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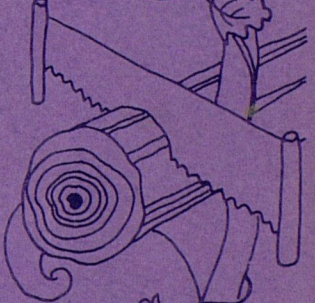
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[March 1973]

Women & Art



COUNTRY
WOMEN



VOL. I NO. III

We see Country♀ Women as a feminist country survival manual and a creative journal. It is for women living with women, with men, and alone, for women who live in the country already and for women who want to move out of the cities. We need to learn all that women can do in the country and learn to break out of oppressive roles and images. We need to reach out of our isolation from one another, to know that we aren't alone, that we aren't crazy, that there is a lot of love and strength and growing to share. Country♀ Women can bring us together...

Please help make the magazine happen. If you know how to run a tractor, build a hot bed, or raise a calf, write to us about what you've learned and how to do it. If you're part of a small group or a women's collective, use Country♀ Women to share what you're discovering. We also welcome poetry, quality photographs (preferably 5 x 7, must be black and white) and drawings. Hopefully the magazine can become a national exchange for women learning and growing in rural communities.

Each issue costs 60¢ and subscriptions are \$7.00 for a year (12 issues).

Our address: Country♀ Women/ Box 51/ Albion, Calif. 95410.



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*Lynda Koolish recently published a collection of her poems, drawings and photographs: Journeys on the Living. Copies \$1.95. Can be ordered from Lynda Koolish, 1525 Arch St. #7, Berkely, Calif. 94708

^oAppear in Watch Out, Brother, I'm Here! A book of women's liberation poems by Heather

Editorial Collective for Women and Art: Arlene, Carmen, Carolyn, Jeanne, Jenny, Nancy, River, Sherry

Help with this issue: Ann, Ellen, Freddie, Helen, Linda, Marcia

If a woman doesn't stay at home and keep the house because she is out making a film.....

If a woman won't be a 24 hr. a day babysitter because she needs 6 hours every day to paint....

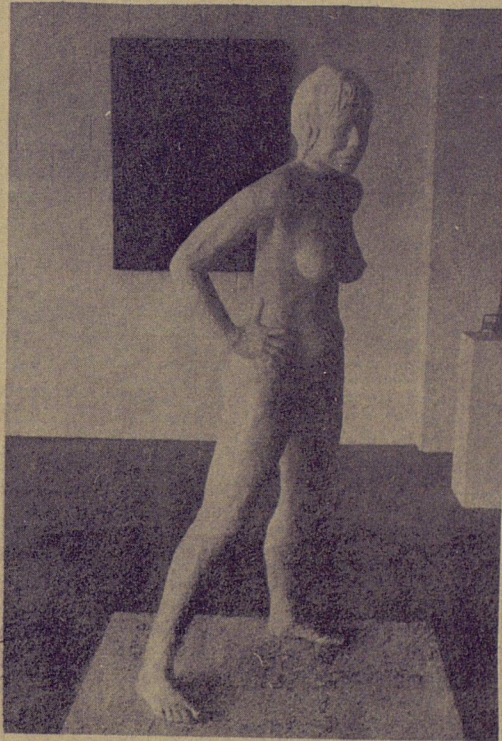
If a woman decides not to have children at all because she wants her music to be her life.....

If women encourage and support each other to be artists.....

If women are no longer content to let men paint pictures of who they are, but sculpt their own images.....



Naked 'Maja'
by Goya



Self-Image
by Joyce Plath

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

We will have a cultural, economic, psychological, physical CHANGE. Painful perhaps, slow, costing a lot of money and time to undo all of our conditioning, our internalized limitations. Now the change has begun, and we feel its beginnings. As we learn how to express what we see and feel, as we take ourselves more and more seriously outside of our traditional roles, we will create for ourselves a new sense of identity, a real woman's identity.

Why Is Artist Such a Heavy-Laden Word?

"In our society and all through 'history' artists were the people who were allowed to be eccentric, the pioneers of expression. They express the feelings of the times, the sorrow, the pains, the pleasures. I grew up thinking 'artist' was a title you had to earn through recognition by other 'Artists'.

"Industrialization has permeated our consciousness so completely that we see people only in what they do for a living: 'he's a builder', 'she's a saleswoman'. Such categorizing limits us from exploring who we are and what we can do. So often our individual creativity is set aside for the sake of our professions."

"The original Platonic idea of the artist as the Medium through which Higher Truth and Beauty flows, a personality laden with mysticism and magic, has been worked down somewhat, but still being an Artist means being Special. So when you ask someone, "Are you an Artist?" you are asking 'How do you see yourself?'

"We set such high aesthetic standards for our own work, which often paralyzes experimentation. Paradoxically, we expect ourselves to be 'creative' and if we don't create, we are a 'failure! What we're really failing at is seeing that each one of us has peculiar and unique ways of expressing, and that discovering our own way is a long process, an evolution that has no goals or limits.

"The hip culture, not being money-oriented, still works within a pretty rigid definition of what we do and what we don't do. We are plagued with sexist oppression of women perhaps even more than straight culture because 'getting back to the earth' leaves women as the Earth Mother: baby at breast, kneading her own bread, stoking the fire...: creativity and self-exploration are lost in the monotony of doing the same chores day after day."

8 Women & their Art



Nancy Leveton draws, paints, does lithography and other graphics. Diana Brock draws, does batiks. Carmen Goodyear draws and writes. Judith Yasskin sculpts, paints, works in leather. Susan Waterfall plays piano and many other instruments. Ellen Simonsen plays piano, guitar, dulcimer, and does Balkan dancing. Marlene Cahn draws, sings, plays guitar, writes music. Carolyn Hall dances, does guerrilla theater, writes.

Do you consider yourself an Artist? If so, then how are you different from a woman who just "likes to paint, dance, etc."?

Nancy: Art runs through my whole feeling, it's a necessary life-force for me. And I think that's the main difference between doing something for fun (something you can put aside) and art.

Diana: I think life is a process that can either be enhanced or depreciated by our ability to perceive. I find that the most sensitive approach to perceiving and seeing is using my hands directly with my thinking. Through drawing the world becomes much more clear to me (the natural world). And so--it is a way of living; a way of seeing and recording what you are seeing and how you see it. That's my definition of art, and within that framework I consider myself an artist.

Carmen: I don't consider myself an artist because I don't give enough of my time to my art; I don't give it my prime energy. I'm not technically good enough to communicate what I want ... yet. I'm working at it. I want to know that my message is reaching other people - especially people who are different from me. Successful art (in the sense of communicating successfully) is really universal or cosmic. It transcends cultures and classes, it endures, is timeless.

Judith: Yes, I feel sure that I'm an artist. That way of functioning seems to be essential to who I am. When I'm not working, I feel incomplete not myself, almost as though I've cut something off. My most intense, most fulfilling experiences come when I'm by myself wrestling some kind of matter into a form that expresses something very special that I want to say, something that only becomes clear to me as it is taking form under my hands. As I work, a kind of dialogue takes place among several levels of my being; I respond to what is coming out, is being formed or made, and I become conscious at a very deep level. Sometimes I dance or sing or talk to myself as I work.

Marlene: Yes, primarily because I think that everybody has a sense of aesthetics, and that it's just a matter of finding out what it is and doing it. I have taken the time to find out what my interests are. I think we are confused by conditioning and by the media about amateurism and professionalism: I don't even consider those terms.

Who influenced and encouraged you to pursue art?

Nancy: My major influence was Ruth Asawa, a sculptress in San Francisco. I had covered it all up to become somebody else. Then I met her and walked into her world, and the layers started peeling off me again. This was when I was about 18. Once starting on that path, there was no stopping it.

Diana: I had a fine instructor, Kate Armstrong, who taught us not to expect good results in the beginning, and how drawing was experience: the experience of doing; it should always be that way. She taught us not to be afraid to really look at something: it's almost hallucinogenic! A thing changes and changes as you look at it. It becomes a total, absorbing experience; you become more and more accurate at transmitting what you see.

My mother and stepfather encouraged me to draw whatever was around me, wherever I was.

Another person who influenced me greatly although I never met him was Kimon Nicolaidis. His book The Natural Way to Draw, is a year's study, drawing three hours a day, a very good book.

Marlene: Me! Because I think life is very dramatic and very exciting, and I like to be part of the creation. When you do artistic endeavors, you become much more conscious of non-thought-non-intellectualism; you get in touch with yourself more. Like my drawing: I don't give a shit if anybody likes it or not; it's just fun to do!

Who discouraged you?

Nancy: My parents.

Diana: I haven't been discouraged by anyone at all really.

Carmen: I was programmed not to be an artist, a serious artist. I used to draw a lot, and I was interested in biology. I remember my parents saying I could be a medical textbook illustrator.

My father encouraged intellectual pursuits as being higher than 'just drawing'. When I went to college, I wasn't given the extra money you needed to take studio art courses... My parents encouraged me to draw, but as a hobby or as something pragmatic.

Judith: My parents ran a small grocery store in New York in a neighborhood peopled with intellectuals and artists who they thought were very strange, marvelous but weird. And here their daughter seemed to be turning into one right before their astonished eyes. They were proud of me, but never let me know it. I think they were afraid they would spoil it if they praised me about anything I did, so they never did. They never gave me the help or encouragement or sense of contact that I wanted desperately from them, but maybe that in itself drove me on to work harder to be 'listened to' through my work.

Susan: Most women don't have an upbringing supportive of their art.

Ellen: As a child I was considered musically precocious because I could play piano by ear at the age of three and read music when I was four. My parents got excited and dragged me everywhere to be tested. I was admitted to Juilliard at five but we moved so my parents sent me to the neighborhood shlockie piano teacher so that they wouldn't waste my talent. I hated him. He did everything by the lesson. We wasted a lot of time fighting over what pieces I wanted to learn and play. My parents liked to show me off. They put such pressure on me to perform that I used to hide if company came and finally just refused to play.

Carolyn: I always felt an artist was a genius-dedicated to one field-a dancer-a painter-a writer. My whole family are dedicated artists of one form or another. They always encouraged my artistic talents until I became interested, then the ego competitiveness inhibited my growth. I never thought I could live up to their expectations of me so I would move onto something else.

Has being a woman influenced your development as an artist?

Nancy: So far, I haven't felt any detriment, being a woman artist (like my work not being looked at). But I think my perceptions of the world has a lot to do with being a woman. Also, learning to work in bits and pieces of time when you are bringing up kids; you learn to work at another kind of pace that is not necessarily your own. Finding your own pace is really important and starting to manage that pace that feels right.

