center alive last year, and they racked up an impressive list of changes in the situation of Greenfield area women: there is now a feminist lawyer to handle divorce and domestic cases and the counseling that goes along with them. There is a "welfare advocate" who helps the many women on Aid to Families with Dependent Children and other forms of assistance, battle the bureaucracy. There is a women's health clinic with supportive women staffers and the clinic provides basic gynecological care as well as birth control--an improvement over the usual "here are your pills, go home" methods. Several women have gotten themselves elected to the local planning council for children's services, and they feel they will force the state government to provide.

But while the "native women"--those who were born and raised here--use the services of the women's center, the organizing force is "90 to 98% urban refugees," according to Randy. This is not said with resentment toward the women who use the services but do not help organize, but it seems to be part of the sadness and weariness Randy and many other women here now feel. Like many feminists, Randy worries about the direction the women's movement is or isn't taking right now. And she looks at her own environment for signs of where the women's movement is going. As is happening in so many places, her consciousness raising group, after a year and a half, has disbanded. "Everyone is separating herself a little" from the rest of the group, Randy says. "Like Wendy...she does welfare advocacy work;" Randy praises her hard work, and the help she has given other women--"but she sees it as bandaid work, a way to survive. Another woman--she was active in the women's center--is hanging out more and more at her home now. with her husband and her child...They have bees and cows and stuff... Another one has gotten more and more into paint-

ing...She stays home..out there in the void on top of this mountain."

"It's kind of sad," Randy says, "The real need and solidarity and love and getting together each week is gone."

But then she adds, "It's just different. Most of us are bringing our feminism into our own lives day to day." Yet Randy shares with other feminists, in the country and the city, an uneasiness about this kind of individualism. Our "individual searches", she says "won't lead to anything--because the whole history of this country already goes against any kind of cooperation: The collective approach is one of the strengths of the women's movement," Randy feels, but it can't work if everyone is going off in her own direction.

As an example of her pessimism, Randy described a recent trip to New York, the competitive urban scene she took refuge from. "In the women's movement there, there's such divisiveness--projects collapse before they even get anywhere--consciousness is sliding backwards or something." Most disturbing, she felt, was the "perversion of feminist values..It's turning into a real heavy duty 'tough woman' thing--women out on sexual exploits. You know, it's masculine." As women continue their individual searches they find themselves in strange positions; "one of my friends--she's a lesbian--is getting paid a \$2500 sum to write about lesbianism for Playboy," she explains.

So when the conversation makes it back to the upper Connecticut Valley, things look better to Randy. The divisiveness, the splits, the "perversion" aren't here she feels, "We all have to hang together here because we need each other so much. In the city there are so many women that you just don't realize how much you need each other".

Some things are harder in the country--it's harder to get women together in the first place --"there's the distance and lack of money, dependency on cars; in the winter there's the weather...There is this contradiction: women feeling far apart needing each other so much." And the hardest thing, as other country women have said, is to stay--to be--political.

And yet, Randy feels, even that difficulty has its advantages. At the Greenfield women's center, she explained, "there's a real openness, new people feel free to come in for help or to talk. It's because we're so apolitical." This openness is what has made the center's "successes" --legal services, medical services, participation in some of the town's more meaningful political struggles over half-way houses and hospitals--possible. And other centers suffer from this lack of such openness. They are accused of being "private clubs", "elitist," "hostile" or just too "frightening" to women who are not already committed to feminism.

The question, then, is whether it is necessary to be "political" and, ultimately, what "Political" means. If it means having a political "analysis," then the Greenfield women's center is doing well without it, since an "analysis" can easily become a party line--one of the things

that makes some centers seem exclusive, elitist and threatening to many women. On the other hand, if "political" means joining together to change the system so that it stops grinding women into the ground, Greenfield area women are beginning to do that.

But the most realistic definition of political seems to come from one of the basics of feminism; what happens to one of us can happen to all of us. Each time we are put down or exploited, that is a personal experience, but it is also political: the personal is the political. If the personal is the political, then the political is the personal, and the country women in western Massachusetts are moving with much of the women's movement--taking feminism with them, but taking it where they personally want to go. They may take it to the tops of mountains while other women take it to the tops of city buildings, but they take it where their daily existence takes them.

For Randy, this means her daily interaction with the students and staff of Woolman Hill School: "I know I present a clear feminist perspective all the time," she says. And she and other women, have accomplished things through the women's center that are more than personal triumphs. A clear perspective and concrete action are what the women's movement is about and these country women have both. Whether you call them "political" or not is unimportant. ♀



All The Times
I Didn't Say No

all the times
looking at the ceiling
wondering when it would be
over
being dribbled like a basketball
thunk thunk thunk
hoping (thunk)
he might not leave

did you ever fake it?
did you ever
fake moaning
fake sighing
fake screaming
fake yelling
fake moving
fake on one side
fake on the other
fake yourself
fake your fingers grabbing his back
fake your teeth biting his neck
fake your breath, speed it up
fake your legs over your head
ride an invisible fake bicycle
did you ever fake it?
did you?
how did it leave you?
how did you feel?
were you happy when he thought you came?

(I had a dream where my teeth fell out
I was all gums
just gums
and a man I had never seen said
to me
good
now when you suck me
you wont bite.
I tell you I think I wish sometimes
I had a vagina
with teeth)

mary mackey

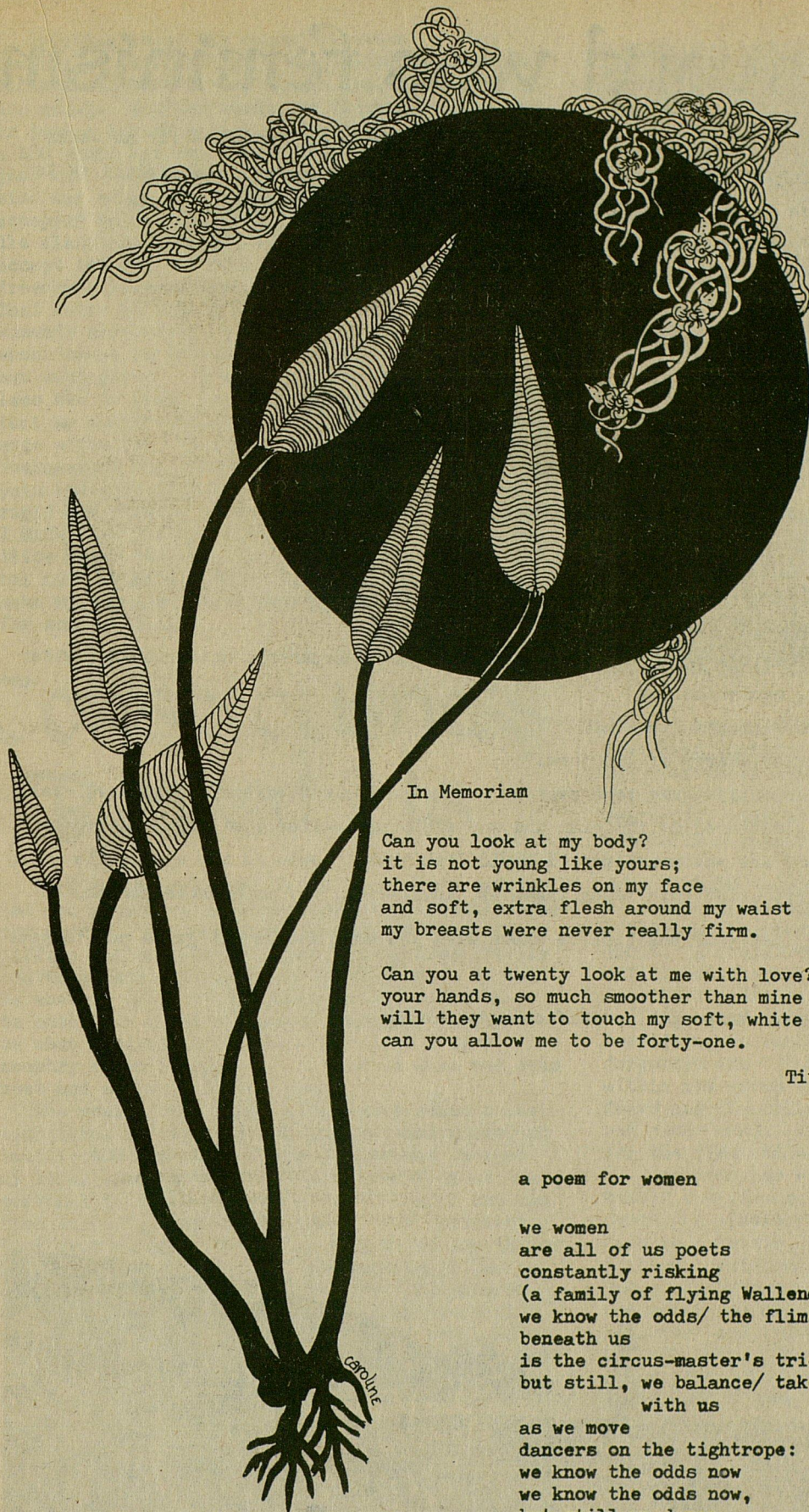
I wear the
same name
the same skin
but
the contents
have all
changed

I look in mirrors
expecting
to find
a new
form
Can this still
be me
my hair is shorter
my muscles
stronger
my growth...
cosmic
inside I am the
universe
outside
a
5' 2" blonde

Carolyn Hall

Today, for the first time, i
lived alone with my body,
no layers of clothes, or people,
to hide me from myself.
bathing on the sundeck,
dancing naked in the meadow,
watering myself along with the garden
i almost forget that i was always
taught shame

Tita



In Memoriam

Can you look at my body?
it is not young like yours;
there are wrinkles on my face
and soft, extra flesh around my waist
my breasts were never really firm.

Can you at twenty look at me with love?
your hands, so much smoother than mine
will they want to touch my soft, white thighs
can you allow me to be forty-one.

Tita

a poem for women

we women
are all of us poets
constantly risking
(a family of flying Wallendas, we are)
we know the odds/ the flimsy net
beneath us
is the circus-master's trick
but still, we balance/ take our center
with us

as we move
dancers on the tightrope:
we know the odds now
we know the odds now,
but still we dance.

lynda koolish

In crowds
i watch the
ones who sit in
corners curled
against walls

my eyes drawn
irresistably
to theirs
asking for recognition
that i may
share
in their loneliness

i get back
subway eyes
averted glances
the repression of
a timid smile.

"do not try to
reach me with
your eyes"
they say.
"this corner comforts
me
as you never
would."

i was a flower
child once,
crowds were a
part of me,
Now i too sit in corners
trying to meet your
glance.

Anon

and the word was feminism

I went to the beach the other day. Just stopped in for a few minutes with the babes for an ocean lift before going to the meeting. Five hippie men were sitting enjoying a smoke and invited me to join. Still loving humanity in general, I happily accepted. Friendly conversation ensued.

"what brings you to California?" (obviously non- native)

"travelling..... you live around here?"

"about 18 miles inland"

"cute baby...has he ever been to the beach before?"

"she"

"she"

"a couple of times"

"come all this way just for the beach?"

"partly that- mainly to go to a meeting for a magazine called "Country Women."

"what's that about?"

"well it's to share country skills and ..."

"country skills? You mean like making butter?"

"(chuckle) that's a bit of it - plus sharing information about carpentry, construction, water systems, raising animals, mechanics...."

"oh, is this (deep breath) women's lib stuff?"

"yes - it does have feminist energy at its core."

At that moment a magnificent sensation wave came over us - and I was elevated to a whole new level of freedom. I had essentially declared my feminism and was instantly relieved of any sexual game pressure. Feminists, it seems, are untouchables! I could look these people in the eyes while talking and know I needn't worry about this being taken as "invitation." I am a whole person.

Sisters - feminism has power! Let your position be known with the word and let it guide you to your strength!

The babes and I danced along the shore with no self-consciousness.



Thinking about the women's movement in the country, I am filled with uncertainties and questions about what it is, who we are, and where we are going. I often wonder if there is a movement or just a lot of motion. I read the feminists of a 100 years ago and feel afraid. They did not just want votes. Their consciousness of oppression was every bit as strong as ours, yet they accepted votes. I worry that our essentially middle class and personal movement will ultimately accept its own set of social reforms and personal freedoms, liberal hand-outs from the patriarchy. That there will be a third and fourth wave of the women's revolution, generations after us, before women cease to be willing accomplices in their own subjugation. I worry that I know less and less how to speak to women who are not feminists, that my awareness has made me more isolated, not more effective. I worry that I won't get the encouragement and pressure I need to extend my analysis and understandings, so that I don't become rigid and closed, don't forget who are my allies. I know I am guilty of chauvinism when I think politics means the war, racist and class struggles but not feminism. But I don't yet know how to make my feminist consciousness an effective force for social change.

Consciousness Raised Us

Here in the country, we are scattered, isolated and separated by time, distances, commitments and energy. The movement, if there is one, is diffuse and sporadic--hidden in a million private conversations, thousands of small groups. I see us when we cross five states and two countries to come to a country women's festival. I hear us when hundreds of letters pour into a tiny country women's magazine. I know us when our eyes meet and smile in recognition.

The most visible form our country women's movement takes is the consciousness raising group, an institution and an experience which has changed my life. Consciousness raising took from me the personal individual fears given to a girl who was "too strong", "too opinionated", "not feminine", took from me my resentful acceptance of how things had to be and gave me an understanding of the social forces which had made my life. My pain became our oppression. That shift from personal to general, from believing myself one wrong and crazy person to knowing our society was wrong and crazy freed me: set me loose to trust my perceptions and test my limits for the first time. I have become a volcano. No longer repressed and hidden, I erupt now: both in celebration and in rage. I will destroy the culture that tried to take from me my self simply because I was born a girl.

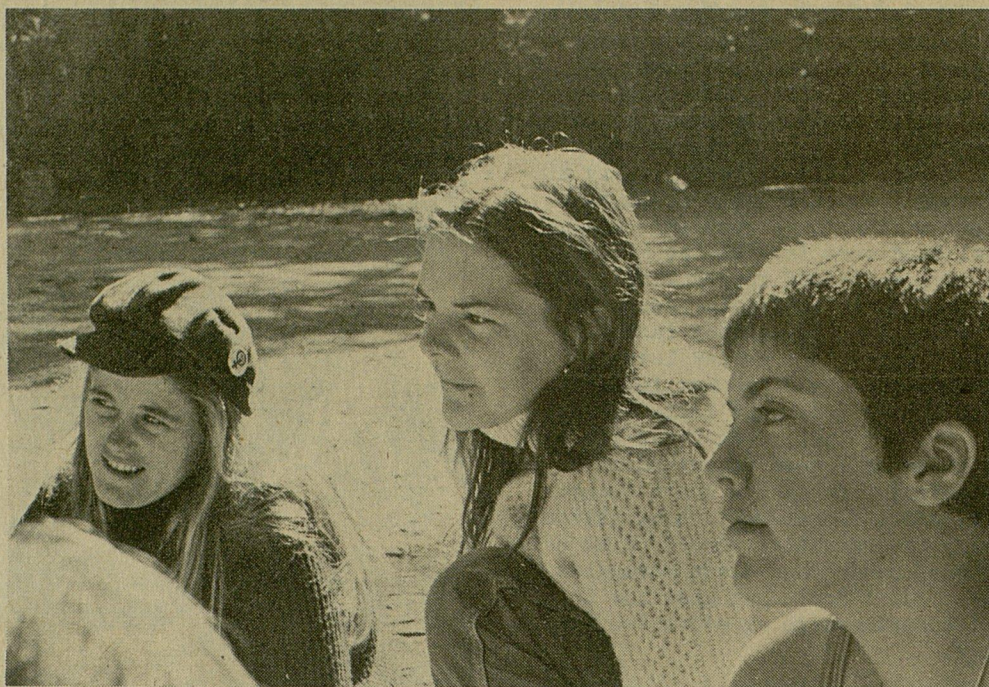
Awareness in the consciousness raising group did not come all at once. It burst in on me in little bits. Someone else's personal history



would bring forth from me some more than half forgotten incident--and in the collective similarities these memories took on meanings they had never had as trivial, personal experiences. Gradually, week after week, they fitted together, pieces in a puzzle whose picture we could not foresee. As the bits and pieces came together to make a whole, a portrait of how women are taught to accept men's oppression of them as natural--I too came together in bits and pieces and became whole. I reclaimed my body first, saying no more will I exile myself from my own feelings, no longer will I pretend that physical sensations aren't feelings that matter. It was harder and more terrifying to reclaim my life--what life? I had forgotten who "I" was or what I could do. But within the group came the support to face the fears and the collective energy restored my power and competency. I began to trust and love myself for the first time since adolescence.

Consciousness raising not only returned me to myself but also gave me back the love of other women. A special, honest intimacy, that I had lost to a lesser intimacy but stronger security with men, returned within the circle of the group. One night, speaking of who we felt closest to in the world, we all named women friends from the long past and the present--surprised, we looked at each other. We had not thought of the men we lived with. But more even than a rediscovery of the friendship of women, the group gave that older experience a new context. Now with women there was the consciousness of commitment we had sought with individual men. There was the freedom to unreservedly love how women are together, for it was an experience I could surround myself with, count on and commit myself to. I did not have to return home to secure alienation anymore. I could love and trust other women, who, like me, were learning

continued



to trust themselves. We ceased to be just friends and became Women, proud of ourselves and each other. Consciousness raised us to powerful, self-directed people.

The group had rhythms of its own, uncontrolled by any of us. Our meetings varied in intensity and energy as we were more or less open to change, more or less willing to take risks. Weeks of questioning and growth were followed by retreats into well known territory. Gradually, after more than a year, the collectivity of the group began to weaken. Slowly imperceptibly over time, retreats ceased to be retreats, there was so little movement. As we became stronger and more powerful individuals, our personal lives began again to assert pressures and priorities. It seemed to me that the group had developed its own set of myths of intimacy and continuing growth, which bouyed us up through months of unfocused meetings. I felt we had come to believe our own myths and for a long time refused to acknowledge that we had outgrown the group.