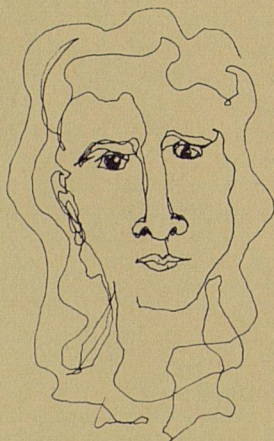
Judith: Not at first. I think I was very lucky because I always was recognized as a whole person. My whole childhood and education were aimed at finding out who I was and what I wanted. I never thought I was growing up to be somebody's

Interviews Continued-

wife. But I guess I was somewhat naive about that too, because, in fact, getting married did take me off my course. It turned out that men had been brought up to expect certain things done for them, and that if I didn't do them, no matter where they were intellectually, they couldn't help feeling somewhat betrayed. The man I live with now and I share household maintenance pretty equally, but it had been difficult to get to that consciousness. Certainly, having children has altered my career. When my first son was about fifteen months old, I realized I needed to get help taking care of him or I'd go crazy. I couldn't work with him around. He got into my tools, my materials, everything, and wouldn't stay away from me. I started teaching in my studio, and it worked out great. I taught about six hours a week and could afford babysitting and housekeeping help about four hours a day so that I could work. But it opened my eyes to a lot of heavy facts. Women who hadn't the education and experience and therefore the self-confidence that I had acquired before having children, often could never be able to get away from their children in order to do anything for themselves, and I know what that would have done to me. Even as it was, I experienced a sense of being an inferior woman because I couldn't face being responsible for my child all the time.

Ellen: Yes. My sex has influenced my not being an artist. I was programmed; I was conditioned to be afraid, plus having 'perfectionist' laid on my head. The fear of succeeding is far greater than the fear of failure. I was caught in a double bind, afraid of being best but also afraid of not being good. Fence straddling your whole life - a female position!

Marlene: I guess as a woman I have been influenced by media and parents and stuff, but it's an old movie and I don't have to watch it. I am just a person, creating.



Is your art a reflection of your woman-identity?

Nancy: I was letting myself feel like I was "being aggressive and pushy" (in men's eyes). Then suddenly I woke up one morning and felt: I am feeling my womanliness and my woman power! Able to do my work, give love, receive love, in a totally feminine way! And I felt it so strongly that it was just a gorgeous feeling!

Judith: I make large sculptures out of fiber-glass coated with polyester and/or epoxy resins. They are very sexual - at least everyone always immediately responds to them as such. For me, they are not specific but raise an entire world of associations with both plant and human or animal forms. A bulge or curve might at one moment evoke a breast, then a buttock, the heaviness of a ripe leaf. All my forms are started from plant forms but then become laden, as I work with multiple meanings. I call this latest group The Plantanimus series because it is a combination of plant and animal imagery and also stems from 'animus' - Jung's term for the unconscious, 'masculine' side of women.

Marlene: When I first started playing the guitar, my first songs were, "Oh, baby, won't you guide me through the world" and "Oh, God he left me again". But now the music is a lot more equalized because I am feeling a lot more whole, and I don't feel like I have to be guilty about anything or prove anything.

How has your pursuing art influenced the way you relate to men? To lovers, husbands? Children? Women?

Nancy: Art is my life-style and other people fit into whatever I am doing. Let's put it this way: I am trying to work it out so that they fit into what I am doing. I haven't solved it yet. People expect you to be a certain way because you are a mother and a woman - and when you don't do it and you say "Look, I am on this trip and this is my major focus..." well! When I try to cut off my toes to fit someone else's shoe, to rearrange myself, that's what's hard... and why I'm living alone.

Most of my friends are usually artists, men and women, because that is who I feel really comfortable with. With children I teach art, which is what I know. Even when I talk to my own children, it is about art, or books I've read about art. It's my trip!

Diana: I learn a lot about art through talking with other artists, men and women. I dig being around other artists! My relationship with men? When I see a beautiful man, well, maybe sometimes I have thought, "Gee, I wish I could hop into bed with him." But now I just wish I could draw him, he has such an incredible face. People inspire me, whether by what they say or by what they look like. It gives me a sense of security (my drawing) so that when I am with people I don't feel the need to be the center of attention.

Susan: I wouldn't have anything to do with a man who didn't respect my art. I don't feel at all oppressed by my boyfriend. As for children... someday.

Marlene: There's been everything from the dickie flashers who turn on to you because baby, aren't you cool, to a husband who is completely supportive and understanding of my artistic work as a part of my survival in this life.

Children. Sure. I think that children are really really really creative and they can understand a lot more than most people. It makes you take kids not so seriously. I mean,

it makes you take them seriously but there are other levels than changing kids' pants (like getting high with children, coloring, dancing). That stimulation I want. Giving them stimulation and getting it from them.

It is really nice to see women getting high. It's kind of like an identity trip. Women who are into art, no matter how, have gone through a certain amount of dues to reach that place where they can express themselves. It gives us a ground that we can start out on. It breaks a lot of the old competitive conditioning, just because you are getting high together, that's all.

Do you feel the women's movement is relevant to you?

Nancy: I don't believe in movements, really. For me, everything is one to one, and I find me as an individual is more exciting and more opening than me in a group.

Diana: Yes. Like any movement it has a tendency to purify, in the sense of soul-searching. I have gained a self respect that I never had before.

Judith: The women's movement has done an awful lot for me just in helping me see through all the guilt I experienced for not being content to be a wife and mother like almost all the women I used to know. The women in my consciousness-raising group are bound by a real compassion for one another. I feel a lot of love for them, the kind of love that comes from each of us wanting very much to see all of us become the very most that we can be.

Ellen: It is the most relevant thing in my life. It's only through the strength, support, power and consciousness that has come to me through the women's movement that there's any possibility to change the status quo.

Marlene: Yes, because I'm a woman. I think we need to support each other's energy and get beyond the blocking stones that have been present in our past so that we can become creative and free individuals.

How has living in the country influenced you art?

Nancy: It has made me call on every resource I have had in my life to maintain my art against all odds. But, on the other hand, it has also given me beautiful solitude and space, outside space, which enables me to have my inner space.

Diana: There has been a great improvement in my art since I moved to the country. One of my expressions is to follow the growth of plant life. I find my center in my home, which is in the middle of the woods. Living in the country enables a person to get out of the social influences of art and into day to day personal growth. However, I do enjoy the contrast of town and country; I hardly ever go to the city, but when I do I find inspiration there too.

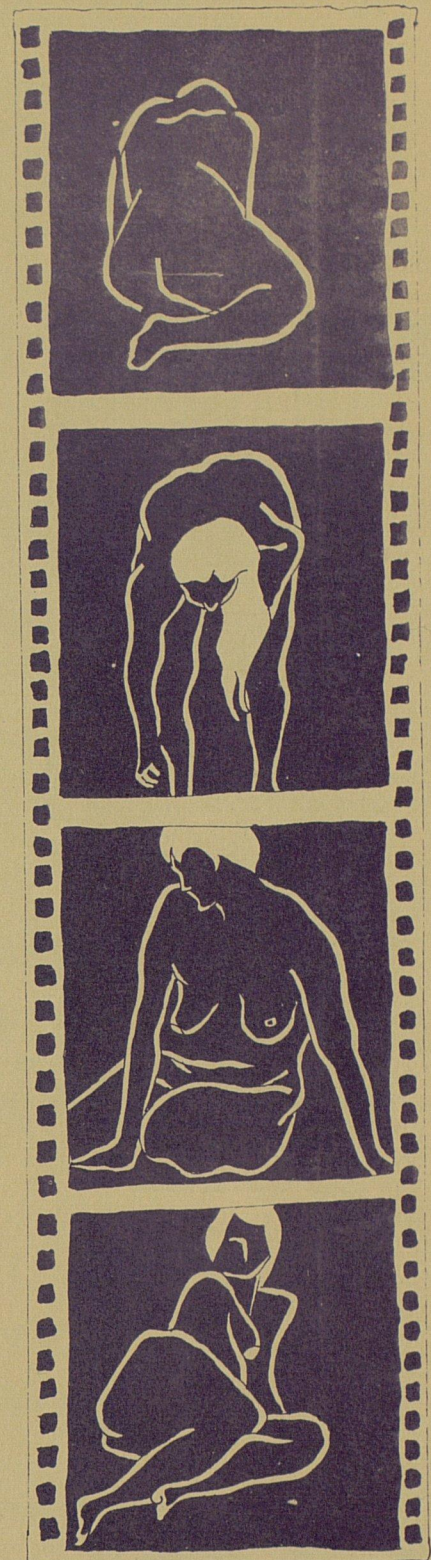
Carmen: Living in the country has taught me about cycles and the oneness of everything. In my condor picture, the condor was flying across the moon. The moon became an egg. Became the yolk of the egg. When I lived in the city, I did box sculptures; my drawings were of enclosed rooms with birds in cages; my paintings were of flowers in jars - dying. I don't think like that (being trapped anymore). Now my work is organic shapes, animals, flight, flowing... In the country there's no night time (which you have in the city) because you're too tired and there's no electricity (energy) happening all around you.

Judith: It has been the most negative thing that ever happened to my art. For the two years we've been here, I haven't touched my sculpture. We live in a school bus and there certainly is no room to work in it. I haven't been able to find a studio until just last week, so work seemed to be out of the question. My time has been totally involved in survival, learning to garden, learning to build, learning once again what it means to be the mother of a baby. Moving to the country the way that we did knocked me off my center and made me feel very distant from the self I knew as an artist. I'm really happy to be living here and can't imagine willingly living in a large city again, but I've had to learn an awful lot the hard way.

Susan: I moved to the country after years of training to get away from the competition, from further training. There was just too much to assimilate. Here it is more peaceful. I work at my own pace. Here I can give concerts - can you see me giving a concert in Chicago?!

Marlene: There's just a lot more peace in the country, and that peace has entered into the music.