Leaving the group, I did not feel that I was finished with discovering myself or that I knew all there was to being a woman. I only knew I had talked enough; I was now immersed in the realities of living my new consciousness. I admitted what I had not before acknowledged--that I would not be lovers with a man, would not commit myself to unequal, careful relationships, to insidious and well rewarded self-destruction. I was overwhelmed by hatred for how men are and what they do--with abundant negativity somehow affirming my womanness and the power of that difference. So I left my husband for good (literally) and began again alone. And then learned how alone, discovered that I did not feel personally close to many of the women who had been so essential to my life for a year and a half. I began to wonder what this women's commitment

was, as friends settled into couples made more comfortable by a year and a half of feminist therapy. I found, to my surprise, that women's consciousness had not just separated me from men, but also from most women. It became harder, not easier, to talk with non-feminist women. I could not passively watch their oppression and their games, did not want to be vulnerable to their sympathy for an unattached and "unattractive" woman. I found myself being either alienated or alienating in casual heterosexual gatherings and communities. Feminism, an exposed nerve being rubbed raw by all the patterns of behavior we take for granted, had estranged me from our culture and from its counter-culture too.

I found myself seeking other feminists, women who shared this seeing and this knowing. We learned to recognize each other in glances and smiles. Dispersed women's groups re-formed to create a women's festival, a weaving co-op and a magazine. Mutes in a consciousness raising group, we found much to say to each other when getting together a magazine on work and money or women artists. I was hungry for analysis, broader thinking, trying to understand social institutions and patterns. Consciousness raising groups gain their power from women's greatest skill--the ability to intuit and to communicate, the creation of intimacy. I had watched men's groups come together and come apart because the men could not be vulnerable to each and would not be vulnerable to the world. Our women's group had worked so well because we knew how to share, because we were close enough to our feelings to rediscover and communicate them. But while consciousness raising helped us grow through our intimacy and vulnerability, it did not teach us new skills. We remained in the domain of the personal and private; we changed our individual lives powerfully but we learned much less about changing social

institutions. As our lives became more clearly our own, consciousness raising had little to say to us, having fulfilled its possibilities. Being a Feminist did not mean being political I discovered. I began to look for revolutionaries --women who would not accept a life long exile within a culture in which they had no part.

We assumed naïvely (women have been taught naïvete) that being women we would not do things like men, that throwing out hierarchial structures would throw out unequal skills and power too. We organized a women's festival and magazine with no consciousness of work process--of who did what and how things were done. Consciousness Raising hadn't included structure. We called ourselves a collective and assumed we were one. I discovered that my skills at analyzing and directing, carefully developed as a new-left organizer, gave me power and authority among women too. I reveled in the self-confidence that power and authority restored and sought out more and more. I "co-ordinated" a women's festival, only later realizing how much that casual assumption of ultimate responsibility had paralyzed and weakened those around me. Because I was the only one who knew everything, committee members never learned how much they knew. Too often, we have solved our work problems by ignoring them, in true womanly fashion keeping everything nice. Tensions are present but rarely direct; we feel relieved when they resolve themselves. Pretending to be equals, we have not challenged or changed the patterns of making decisions, carrying them out, and being productive we learned as children in a chauvinist, hierarchial society. We don't think in terms of skills, structures, process; and not thinking of them, assume they don't exist. Feminism has not yet freed us from the womanly domain of the personal and private, even though we are in reality participating in and creating public institutions.

During this time, changes had begun in my life even more powerful than those which had come from realizations within the women's group. I was no longer just responding to what had happened or was happening to me. I was becoming a self-aware person actively choosing directions for my life. That spring I became lovers with a woman, easily and joyously expressing love we had shared for a long time. I thought I knew the implications of that simple action--choosing a woman, choosing women: I had been doing so for months. I did not expect the fears, the sense of failure and inadequacy that would overwhelm me. I did not expect to find myself searching the face of every man I saw for one who would excite me, would reassure me that I was normal. I was not prepared for the responses of other women, friends and strangers, who being told I loved a woman watched my actions for signs of the nymphomaniacal passion of the Lesbian. I was not prepared for my renewed status as a sexual object--the object of other women's sexual speculations and projections. That relationship was brief but the identity it gave me remained and became my own. I was, and am a dyke. From other Lesbians I began to understand my fears and learn about the new ways society was teaching me to hide and hate myself.

With other lesbians I began again to learn to love myself. Having unconsciously dared to give up society's approval, I began consciously to dare to be freely and openly myself. I began to recognize and love in dykes what I was recognizing and loving in myself: The power and freedom of a woman who first and foremost is for herself, who first and foremost is herself.

I found the cliches and rhetoric I had heard so long about gay women and straight women had begun to reflect the realities of my life. I had less time and energy to give to listening to the problems of my friends struggling to work it out with the men they lived with. I became wary of the hugs and kisses which carefully compounded a taste of intimacy with a clear warning to stay cool and know our limits. I preferred to be vul-

continued



continued

nerable to someone who was right there: we both had more to share and give than a once a week game of pseudo-love. I found I did not trust women who retreated to their men for a week, a month, six months of comfort and security and then came running back, open, seeking the warm intimacy of women together. I am not a spigot that turns off and on when someone decides she needs me. I wondered what feminist, self-aware women did with secret flashes of the essential alienness and non-communication with men. I wondered how one could sustain a personal relationship that was irrelevant to the directions her work and writing and perceptions were taking her. I tried to say these things to those "straight" women who are my friends, whom I had loved, but the words I chose had no meaning to them, rhetoric and generalities that have no substance except to those who have shared the experience.

What being gay means to me has gone through many transformations in the last few months. I have met a few men, most of them gay, calling themselves effeminists, who seek to create a sexual revolution for their own liberation and survival. We share common dreams and real experiences. To my surprise, I have discovered I can talk to them more easily and more deeply than with many women. They have touched and taught me much and I welcome them as allies in our struggle. I have loved and will love more straight women in my life and I don't want to be divided from them in bitterness and anger. We have so much more in common than we have between us. Yet I do not want to deny my experience either or diffuse my righteous anger at women who use other women, who will not

give or risk a real commitment. Robin Morgan has spoken of collaborators, women who use their sex to gain privilege and security, gay or straight. And I think of that often when I try to understand how and why I come to trust a woman.

"Gay" and "straight" do not even really describe the distinctions I feel and see. "Woman-identified" (self-identified) or "radical feminist" is closer, but I am wary of those words. Every Conscious woman thinks of herself as woman-identified and radical--just as she believes that her man is really different. What I am speaking of is not something we should politely and liberally accept at face value. It is a question of what feminism means in this society, of how we learn to trust each other. "Gay" works as a distinction because Lesbians at least are publicly and socially vulnerable to their politics. We have forfeited privileges that heterosexual women don't even know they have. Lesbians futures are built upon a feminist revolution. Those are our common bonds and most, though not all, Lesbians share a sense of sisterhood, of feminism, of politics. "Gay" is shorthand for all women who are committed to building and living in a non-sexist culture--who have staked their lives on that vision.

Beyond the rhetoric, calling myself gay is a very personal statement about and promise to myself. Being gay means that I will not abridge my selfhood for anyone's satisfaction. That I will grow to be as deeply and authentically myself as I am able. I am committed to blossoming.

I am learning now to say more and more openly, clearly, loudly and proudly that this is who I am. I am a woman, a feminist, a farmer, a dyke, a revolutionary. But most of all, I am myself. ♀



Some of them lived on another planet during this time. On this planet it was possible to say what one felt whenever one felt it, whatever it was. Some argue, that it only seemed like it was possible since no one ever said what they were feeling, since no one ever knew what they were feeling; besides, no one ever understood what anyone else was saying anyway. Theoretically, then, this is certainly an advancement over that pitiable state of affairs when some of them didn't live on another planet, and it wasn't possible to say what one felt.

During this time, she wished she was on another planet. You are on another planet, someone insisted. What was the difference, she thought, whether it's this one or another one,

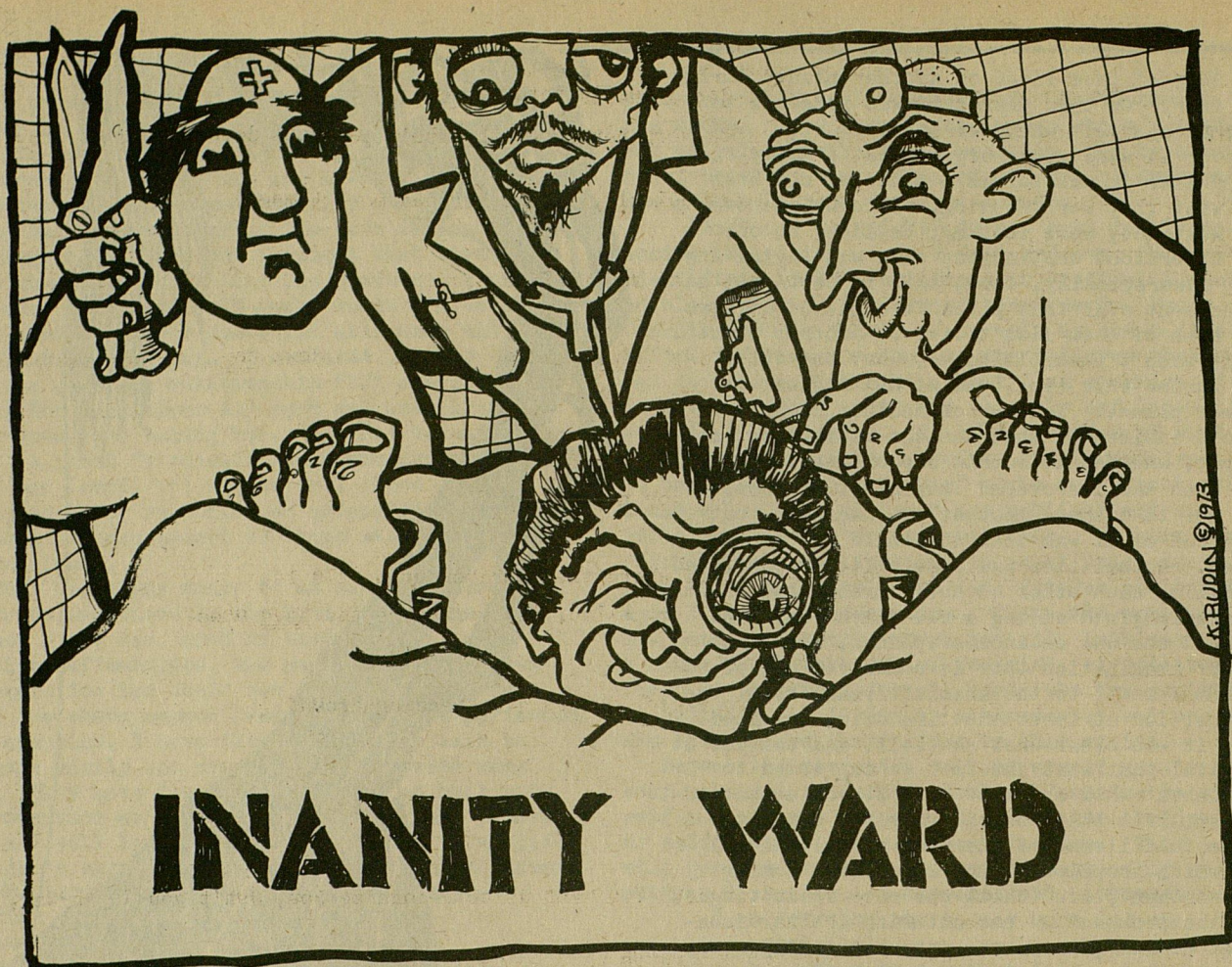
Then she discovered imagining. Someone told her that she'd thought of imagining, but the proof of it was that she could not be convinced. Actualities and possibilities continued encircling each other on their prescribed orbits, but she imagined adding a new dimension. She imagined she was on another planet, with that kind of imagination that is conceived out of total commitment to the absolute realness of the venture, for at least the time being imagined. Then, it was clear what she felt, and besides it was vital that what she felt be expressed to those about whom she felt it. It was sensationally apparent that consciousness of connections is the fulfillment of energy's propulsion and that which propels it; and so, safely coming from another place (until she once again tingled with the prospect of encountering another inhabitant of her galaxy) she very hesitantly, very determinedly, asked, don't you come from here too?

This time it had been difficult, --asking-- because having asked her, she was now no longer at all sure of where she herself came from, having always been so used to asking him. After all, she had so long been fooled by the imaginings of others. Her mind had imperceptibly assumed the forms of those basic molds into which the art of centuries had been poured; molds so much a reflection of the way things had been for a long time now, that the forms were always passed over in the glorification of the exciting possibilities that filled them.

For example, she, like all the others of her kind, had believed that the only possible co-inhabitants of her world were beings of the other kind, that she would never find any of her own kind there, because they were all off on their own planets, waiting for the other kind to return. But still, having imagined, she imagined what it would be like to be with one of her own kind. It seemed that there would be something, for all the uniqueness of individuals, beautifully, intricately similar -- similar in a way none of the 'others' could comprehend. But it was a frightening image, apparently for somebody's good reason, since its happening has been so terribly successfully discouraged. You see, the 'others' had no real idea of how she worked, and so she was safe. She could keep all her secrets. She was suddenly very scared as she thought about



what it would be like to close with one of her own kind, with another woman, a woman who would know her secrets, share in them -- those secrets revealed so clearly and kept so hidden in those old stories of our beginnings. But before she went any further, fear of what might be made her forget to remember, and she found herself on just another planet, once again. ♀



Scene: Inanity Hospital, serving the poorer element of the population. A sign by the admitting desk reads "You Get What You Pay For."

The Emergency Room

NURSE: I just received an emergency call. A police car will arrive here in four minutes, in exactly four minutes, with the victim of a stabbing.

DR. HELPFUL: Four minutes? Let's get set up. (They set up.) Now, let's do that pelvic while we're waiting.

The Exam Room

PATIENT: . . .and so I went to this clinic in New York, and first they told me they didn't know how to examine white people, but then they said it was trichomonis, but I told them it couldn't be since I hadn't slept with anyone in months --

DR. HELPFUL: I see. Then it's probably a tube pregnancy.

PATIENT: But Doctor. . .

DR. HELPFUL: I better call up Dr. Lilac and find out what to do now. (he calls) Hello, Dr. Lilac, I've just given the patient a pelvic and I definitely feel something up there.

(Enter Dr. Lilac and Dr. Lily)

DR. LILAC: (looks at patient) Well, it's easy to see you've got gonorrhea.

PATIENT: But Doctor, the culture was negative.

DR. LILAC: Only 80% of the people who have it show it in the culture so you can't get out of it that way, and don't give me that silly story about not sleeping with anyone. Anyway, you can have it for centuries and not have any signs of it.

PATIENT: But my lover didn't get it, I would have been told . . .

DR. LILY: Well, you know how embarrassed men are about these things. They would blush if they told their girlfriends. Why, my wife has had gonorrhea for sixteen years. Anyway, only women

spread such diseases.

(Patient is taken for blood sample)

(The Nurse frantically tries to jab a needle into her vein.)

PATIENT: (after the fourth attempt) You look very nervous. Why don't you calm down before you try again ?

NURSE: We're in a rush. We have to do things quickly. (jabs her two more times.)

The Next Day -- Patient's Room

DR. PALE: Well, your temperature has gone down, so you're fine now.

PATIENT: But Doctor, I never had any temperature.

DR. PALE: (sternly) You mean, you never had any fever. In any case, it's down now. So you must be well. Do you feel better ?

PATIENT: No, I . . .

DR. PALE: Good. We'll see you later.

(Patient rings for nurse.)

NURSE: Yes?

PATIENT: Nurse, my arm is all swollen and stiff where the intravenous needle is.

NURSE: (sighs) How many times do I have to tell Dr. Lilac, the veins are the blue ones?

Exam Room -- later

(Dr. Pale has examined Patient. Two other doctors are standing around.)

DR. LILY: Do you mind if we examine you too ?

PATIENT: Yes, I mind!

DOCTORS: Well, too bad.

PATIENT: But . . .

DR. LILY: One of us might see you in the future. You want us to recognize you, don't you ? Anyway, there's our education to think of.

PATIENT: Dr. Pale, how can you stand there and watch this go on ?

DR. PALE: Oh, I'm not watching.

Patient's Room -- a few minutes later

(Dr. Pale sits at her bedside)

PATIENT: Excuse me, I was just wondering, I know this is an absurd question, but are you by any chance a real doctor ?

DR. PALE: Of course not. I work on General Hospital. I know all the things to say. Which reminds me, (he looks into her eyes), there's something I think you should know. I don't want to keep anything from you. You have a right to be told. I want to be straight with you.

PATIENT: Doctor, I think you're just supposed to say one of those things. That's how they do it on Marcus Welby.

DR. PALE: No, you have a right to hear them all. Life is full of things to say.

PATIENT: But . . .

DR. PALE: Well, (starts to leave abruptly) so you understand that the infection will probably spread throughout your entire system and cause brain damage and if that doesn't happen after a while, we'll know it wasn't an infection after all, and it's a malignant tumor. By then, of course, it will be too late. Of course, you will be sterile, and be infected for the rest of your life.

PATIENT: But Doctor, I don't understand exactly how . . .

DR. PALE: (shortly) That's all right. Patients often require that we tell them five or six times before they give up trying to make any sense of what we're saying.

PATIENT: Doctor . . .

DR. PALE: So we'll probably take out your fallopian tubes after lunch.

PATIENT: But, Doctor . . .

DR. PALE: I don't mean to worry you, but we know your internal organs better than you do.

PATIENT: But Doctor, you already gave me a hysterectomy. . .

continued

EPILOGUE: The patient, frustrated and distressed (though God knows why), found a gynecologist recommended by women at the local Women's Center. He told her that she was now cured, would not be infected for the rest of her life, was not sterile, and did not have to abstain from "pelvic activities" for six weeks. He also told her that her infection had most probably been caused by her IUD*, which finally concurred with what she herself had felt.

However, on returning to Community Hospital for a check, Dr. "Lilac" read the foregoing and was apologetic for having participated in causing her any distress. He suggested, though, that while he may have been wrong about the nature of her infection, still she should probably refrain from lifting, exercise, and intercourse because they could easily stir up the infection again, create more scarring which would eventually lead to sterility. Now, she was confused again. Maybe the other doctor had been too hasty in his other judgements as well. Dr. Lilac looked at her empathetically and said "you just have to find somebody you can trust." And take your chances.

I used to think doctors 'knew' everything about our bodies. Now I see that our bodies are still essentially mysteries, even to them, and that we must believe in and act on our own intuitions and sensings about what's going on inside

s. We inhabit our bodies, we are our bodies, who better can know if something's gone wrong? If it hurts you, don't let them tell you that it doesn't. If it doesn't hurt, don't let them tell you that it does. I 'knew' I had an infection, a bad one.

* The IUD sets up a minor infection in the uterus. Usually, it's kept under control. This is a compromise modern medicine makes in exchange for a near perfect method of contraception. But the infection can spread, unnoticed, further into the uterus, and into the fallopian tubes. Unchecked tube infections cause scarring, blockage of the passage through which the egg passes, and hence sterility. Removal of the IUD can stir up an incipient infection.

While I had my IUD I always had an uneasy internal feeling that it was up to no good. On drugs I could feel it in my womb. throbbing. However, because I could come up with no alternative birth control, and desperately did not want to ever have an abortion, I chose to pretend it wasn't there. Finally, after countless vaginal infections, no doubt provoked by the IUD, and mounting disgust at my own self-deception, I had it removed. ♀

all you NEED TO KNOW, AND MORE, about WATER SYSTEMS

If you have ever developed a source of water, spring or well, you will know it is a monumental accomplishment. But if you've also hauled all your water by the bucketful to where it's needed (by 2 humans, 2 goats, 1 horse, 8 sheep and a garden) you will discover as I did that the secondary task of setting up a water system is not so secondary after all. Plumbing and pump repair have turned out to be among the easiest and most accessible of all my new country skills, as intimidating as they seemed at first.

General Information

"Water systems" means how you move the water from your well or spring to your faucet. This can be done with natural power, gravity pull from a greater to a lesser height, wind power (a wind mill), or water power (a hydraulic ram). Or it can be done with human-made power, electric or gasoline.

Water pressure is what makes water move--it is created by some force, either its own movement in a stream or spring (caused by gravity) or by the external push or pull of a water system. Water pressure is measured in pounds per square inch (psi). The numbers on the pressure gauge on your pump indicate psi (30 means 30 pounds per square inch). One psi will lift water 2 vertical feet in the air. A normal house needs a minimum of 15 psi in its lines at house level so that the water will come out of the faucets with some force.

Pumps are controlled by pressure switches. These turn the pump on at a minimum psi capable of still providing you with water and shut the pump off at a psi safe for it to handle (too much pressure will blow a gasket or a seal). This pressure range is adjustable within certain limits to fit your particular needs (see "pump repair" next issue for what happens when you ignore those limits!)

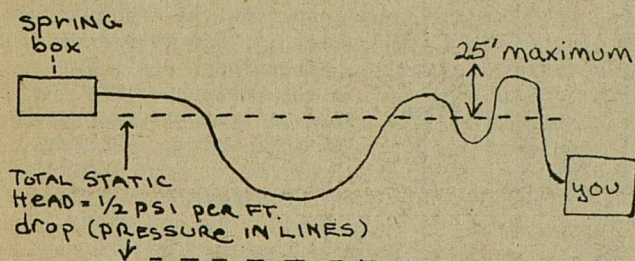
Water can only be sucked up out of a well or spring only 25 vertical feet though it may be pushed out of a pump hundreds of feet if necessary. After 25 feet, a vacuum is created which causes the water in the lines to boil away. This means that if your well is deeper than 25 feet or if your pump is located more than 25 feet above the bottom of your well or spring, you must add a jet attachment to the bottom of the water line or use a submersible pump in the bottom of the well. With either of these methods (jet or submersible), you are actually sucking only the few feet from the bottom and then pushing the rest of the way. If you have a gravity system, at no point on the whole line (even if it is hundreds of feet long) can you go more than 25 feet above the original source.

All of my experiences have been with gravity systems and electrical centrifugal pumps so I will describe them in detail. If any readers have personal experience with windmills, hydraulic rams, gas powered pumps or submersible pumps, we would welcome articles on their use and repair.

Gravity Pull System

Gravity systems have the virtue and beauty of total simplicity. There are no machines or moving parts, only one water pipe from the source to you. The water is moved by the same force which moves all water, from tiny underground seeps to major rivers, the pull of the earth. When I was fortunate enough to live below a hillside spring, I felt admiration for the forces of nature and enjoyed a virtually infallible system for supplying water. If you are fortunate enough to use gravity power, feel thankful and enjoy your pumpless future!

A gravity fed system runs on a syphon, a natural sucking action. The waterline may run an indefinite distance as long as it ends up below the level of the source. It can even go up and down hill as long as it ultimately ends up below where it began. The water pressure at the end of the line will be $1/2$ psi for every foot of vertical drop from the original source (this is called "static head" by professional mystifiers).



To create a syphon, your line must be completely full of water and the end of your line must be below the source. The easiest way to fill the line initially is to use a hand pump at the spring or well. You should use a fairly large pipe from the spring to its destination-- $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch if you can afford it, 1 inch if you can't. This large diameter provides a greater volume of water when you need it. The pipe can come up out of the spring and then turn at right angles to go down. The only thing to remember is that ultimately it must go down and you must have a way to fill the whole line. If you have a vertical pipe into your source, you need a foot valve at the end of it. This lets water flow into the pipe but won't let the water in the pipe drain out again. At the far end (the house, etc.) of the pipe you should use an adapter to narrow it down to $1/2$ " or $3/4$ " diameter pipe for a foot or so before you connect to your faucet. This prevents air from being sucked back up the pipe when you turn the tap on.

Water lines can be either galvanized metal, which fit together with threaded fittings and are expensive, or flexible plastic. Plastic has the advantage of being cheap and easy to install (it has connectors which fit inside the pipe and pipe clamps on the outside). Its disadvantage is that it heats up the sun and will crack after several years if it is not buried.

The only real problem with a syphon system is the possibility of becoming "airbound"--having the high parts of the line fill up with pockets of air. When the psi of the compressed air exceeds the psi of the water in your system, the water can't push the air out of the lines, nor can it get past the air pockets to you. There are two

main causes of being airbound. The first is that your pipe has too large a diameter for the psi of the water, so that the volume of water doesn't fill the pipe and air gets sucked back in. This can be cured by narrowing the pipe at the end, as mentioned above. The other cause is that cold water carries a lot of air dissolved in it. When the water heats up in the line (especially in plastic pipe), the air escapes from the water and forms pockets. The only way to prevent this is to bury your water line, a tedious job over any distance. Otherwise, you will just have to clear the line whenever it happens.

To restore your syphon once it has become airbound, you have to create more water psi until it can push the air through the lines. You can do this by lowering the end of your pipe to raise the psi--this may be 20 or 50 vertical feet below your present location so it helps to live on a steep hill or cliff face. You can also suck the air and water out of the end of the line or reprime the entire line by using a hand pump at the spring to force water into the line (with your faucet open so the air can escape) until it flows freely again.

Centrifugal Pumps

When we went to buy a pump for our new well on our new land, we spent hours talking pumps and water with the 60 year old owner of a farm supply store. I still remember the conversation clearly, both because of the good advice we got and the



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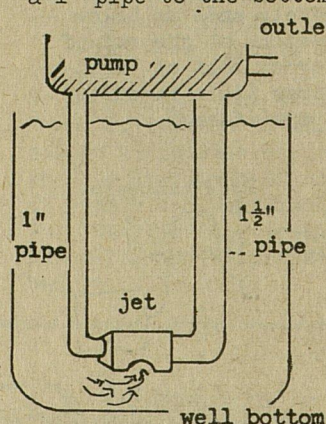
good time we had getting it. "Get the right pump for your place and set it up right and that galvanized tank'll rust out before you have to pull that pump out for repairs" he promised us. It hasn't worked out quite that way for me--an unexpected freeze cracked my uninsulated pump last winter--but his system is still the best and most practical one I've seen yet.

Centrifugal pumps vary in size and power. You need to find one which fits your water situation. The motors range from $\frac{1}{3}$ horsepower to 2 horsepower on normal home pumps. The greater horsepower can suck a greater volume of water at once or produce more pressure to lift a greater distance. Variations in size are mostly in the number of stages--each stage in a centrifugal pump contains an impellor which whirls the water through a narrow passage and builds pressure. The more stages, the greater the capacity to produce pressure. Multiple (3 and 4) stage pumps generally have larger (1 and 2) horsepower motors. A one stage, $\frac{1}{3}$ horse pump costs about \$125 right now and a 3 stage, $\frac{1}{4}$ horse pump costs about \$300. What you need to find is the right combination of stages and horsepower to carry water the height you need and draw out the volume you need. Our friend the pump dealer talked us out of buying a $\frac{1}{2}$ horse pump because it's ability to draw a large volume of water would run our relatively shallow but steady recovery well dry. Instead, we bought a $\frac{1}{3}$ horse, one stage pump (we have virtually no vertical lift between the well and the house). This pump takes less water at a time and can pump up to 60 psi safely. If you have to lift more than 50 feet from well to house, you'll need a multiple stage pump.

Centrifugal pumps are basically alike no matter what the brand. I have had good experiences with Jacuzzi pumps on three different pieces of

land. Barnes pumps have also been recommended to me. Most pumps these days come with plastic innards. You may want to specify brass fittings and impellors if you live under the special conditions we searchers for cheap land often find. Plastic parts get easily chewed up by dirt in the water and crack or round off so a wrench won't fit after about the second time you take them apart. So, brass will save you money in the long run if you're pumping out of a spring (which may get muddy or fill in) or if you have a limited water supply (so the pump may run dry).

If you well is deeper than 25 feet, you need a jet attachment for your pump (or a submersible pump). A jet fits onto the water pipe near the bottom of the well. The pump pushes water down a 1" pipe to the bottom and around a sharp curve.



The pressure of water whirling at a high speed around a curve creates a vacuum which sucks in more water through an opening in the jet. All of the water is then pushed up again through a $1\frac{1}{2}$ " pipe to the pump where the excess is sent out to supply you with water. The rest recirculates down into the well through the 1" pipe and past the jet where it picks up more water.

The Whole System

A water system includes not just a water source and pump, but also a pressure tank to store water, all the pipes and fittings connect the well to the



pump, the pump to the tank and everything to the house, and the electric line to run the pump. The method of joining all these things the pump dealer taught us is the best I've ever seen and one not commonly used.

The essential ingredient in his method is a 150 gallon galvanized pressure tank. This costs about \$120 and after three years of use, I've decided it was well worth it. Most pumps come without a pressure tank (Jacuzzi's have a 3 gallon "hydrocel") but they are often sold in a package deal with a 20 gallon tank by stores. A 150 gallon tank stores so much water that you can use 50 gallons before the pump ever turns on. Your pump only runs once or twice a day, saving on electricity and wear on the pump and giving your well a long recovery period between pumpings. With the standard 20 gallon tank, the pump turns on after every 5 gallons. This constant off and on is the hardest wear you can give a pump, much harder than a long steady pumping.

The other secret to this system is how you place your tank and water lines. The pressure tank contains a large pocket of compressed air which is compressed further by the water being forced into it. This provides constant pressure in your water lines even when the pump is off. When the pressure in the tank gets low enough, the pressure switch on the pump turns it on and refills the tank. With the traditional arrangement, a pipe connects the pump to the tank and another pipe leaves the far side of the tank for the house. When you are running water and the pump is on, the water is whirled around and through the tank before it enters the lines. Because cold (fresh from the well) water can carry a lot of dissolved air, it tends to absorb the air pocket in the tank as it whirls through. Gradually, over time, it dissolves all the air in the tank and runs it through the lines. The tank is then water logged--it has no pressure and the pump runs every time you use water. To fix this, you have to drain the whole tank, use a bicycle pump to replace the air and then refill it with water. I was taught, instead, to simply plug up the outlet on the tank and take my water lines off from the line between the pump and the tank. This means that water flows from the tank into the lines, but when the pump is running it fills the lines first and then the tank. Water never churns through the tank and the tank never becomes water logged. It's a simple, logical system that will save you pump repairs and having to drain a water logged tank.

Now, hooking it all together: Pumps are either mounted horizontally beside the well or vertically above it; they also vary in the placement of intake and outlet pipes. Follow the diagrams that come with your pump and ask at the store for specific details about your pump. I have learned most of my plumbing skills by spending hours looking at plumbing parts in hardware stores and by asking questions. Everything screws into something else so look around till you find what you need.

Types of pipe: Cold water is usually carried in plastic or galvanized metal pipes. Galvanized lasts a long time, is easy to connect and disconnect and costs a lot of money. Plastic is perfectly satisfactory except where you are likely

to have to undo the fitting fairly often. There are two types of plastic pipe: flexible and rigid. Flexible is used for cold water lines; rigid (PVC) is most often used for drain pipes (there is also a new type of rigid which works for hot water too). Flexible pipe is connected by fittings which screw inside both pieces to be joined and pipe clamps which tighten down from the outside. Rigid pipe is connected together by couplings which fit over the outside of the pipe and are held by permanent plastic cement. To go from either kind of plastic pipe to metal, you get a special fitting which is threaded for metal on one end and fitted for that type plastic pipe on the other end. These can be metal but are more commonly plastic.

I recommend using galvanized metal pipes and fittings between the pump and the pressure tank because it is such a short distance the expense is minor and they will disconnect easily and last forever. I also recommend using plastic pipe down into the well because it's not exposed to the sun and therefore won't decompose and it is cheaper (unless you have a deep well jet, then it's easier to use galvanized). You should use rigid plastic PVC down into the well so that you are sure of how far you are from the bottom. Flexible pipe never completely unbends so you either lose a couple feet of precious water or risk sucking dirt off the bottom (which can ruin a pump). Most pumps use 1/4 or 1/2 inch pipe for both intake and outlet pipes.

General Plumbing Rules

Turning clockwise tightens plumbing fittings, counter clockwise loosens.

When joining two fittings, hold one stationary with a wrench and turn the other one with a second wrench.

Always put non-hardening pipe joint compound (pipe dope) on the threads of any two pieces to be joined to prevent leaks. Smear the pipe dope with your fingers until it fills between the threads but doesn't completely cover them.

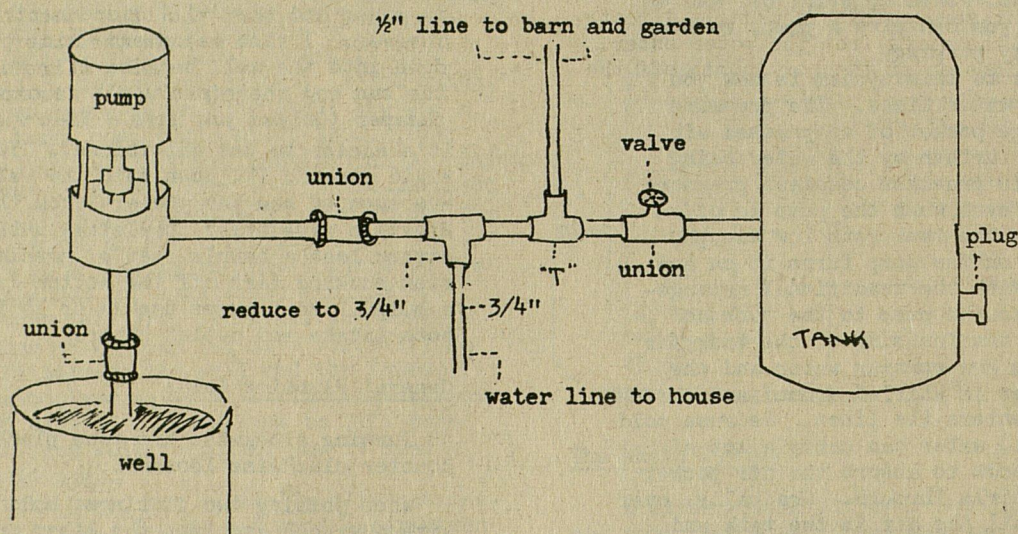
Plumbing fittings are divided into female--threaded on the inside-- and male--threaded on the outside.

From the Pump to the Well

The intake line usually is a threaded hole in the base of the pump. A (male) nipple--a short piece of pipe threaded on both ends screws into the intake opening on the pump. Tighten this down with a pipe wrench (don't forget to use pipe dope first). Onto the nipple screws a union (also galvanized). There are many different types of unions--some are simply threaded at both ends and some work through pressure on a rubber gasket. What they do is join two pieces of pipe with a water-proof seal. You need a union here so that you can disconnect the pump from the well when (if!) it needs repairs without having to cut your water line. (I learned this the hard way). The best type of union to use here is one with a female end to screw onto the nipple and a permanent male fitting at the other end. Onto this male fitting, you screw a metal to plastic converter.

continued

Your rigid PVC is cemented into this. If your pump is horizontal, you need a right angle PVC coupling to turn and go down into the well. About a foot from the bottom of the well (2-3 feet if you have a sandy or muddy bottom which may fill in), the pipe should stop. At the end of it comes another plastic to metal converter, onto which screws a galvanized foot valve. This valve allows water to flow in but prevents it from draining out of the pump back into the well. When you connect your pump to the well, make sure the pump is slightly lower than the line from the well (if the pump is mounted horizontally). This prevents the line from becoming airbound if you run the well dry.



From the Pump to You and the Tank

There are two other openings in a pump besides the intake one. Both are usually in the sides but some brands have one or both coming out the bottom. One is for the deep well pipe or a shallow well "injector" (which helps you build pressure); when you buy your pump you will get whichever you need and be shown where it goes. The other opening is the outlet for the pump. Into this opening screw a short length of galvanized pipe threaded at both ends (or a nipple). Onto this goes another union so you can disconnect the pump at this end too, if you ever need to repair it. Coming out of the union comes another short length of pipe, also threaded at its protruding end. Next comes a "T" fitting which enable another water line to connect to the system (to the house, garden, etc.). Your main line is probably 1 1/2" so you want a "T" which adapts down on the outlet side to the size of your water lines. At this point you have to decide whether you want to put 2 or 3 "T's" on your main line from pump to tank (one to your house, one to the barn, etc.) or whether you want to run one major (1") line off and then split off of that line. Either way is all right, but it makes a difference in what size T you buy. If you decide to use several T's, you need threaded nipples to connect them

to each other. If your lines are galvanized, they will thread directly into the T. If they are plastic, you will need to screw a metal to plastic connector into the T. I recommend using a galvanized connector here (they are usually plastic) because you may want to disconnect it again someday.

After your last T joint comes another nipple and then a gate valve. This valve enables you to shut the tank off if you disconnect the pump or have a break in the water line so that you don't drain the tank of water. After the gate valve comes another short length of pipe, threaded at both ends and then the tank. Try to place

the tank so that the line from it to the pump is level. Make sure you have screwed a plug into the outlet opening on the far side of the tank.

Before filling the tank, you need to pressurize it. This is done by attaching a bicycle pump to the air valve on the pump (or an air tank if you're lucky enough to have one, 150 gallon tanks are too heavy to haul to the gas station). Pump 40 lbs. of air into the tank (you can measure air pressure using a tire gauge). This amount of air lets you use 50-60 gallons of water before the pressure in the tank gets low enough to turn the pump on.