Marlene: The peace has entered into the music. There is very little competition. People play music to get high, and it's really neat to feel no one comparing who's better than whom.





some nameless potter

some nameless potter
fecund with centuries of grief
must have shaped these hills
these sad swollen bellies
of red earth; these hills
came not stumbling forth
the still-born children
of sea-loosed centuries.

broken-wombed, some ancient childless madonna
must have shaped these hills
with careful slender fingers
creating them in her lost image
gravely
gently
each full-bellied mound
a kaddish

that ancient woman
must have merged loins with her lover
and yielded up these hills
that are the children
of their lost love.
barren, two lovers yet yield a holy ghost,
the child that is the love between them;

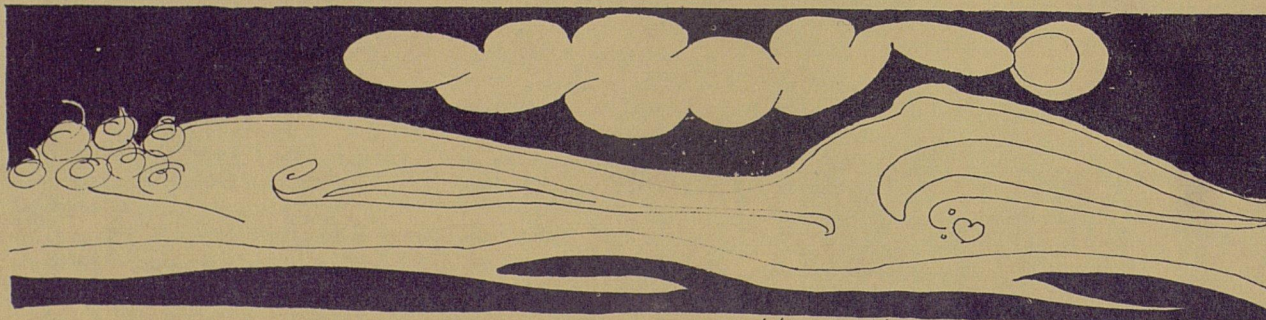
yet fertile old adam,
his love spent,
was banished from eden childless
though he was the seed
of all generations.

cainlike
restless
i wander these hills
that are east of eden,
breathing in their rich loam.

without the patience
that years lend to sorrow,
i dig deeply in these hills,
bringing forth rust and ochre clay
for my potters wheel

childless,
banished from eden,
i long to be a potter, too.
like that nameless, ancient woman
i will shape between my fingers
a living thing.

Lynda Koolish



earth mother, lain to rest

There should be time in the country for creating...

There is not the noise, the super-hype of city living, or the excitement of too many things happening at once.

So a nice quiet place in the country with a stream and trees and a couple of peaceful cows and maybe a truck, garden or two would be a restful creative place to be.

Unfortunately it is possible to get into a place in yourself or in the community where the only thing you do is hard physical labor. And I find that I also need that kind of energy for writing poetry or songs or articles, or even in my journal. Mornings for me are my energy times and if I spend that time working in the garden or pruning or chopping wood or one of the many chores attendant to country living, it is very easy not to write at all. At least it is at first, but then a nagging sets in, a feeling of frustration that all the ideas I wish to express are not getting on to paper or tape, because the important things like irrigating the corn, thinning the carrots or culling the tomatoes have to be done now. So the poem can be put off, the typing can wait; there are children who need to be listened to and other women.

Certainly in the area where we are so adept - personal relations - there is the most seduction. The blood child comes before, and far before, the creative child. The friend in distress before the poem or song. Whether this is "right" or not I don't know. It's a fact like the sun coming up every morning, or the rain.

Some of the push I have found in connection with community chores is artificial panic created out of another's dis-ease. I can ask myself in a case like that, where is the anxiety coming from? Does the project have to be done today? Super-hype can be found on the farm too. But aside from that the seasons come gradually. They give warning if we will listen. We are not confronted with winter without time to prepare. We do not have to do it all in one day.

What you do need is a very strong sense of self and of your own creative worth to survive anywhere as an artist, and women's ego is at best not very strong. It is so easy to defer to anyone or anything.

Still, something is happening in the country. Already I had questioned linear writing. An inheritance from male tradition out of schools and outlines and sub-heads. Could women's writing perhaps be circular or spiral instead of a highly structured marching down the page?

Now I ask myself what it is or would be like to create a photograph, as a woman. All my training there is craftsman; ways of seeing are largely male. What would I see as a woman? So I'm gestating on that. The country is giving me time to wonder.

The people I live with - five women and six men as well as a teenager and a young girl - are all into creating. The women are into writing, sculpture, painting, photography, music, sketching as well as handcrafts and furniture making.

All of the women experience similar difficulty in finding time for creating. It is so much easier to do the "important things".

Taking ourselves seriously - that's the hardest part. To really dance. To discover who you are in the dancing. To spend time dreaming so that the poem can be made. To have large blocks of time. To be able to play and in the playing create. To play seriously. Yes. To create what it is to be a woman. That's what the country is giving to all of us. ■



I always wanted to be an intelligent hobo when I grew up...

The notion was mixed up with other sorts of romantic images (traveling to exotic places, eating outrageous feasts, dancing, playing music). It started when, at a young age, I took a personal vow never to become a secretary or waitress (traditional female traps). I have since altered the latter somewhat, so as not to exclude Turkish coffee and tea houses. Also, I've thought that if the opportunity presented itself, I would gladly work in a Mexican restaurant for several weeks and learn all their secrets- I love Mexican food- but I'm getting off the track. What I wanted and still want is to be free. At that time I didn't have much of an idea what freedom was, but I did know what it wasn't. I am lucky enough to have an unusually aware mother who let me in on some of the problems females run into growing to be an expressive human being.

I've always gotten high on music, but I never had the courage to actually make it except by

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-hobo continued-

losing myself in choruses. It's so fine to be a part of some large beautiful music that is so much bigger than me. Also, it was safe. No one could pick me out and judge too harshly. Later on I managed to join a madrigal group with only one or two people on a part. That helped. The move to the woods and no electricity left me alone with no music. The earth beckoned- it didn't matter for a while. I lived by myself because I wanted to get in touch with my being. It was like meeting a stranger. It took a long time for me to discover that I was worthy of my own attention. For several months, my mind was making leaps and skips at the newness of life close to the earth. Wow!

Willie, my partner-boyfriend, started to come up from Berkeley to visit me- bringing along his fiddle and guitar (not to mention wine and tasty cheeses- yum). He's a fine musician. I listened lovingly to his music that filled up my little house and my heart. It was his positive attitude and trust in my innate sense of music that got me started playing with him. Also music is a really good way to communicate with your partner. In the city, I never thought of playing because there were so many good musicians that I might as well just listen. Here, it was different- Willie would come up for a visit and then go home again- leaving me to my own devices. My buddy Wayne, who lived on the same land, was learning fiddle then. I guess Willie was an inspiration to us both. Wayne and I started playing together. Pretty soon I wanted my own guitar.

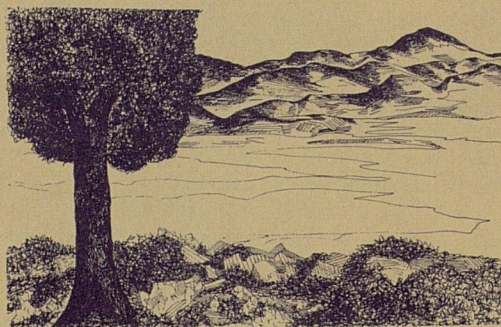
It's strange the way people are sometimes afraid of instruments. They were made for our delight! Once you get alone with an instrument, with no one around to judge you, a whole new world opens up. Also, once you start playing, it can only get easier and better. Knowing that really helps me when I'm discouraged and down on myself.

My life progressed to the point where I felt very secure living and working on the land and turned on by learning to play music. Then, very simply, I lost it all. The natural cycle of increase and decrease was completing itself. Willie got busted and Wayne went to New Zealand. All of a sudden I was on my own with no fiddlers or boyfriend to cheer the day. I began to make long trips to Southern California to visit the Federal prison where Willie was incarcerated. Self-reliance with a little help from my friends became the rule. Also, I began to seek out the music by myself. Trips to the Bay Area on my way to prison became more common. I'd bring a cassette tape recorder with me in order to tape tunes. It was impossible for me to learn all the tunes right on the spot but with a cassette (operated by battery), I could bring it back to my little house in the woods and learn it at my own rate. My musician friends in the city were very helpful. I found more openness and respect for my efforts than I ever expected or deserved.

Meanwhile the land was changing. Everytime I returned from a visit to my fiddling convict lover, I would find new rigid and repressive rules on the land. I still clung to the land because it was so closely associated with my discoveries of freedom

from role-traps. One day I was asked to put my clothes on while working in the garden. I realized I was no longer at home. All my illusory security was gone. I went through a lot of soul-searching when I was asked to leave my home because my beliefs and lifestyle, once accepted and shared, were now thought of as revolutionary and even sinful. It hurt quite a bit and it was sad to see my friends leave little by little and be scattered. The last months on the land were very creative ones though. Perhaps adverse conditions bring out creativity, I don't know. There we were- the underground- the freethinkers who wouldn't convert, surrounded by Jesus Freaks praying for us and trying all sorts of methods of persuasion to get us to go to Bible studies and church.

It was a time of madness. It was during that time that my buddy Wayne returned from his travels. We got together and played lots of music. Somehow my friends had managed, with the inspiration of Jim the plumber, to cram a piano into my little octagonal house. One summer day when we were broke, we decided to go to Mendocino and play in the streets. It was great fun- staring at the ocean, playing guitar and listening to the fiddle. That's how the New Albion String Band got started. Paul joined us and then there were two fiddles. The textures that two fiddles can create are so pleasing! We played at fairs and held square dances. Square dances are the hardest work but in some ways the most rewarding. One of my ideas of heaven is playing with a fiddler close to each ear and looking out into a room of joyful dancing people. Dancing is the other half of music. It completes music like air feeds fire.



I don't consider myself a real musician because I am only just beginning. Going through life in pursuit of music is not quite enough either. I've found that I need to keep in close touch with the earth. If I can get my fingers in the dirt and grow food it helps to keep me straight and humble and feeling like one of Nature's children. Of course, music helps my spirit a great deal also. Tunes, especially Irish tunes, tend to become mantras. Irish tunes are usually in two parts. The first part is repeated twice and the second part, referred to as the turn is also repeated. The turn naturally leads into the first part again forming a cycle that can go on as long as you want it to. When the tune part of my mind is going, I'm not thinking of where I'm going to sleep or how I'm going to get from the prison at Lompoc to Albion; I'm not thinking of anything at all and then I'm free. That's what I was looking for in the first place. ■



Country Poet

Softly slumbrous
Edge of sleep langorous
Circling arms in the warmth of our bed;

You're all satin sheets
 down comforter
 thermal blanket
 and even music sometimes, I said.

Sleeping bags lurched as you legged over mine
And nuzzled my cheek and my nose.
The cold air of morning honed up my head
While your somnolence pulled me down
 to the depths
 where you lazily stretched
 and then purred.

And feeling your power to draw me down
 into the cave
 where you curled
 in repose,
You decided to play with my mind.....
Write me a poem today, in dreamy smugness you said.