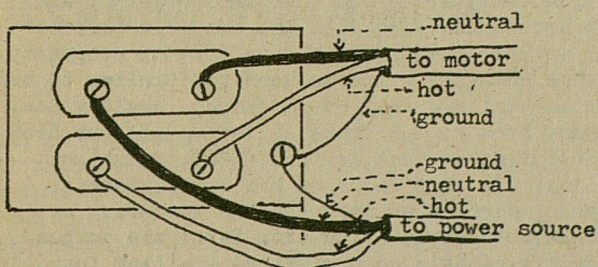
Wiring The Pump

Now all your water lines are connected and all that remains is to hook your pump up to your electricity. The wiring box on the pump has a snap on cover and is attached to the motor by a thick wire or cord (this is actually 3 wires). Remove the cover and you will see these 3 wires: one red or white wire for the current, one black one for neutral, and one ground wire which is green or possibly bare copper. The red (or white) and black wires carry the current and are attached to the electrical switch. The third wire is the ground wire and screws onto the box itself at some point.

Your wire from your fuse box should also be 3 strand solid copper. It is important that you

buy heavy enough gauge copper (thickness of the wire) to carry 20 amps of current from the fuse box to the pump. Amps decrease over distance unless the wire is heavy enough. The hardware store will be able to tell you what gauge is necessary for what distance. (I used #12 copper wire to carry 20 amps 150 feet). You should connect your pump to its own circuit on the fuse box or to one which has plenty of current. A pump only needs 20 amps when it first turns on, but if it doesn't get enough current then, the motor will eventually burn out. If your wire is to run above ground or be buried directly in the ground (as opposed to running through conduit pipes), buy wire that is especially insulated to withstand weather.

This line from the fuse box enters the electrical box on the pump through a small hole in its side (this may be a plate you'll have to knock out with a screw driver). This is usually directly opposite where the wires from the motor enter. Just before the wires enter the box, strip off the outside insulation so that all three wires are showing (at least two of these will have inside insulation around them). The insulation needs to be stripped off the very end of these wires so that they can make contact with the switch. At no point should a bare copper wire ever touch the metal of the box, except where the 2 ground wires meet. This will cause a short and the pump won't run and you may get shocked. The black wire from



the incoming line goes around the brass screw that is parallel with the black wire from the motor. The red wire goes around the brass screw which is parallel with the red or white wire from the motor. Both screws should then be tightened down with a screwdriver. The ground wire goes around the same screw as the ground wire from the motor. It is all very simple. (If you have remembered to pull the fuse or turn the breaker off before you start, otherwise you are probably very simply dead). Now you can snap the cover back on the pump and it is ready to run, when you turn the power on.

The only other thing you should know about the power box is that it also contains the controls for the pressure switch. These adjust at what psi the pump turns off and on. When you buy your pump you will be told what range it is set for. (Our one stage was set for 30-60 which means the pump turns on when the pressure drops to 30 psi and off when it builds up in the tank to 60 psi.) The adjustment technique varies with each brand of pump and instructions come with the pump. On my pump there are two tiny nuts which adjust with a screw driver. One raises or lowers the whole range--it keeps a 30 psi difference but alters the off and on points. You would make this adjustment, for instance, if you needed a little more lift from your pump (so that it would cut on at 40 psi and

off at 70 psi). Find out what the top limit of your pump is and only exceed this at your own risk (you need a bigger pump). The other adjustment nut widens or narrows the gap between the off and on points. This makes the pump draw more or less water at each pumping. You would want to make this adjustment, for instance, if your well got very low and you wanted to pump less water at a time, more often, (so that you would cut on at 30 and off at 45). When adjusting these nuts, turn them only very slightly (1/4 turn) until you see what difference that has made. Turning too far can cause many problems with your motor and the pressure in your lines.

One step still remains before you have water flowing through your lines. This is to prime the pump, which means fill it with water. This must be done anytime the pump has been disconnected or drained (because of a break in the water line, the well going dry, etc.). When you are first setting up your pump, you will have to unscrew a metal plug in the base and fill it with water. It will take quite a bit of water because you have to fill the lines to the bottom of the well too. When water starts bubbling back up out of the pump, it is primed. Replace the plug (with pipe dope on its threads) and tighten it with a wrench.

Now, you are ready to turn the power on, listen to the pump whir quietly and wait for the tank to fill.

If you ever have trouble with the pump (the motor overheats, not enough water pressure, no water pressure, etc.) the first thing to do is turn the power off at the fuse box. The next thing to do is to shut the gate valve by the pressure tank so it won't drain if there is a leak. Once you have fixed the problem, you can reprime the pump by simply opening the gate valve at the tank (unless you also drained the tank before you realized there was a problem.) Always remember to shut off both the power and the valve and to open the valve back up before turning the power on again.

The only general information I can think of is that the pump needs to be protected from weather and freezing. The tank can be exposed to the weather and will last 30-70 years depending on the minerals in the water and the amount of salt in the air. The pump, however, needs protection. In mild (frost but no freezes) climates, a simple wooden box will do. Where there are infrequent freezes, the box should be lined with insulation. A light bulb can be wired onto your power line and placed inside the box to provide extra warmth. Where winters are severe, the pump will need to be placed in an insulated cellar or heated house. (The pump may be located some distance from the well, as long as there is not more than 25 vertical feet of lift from well bottom to pump or it has a deep well jet.)

All of this exhaustive detail may have made water systems seem as mysterious to you as it used to seem to me. It is all very easy, however, once you have the parts in front of you and begin to assemble them. I love plumbing because its simplicity has overcome all my I-can't-do-it fears and it is one of the few building skills I never hesitate to undertake. ♀



ketosis

Last winter we lost a doe who was heavy with kid just a few days before her due date. She had gone noticeably off her feed about a week earlier, becoming listless and depressed. She wasn't running a fever, had no signs of scouring or other warning signals of a sick goat. Her reluctance to get up and move about we attributed to her heaviness with kid--she was a small doe and not particularly strong to begin with. Her lack of appetite and general depression worried us. The veterinarians we consulted didn't help us at all--they had "no idea" what was happening. The books we had on goat-keeping similarly offered no key--her symptoms didn't really match any of the diseases discussed. We decided she was just having a hard time carrying her kids to term. We put her in a separate stall, hand-fed her special food and brought her warm water to drink, spent many hours with her. As her condition worsened, she got first a slightly prolapsed vagina, then a mildly prolapsed rectum. This was further complicated by pneumonia. She got weaker and weaker until one morning she began having mild contractions, obviously trying to kid. Her udder hadn't filled in properly and she showed none of the usual signs of a doe about to kid. The contractions continued erratically for a couple of hours and she became weaker and weaker. Again calls to veterinarians brought no help. She died with little struggle. We cut her open the instant she died and removed three beautifully formed kids--all dead. We still thought we were dealing with a particularly weak goat who was just unable to take the strain of triplet kids (the year before she'd had a single kid, no problems).

Less than a month later another of our pregnant does began acting oddly. About two weeks from her due kidding date she began acting as though she were going to kid--not eating with the other does, turning to look back at her tail and calling, and so on. That night she had what seemed like light contractions. She refused to eat and was very stiff in her hind legs. Like the doe we lost, this one was huge with either twins or with triplets. We put her in a sepa-

rate stall and spent the night there. The next day she was still down--but willing to eat if we brought an assortment of swiss chard, huckleberry branches, etc. along with her usual alfalfa. We gave her a warmed mix of molasses and water and a little grain. Remembering how the first doe had gotten weaker and weaker lying down all the time, we forced this one to get up and walk around the yard with us. We felt certain that we were dealing with some sort of pregnancy disease now--the symptoms were too similar to be coincidental and this was a strong, healthy doe. We went back to our books, piled up all our back copies of Dairy Goat Journal (DGJ), and began reading. By that night we had our diagnosis: ketosis, also known as Pregnancy Toxaemia, or Twin-Lamb Disease, or Lambing Paralysis in Ewes.

Usually ketosis occurs within the last four weeks of pregnancy, though both of our does showed signs in their last two weeks. Animals carrying multiple fetuses or carrying a particularly large single fetus are most likely to get ketosis. Susceptible animals are those overfed and underexercised, though undernourished animals are also susceptible. A brief period of fasting or starvation may spark the disease. In goats this period may be related to voluntary starvation, as when a goat loses a friend or companion, or is moved to a new home and spends a day or longer mourning. Ewes that are moved to a new pasture may not eat for a day or so as they get accustomed to the strange environment. Any stressful situation--a bad storm, being chased by dogs, etc., may cause ketosis. Diet is very important. Carbohydrate or protein deficiency is a direct cause, particularly when combined with insufficient exercise. Feed rations must have adequate cobalt, phosphorus and iodine. Changing feeds or a slowly declining plane of nutrition during the last six weeks of pregnancy may cause ketosis. As we read more and more about this disease, we realized that we had made a critical change of feed weeks before our first doe showed her initial signs. We had changed grain mixes, and though the new resembled the old generally, there were elements added and others subtracted.

The symptoms of ketosis are various enough to make it hard to recognize until you've had some first-hand experience with the disease. One of the first signs is a declining appetite. A doe who doesn't eat her normal grain ration or doesn't come to eat hay or forage with the other does is suspect. General listlessness is another sign--though some animals first go through a period of nervousness. Colic-like signs (the goat turns her head back toward her stomach, cries out, etc.) may be combined with teeth-grinding or "aimless walking." Another sign is "propping"--the animal stands with her head pressed against a wall or fence. Twitching ears and stiffness of the hind legs or neck may occur. Ewes may become blind, will lag behind the rest of the flock, or may stagger when they try to walk. One book says that the animal's "urine,

veterinary medicine

milk, and breath will have a vinegar-like odor." Most sources agreed that the animal becomes less and less interested in eating or moving around. If you suspect that you have an animal with ketosis, there is one way to make a fairly definite diagnosis. You can buy something called "Ketostix" (or "Lastix") from a veterinarian or pharmacy. These are chemically treated sticks of paper made to test the urine of the animal. If she has ketosis, the stick changes color. We bought these sticks from our local pharmacy, used them on our second doe and got a dramatic positive reaction. They are inexpensive and keep well--so may be a good addition to your veterinary cupboard.

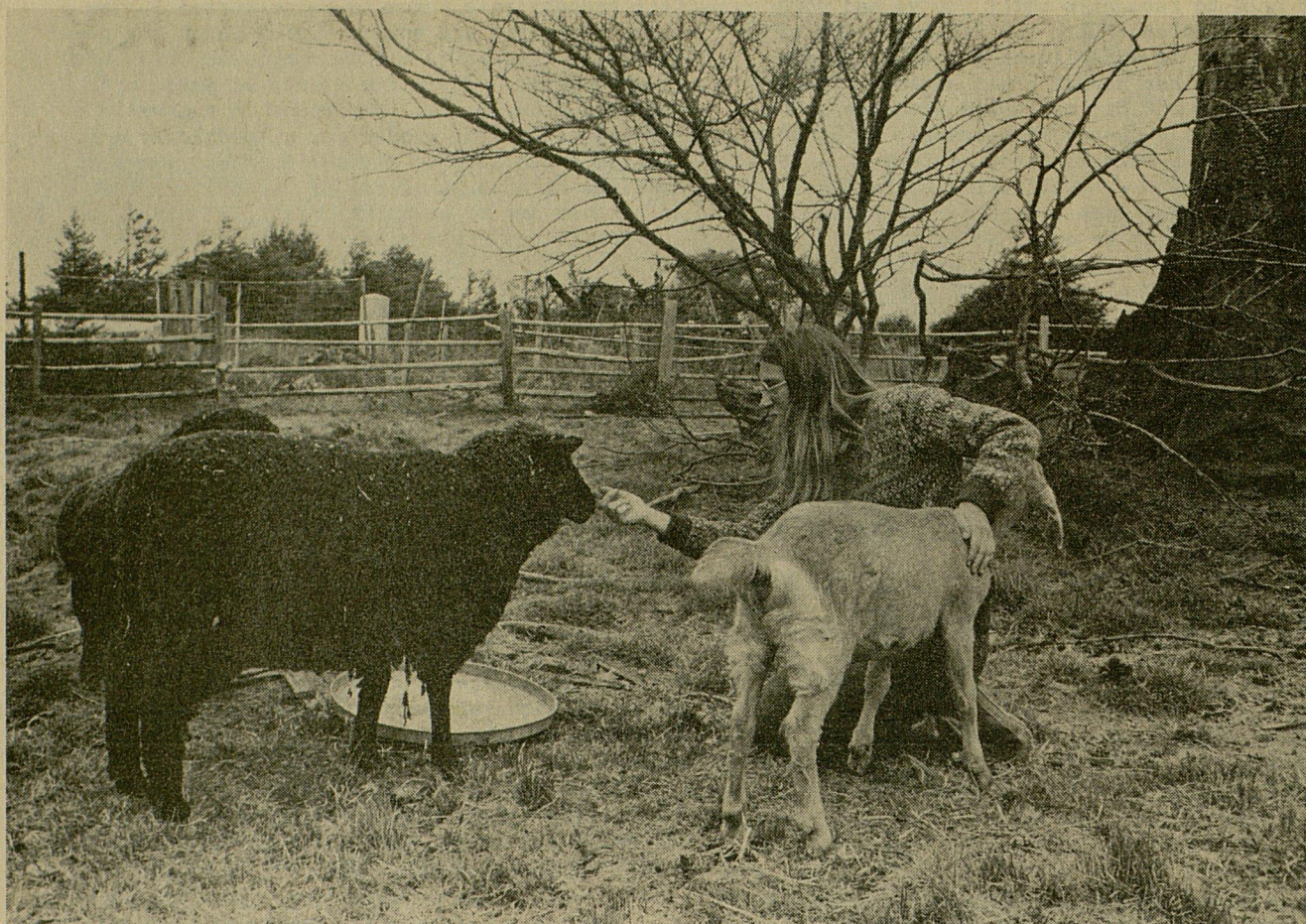
Most simply, ketosis is a disease caused by blood sugar deficiency. It is similar to the condition of diabetes in humans. This deficiency may occur because of diet (insufficient carbohydrates), because of a metabolic disturbance (as when bad weather causes a fall in blood glucose), or because multiple kids or lambs place too great a nutritional demand on the body of the doe or ewe. "Demands on the system of rapidly growing kids in combination with a lowered intake or inadequate intake of nutrition...(causes) ...the body to convert body fat into carbohydrate and ketogenic substances (while blood glucose is reduced)...(that)...appear in the blood stream and urine. The effect of these circulating ketones on the brain causes depression and reduced appetite, further aggravating the condition." (paper, "The Recognition and Treatment of Pregnancy Toxaemia in Goats" DGJ).

Technically, ketosis is explained as follows: "All carbohydrate ingested is converted in the rumen to acetic and butyric acids which are potentially ketogenic, and to propionic acid which is glycogenic. These two groups of acids are produced under normal conditions in the ratio of about 4 to 1. The production of propionic acid and its conversion to glucose in the liver must continue at a normal level if glucose supplies to tissues are to be maintained. If this system is inefficient the alternative pathway of providing glucose by synthesis from amino acids and glycerol increases in volume. The stimulation of this type of energy producing reaction results in a much increased demand for oxalo-acetate which is used preferentially for this purpose. As a result the utilization of ketone bodies by tissues, which also requires oxalo-acetate, is impeded. The ketone bodies then accumulate to the point where ketosis occurs." (Veterinary Medicine, Blood and Henderson).

If you suspect your pregnant doe or ewe to have even the mildest beginnings of ketosis, you should treat her immediately. Early diagnosis and treatment is essential - advanced cases are almost always fatal. We treated our doe with glycerin, which is readily available and rapidly effective. We gave her 8 oz. a day ($\frac{1}{2}$ in the morning, $\frac{1}{2}$ at night) mixing it with warm water and molasses made it palatable and she drank it readily (some books suggest a glycerine drench, followed by a drink of plain water). You may also give one of the following - a cup of molasses twice a day; a quarter pound brown sugar twice a day; 6 oz. propylene glycol daily. (The Best of Capri)



continued



This is the simplest course, one you can do yourself and one that works. In severe cases you may give Cortisone injections (Prednisolone 10 mgms or Betamethasone 2 mgms once or twice weekly).

(King Paper) Concentrated A-D injections are also said to help (4-5 ml of 12,000 units and 2,000 units D ml once weekly into muscle. Combine with glycerine treatment). (King Paper)

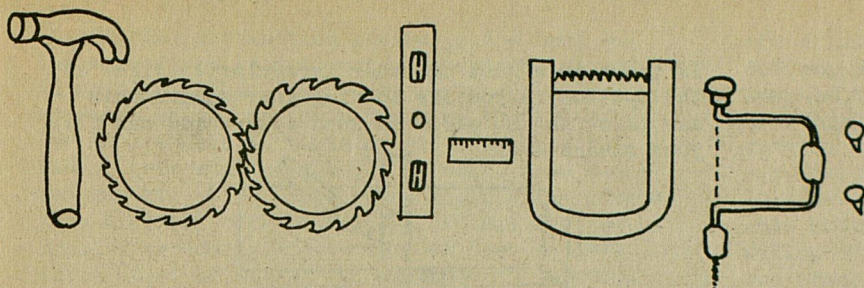
Enforced exercise is important. You should lead your doe around for short periods 3 or 4 times daily. Keeping her eating is also essential. Goats will nibble on special leaves and brush and on hay given in small quantities. High protein feeds such as clover and lucerne are good. In extreme cases you might have to force-feed the animal. The Merck Manual suggests feeding the ewe finely ground dried grass with a stomach tube. If your animal will continue to eat, is exercised, and seems fairly alert and strong, she may carry her lambs/kids to term and deliver them normally. Our doe gave birth to four healthy, good-sized kids - all survived and she recovered completely. If it looks as though the doe/ewe is too weak to carry her young full term, you may consider having them removed by Caesarian Section. Or you may induce labor one week before the kids are due (these premature kids can survive if given special attention).