Oh I will, yes I will... if there's time, I laughed
As I thought of our day-to-be
 and the apples a'spoiling
 and the stomachs to fill
 and the cuts to be wrapped
 and the sinks to be cleared
 and the wood to be stacked
 and the child at the door
 and the more
 and the more
 and the more.....

I'll write you a poem today, sorceress,
At least 150 lines long,
An epic of love, threading all on its strand,
 losing rhyme, skipping rhythm, fraying at points
But making it through to the end.....
To the bare bulb at midnight and the aching fatigue
From this perilous miracle day-we'll-have-shared,
My protean lover, and friend.

Jean of Mountain Grove

IMAGES

This morning white frost
on the ground
white fog in the sky,
a flat landscape
with no trees or mountains.

Then came the sun
shooting out rays of light
wiping out frost and fog.
I walked and watched
my eye a camera.

Later in the darkroom
images in reverse
developing out of the fog
out of the unlight
becoming larger than life.

Rose hips and frosted stumps
trees peering through the mist
japanese mountains.
Landscapes appearing
from my camera's eye.

Now I warm my hands
by the fire I built for warmth;
my eye sees pictures
my ear hears music,
snap of log and rush of flame.

Snap of frost, rush of sun.
I see inside - my fire.
I hear inside - inner
and outer; I am cold
warmed by sun's fire

Ruth of Mountain Grove



My daughter is finally napping and I am crazy, sitting here in the kitchen trying to pull myself together and talk about my art. My work is for and about women. I want to develop a personally based feminine art. I am not interested in art history, for its relationship to me never becomes clear; rather I am interested in developing an imagery and way of working that directly expresses my anxiety as a woman artist. I want my emotions and experiences to be the basis of my art, and thus to contact a whole tradition of women's feelings. I am one woman. I am all women. All women are me. It is the connection to my ancestors which provides an ethnographic content to my work, but extending this, it is also a desire to breakdown the distinctions between art and "women's work", between painting and sculpture, and between art in craft and craft in art. It's like trying to find a place for myself. I want to move freely between them all as if they are one, just as I want to grasp my total whole. To give form to my female feelings, to give form to myself, it seems necessary to work with "women's" materials- cloth, thread, hair, etc. - trying to combine a sort of figurative representation with abstraction. Bags, rugs, baskets- all the pieces are essentially receptacles or containers for feelings. They define an inner and outer space or territory. They are empty, filled, covered, layered, spilling out. They are defensive, they are protective, they are manipulative. Contacting the insides, the insides come out. I like them and I hate them. As I move back and forth between the internal and the external, they become ambiguous and confused. Clarity and consistency seem impossible.

I want my work to demand your attention because I can get it no other way. Is this not part of my women's madness? A new vocabulary, a new way of seeing, a new criticism is necessary to perceive and understand women's art.

But now as I am writing this I know I want to do hauntingly beautiful work, whatever that means. And I don't care what this sounds like. (That's a lie). I hate myself for being so fucking pompous when I talk about my work.

The baby is up now and I'm not angry at her anymore. Instead I've said it all to you. I guess that is what my work is about.



CREATIVE CHILD-BIRTH

I grew myself
like I might just as easily
have nurtured a child.

Every time my hand laid charcoal to paper
I squirmed
in an agony of expectation
so afraid my child-art would emerge deformed
I destroyed my paper freaks

My infrequent beauties I hung all over the
walls
Where I trained them to speak to me:
"We are the Proof that you are the Artist."

Nancy Tuttle

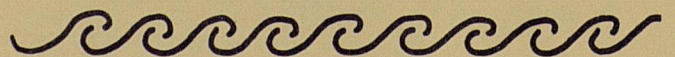


We sat together one evening and talked of a crafts cooperative and from that discussion began our Albion Women's Weaving Cooperative. I had never "created" anything. It seemed like a good idea- a day together each week, another way to get high together. I never dreamed that for me, it would open all those closed doors of creativity, doors I had never dared to look behind. In my mind, I was not creative, would never be an artist, could never make anything beautiful (except, of course, food, I was good at that one) and certainly if I tried I would fail.

And so one day I stood in front of a loom. Jeanne showed me what to do, gave me wool and shuttles and left me alone. Five hours later, back stiff and sore eyes bloodshot, my head spinning with excitement, I had finished my first piece of weaving- a small wall hanging...and opened the door, at last, to my own creativity.

That was eight months ago.

Since then I have my own loom and have even sold a piece of my work. I weave each Thursday with my sisters and at home in my own studio, whenever my busy schedule permits. But more than weaving has come to me. I have begun to write poetry and articles for Country Women. I've begun taking dulcimer lessons from my friend, Ellen, and see my potential as a creative woman. It's true, my primary energy isn't going into my "art." I don't consider myself an artist, a weaver, a writer, but I no longer view myself as a "non-creative" woman, and that feels good.

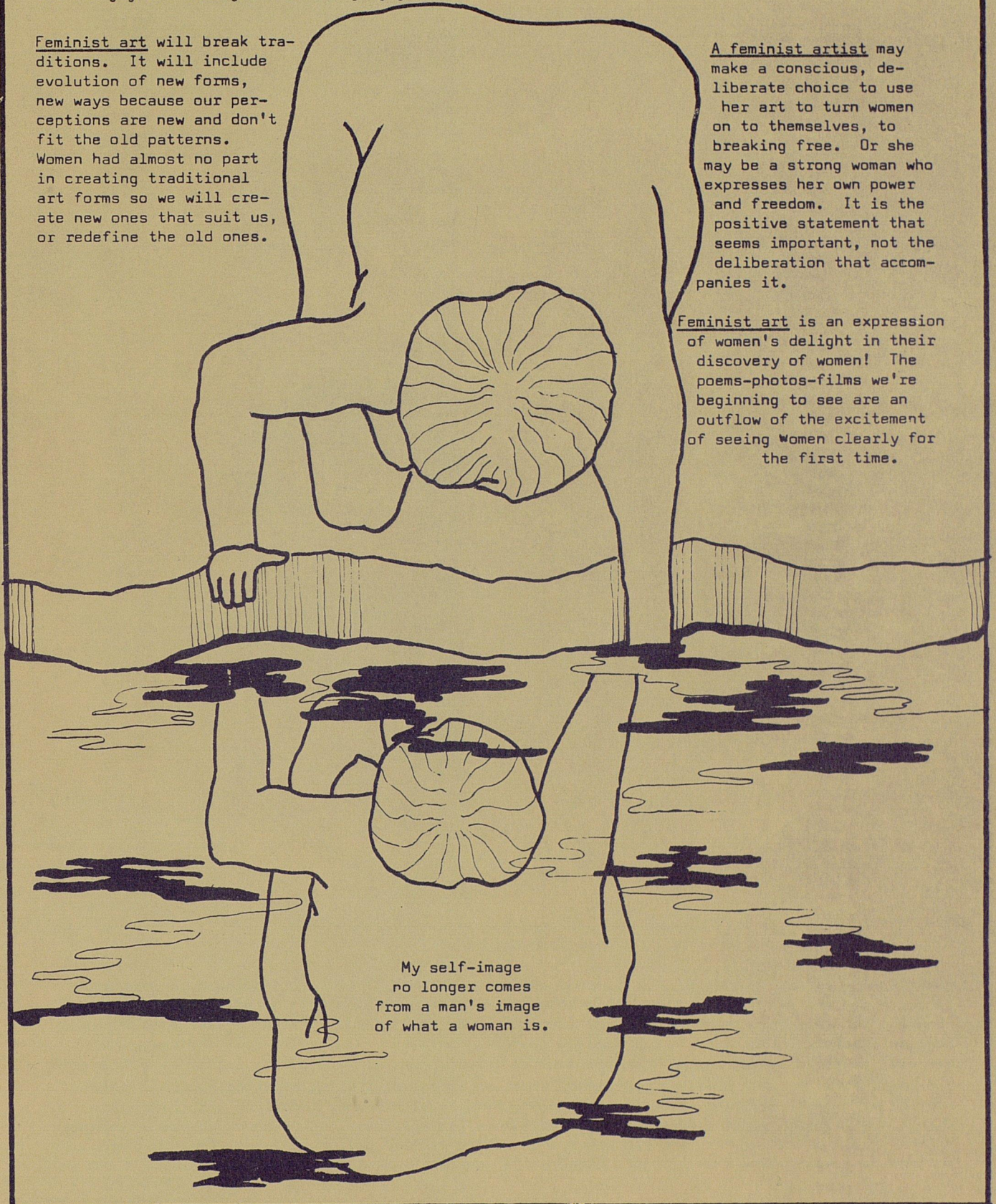


Feminist art is art that communicates a strong positive image of woman. Art which sees and shows woman as a whole human being. Art which challenges the status quo of women and points in new directions. Celebrates the love of women for women. Contains the pain of our changing and the joy and strength this changing gives us.

Feminist art will break traditions. It will include evolution of new forms, new ways because our perceptions are new and don't fit the old patterns. Women had almost no part in creating traditional art forms so we will create new ones that suit us, or redefine the old ones.

A feminist artist may make a conscious, deliberate choice to use her art to turn women on to themselves, to breaking free. Or she may be a strong woman who expresses her own power and freedom. It is the positive statement that seems important, not the deliberation that accompanies it.

Feminist art is an expression of women's delight in their discovery of women! The poems-photos-films we're beginning to see are an outflow of the excitement of seeing women clearly for the first time.



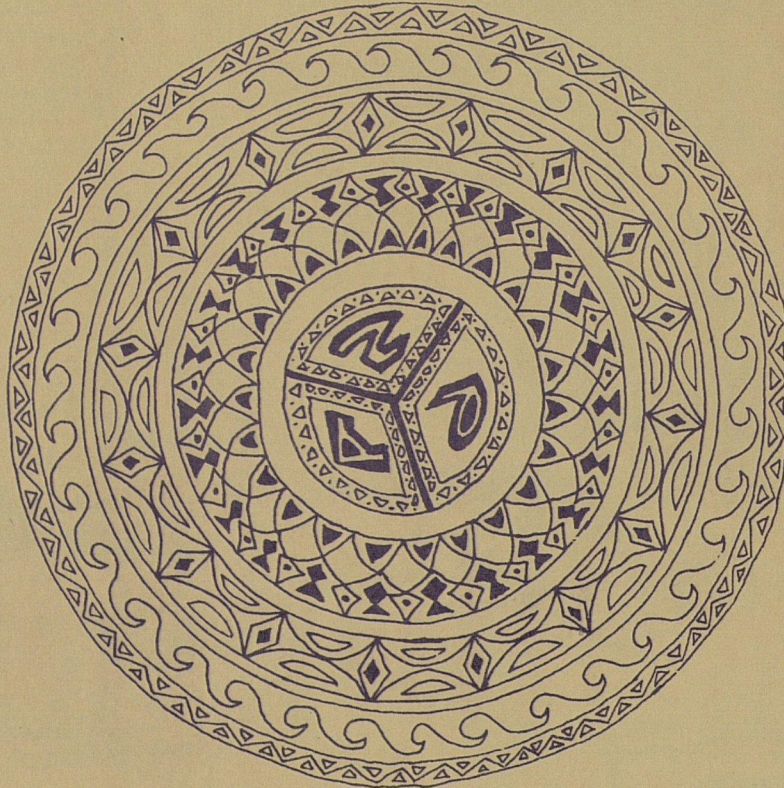
My self-image
no longer comes
from a man's image
of what a woman is.