(King Paper, DGJ)

Preventing ketosis is infinitely simpler than treating it once it has developed. Be sure pregnant does and ewes are well fed, consistently fed, and moderately exercised. Don't overfeed! If they are kept in a small area, placing their feed in different places will encourage them to move around! Molasses is a good source of readily-digestible carbohydrates and may be added to the diet in the last few weeks of pregnancy. One book suggested keeping a mix of bone meal and molasses before the does. Avoid stressful situations, such as moving the animals to new locations. Provide good shelters for them and follow this advice:

"If your heavily in-kid doe who up to now has been eating well and foraging eagerly, one morning stands aside and refuses her concentrate ration, you will probably think, 'she may be heading for pregnancy toxemia', and start right away dosing her with glycerine. Your original diagnosis may have been correct, and she might have been back to normal appetite by evening, but it is much easier to be on the safe side, and a few ounces of glycerine, even though the doe will hate it, may avert pregnancy toxemia. This is so much more difficult to treat when you finally recognize that the doe is sick, and may very shortly be dead."

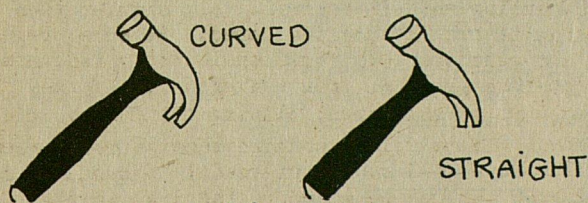
(Joan Fergusson Stewart, paper presented at the Australian National Goat Breeders' Conference, May 27, 1972, DGJ, Oct. 1972, p.5).



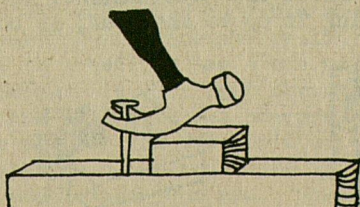
CARPENTRY TOOLS

In one article it's not possible to adequately describe even a set of tools for the most basic carpentry job. There are a number of books that could be a better guide. Sometimes the first chapter of a carpentry book will list major tools and give illustrations of each one. And there are books devoted only to tools. But it's a jump from the story book picture of an ideal tool box, to your own needs for your own job, to yourself standing in the hardware store where there are 15 different kinds of hammers, different prices, etc. I was thinking about the tools I did my first carpentry work with -- how I could carry them all with me at once (now I have 3 tool boxes): I used an old leather shoulder purse of mine as a tool purse for small tools, and carried my one saw and two crowbars in the other hand. There are a few indispensable tools with which you really can do most jobs. After that, you can always use more tools, but they veer towards convenience and then towards luxury - unless you are drawn into carpentry as your full or part-time work. This short list attempts to describe the essentials, and what to know and to look out for when you're buying or acquiring them; also when to invest more money and when you may as well get a cheaper model. Along with the consumer guide slant, I have mixed in some information about using these tools. Tool-up is a carpentry term for getting ready for the job.

HAMMERS come in curved claw or straight claw styles;



different weights (16 oz. & 20 oz. most commonly); and with handles made of varying materials (wood, steel, fiberglass, etc). Trying out different hammers and getting your own sense of how they handle is a good idea - it's surprising how much difference all these variations can make in how well this tool works for you. The curved claw, 16 oz. is most ordinarily used as an all-purpose hammer. This claw is best for pulling out nails as it gives the most leverage. You can get even more pull by putting a block of wood under your hammer:



Some people prefer the straight claw hammer for ordinary use: it's not quite as efficient as a nail-puller, but the angle of the claw is handier for prying, for reaching into corners or spots where the curved claw can't get. As far as weight, for 16 penny nails or larger, a 20 oz. should be used. It does more of the work for you, although at first it may seem heavier to lift. Always grasp the hammer at the end of the handle, not in the middle: this chokes the arc of the hammer, giving less force to the blow. Some carpenters use 22 oz. hammers, which are even better at sinking 16's. But for finish work, small nails, and small hammering spaces, a 16 oz. does the job better than a bulkier, larger hammer. Wooden handles often feel good to the hand, seem to mold themselves to the hand. They can break, but are replaceable. Rubber and steel-shank, leather and steel-shank, or other such combinations, are more durable. Wooden handles do seem to absorb more shock. The Estwing brand (rubber and steel-shank) is a particularly good hammer (my favorite so far in several years of carpentry experience). The main thing before investing is to try out a few different kinds of hammers first, and decide the best partner for your own hand.

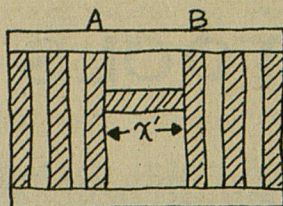
MEASURING TOOLS A good 16' tape is worth investing in and will last you for several years with care. Tapes come with or without powerlock - which means it has a button or other mechanism to hold the tape out when you don't want it to wind up immediately. You lock it and this frees your hand to do something else; the tape stays extended. This lock can also be used as a gradual stop when you are letting it wind up - it prevents the spring from making the whole tape wind up too fast, from snapping and breaking, or from snapping on your finger. Some of the best brands in tapes are Stanley and Disston. Lufkin too, but their powerlock mechanism tends to stick or to be hard to press down. It's picking things like this that make the difference between really enjoying working with a tool and feeling smooth about it. My current preference is for the Disston. Get at least a 12' tape, if not a 16' - others are simply too short for measurements of whole boards, whole walls, etc. A 25' tape is handy, but I find it too bulky for everyday use, and not needed that often either.

Tapes usually have a moveable clip at the end (the beginning actually - anyhow where it starts at 0"). It's important to notice how this functions in order to get accurate and consistent measurements. There are "inside" and "outside" measurements, terms which refer to the manner in which a measurement is taken. The clip on the tape gets pulled out for outside measurements (eg a board or wall), and stays pushed in for inside measurements (eg between 2 studs, between 2 walls, or 2 points)

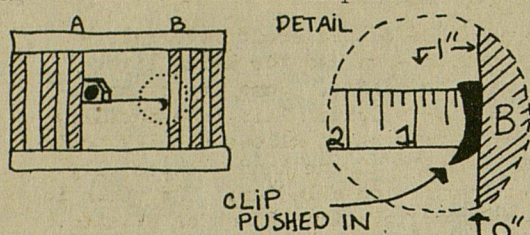
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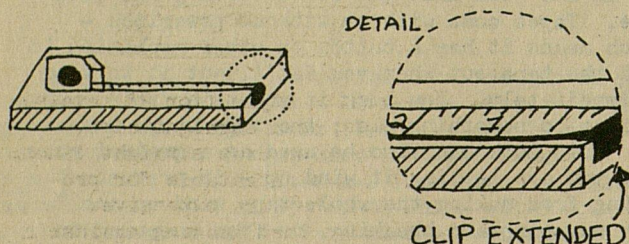
To illustrate this, say you have a wall and you want to put in a board x' long horizontally between studs A and B, so it will look like this:



In measuring the distance x' , the clip on your tape is pushed in. This way the first inch registers, in fact, one inch. In other words, the tape and clip are made so that the distance from the 1" mark to the base of the clip is 1".

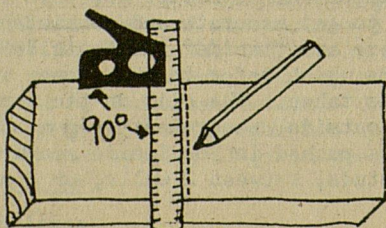


If the clip were extended the actual length of the clip would have to be added to your measurement - the 1" mark would actually show 1" plus the length of the clip. As for outside measurements - say you are going to cut a board at 8' to fit this situation. In this case the clip of your tape is used to grip the edge of the board when you pull the tape tight. The 8' mark on your tape is accurate since the clip is not included and the 0" mark corresponds to the edge of the board.

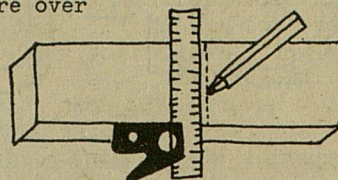


One last step in the process of getting precise measurements is, as in the drawing above, to make an arrow shaped mark at the 8' point. This is preferable to a dot or a line as it allows you to draw a more accurate line.

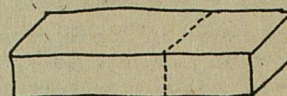
COMBINATION SQUARE is the only other tool I can think of that is used as often as a hammer, tape, or saw. Its main use is to get a straight line drawn across the stock (piece of wood) where you intend to saw. The square is held firmly up against the edge of the stock, marking a perpendicular line across the wood.



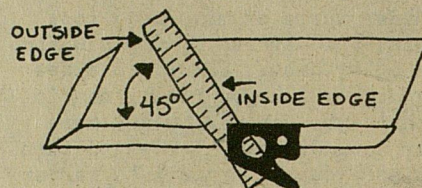
If there is a knot or other irregularity right at the spot where you are holding your square this may throw the 90° off. In such a case you can flip your square over



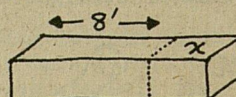
or move it to a different spot altogether. If you want to be absolutely sure about a square cut, such as on a large piece of wood (4x12 or even a 4x4), lines should be drawn on all 4 planes and should meet at the corners:



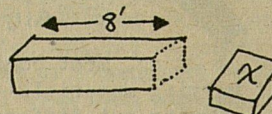
The combination square can be adjusted to different lengths (it's 12" long), and can also be used to draw a 45° angle on stock:



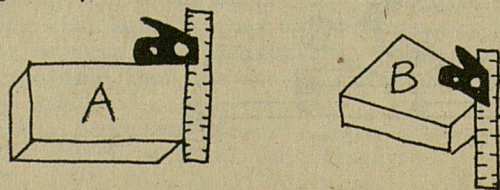
Note: always draw your line on the outside edge of the blade, it's the most accurate. Another Note: when sawing off the board, it's helpful to mark an x on the side of the wood which is to be the discarded, sawed off end. Usually a measurement is taken to include the pencil drawn line (as a way of being precise and uniform). Thus, when sawing, the line is left and the x is sawed off.



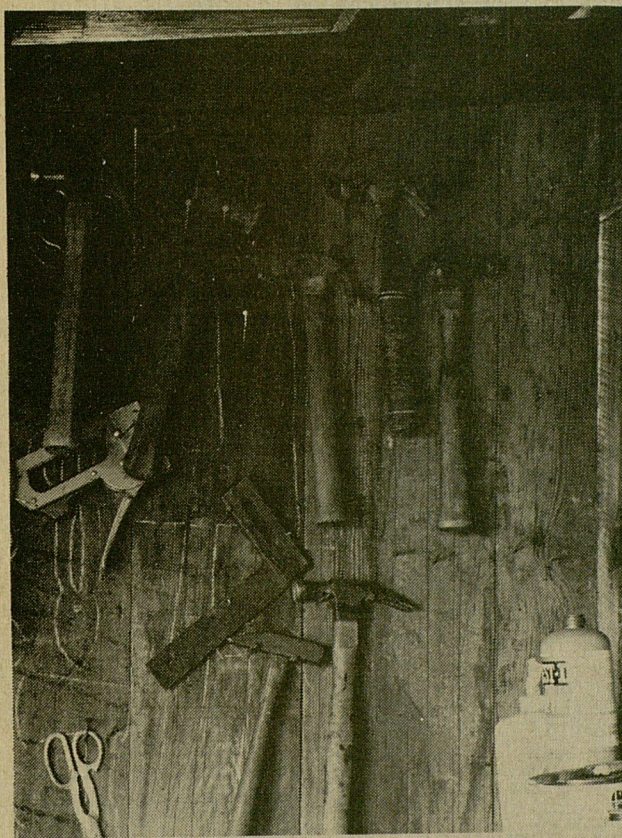
If the line is sawed off, the board would turn out less than the exact length.



If the x piece, to be sawed off, is at all long or heavy, it's wise to hold it up near the sawing point (being careful not to have your, or whoever's, hand anywhere near the saw). Otherwise the piece, because of its own weight, may tend to split off, leaving you with two ragged pieces of wood, or causing your saw to bind. After you've made the cut, the combination square can be used to check the squareness of the cut by simply holding it up to the wood, in both planes, A & B:



The Stanley combination square is the best on the market; it is made out of sturdy metal and adjusts smoothly. There are various cheaper versions which look much the same, but the danger in a square of flimsier metal is that it bends, gets smashed and out of shape much sooner and easier. Once bent, even slightly inaccurate, it's a nearly worthless tool. It's a tool to be handled carefully - never thrown down or left where it could get walked on. Unlike hammers, there are no aesthetics involved in choosing a square. The way it feels isn't much of an issue. It should be a strong, precision tool. With hammers, it could happen that you'd choose an inexpensive one and use it with ease, or that a more expensive model would feel clumsy and stiff for you. In the case of the combination square, however, the more expensive tool is unquestionably worth its price.

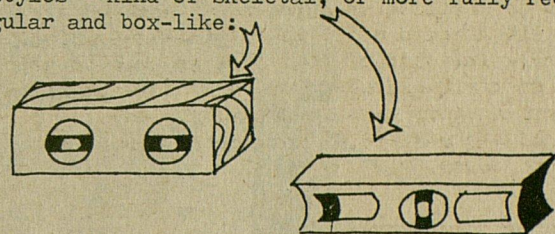


SAWS As far as handsaws go, an 8 point crosscut (point means the number of teeth to the inch) saw is the most all-around tool. Ripsaws (designed for cutting with the grain) are usually 5½ point. For finer work, cutting small wood, or finish work, a 10 or 11 point crosscut is used. Sandvik is an excellent brand - Swedish import, expensive. Diss-ton, Stanley, and other US firms make a whole line of saws varying in price and quality. It's good to invest in a quality saw - one made of good steel - because it will last through many re-sharpenings, and will hold its sharpness longer. Use a cheaper saw, or one you don't value as much, for cutting through old wood, where you might encounter nails and damage your saw. When cutting through

old or knotty wood, be extra careful that the saw doesn't jump back on you. A good precaution is to keep your left hand from getting too close to the saw (if you're sawing right handed). This precaution is one to remember when using practically any tool where one hand is active and the other is holding, resting, or whatever. It's one of the most common accidents to bang, cut, poke, smash or wallop one hand because you are concentrating on the other.

LEVELLING TOOLS deserve a whole discussion to themselves. Levels are used to get things level horizontally and vertically (i.e. plumb). Plumb bobs are used to arrive at vertical level only. If you have to choose, a 2' level and a plumb bob are the first levelling tools to acquire. Together they can do most jobs and prove to be versatile tools.

Levels are made of different materials - aluminum is common - valued for being light weight and easy to handle. Some are of magnesium, even lighter weight. This is especially good for long levels as it allows a bulky tool to be handled easily in one hand - especially convenient if you're on a ladder. The vials in levels are encased in either glass or plastic. The plastic tends to get scratched, and for this reason is a poor idea, although it is not breakable. Glass will give you a clear, unscratchable view, and even if one does ever break the vials are replaceable. Levels have different body styles - kind of skeletal, or more fully rectangular and box-like:

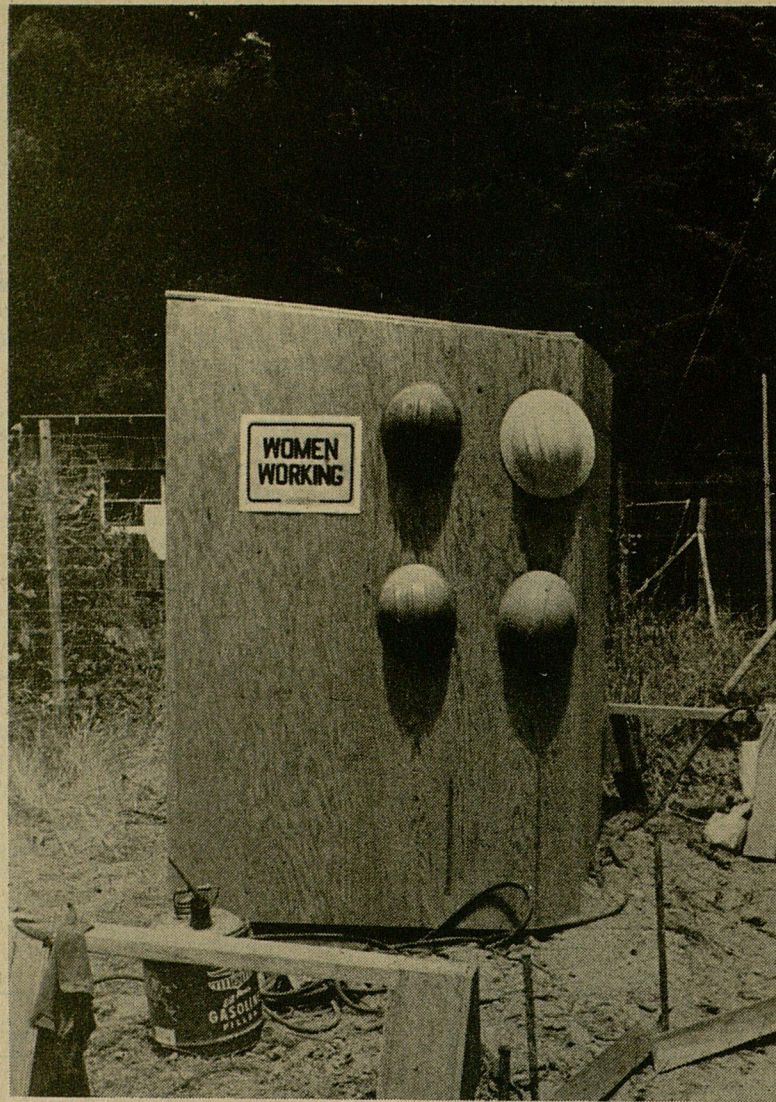


I usually prefer the boxlike style (for 2' levels, because of the versatility as a straight-edge - i.e. it can be used to mark or draw straight lines.

Long levels (eg. 6') are unbeatable for precision and handiness, but they are expensive. Also delicate - don't leave them leaning against a wall or anywhere they could get bumped and fall down; don't leave them on the floor to be stepped on. The 2' level is a convenient size to handle and isn't as expensive as a larger size. Its shortness allows for getting into tighter spots. And for long spans, if you can find a very straight long board, use it as an impromptu extension of your level. Lay the long board on top of the two points you need to level (or hold it in position), then put the 2' level on top of the straight board.

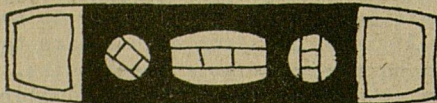


continued



This method may not be as accurate as a longer level, but is an excellent substitute.

The torpedo level is a small (1' or smaller) and very sensitive level. It is used mostly in cabinet making, shelves, etc.