CENTERING, IN POTTERY, POETRY, AND THE PERSON

by Mary Caroline Richards
Wesleyan University Press, 1962

reviewed by River

Any woman
involved in art in any form
Any woman
wistfully wishing she could write, or draw, or-
Any woman
wondering about the direction her life should/could take, and
Any woman
interested in life, in learning, in love
Will love this book!
It is a marvel! It is a masterpiece!
This woman lives, thinks, perceives,
learns, pots, reflects,
writhes, soars, writes
And shares her glorious journey into fullness and richness
With all of us who
wait and
want and
wonder.

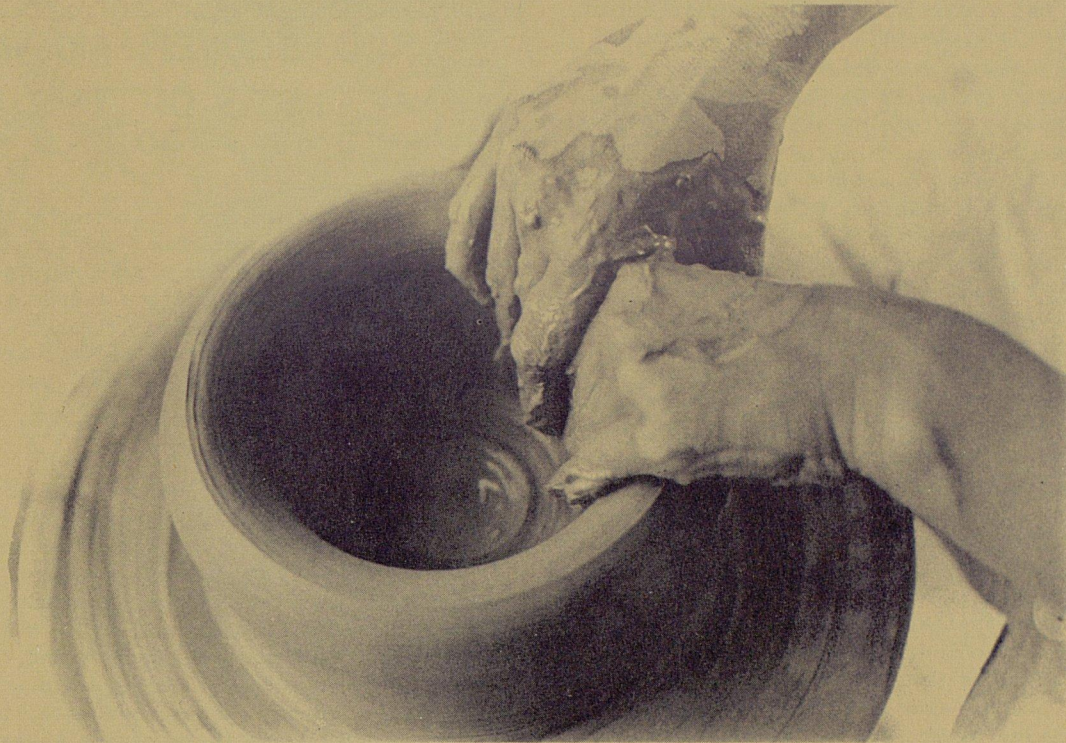
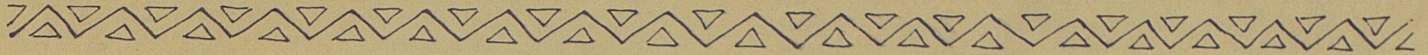


I wax rhapsodic in the immense pleasure of this book.
Read her words; then, read her book!

"What I want to say is that as our personal universes expand, if we keep drawing ourselves into center again and again, everything seems to enhance everything else. It becomes unnecessary to choose which person to be as we open and close the same ball of clay. We will make pots for our English classes. Read poems to our pottery classes. Write on clay, print from the clay. The activity seems to spring out of the same source: poem or pot, loaf of bread, letter to a friend, a morning's meditation, a walk in the woods, turning the compost pile, knitting a pair of shoes, weeping with pain, fainting with discouragement, burning with shame, trembling with indecision: what's the difference. I like especially two famous Zen stories: the one about the great Japanese master of the art of archery who had never in his life hit the bull's eye. And the other about the monk who said, "Now that I'm enlightened, I'm just as miserable as ever."

"An act of self, that's what one must make. An act of self, from me to you. From center to center. We must mean what we say, from our innermost heart to the outermost galaxy. Otherwise, we are lost and dizzy in a maze of reflections. We carry light within us. There is no need merely to reflect. Others carry light within them. These lights must wake to each other. My face is real. Yours is. Let us find our way to our initiative."

"This is a wonderful moment, when one feels one's will become active, come as a force into the total assemblage and dynamic intercourse and interpenetration of will impulses. When one stands like a natural substance, plastic but with one's own character written into the formula, ah then one feels oneself part of the world, taking one's shape with its help- but a shape only one's own freedom can create "



my flesh is flesh

nightly
I dream that I am clay
to be formed
between hands of the potter...
your hands

spin me
silk between fingers
touch water
to the walls
of this vessel
dive
down

sink to my center

one touch
while the wheel is spinning
and I am shaped.

(change me
change me)

I would be
burnt in the holy fire,
my body
glazed cobalt blue,
deeper than peace

but my flesh is flesh,
not clay
I was shaped
by years
in which you took no part;
centered, the vessel transforms
itself.

Lynda Koolish

* * * * *

GUERRILLA THEATRE

* * * * *

The idea of doing guerrilla theatre began after four months of consciousness raising when we started planning a Women's Festival. It was a way of putting my politics into action by recreating situations most women have lived through that clearly pointed out our oppression.

Our troupe started with three women- each coming from different experiences. Slowly we began talking about who we were and what we wanted. With the words came ideas bouncing back and forth among us- taking shape in skits. Women came and went unwilling to make a commitment until five of us remained to write, think and get high together. We met once a week with rough drafts of skits- talked- and started creating together.

We were all new to the Women's Movement and very angry with the years we had wasted selling ourselves short. Writing my experiences in skit form freed me from some of my past 'uglies,' leaving me open to being a woman. We worked as a team, sharing our knowledge, helping each other when the right words weren't there and giving each other general support. That support helped bring to light creative aspects of ourselves we never knew existed.

Our theatre was about our oppression: as rape victims, as liberated women; a mock wedding ceremony with handcuffs instead of a ring; the eternal saleslady reading sexist commercials with a smile painted on her face; a card game where we talked honestly about our sex lives; mirror, mirror where we pointed at the absurdity of not being commercially beautiful; the gym sequence with cheers in retrospect of our high school horrors; the grumbling housewife sweeping at people's feet, yelling at them to clean up after themselves; a woman's prayers to God, "Lord help me be an unselfish mother"; an unhappy pregnant woman confronting a LaLeche woman; the mothering booth, 50¢ for any kind of mothering you want-cookies, lemonade, a scolding or a kiss. We did the Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm, quite an experience that was, our audience was half gay women and half local straight/hip community. Everything we wrote and performed mocked the absurdities that consume girls and women's lives. I'm impressed with all we did - Yeah Women Power

* * * * *

thistle seeds
with
spider-web snowflake
bodies
float on no
breeze
magically alone
to transplant
themselves

they need no help
they helped me know
about freedom

Freddie

I learn from the weave of this world
the weave of the elements
the components of existence
clouds streams valleys mountains sea
every day the sun rises in the east
has for thousands of years.

An amazing reassurance, good to acknowledge,
speak with the sunrise every day,
praise the light on the green leaves of the plants.
Cloud

REDISCOVERING WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE PAST

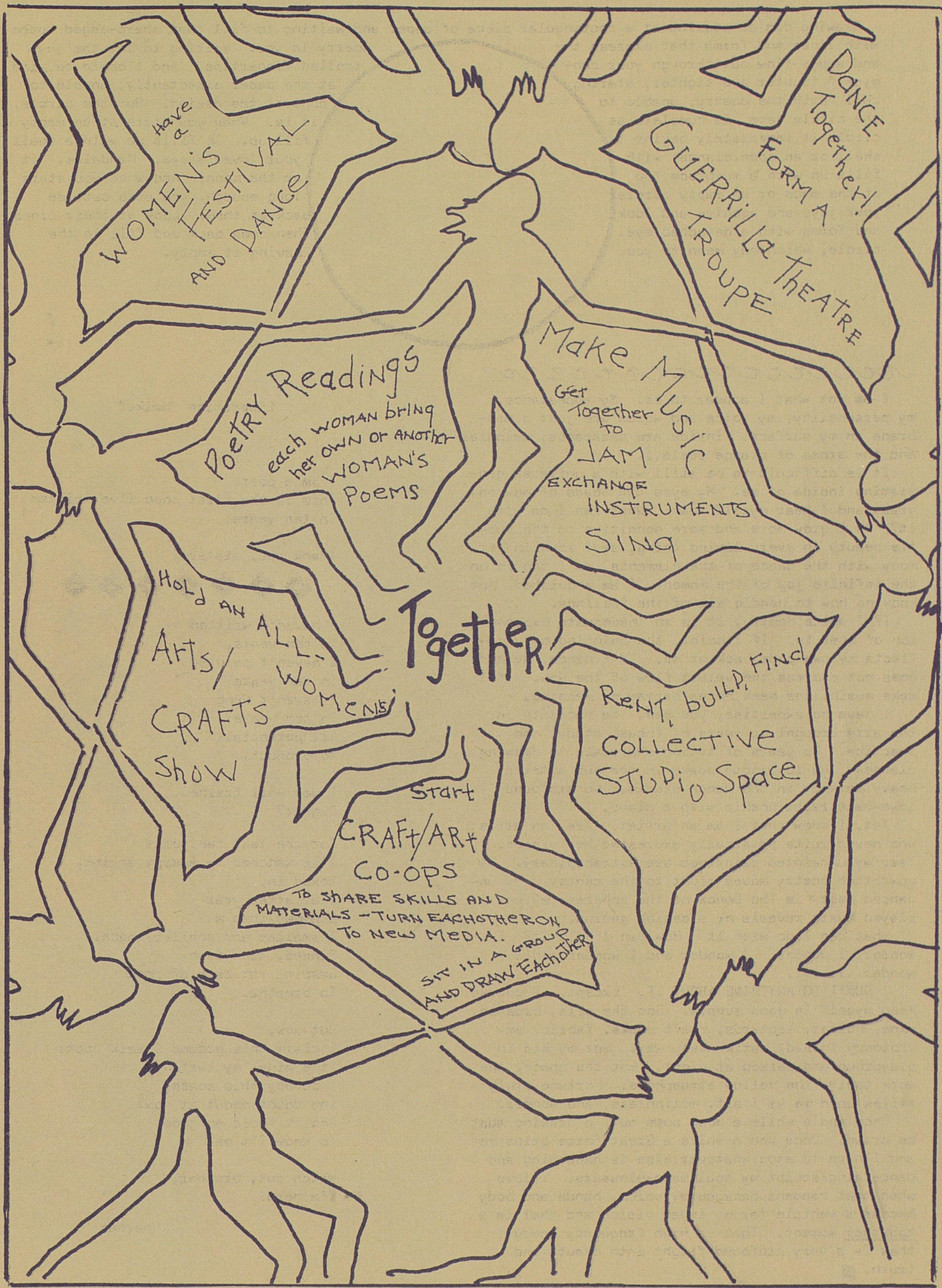
Who were they?