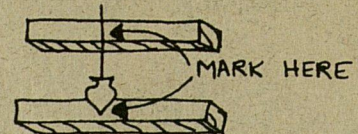


Line levels are very small, only several inches long..They can be used over a long distance since they are attached to a string of whatever length. They are inexpensive, but that's one of their few advantages - the string sags and is inaccurate.



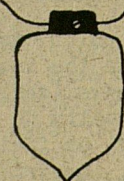
Plumb bobs come in various shapes and are fabricated out of dense metals. A sharp point, which is hard and durable, is most preferred. The heavier the bob, the less it will sway, the more accurately it will stay in position, and the easier it is to mark or measure. A string of whatever length is attached to the top of the

bob. The bob is suspended (by hand or from a nail) and used to get points which are vertically in line with each other.

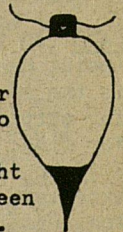


POOR DESIGN

GOOD DESIGN



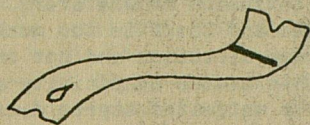
not a very sharp point
not tapered



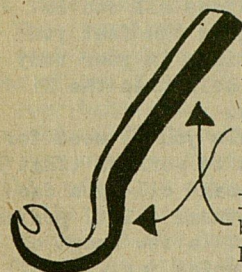
easier to
see point
from above;
greater taper
allows bob to
move nearer
corners, tight
places, between
strings, etc.

WRECKING TOOLS also deserve a whole discussion. For one thing, they're useful in ways besides tearing things apart or down. For example, when you're working alone, pry bars are handy as shims or leverage, holding something up until you get it nailed. Besides crowbars of various shapes and sizes, I'd like to mention 2 other wrecking tools.

The wonderbar is indeed a wonder, with many applications and advantages. "Wonderbar" is a trade name (it goes by other names too) for a small, flat prying tool. It's easy to handle, not burdensome to drag around like a crowbar, and it fits on my tool belt. Never-the-less it is good at prying, nail pulling, even crude chiseling. It's my favorite and most often used wrecking tool.



The Cat's paw is especially designed for digging out nails which are sunk too far into the wood to reach with a hammer claw or crowbar.

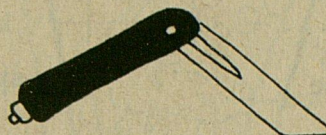


hit here with hammer, causing the paw to dig into the wood under the nail head

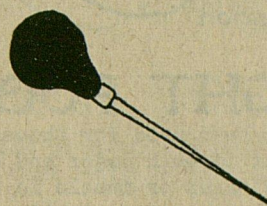
leverage on the handle then begins to pull the nail out. Do the rest with a hammer or crowbar if you prefer.

There are three tools which are fairly inexpensive and definitely handy to have in your tool collection; they are three of my favorite often used tools (and I couldn't resist adding them to this list...). When you are thinking of building a basic tool collection, these are some of the first to consider, beyond the basic hammer, saw, etc essentials.

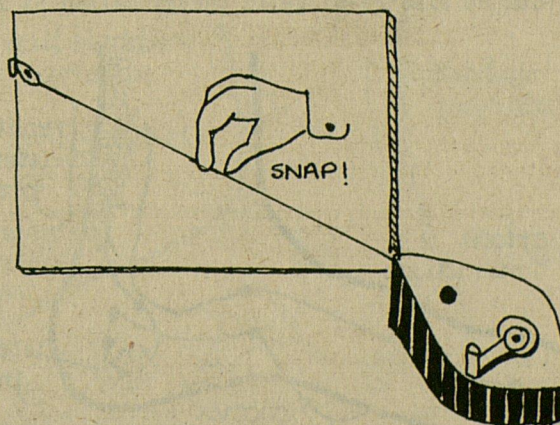
The bevel is used to measure angles. You can set it at any angle and transfer the mark to another piece of wood. Great for working with rafters, doing diagonal bracing, etc.



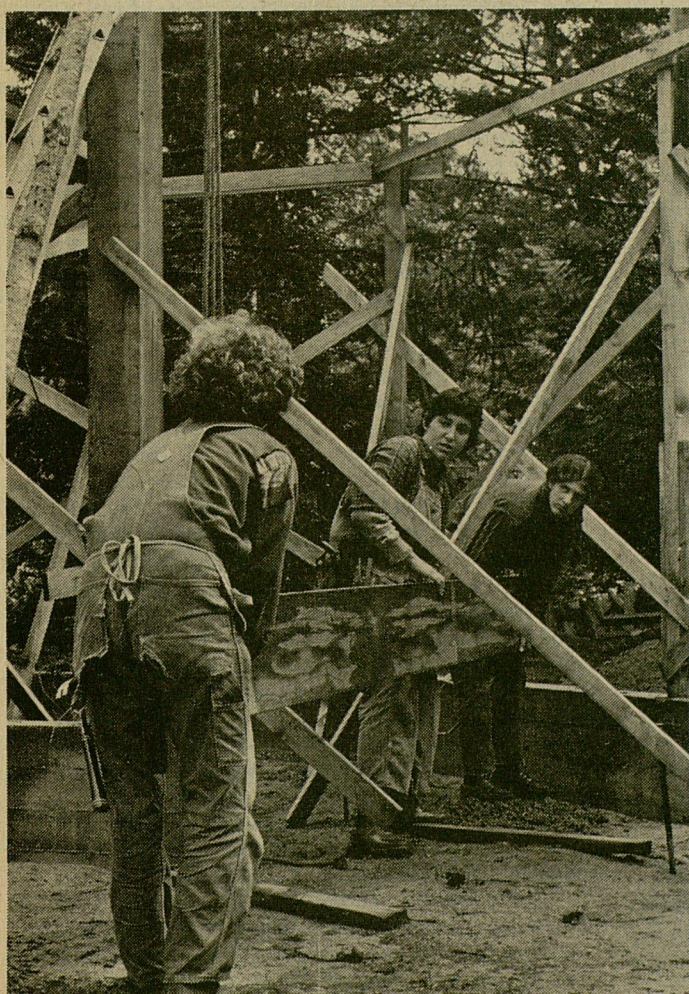
The scratch awl is just a pocket tool that I automatically include in my tool belt. Its very thin point is good for scraping, poking, making marks (instead of pencil), picking the paint out of old screw slots, etc, etc. Often I use it to make a small indentation before drilling - just a tap with the hammer on the awl makes a small hole just right for guiding the drill bit at the start.



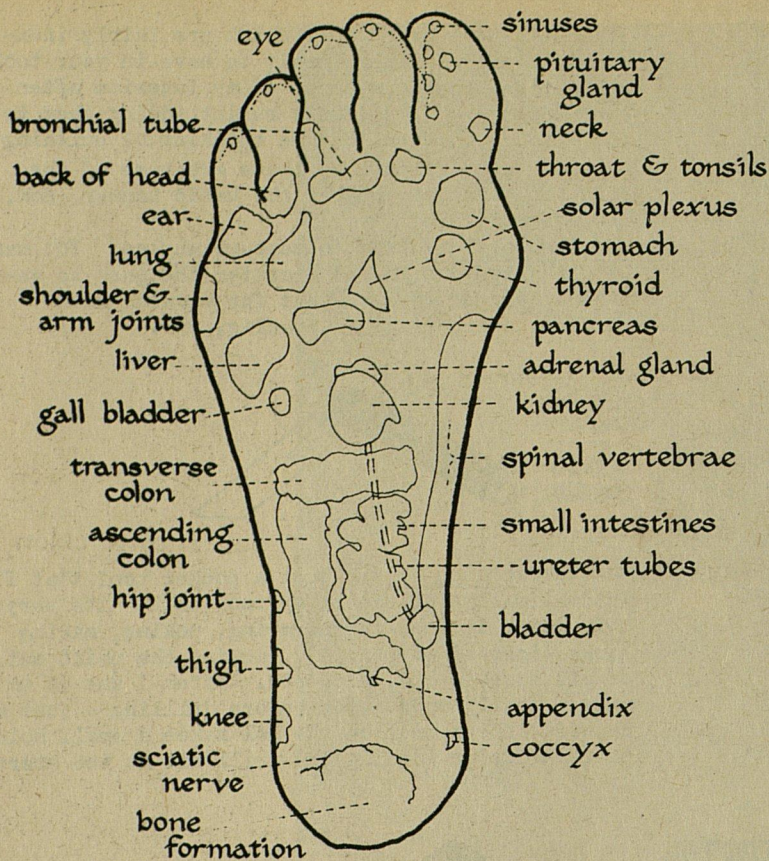
The chalk line is another tool of unlimited uses - as many as you can dream up. It's a string wound up in a container of chalk(refillable). Pull the string out, hold it tight at both ends, and snap it in the middle - an automatically straight line is marked for you. Good for marking a line to cut plywood, for example, especially if you have to cut an angle; or to put a mark to line up the bottom plate of your wall.



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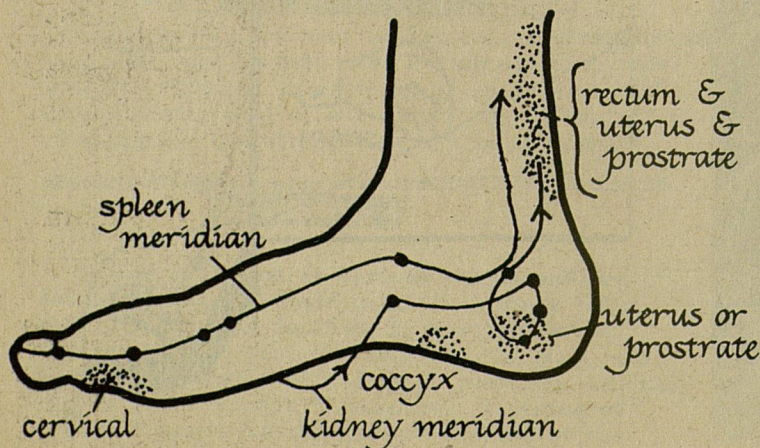


Foot



RIGHT FOOT

Foot massage has been used for thousands of years to aid in the treatment of both major and minor illness. For every important organ or muscle in the trunk there is a tiny area that corresponds to it on the foot. By stimulating these areas by a series of light pounding, rubbing and gentle or pressure-point massage you help tonify and heal these parts of your body. There are two theories as to how this works; one is that all the important nerve endings throughout your body end at various points on your feet so that stimulating circulation in these areas aids the natural cycle of the corresponding organs. The second theory is that there is an energy circulatory system in your body called meridians. Stimulation of the meridians and points located on the meridians affects the autonomic nervous system. These meridians pick up electro-magnetic energy called Ki from the



cosmos through pressure points which dot the meridians' channel. These pressure points are closely related to organs in the human body. Sometimes through tension, diet, lack of rest, confusion or whatever, these points get blocked and there is too much Ki energy going in one direction and not enough in another. This causes sensitivity and or pain and if gone untreated starts damaging the related organ.

There are five major meridians in the body (1) Gall Bladder (2) Small Intestine (3) Large Intestine (4) Bladder (5) Triple Warmer. These five meridians all end in your feet, thus by massaging the feet you help stop the pressure points in your body from getting blocked and help keep the Ki energy circulating freely.

The essential materials you'll need for massage are: 1. a person to work on (that's always easy) 2. some massage oil--you can make some from a light natural oil (I prefer safflower), and some scent (a few drops of almond extract in an old spice jar with oil makes a delicious scent, something like macaroons) 3. a pad or massage table--you can build one yourself that folds into a suitcase size for storage. It's almost essential if you start getting into massage on a regular basis. It makes it so much easier to work on a body. 4. a blanket to help keep the recipient's body warm.

Before the massage try to relax. Empty your mind of tension and all thought. Try a form of meditation. This helps clear your head and ready it for receiving energy from the cosmos. After you have accomplished this have your friend lie down on her back with her arms along her sides and relax. Cover her with a blanket and leave her head and feet exposed. Next, hold both her feet's toes with your hands and have her breathe evenly. Close your eyes and think of white light coming through the top of your head and out your hands and surrounding her body. This way you are channeling white (color of purity and cleansing) light energy through you instead of using your own personal energy. Have her inhale and press deeply on her exhale to calm to stimulate. (Note: in applying pressure try and use your whole body weight instead of tensing your arms and hands. This helps you stay relaxed and helps keep your energy high.) Rotate each toe, first in one direction then in another, to help loosen tension. Next pull on each toe, it should crack. This sound is produced by air releasing from the muscle where it was causing unnecessary pressure.

Go over the whole foot using the same constant pressure massaging the tops, sides and bottom of the feet. If your thumbs get tired use two fingers at a time or make a

Massage

fist and use your knuckles.

Shake your hands out periodically throughout the massage. This helps rid yourself of any tension and negative energy you may have picked up from her body.

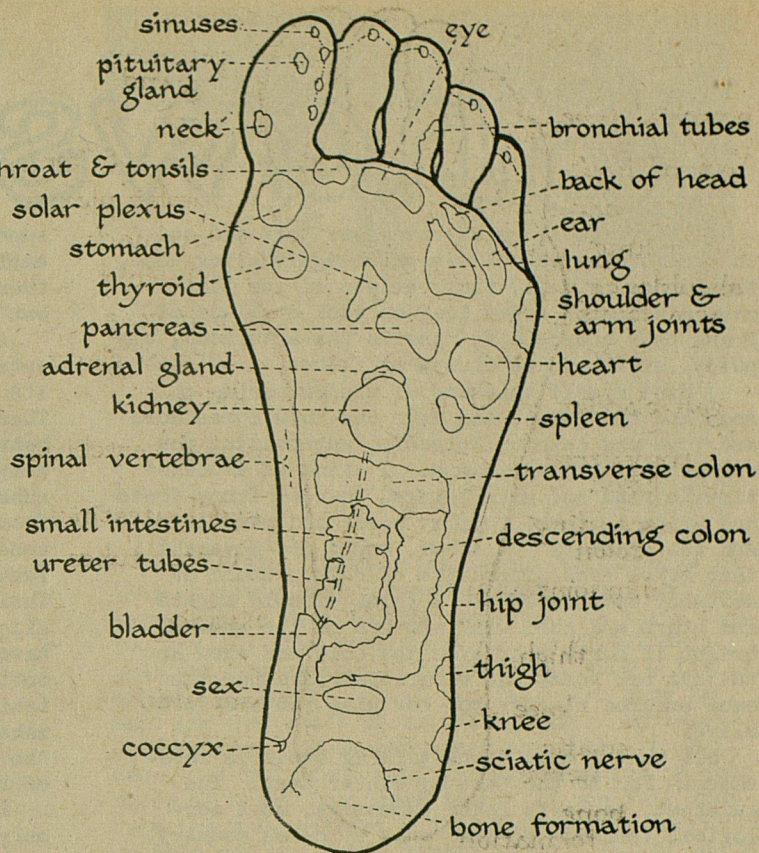
When you have gone over both sides of the feet, pinch both sides of the achilles tendon and press, on the exhale, a pressure point under the inside ankle bone. This is an important pressure point and easy to find due to its extreme sensitivity. The ankles are an important place to work on since then, unblocked Ki energy can flow freely to your feet thus benefitting your whole body.

When you have finished massaging both the foot and the ankle, start slapping all sides of the foot with a loose hand. Shake out your hands--now gently run your hands down the calf, over the ankle around the foot and out the toes in a pulling motion. Do this over and over, but more lightly each time till you break contact, shaking out your hands at the end of each stroke.

Start the other foot using the same method.

When you have finished hold both feet in your hands, close your eyes and again think of white light entering the top of your head going out your hands and surrounding her body. Break contact and go wash your hands in cold water. This helps dissolve any accumulated negative energy.

After a foot massage it is a good idea to hold your friend's head in your hands and do the same white light channeling. If you have the time and energy, do a face and head massage, if not, a few minutes of holding helps equalize the energy flow in the body by drawing some energy back to the head.



LEFT FOOT

Massage is an open sharing warm experience, so have a fine time. More next issue on how to do the head and face.

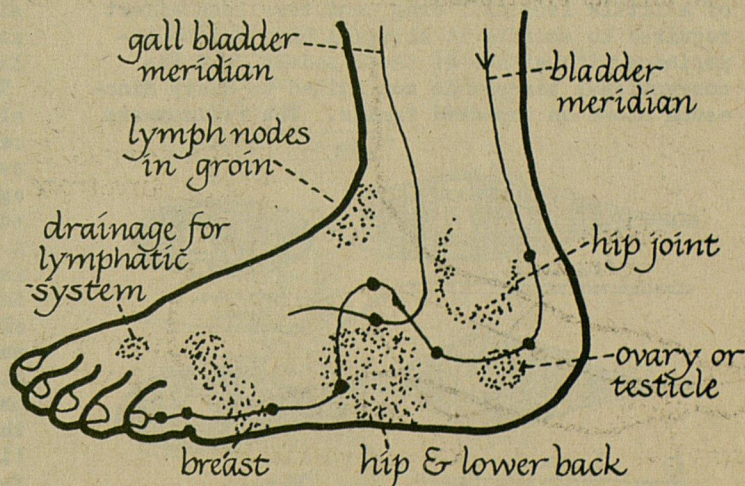
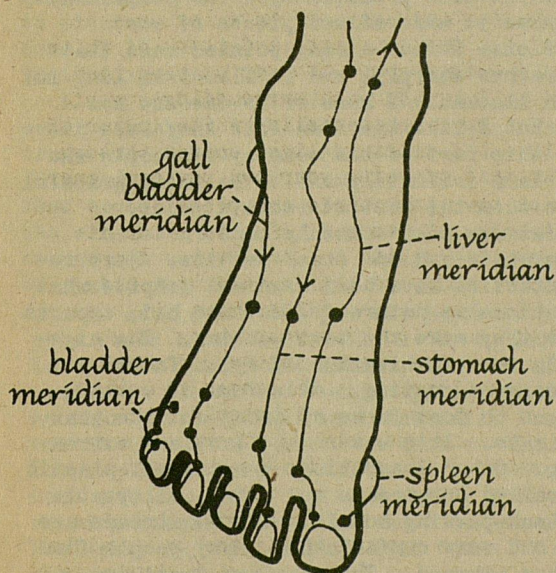
The points on the foot chart are approximate. Every foot is a little different. With practice you will learn to feel these differences.

Recommended Literature:

Stories the Feet Can Tell by Eunice Ingham

The First Book of Dō-In by Jacques de Langre

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Snowshoes

All day snowflurries have come off and on. In the morning when I was outside gathering wood, the corn snow fell, tiny pellets of ice that make a noise on every leaf or rock or blade of grass they bounce off. And in the afternoon, big puffy, silent white clumps of flakes.