A directory and bibliography of women in the visual arts is available from the Women's History Library, 2325 Oak St., Berkeley, Calif. (\$3.00). From this I learned of an article entitled "Why There Are No Great Women Artists", Art News 1/71. In it, Linda Nochlin has rediscovered women like Artemisia Gentileschi, a 17th century Italian painter, and Sabina Von Steinbach, a medieval sculptress.

Search them out and let them be known.

The story of Alice Austen is the story of a woman photographer born in 1866, who pursued her "hobby" for fifty years and was not acknowledged until a few years before her death in 1952. She was born into a wealthy family in New York and thereby had the encouragement and finances to practice photography. Her subjects were those of a woman- friends, family, servants, the interior of her bedroom, and in recording these things she has left a photo montage of the Victorian Era as seen by the millions of women cooped up inside of it. Altogether she left 7,000 pictures and negatives, stored now at the Staten Island Historical Society. Quite a "hobby"!

She lived her life with another woman, Gertrude Tate (stepping out of line in one aspect gives one courage to follow other inclinations). They lost everything in the Depression and Alice Austen went to finish her life in the poorhouse. In researching for the photographic essay The Revolt of American Women Constance Foulk discovered her work and Ms. Austen received fame and a private nursing home in her last days. Did she try to publish her photographs or did she keep them hidden? What more information is available about this independent woman who broke through the repressive culture of the Victorian Age? Her photos included in the above mentioned book show women together playing, women in gym class and a woman demonstrating riding a bicycle. Her vision of her times must be made accessible to women now to add a chapter to herstory and give modern women photographers courage



Have a
WOMEN'S
FESTIVAL
AND DANCE

DANCE
Together!
FORM A
GUERRILLA THEATRE
TROUPE

Poetry Readings
each WOMAN bring
her OWN or ANOTHER
WOMAN'S
POEMS

Make Music
Get Together
TO
JAM
EXCHANGE
INSTRUMENTS
SING

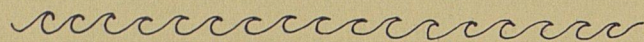
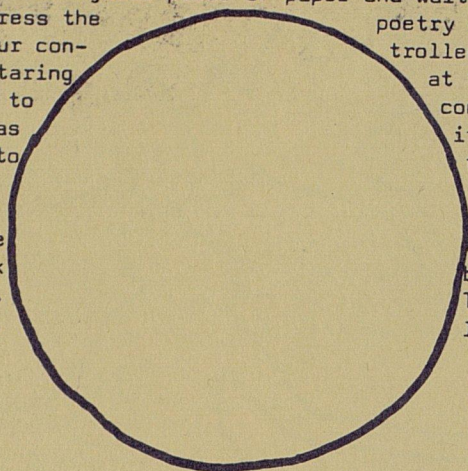
Together

HOLD AN
ALL-
WOMEN'S
ARTS/
CRAFTS
SHOW

RENT, BUILD, FIND
COLLECTIVE
STUDIO SPACE

Start
CRAFT/ART
CO-OPS
TO SHARE SKILLS AND
MATERIALS - TURN EACH OTHER ON
TO NEW MEDIA.
SIT IN A GROUP
AND DRAW EACH OTHER

Drawing can be staring at a rectangular piece of paper and waiting to fill that sharp-edged space with lines and forms that express the and agony flow out through your con- myself tighter and tighter, staring call forth the poetry, unable to the circle here, is complete as circle it immediately begins to shell or an open orange; with fills up with a mushroom top at the moon or an empty circle your joys and agonies and look and forms with a detached eye. circle, which may mean to you,



I am not what I appear to be. My appearance, my personality, my voice and words are just a membrane on my surface. Inside are seascapes, melodies and the aroma of orange peels...

It is difficult to be still with a universe generating inside of me. My eyes see beads of dew on grass and I hear myself moan. What can I do with it? As I grow more and more sensitive to the subtle beauty in every living thing, as I move in harmony with the dance of the elements, as I tap in on the infinite joy of the moment, I am anguished, not knowing how to handle all of the feelings.

If I write poetry, it is an inadequate expression of what is. If I paint, the painting only reflects my own code back at me. If I dance, my body does not express the velvet flow of the Now. If I make music, the meek notes betray my meaning.

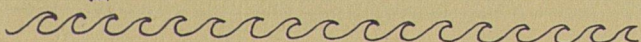
I have no expertise, you see. No facility in the arts brought by years of focus, study, and practice. No years of toting charcoals to drawing classes. No luxurious soaks in the tub after a heavy workout in the dance studio. No profound love-hate relationship with a piano.

Yet, I know that I am an artist. Yes, an artist who never quite physically expressed her vision. Yes, my unpainted paintings are extraordinary. My unwritten poetry moves right to the center. My undanced dance is The Dance of the spheres; my unplayed music reveals my sleeping genius.

What can I do with it? How can I tell it? I wonder, I wonder. I wonder and I wonder and I wonder.....

I DON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. Except, of course keep myself in good supply. Got the oils, brushes, pens, guitar, leotards, craft books, fabric, embroidery thread, batik dyes, wax. Got my kid in playgroup and asleep at night. Got the space, the work table, the mellow atmosphere. Fortune truly smiles upon me as I sit, motionless, and wonder.

Once and a while a poem pops out, a drawing must be drawn. Once and a while a Great Force grips me and I have to stop whatever else is happening and dance/sing/sculpt my soul pain-pleasure. I love when that happens because my voice, hands and body become a vehicle for my inner vision and that is a together moment. That is high frequency energy; that is a very profound flight into beauty and truth. ■



Liberation "Haiku"

I am a poet.
This is the first poem I've written
In ten years.

Thank you, sisters.



I haven't written
In ten years,
I haven't painted
In ten years
I haven't sung
In ten years;
All potential,
No product.

I was well trained.
Dig it?

For the last ten years
I've watched my energy shrink,
Boxed in,
Year after year
Crammed into a
A smaller and smaller space.
Pinned, tied down,
Gasping for lack of room
To breathe.

But now,
I claim this ground I walk upon;
It's mine, my turf,
I occupy this space,
(no doubt about it now)
And it feels so good
To know I'm me.

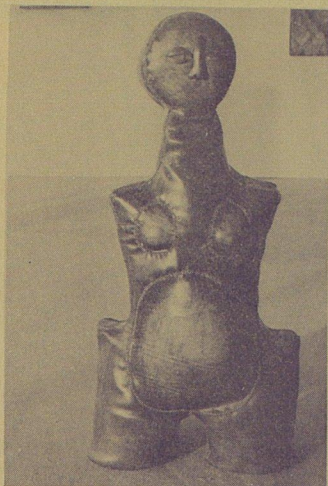
Watch out, brother,
I'm here!

Heather

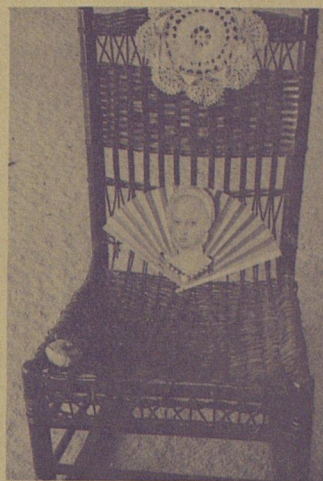
HUMBOLDT WOMEN IN ART

a consciousness-raising and action group of women artists, began meeting in March 1972. One project that came from this was a woman's art show, Woman in Art, 1972, on display from October 20 through November 10, in Arcata, California. The idea came after a press conference on the Women's Movement in Humboldt County in May.

It was decided that as a means of encouraging participation, the show would be divided into two parts. The first part aimed at attracting women artists with a high degree of professional commitment, and it was juried democratically by our entire membership. The second part was open to any woman who wished to participate. Women were invited to create their own three-dimensional, approximately life-size self images, based on their experiences and on the insights they had gained as a result of their involvement in the Women's Movement. All self images were automatically accepted and displayed.



Marsha Thomson



Harriet Gray

W
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M
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N

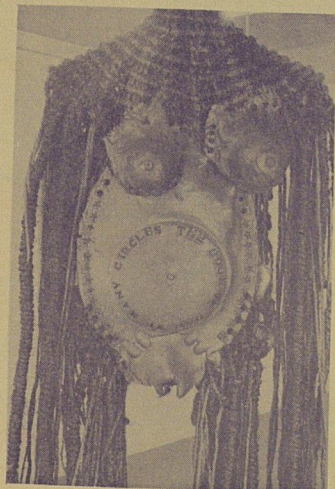
Barbara Llewellyn



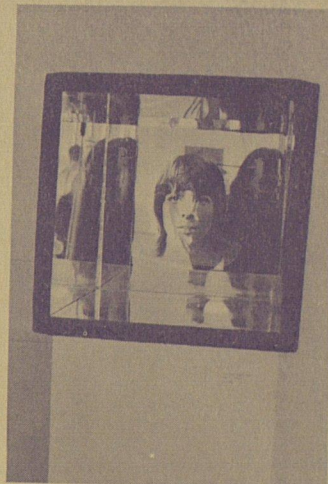
Mina Carpenter

IN
Art
'72

Denise Sullivan



The experience of carrying out the show has provided us with a tremendous ego lift, in part because of the very positive and vocal response that the exhibit evoked from the community. Perhaps even more important is the sense of confidence in ourselves as individuals and as a group which we have gained in the process. We are cognizant of our impact on the artistic and political communities. (As a matter of fact, we have already had our "funding" investigated by a member of the Republican party who was not permitted to leave Republican literature with other campaign materials in the gallery prior to the election.) Certainly we are no longer invisible as artists.



I always thought, to get away with - me having kids I'd have to be great at something

How can we convince women - one another - to take our selves seriously as artists?

Not to let people / mothers / "old lady" roles keep our time and energy?

These interviews have shown me it's a choice I'm going to make, really soon. It's a choice of how I'm going to live.

It's a choice I'm going to make.

Dancing is an expression of my inner self. I'm observing who I am.

The need to support

Process is for pleasure - to have to have to take it very seriously. It's a discipline I haven't had for years.

Product is for approval - recognition - proof of worth

On trying new ways to express what a woman is who we will discover we are!

How do women artists see themselves? Primarily as women? or as artists?

Justifying taking time to it

Plus do you

up for judgement?

create - to work

putting

at it - without then

Women's poetry

What does a woman see? How? Why?

is so direct & clear!

Will have to start a new women's language!

When you write small and did a drawing or colored a picture, did anyone ever ask you if you enjoyed doing it?

Have men written poems about children?

How do they see children?

What do they say about them?

I feel that I'm sensitive and aware - but I don't communicate through form
I don't have an art form
I don't communicate through

each other!

ession of
er self -
vious to
's watching

WOMEN and ART

When we first conceived of this issue, we thought: woman as artist in the country. We thought of things that had been explored in our consciousness-raising groups in the first year. Women who had been "artist" who had somehow in moving to the country lost or let slide that whole part/understanding of themselves. Reasons varied. Moving to the country, where to dance I have to find a studio. But first I have to find a babysitter for my children. And that means having or getting the bread to pay the babysitter - and it means transporting the babysitter (sometimes 10 to 12 miles). And then if I can find a studio - it means liking the people who are there. If I don't, I can't dance." Finding our energy centered in merely surviving - building a house, in hauling water, in woodchopping or animal care, in getting together enough money to eat and make land payments - we find little time for our art. No space to paint, no place to work on sculpture or pottery. A piano found for little money and trucked home and balanced on a dolly through the woods - doesn't fit in the tiny cabin. It sits outside all winter, up on boards and covered tightly with plastic. It loses tuning, it warps. There is no music. There is no one else who knows the intricacies of Balkan dance; there is no darkroom on a 40-acre commune with no electricity. Few places to hear or read poetry...No one to teach or learn with - or no money for classes. The poverty and isolation of country living has a depressant effect on our creativity, on our art and growth.

But the visions are powerful and recurring. In small groups and individual conversations, we begin to hear ourselves and our sisters. Hear the want to paint again, the need to dance, to make music, to express---. Begin to feel it grow again - as a familiar boiling inside, or for the first time ever. "Take the time for yourself." "You'll have to put a sign on your door that says clearly 'Don't Disturb - For Any Reason!' "I'm writing again. I wrote all afternoon. It's making me really high." "I've always been afraid to sing - but we've been getting together and doing it - and I can sing!" Habits of fear break down, fear of failing. Fear of not meeting someone else's standards. Fear of not being "good", of not being excellent. Fear of taking time, space, energy for self. There are parts of ourselves, or each other, that we have never seen. They begin to filter through, hesitant at first, but wanting out. Shyly, slowly, uncertainly and then bursting; we can dance, we can make music that is all our own and joyful! We can draw our visions, make films, write plays..

From these beginnings and reawakenings this issue grew. We began to talk about ourselves as artists and creative people. We began to explore

some questions that seemed self-evident but drew us into some new spaces. Why are most great artists men? How do women artists think of themselves and their art? Why were we programmed not to be more than wives and mothers? How do we break free of those roles and give ourselves serious time to think and create? In our first talking, we were brought up short by the difference between the concept of "artist" and of "creative person". A lot of emotional response, argument, and intellectual-personal searching. We discovered that the word "artist" was a loaded concept for most of us. We discovered that when we wanted to find women to interview, it wasn't difficult to find our artists; they stand illuminated by their choice.

Basic to choosing to be primarily an artist is a clear decision about themselves. To see yourself first and foremost as an artist, to live entirely consumed, centered and defined by your art...to discipline yourself to long hours, to sacrifice most other things to really learn a new technique, to examine and criticize and work to be more competent...all of this takes a certain courage and determination. We found that the issue of self-confidence is a critical one. We found that some of us were stopped by our own demands on ourselves ("to be an artist at all I would have to be great") and some by pressures or judgments from other people. Whether our parents actively encouraged us to be musicians - writers - creators - was important. And whether or not we internalized the competitiveness of male society influenced deeply our ability to create and to enjoy our creating.

We struggled a lot with defining ourselves, with working out and through our reluctance to call ourselves artists, or with our uneasiness with not being artists. We came finally to understand that all of us are creative - that our ways of expressing that creativity differ vastly. Art is one means of communication. There are an infinity of choices. We are at the beginning of those choices. For centuries women have been shut off from choosing by conditioning, by oppression, by role-expectation and destructive self-images. Now we are breaking free and seeing that we needn't be held to any choice by our sex. Our consciousness of oppression (that says you may not be a dancer - you must be a mother; that says you cannot be a scientist, you are first a wife; that says you are unworthy - you are only a woman) and our desire to change that oppression will free us. In changing, some of us - and some of our sisters and our daughters - will become artists. Some of us are already artists, and will find new strength and support in our work. Some of us are not and will not be artists. We understand that to not see yourself as an artist is no failure. And to see yourself as an artist is no success. It is only another way to understand yourself and your relationship with other people, with things and life-flow. Each of us is a creative individual, and creative women are a potent new force. We are part of a movement forward, part of the change that will alter human consciousness. This magazine is only a beginning. It may suggest more questions than it answers. It was a learning process for us all..■

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

by Virginia Woolf
Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1929

reviewed by Carmen Goodyear

I remember so clearly my raw sensitivity after I first became aware that I was oppressed because I was a woman. For twenty-five years almost everyone around me had been ignoring, insulting and repressing me and I had thought that was common human experience. In those first weeks were continuous episodes of frustration and anger and many new understandings of people's actions toward me. A Room of One's Own seems to me Virginia Woolf's story of her first direct look at her oppression and the oppression of all women writers.

In 1928, mid-point in her career as a leading English novelist and essayist, she was asked to give a lecture on "women and fiction" at the women's college of an English university. This lecture lengthened into a book, which includes not only the lecture material but some of her experiences at the university. One morning, strolling across the campus, she was deep in thought about the proposed lecture. "It was thus that I found myself walking with extreme rapidity across a grass plot. Instantly a man's figure rose to intercept me. Nor did I at first understand that the gesticulations of a curious-looking object, in a cut-away coat and evening shirt, were aimed at me. His face expressed horror and indignation. Instinct rather than reason came to my help; he was a Beadle; I was a woman. This was the turf; there was the path. Only the Fellows and Scholars are allowed here; the gravel is the place for me." She resettles back into her thoughts. "...But then one would have to decide what is style and what is meaning, a question which- but here I was actually at the door which leads into the library itself. I must have opened it, for instantly there issued, like a guardian angel barring the way with a flutter of black gown instead of white wings, a deprecating, silvery, kindly gentleman, who regretted in a low voice as he waved me back that ladies are only admitted to the library if accompanied by a Fellow of the College or furnished with a letter of introduction."

The rest of her day is spent at a sumptuous lunch at a men's college, a long walk back to Fernham, the women's college, and a meager dinner there. This sends her into thoughts about the founding of women's educational institutions, their inadequacies and the cause thereof. "If only Mrs. Seton and her mother and her mother before her had learnt the great art of making money and had left their money, like their fathers and their

grandfathers before them, to found fellowships and lectureships and prizes and scholarships appropriated to the use of their own sex." But "Making a fortune and bearing thirteen children- no human being could stand it." Anyway "...in the first place to earn money was impossible for them, and in the second, had it been possible, the law denied them the right to possess what money they earned."

Next day she goes to the British Museum, where women are admitted, to research the questions the preceding day had posed. "Why did men drink wine and women water? Why was one sex so prosperous and the other so poor? What effect has poverty on fiction? What conditions are necessary for the creation of works of art?" After looking through volumes of words about women, written by men, she has no answers but comes to this conclusion. "Women have served all these centuries as looking-glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size." "That serves to explain in part the necessity that women so often are to men. And it serves to explain how restless they are under her criticism; how impossible it is for her to say to them this book is bad, this picture is feeble or whatever it may be, without giving far more pain and rousing far more anger than a man would do who gave the same criticism. For if she begins to tell the truth, the figure in the looking-glass shrinks; his fitness for life is diminished. How is he to go on giving judgement, civilising natives, making laws, writing books, dressing up and speechifying at banquets, unless he can see himself at breakfast and at dinner at least twice the size he really is?"

What of women and fiction? Thinking of English literature in the sixteenth century she thinks of Shakespeare. "Let me imagine, since facts are so hard to come by, what would have happened had Shakespeare had a wonderfully gifted sister, called Judith, let us say." Shakespeare is well-educated as a boy, adventurous. He runs away to London, gets work in a theatre, becomes well-known and writes his plays. "Meanwhile his extraordinarily gifted sister, let us suppose, remained at home. She was as adventurous, as imaginative, as eager to see the world as he was. But she was not sent to school. She had no chance of learning grammar and logic, let alone of reading Horace and Virgil. She picked up a book now and then, one of her brothers perhaps, and read a few pages. But then her parents came in and told her to mend the stockings or mind the stew and not moon about with books and papers." They arranged her marriage at a young age but she too ran away to London. She was laughed at when she approached the theatre, looking for training as a writer. The actor-manager, Nick Greene, took pity on her and "she found herself with child by that gentleman and so- who shall measure the heat and violence of the poet's heart when caught and tangled in a woman's body?- killed herself one winter's night..."

And women writers in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? She analyzes the few books by women, their successes and failures, keeping clearly focused on the fact of their sex;

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she gives a new and essential understanding of the Brontës and Jane Austen.