I find myself thinking of winter coming on soon and the quiet, the days the snow comes down and down and down noiselessly, surrounding you everywhere with whiteness. I think of abundant time to read and make things, to cook fancy foods and write letters, to play music and make love. And the scarcity of color, sound and movement that makes each experience of color, sound or movement more intense. I think of cold nights and stars and cold wind and sun on the snow so bright it hurts your eyes and cold and snow up to your hip bone; the occasional hardship that once endured reminds you how glad you are to be alive.

But what I mean to be talking about is snowshoes. For me they are my winter feet. The quietest, easiest, least expensive, most ecological (perhaps rivaled only by cross country skis) way to travel in the northwoods.

Whether you use snowshoes for recreation, sport or survival as we do living ½ mile off in the woods from the nearest dirt road, it's good to have an understanding of their construction and design.

The modified bear paw snowshoe is one shoe highly recommended for brushy country where sharp turns may often be required. There are two models that have been notably refined. The Green Mountain model, while retaining the rounded tail of the standard bear paw is narrower and longer and has some turn up in front. The Westover model has a stubby squared off tail. In making the choice between the two it's good to keep in mind that the Green Mountain is probably best for hilly and mountainous country where its narrow shape makes it less able to tilt down slope. On the easier terrain, the Westover has the slight advantage of a little less tail drag, and thus less effort required to shuffle it along. I have had no experience with either of these models, but the conventional bearpaw is not suited to heavy Minnesota snows on unpacked trails. The refinements

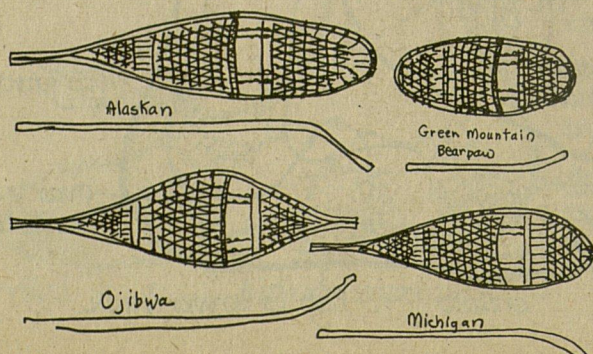
sound good. On crusted snow, packed trail or early winter snows, before they get too deep, there is no question that the bearpaw is easiest to handle.

Another style highly recommended and used extensively in the north country is the Maine or its nearly identical sibling, the Michigan. These are the "regular" snowshoes. The kind you mentally picture when the word is mentioned, a teardrop shape with a broad, slightly upturned nose and a long narrow tail. The Maine differs from the Michigan in its slightly more pointed nose, slightly more upturned. These models function best on trails and in open areas. Their width I have found makes walking in them slightly more awkward than some styles. You have to take big enough steps to avoid stepping on the edge of the opposite shoe. The long tails of the Maine and the Michigan, however, make them easy to direct and since they weight the back slightly down, help bring the tips out of the deep snow.

The Alaskan, another fine model, not so commonly seen, but highly recommended by some Minnesotans is long and narrow with a distinctly upturned toe. It is great for deep snow and open spaces. Its long length gives heavy people more stability, but decreases maneuverability in tight spots. The narrow, almost ski-like shape makes shuffling along possible at a rapid pace. For speed, this style surpasses the others. The distinctly upturned toe keeps you from getting the tip of the snowshoe caught under a crust of ice or snow.

One other model deserves some mention, the Ojibwa, an uncommon, but beautiful snowshoe designed for country like ours. It can be specially ordered and is mass produced by a few companies. This snowshoe is made of two pieces of wood instead of one. It has a long pointed nose that turns up rather sharply, and is almost as long and thin as an Alaskan. I know of no one who has used one, but I like the idea that they were designed in this part of the country by people who knew this land intimately and to me their graceful lines make them the most attractive model.

Snowshoes are most commonly constructed of slow grown white ash and steer rawhide. More recently synthetics have been used and despite whatever objections we nature freaks have had, experts agree that they make the best webbing. The highest quality is a combination of nylon fabric and a heavy neoprene coating. This form of webbing is resistant to most forms of decay and the gnawing of animals. It's water repellent and extremely strong. Other innovations are the all-plastic snowshoe called Snowtreads and a few collapsable aluminum back-packing models. The snowtreads are cheap but not very comfortable. Many people find the bindings awkward. The aluminum frame is lightest of any model, but was basically designed for emergency, not day in and out, rugged, use.



When purchasing snowshoes it's wise to look the frame over carefully for knots or imperfections. The grain of the white ash should be smooth and straight. Examine the joints where the crossbars are mortised into the frame and be sure that everything is smooth so it won't wear into the webbing. No matter what kind of webbing you choose, the important thing to consider is the tightness of the strands. Loose or slack webbing means poor workmanship and it will get looser and slacker when it gets wet. Walking on loose webbing is like sleeping on a soft mattress, probably worse.

For coarse, granular surfaces, corn snow or thick crusts and wind-packed surfaces, a heavy open webbing is best. On light, fluffy snows a fine mesh is more desirable. Be sure to check the master cord running straight across the snowshoe just below the toe hole to which the bindings are attached. The master cord takes the most wear of any part on the snowshoe. Pay attention too, to the size of the toe hole. If your feet are large or if you expect to wear big boots like Sorrels, you'll want a big toe hole.

Weight is another consideration. A big person naturally needs larger, longer snowshoes, yet when selecting a snowshoe, the lightest weight possible should be chosen.

To care for your snowshoe all you need to do is give them an occasional coat of waterproof Spar Varnish whenever the finish gets worn. This keeps the rawhide from soaking up water and loosening up. Synthetic lacing needs no varnish, but the frames do from time to time.

There are more kinds of bindings than there are snowshoes and they are in my opinion, more important than the kind of snowshoe. Nothing can be more frustrating than a pair of bindings that slip off or don't fit right. The most usual binding is a simple combination of wide toe piece and leather heal strap with a cross strap over the instep. It can easily be made if you have a supply of leather, but if you buy one be careful. Cheap models skimp on the leather and allow too little room for the toe. The squaw hitch and the alaskan hitch are even simpler to make, but hard to diagram, so if you're into it, you should check some of the resources listed below and look at their diagrams. They can draw better than I can.

Along with the bindings, the kind of shoes you wear can make a significant difference in your traveling pleasure as well as the depreciation of your snowshoe. Traditionally the high topped leather moccasin is most comfortable and easiest on the snowshoe. Unhoiled leather is warmest, but of course not waterproof. A cheap replacement, good only when you're sure it's too cold to thaw, are canvas mukluks which you can purchase at a surplus store or make for only a few dollars. Wear heavy felt liners underneath them for warmth and comfort. (It's next best to going barefoot). Another good combination, especially for warmer, wetter days is a rubber overshoe on top of a felt boot. Sorrel boots and Snowmobile boots are both warm and waterproof but not really designed for walking long distances and hard on snowshoes, besides. Any boot with a heel tends to wear down the snowshoe's webbing.

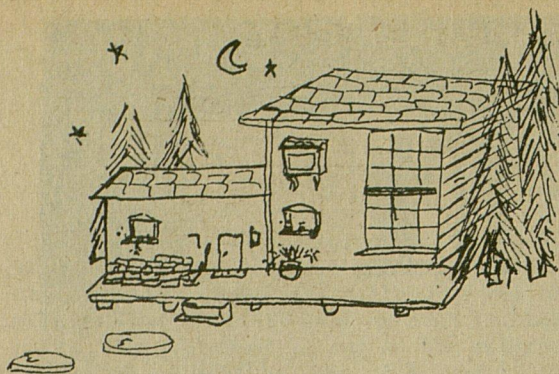


One of the nicest things about snowshoeing is that it needs little practice and hardly any instruction to feel fairly confident the first time you try it. The best thing to do is put on a pair and try walking. You may find them a little awkward at first, but if you fall down snow is soft and you won't be traveling fast. Sometimes recreational snowshoers carry ski poles for balance. If you don't mind having something in your hands it might be a good idea. If you fall deep into the snow without a friend or a tree nearby to help you up, don't thrash about. If you can't get your snowshoes into position to stand up on, you can always take them off. Use them as a board to push your self out and start over again. That's all I know. You can find out more by reading the following resources. It's snowing again outside my window.....

Much of the material for this article was gleaned from The Snowshoe Book by William Osgood and Leslie Hurley, The Stephen Greene Press, 1971; other good sources are Appalachia, a periodical published 13 times a year by the Appalachian Mountain Club (2 Joy St., Boston, Mass.) and The Beaver published quarterly by the Hudson Bay Company, Winnipeg, 1, Canada. The Snowshoe Book, paperback, contains alot of nice illustration and is worth a few \$'s.

SNOWSHOE SIZE GUIDE

WEIGHT (in lbs.)	SIZE (in inches)
<u>Westover bearpaw</u>	
125-150	12x34
150-180	13x35
180-210	14x35
<u>Green Mt. bearpaw</u>	
up to 200	10x36
<u>Maine</u>	
30-50	9x30
50-60	10x36
60-90	11x40
100-125	12x42
125-150	12x48
150-175	13x48
175-200	14x48
<u>MICHIGAN</u>	
150-175	13x48
175-200	14x48
200-250	14x52
<u>ALASKAN</u>	
125-150	10x48
150-175	10x56
175-200	12x60



The Post and Beam House as I know it

Let me begin this article with the usual number of female apologies. I am not now, nor have I ever been a carpenter. For three years I watched the men around me build houses while I worked on the designs, calculated the amount of lumber needed, became adept with the vocabulary - "Uh, pass me over that girder so I can apply a gusset to this truss," - I was gaining knowledge but the frustrating and demoralizing truth of the matter was that I could not (or assumed I couldn't) drive a nail in straight, measure correctly or build anything that would stand. My knowledge was impotent - potential energy in a passive form.

Well, circumstances have changed. I still have trouble hitting nails straight (primo on the pry bar though), but I am almost finished with a 16' x 16' 1 1/2 story addition to my cabin which I keep making more ornate because it has been so much fun to build. It is the pure joy, ecstasy unbound, that I have felt from working on this building that encourages me to write this article to encourage you.

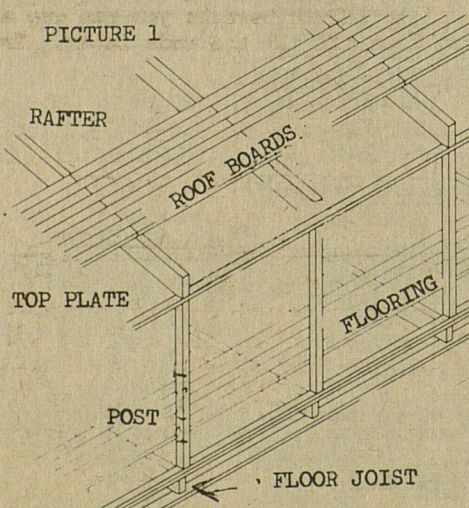
Following is a description of the method which I used. I have no idea if this is the absolute best or easiest way, but it worked and I was able to use the materials I had available. Warning- if you tend to be obsessive Beware. Gone is that empty moment - you will begin to live, breathe and be possessed by your building. Ideas will come to you

in the middle of the night, you will pore over carpentry books, (mumbling strange words) while you eat; your friends will turn away bored, their eyes findrinny and glazed, and worst of all you will never again enter a house without surreptitiously if not openly checking out all the details of construction, no doubt noting shoddy workmanship. But - let's begin.

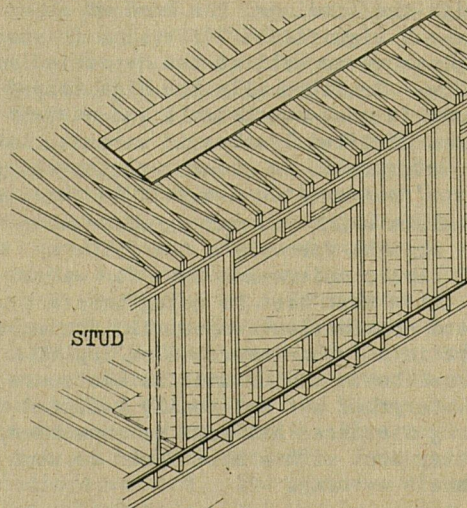
Post and beam differs from 2x4 stud construction in that the posts (4x4's) are set on a minimum of 4' centers with each post raised individually. Post and beam construction dates back to some of the earliest buildings of Greece and shows up in traditional Japanese homes, half timbered Tudor houses and early American homes and barns. This construction was followed in the middle of the 19th century by the development of conventional frame construction using lighter 2x4's in the stud wall. A well planned post and beam framing has fewer but larger pieces resulting in simpler details, fewer joints and faster erection.* Unfortunately books like Low Cost Wood Homes for Rural America (\$1.00 U.S. Dept. of Agriculture), which were extremely useful for foundation, roof, window and door framing information contained little about post and beam. This was the only book I really consulted, therefore I punted a lot.

* see picture 1

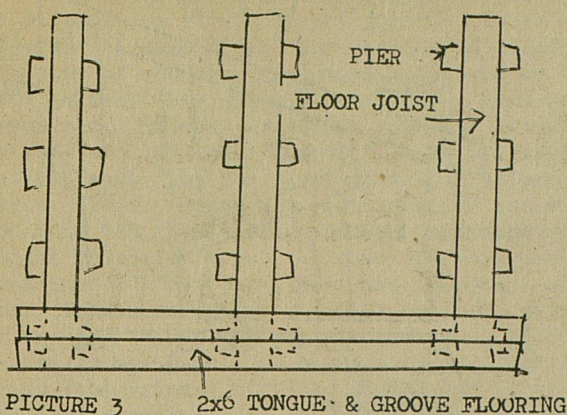
POST + BEAM FRAMING



CONVENTIONAL FRAMING



TOP VIEW OF PIERS

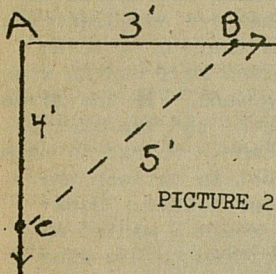


PICTURE 3

2x6 TONGUE & GROOVE FLOORING

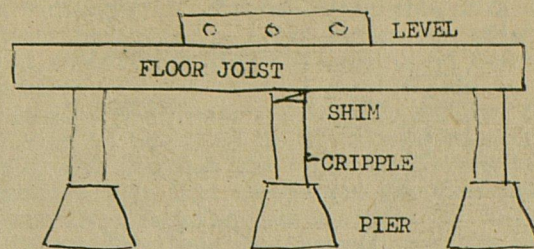
LAYING OUT

Begin by finding a relatively level site on which to set your piers. I assume you are not using a continuous cement foundation which is required for a code house but not really necessary for a small cabin. Good drainage is essential, be certain that natural drainage is away from the house, or such drainage can easily be assured by modification of ground slope. Working on a 4 foot module (to fit standard lumber sizes), and using stakes and string, I laid out a rectangle, I chose 16'x20'. Check that diagonals are equal. Right angles can be assured by using the 3-4-5 (or a multiple of it ie. 9-12-15) Pythagorean rule. Measure 3' from point A which would be the end of your first wall. This is B. Now measure 4' from A on the perpendicular wall to point C. If your rectangle is true then the line BC should be 5'. If it is not, correct the AB line. The perimeter piers were placed on 4' centers and interior on 5 1/3'. A sliding string was tied to 2 parallel lines and by moving it equal distances from the starting point it was easy to get my piers in straight rows. Use your level to make sure the top of each pier is level, but it is not mandatory that they be the same height, relative to each other.



PICTURE 2

SIDE VIEW OF JOISTS

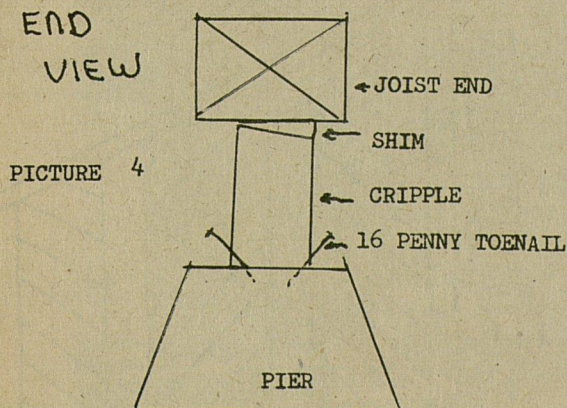


PICTURE 5

PLATFORM Now, beginning at one end of the floor joist I cut cripples long enough (picture 4) to insure that I would have an adequate crawl space under the floor to install plumbing later. (If your piers were not even your cripples will be different lengths, but the top of joists, the floor and the rest of the building will be level.) These cripples got toe nailed into the wooden center of the piers. Your floor joists will sit on these cripples. Now place the end joist over the first row of piers adjusting the length of the end cripple to assure levelness. Use shims so that when you set the level on floor joist it will check out (picture 5). For size of center cripples measure from top of pier to bottom of joist. Now lay second joist across the next row of piers but also make sure the second joist is level with the first by placing a board across them and using level (see picture 6). Proceed in like manner. For a 20' building you will have 6 floor joists. Cut 2x6 blocking, and toe nailed from top into ends of floor joist these will keep the joists from twisting.

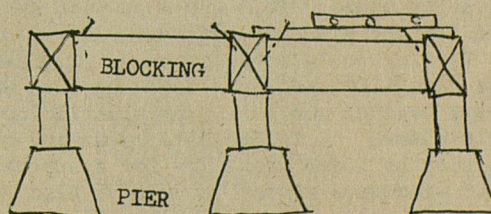
Now a 2x6 tongue and groove floor was laid (see picture 2 again). A 2" thick floor is customary, since a thinner floor requires a plywood subfloor and usually turns out to be more expensive. Make sure the first board is not warped and using 16 penny nails toenail through tongue into each joist. A heavier 22 ounce framing hammer makes this job easier. Use a nail set. Floor boards do not have to be cut to length because you can use a chalk line and lope off all the ends later. Trick--to

END VIEW



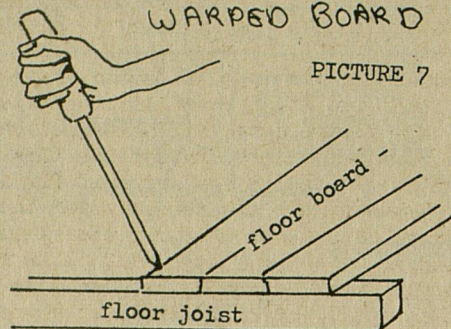
PICTURE 4

END VIEW OF JOISTS



PICTURE 6

continued

BRINGING OVER THE
WARPED BOARD

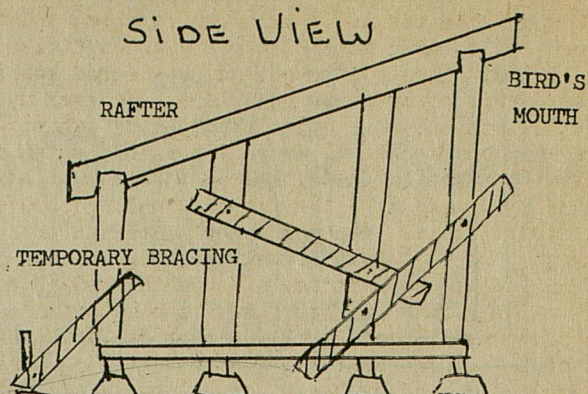
PICTURE 7

bring bent boards into groove hit a large screw driver or old chisel into joist at far side of floor board and then pull towards you (picture 7). This works with paneling too. Continue working- it takes a long time but by the end of the day you should have a platform on which you can now begin a feminist theater festival, learn to tap dance, or go to sleep perchance to dream of curly redwood walls and sanded ash cabinets.

Important note: I worked with a friend because 2 people are more than twice as effective as 1 and the continual energy flow was greater. We set up a regular 5 day work week working 6-9 hours a day. I found that long days felt more productive and satisfying since getting tools in and out and setting up, not to mention getting courage and confidence up, took a lot of time and energy. A list for needed materials was posted and up-coming work jobs were also listed. In fact we got real big on lists.

WALL POSTS AND TOP PLATE Next step was cutting the posts. I used full 4x4's on four foot centers on front and back wall and 4x4's on 5' centers on sidewalls. I wanted an 8' to 12' pitched shed roof so that rain would run merrily down and off with nary a thought of lingering. The high roof also allowed a good sized loft in half the building and a nice high ceiling, lots of psychic space in the studio below. The posts were cut ceiling height, minus the width of the top plate, and raised individually. Check for plumb by using level on 2 adjacent sides. Then 8 20 penny nails were used to toe nail the posts into the platform (nail goes through floor board in to joist). The first post is temporarily braced to a stake in the ground and to the side of platform. Following posts were also diagonally braced to each other as well as the ground. The shorter back eight foot wall was done first and then a rough 2x4 was nailed across the top of the post as a top plate. This was done with two ladders and the top plate sturdied this all up quite a bit. Raising posts is definitely a 2 woman job. Next the high (12') wall was done the same way. (Temporary bracing must be intense until top plate gets into place.) I fudged here by moving one post off the pier by 1 foot to allow for a special set of 5'x10' windows I wanted to use. I also realized that the side posts were not really that structurally important and that I could put up my rafters first and then measure down to get my side post just the right height.

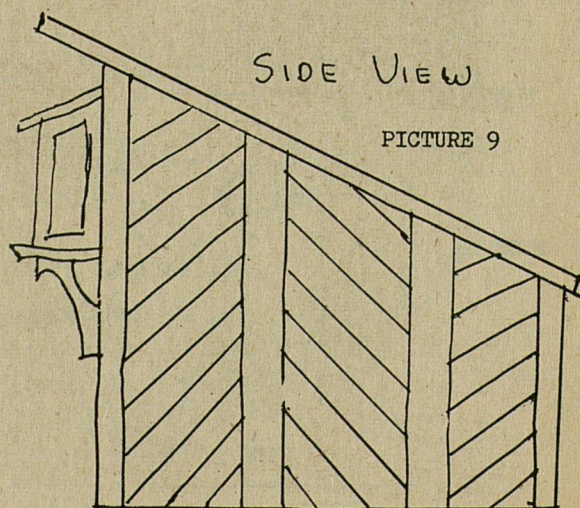
SIDE VIEW



PICTURE 8

RAFTERS At this point I consulted carpentry books like the new mother consults Doctor Spock until I learned how a rafter square is used to cut birds mouths, which are the notch in the rafter that allow it to sit securely on the top plate (picture 8). My rafters, alternately known as exposed ceiling beams or roof joists, were rough 3x6's (on 4 foot centers of course) so they would rest on the post that rested on the piers (picture 1). It was a glorious day when we rose high the roof beams - one extra friend was imported for help. With one end of the rafter on my shoulder I walked it up the ladder, my friends pushing below until the high end was up. Then my working comrade took her end up another ladder. And although there are all sorts of fancy metal joist hangers that are excellent, the odd sized lumber we had forbade their use, so we used the old 16 penny nail- driven half way in when the rafters were still on the ground. If the birds' mouths were cut to an equal depth, the top of the rafters should be on a level plane - we had to shim a bit. Next 2x4 blocking was set in between the rafters like we did for the floor joists. Backward as it seems, I now decided where I wanted my side posts placed with consideration to the size of my windows to avoid extra framing later. The top of the side posts were cut at the same angle as the rafters with the back half notched to hold the joist.

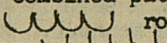
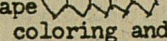
SIDE VIEW



PICTURE 9

My building was now framed and raftered and although it looked a little like a giant's tinker toy, I thought it magnificent and considered keeping it as a sort of open-air sculpture. However my fanciful notions were quickly purged by a hard 4 days rain and I came to my senses thinking "roof".

The roof was 1x8 cedar boards face nailed across the rafters much like the floor is nailed across the floor joists. Since a 2 inch material is usually used it was a bit springy so we kept most of our weight on the rafters. 1" sheathing was perhaps pushing it a bit but funds were important and the cedar made a beautiful interior ceiling. On top of the boards went $\frac{1}{2}$ " rigid insulation, 2'x8' tongue and groove panels of asphalt back celutex. Then came fiber-glass shingles. Metal $1\frac{1}{2}$ " right angle flashing went around the edges over the insulation but under the shingles - the offensive silver edge was painted first with Rustoleum Red. Note: Saved for another rainy day is the continuing story of "Harriet and the Not One But Two 4'x8' Glass Sky Lights!!"

Now the fun began. Rough framing for windows and doors were filled in between the posts. The 12' high front wall was braced with 4x8 plywood blows that would form a nailing surface for the intricate shingling pattern I had planned. Cutting the shingles may take an extra day or so but the results were worth it. The combined pattern of 3 straight rows, 3 fish tail  rows, 3 straight, and then 3 diamond shape  was phenomenal. (At this point high coloring and a feverish excited manner began to be noted by builders' friends.)

In order to keep the post visible on the inside and make paneling easier the following method was used. First the interior panelling was applied on the outside of the building, followed by rigid insulation, (Celutex or styrofoam), tar or vapor pa-

per and finally the outside sheathing. I used 1x8 V Groove Rustic on all but the front. The paneling and siding on the side wall was done in a chevron pattern (picture 9). A Bay Window was added to the front at loft level and already is my favorite dreaming spot.

Because the inside panelling is exposed for a while it is important to do this as quickly as possible, and although the rigid insulation is more expensive than foil insulation the time saved and flexibility in design was worth it for me.

The windows were now secured, and the loft built and padded with foam, my first closet in four years finished, and I happily moved in. I am still completing the most rewarding project I've ever begun. In retrospect I am still amazed at how easy it is.

My skill was minimal, and to make a maudlin comparison, it was much like sewing, only the materials were different. You measure, cut and join, no darts. Architectually the concept for a simple building is less complicated than a Vogue suit pattern, but the knowledge that I can provide a shelter for myself and daughter under any conditions is certainly sweet.

JOIST--main structural floor supports

CRIPPLE--short posts used between piers and floor joists

SHIM--thin pieces of wood used as wedges to insure level

BLOCKING--horizontal members cut between joists and rafters to insure level

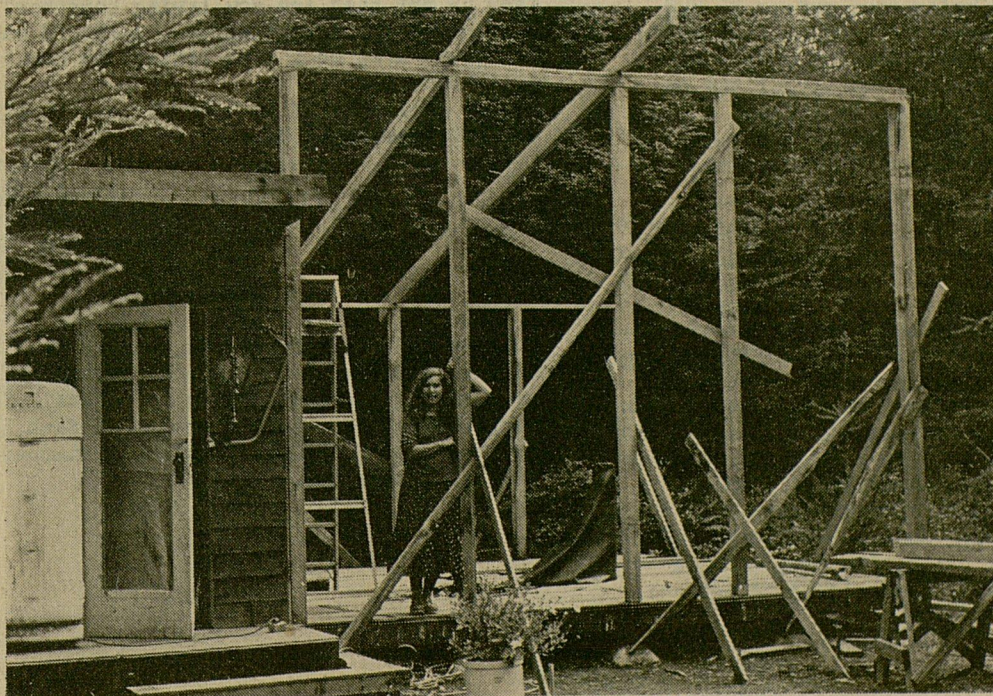
RAFTER--main structural roof supports

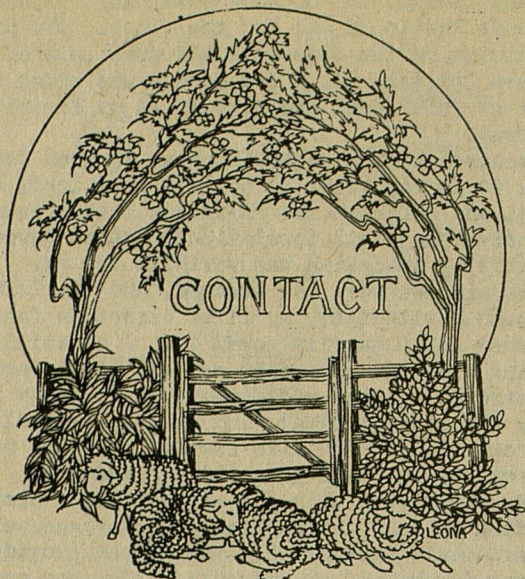
SHED ROOF--simplest one plane slant roof

TEMPORARY BRACING--diagonal strips nailed to vertical members to increase rigidity

PLUMB--perpendicular to level

♀





Salmon Creek Farm is seeking a few more members. We are currently about 15; half kids, half grown-ups, consciousness raising ourselves into an egalitarian commune. We're living together, building our cabins, sauna and (eventually) central house, making our garden, sharing. Working towards liberation. Several of us are also becoming a collective publishing company (we write, draw, gab, print poems, make posters, etc.) We need people with good energy and a minimum (but steady) income to meet monthly expenses of \$60 per month per person to live here (\$45 for kids). Write -- maybe you'd like to visit! Box 357, Albion, CA. 95410.

I have a 2 bedroom duplex in Redway, California and would like to rent one side to other lesbian feminists that would like to be here. It's across from the Eel River, so bring your pole. It has a fenced back yard, a stove and refrigerator and a heater (electric). It rents for \$90.00 per month plus utilities and a cleaning deposit of \$25.00. Please write for details, I may be getting a phone number. Please include your address and phone number. I forgot to say that there is a ship area between the units.

D. Wiltshire
P. O. Box 527
Redway, Cal.
95560

In January 1974 my flock of 50 ewes will be lambing. I could use some help feeding sheep, tending newborn lambs, just keeping a constant lookout for problems. It is a beautiful experience. If someone out there is interested, I could provide room and board for you here on a large and beautiful ranch which houses a community of people, in exchange for your help. I want to share this work, which makes me high, with someone who loves animals and doesn't mind work. If you've been wanting to learn about sheep raising, there's no better way.

Write to: Elna Widell
Box 41
Bodega, Calif.
94922

We are forming a small feminist "village" near Santa Fe, New Mexico. We're planning to buy a large piece of country land and divide it into separate pieces for separate households - about six households altogether. Households can be individual women, lesbian couples, women with children, women with men, families, small groups, and so forth. Then those who want to can co-operate in maybe woodworking, weaving, childcare, whatever. Plans are very flexible at this point, and the land is not yet chosen. If you would like to join us, please write soon.

We hope to have solar heating, wind-electric generators, methane gas. Would like to rely on women as much as possible for technical advice - if you are a woman and know about these things, please contact us. Houses will be inexpensive do-it-yourself structures - our minds are teeming with ideas - we'd like to exchange thoughts with women architects or builders.

Jubel Sky
Box 362
Pecos, New Mexico
87552

Dear Sisters,

I am presently working on my masters thesis on Lesbian Mothers. Many Lesbian mothers are now engaged in court cases to gain or regain custody of their children and are in need of support. My hope is that this thesis can be used to strengthen the arguments and dispel the negative stereotypes of Lesbian motherhood.

I have developed a questionnaire in conjunction with Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon and other members of the Lesbian community, which is now ready for distribution. My population of subjects can include any woman who considers herself to be a Lesbian who is raising or has raised a child whether or not they are now living together.

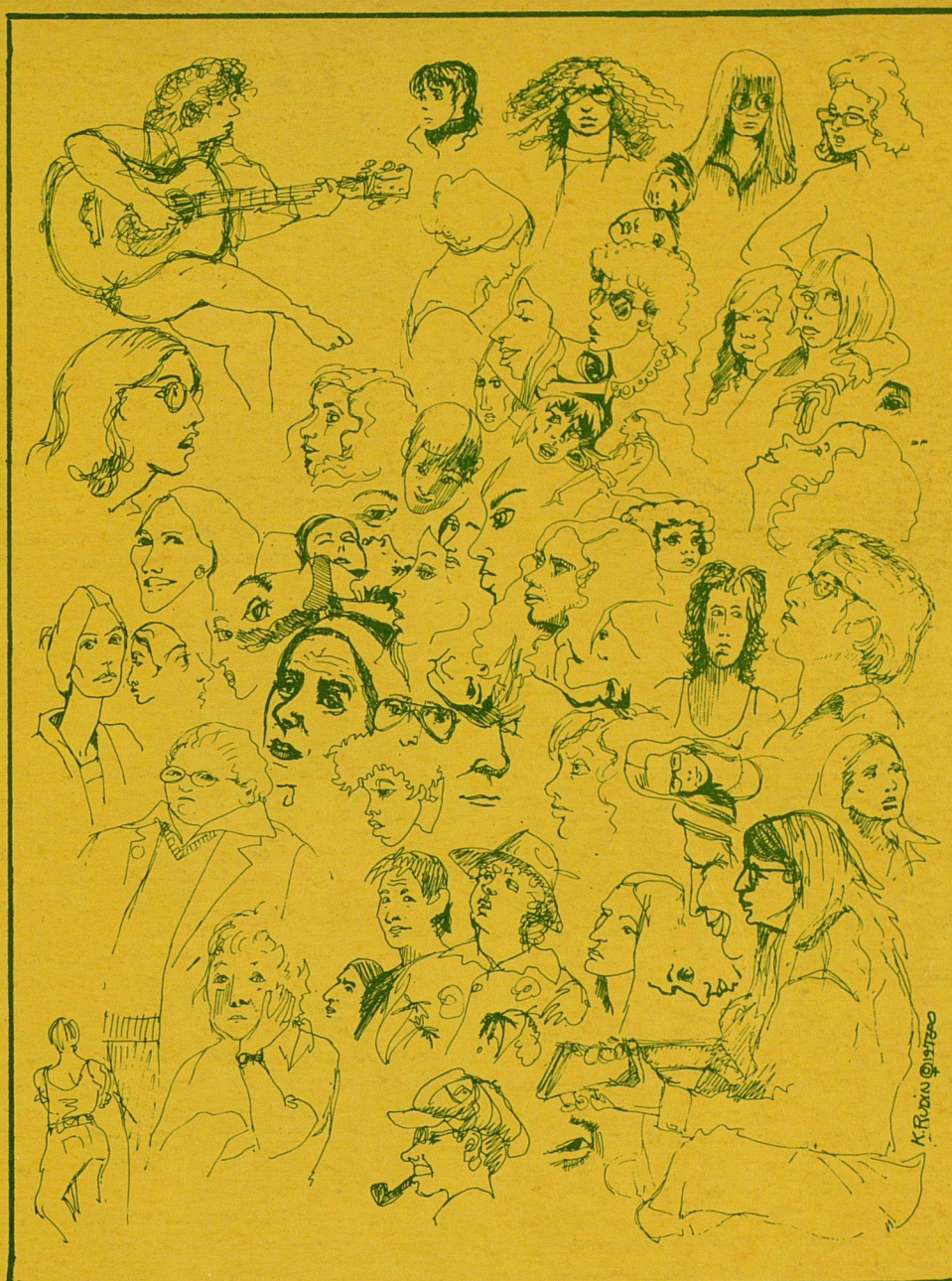
Women who are willing to complete a questionnaire can drop me a card letting me know they will participate.

All replies will be held strictly confidential and responses will be anonymous.

Barbara Bryant
School of Social Work
Calif. State University
Sacramento, Ca. 95819

ATTENTION POETS

Two New York City Feminists, Mary Orovan and Elayne Snyder, are compiling a poetry anthology. Work of a highly feminist nature is sought. Submit your poetry today to New Poets, 47 East 19th St., New York, N. Y. 10003. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



CREDITS:

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K. Rudin: 16, 17, 40, inside back cover

Slim: 57, 58

Tami Diane: 15

NEXT ISSUE:

Structures--An issue exploring the spaces we create:

Physically, women-built homes, barns, studios. How those structures reflect our feelings about ourselves and the environment around us.

Psychically, the structures we accept from the outside world and those we create for ourselves in our lives and our relationships.

Write, send photographics and graphics.