Coming to the twentieth century she laments the lopsidedness that sexism has given fiction and asks for more androgynous writers. Women are lacking scope because their experiences lack scope. And men? "No age can ever have been as stridently sex-conscious as our own; those innumerable books by men about women in the British Museum are a proof of it. The Suffrage campaign was no doubt to blame. It must have roused in men an extraordinary desire for self-assertion; it must have made them lay an emphasis upon their own sex and its characteristics which they would not have troubled to think about had they not been chall-

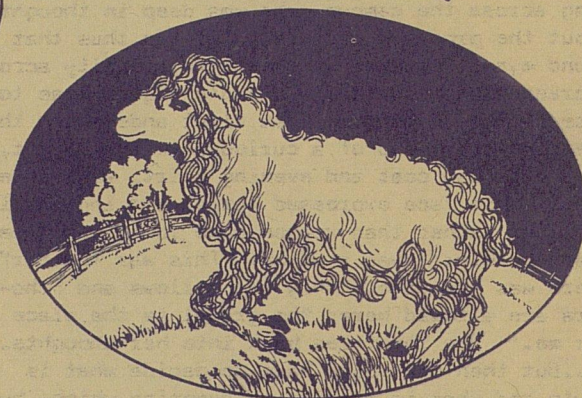
enged. And when one is challenged, even by a few women in black bonnets, one retaliates, if one has never been challenged before, rather excessively."

Virginia Woolf's conclusion is written to all women struggling to practice all arts: "(If we) have five hundred a year each of us and rooms of our own; if we have the habit of freedom and the courage to write exactly what we think; if we escape a little from the common sitting-room and see human beings not always in their relation to each other but in relation to reality;...if we face the fact, for it is a fact, that there is no arm to cling to, but that we go alone..." then we can be artists. ■



RAISING

SHEEP



Our sheep-raising began as most of our learning to farm: a vague notion that "it might be nice to" coupled with the sudden opportunity to buy--in this case, our choice of a small backyard flock that was being dispersed. We went to look at the sheep for sale with absolutely no idea of what was "desirable" in sheep, or what we would want them for. Somewhere in the future was perhaps a spinning wheel--and lambs--and looms. The sheep were an outgrown 4 H project, bottle fed and hand raised. They were newly-shorn, clean and sleek, came at a run to their people's call. As we talked they milled around us. Words and advice passed lightly over our heads--what to feed them, when to breed, what was good wool or a good fleece, weight, cross-breeding. . . the sheep were there, nibbling at the grass, nosing against us. Their shed had a fine smell and look to it. The wooden feed racks were worn to a smooth oily shine. It all felt good. . . we bought the two lambs at market price - 32¢ a pound--and the older ewes for \$15 or \$20 each. It was a fortunate beginning--four fine wool type ewes, a purebred ram, all of them good animals and very manageably tame.

A good beginning, but wrong way around. With the sheep confined to a tiny pen, we began to fence them a pasture. There was an open, grassy hillside that had once been horse pasture and had most of its barbed wire fence still intact. We reasoned that adding four or more strands to the existing fence would make it sheep-tight. So we began. We tore ourselves, our clothes, our boots. We stretched, nailed, and cut. Learned about the springy, ornery, dangerous nature of barbed wire. When it was completed, we didn't stop to admire our first fencing job: in went the sheep. They did a little experimental turn through their new place, tested the grass, sniffed at the fence, then one after the other popped out between the lower strands. If a head went through, the rest of the sheep would follow. A lot of wool was left on the barbs. We rounded them up (a bucket of grain and familiar "come, sheep" and they would arrive at a gallop and follow you anywhere) and put them back in through the gate. In a few minutes they were out. They were free, and quite content to stay around awhile, and we had had our first sheep raising lesson. . .

STARTING A SMALL FLOCK

More than twenty breeds of sheep are raised in this country. Cross-breedings produce countless more types. Characteristics which vary from breed to breed are body size and conformation, breeding season, number of lambs per season, type of lamb and its growth rate. Wool varies tremendously--in density, staple length, average fleece weight, grease content, softness, and fineness. "White" wool will vary from snow white to cream or yellow. Fleeces weigh from 6 to 20 pounds, depending on breed, age and size of sheep. If you plan to use your own wool, try different types to see how it spins and works up. Decide what is most important in your sheep flock and look for a breed or blend of breeds that will best suit your needs and your land.

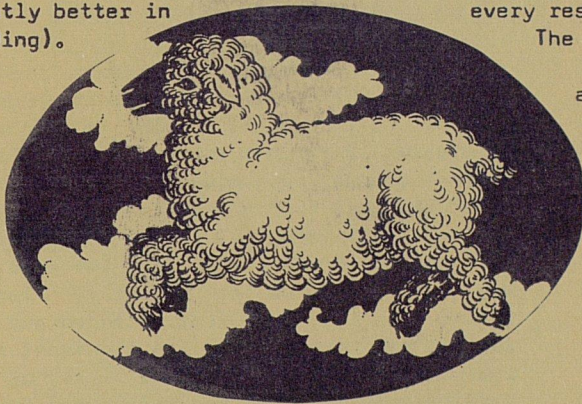
There are fine-wool sheep (Merino, Rambouillet), mutton-type sheep (Hampshire, Southdown, Shropshire, Suffolk), medium-wool or crossbred-wool-type sheep (Corriedale, Columbia). Dorset sheep (medium wool, light fleece) will breed any time of year and produce off-season lambs (high market value). Coarse, carpet-type wool with an incredibly long staple comes from large sheep, such as the Lincoln. Dual-purpose breeds (the Targhee) have been developed to give good wool and good meat-type lambs. A new breed to this country, the Finnish Landrace, characteristically throws multiple lambs (five per ewe per lambing is not unusual, triplets are common). One outstanding characteristic in a breed may be at the sacrifice of something else you want in your sheep. The Merino, for example, has a beautiful, fine fleece, but short in staple. Merino lambs would not finish out*as well nor grow as fast as lambs from the mutton-type breeds. (* Finish out is a stock-raising term which refers to the type of carcass of an animal). The prolific Finnsheep grows a mediocre fleece and is small in size. Careful and intelligent crossbreeding can balance and enhance desirable characteristics. A flock of fine-wool type ewes, for example, bred to a large mutton-type ram, will produce excellent fleeces and good, fast-growing meat-type lambs.

Choose a type of sheep that will do well in your area and under your conditions. Some sheep are bred to withstand cold; others do not do well in wet climates. Cheviots are exceptionally hardy; Rambouillets are not supposed to take rain because their fleeces dry out too slowly. Some sheep do well under range conditions and others are good in small farm flocks. Talk with anyone in your area who raises sheep to find out what breeds you should consider. Availability of breeding stock and the type of market available (if your sheep will be a commercial venture) should be explored. Then within the breeds that will do well on your land and under your conditions, choose the type that most appeals to you. An important part of sheep-raising is liking the animals you work with!

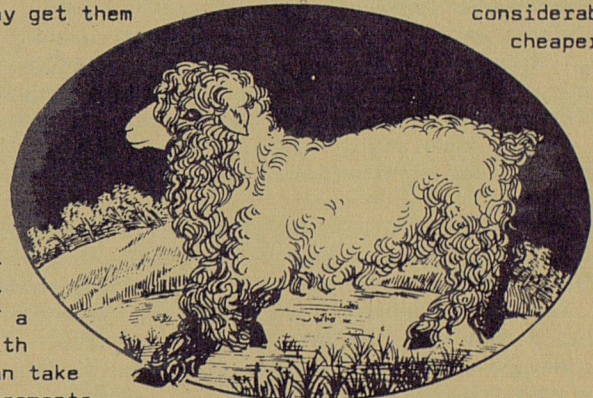
The best times to buy sheep are spring (early or late - whenever weaned lambs go to market in your area) and in early fall (when flocks are culled). A good beginning flock would be a number of crossbred ewes and a purebred ram. The number will depend upon how much land and capital you have available and what you plan to do with your sheep. Understock your pastures. Begin with a small flock and build it up as you learn. Even if you want only half a dozen ewes, you'd do well to start with two or three the first year. For a flock of thirty or fewer ewes, you'll need only one ram. He should be the very best animal you can find. Extra care in choosing and an extra investment for your ram will pay off in the lambs he sires. Using a purebred ram on a flock of crossbred ewes will produce lambs that are consistently better in every respect than their mothers (a breeding process called upgrading).

The initial investment for crossbred ewes will be small.

Prices for sheep vary from year to year, area to area, season to season. You can probably buy a young crossbred ewe for \$20-25. Old ewes often sell for as little as \$5. Wethers (castrated rams), ewe lambs and ram lambs sold at market price, by the pound, may run \$15-25 and up. A purebred ewe or ram will cost more. If you buy your animals at auction, you may get them considerably cheaper -



but beware of the "bargain" that may turn out to be an infertile ram, a barren ewe, or otherwise defective animal. If you live in sheep country, you may be able to start a small flock with some orphaned lambs - called "bummers". These are lamb that have been deserted by ewes that have hard lambings or may be one of a set of twins or triplets that the ewe can't provide with milk. Some shepherds give these lambs away rather than take the time and expense to bottle-raise them. Make arrangements before lambing begins to take these lambs if you can. Try to avoid ewe lambs from mothers who didn't have enough milk or who deserted the lamb - these traits are inherited. Rams or wethers wouldn't present this problem - and a ewe lamb whose mother refuses her after a difficult lambing or whose mother died or was killed could be expected to take her lambs normally. ■



this article continues next issue with choosing the individual animal, feeding and caring for sheep, etc.



Lambing season on the Mendocino coast is wet and chilly. It begins in late November or December and may continue on through March. Drenching rains, high winds, and three-day storms are all common fare. In between are days of cold, clear brilliance - and nights of frost - and sometimes snow. Strange weather for lambs? Other places they're born to deep snow and sub-zero temperatures. To blizzards. Our winter-green fields look suddenly milder...

Lambing season actually begins a month earlier, when range ewes are brought in from their hill-grazing close to the sheds and pens. On our small farm, we don't move the sheep anywhere. We begin to notice that the ewes are "showing" - their sides bulge, their bellies hang lower and wider. Their udders begin to fill. For the two months before lambing, the ewes must be in their best condition. This means extra feeding of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of mixed grain (corn and oats, or a dairy chow) daily, plus their normal 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of good hay (mostly alfalfa, with some oat hay for roughage). The hay

is scattered around their field every other feeding to give them some exercise. As always, they need plenty of fresh water and access to salt. Some shepherds advise worming the ewes two weeks prior to lambing to protect them and the new lambs from parasites.

When the ewes' udders are well filled out, we move the rams to another pen (they will sometimes bother a ewe who is about to lamb). We "tag" the ewes (clip away the wool from their rearquarters). Usually the ewe will pull away the wool from around her udder - or it drops off - if not, we clip that too. Any feed boxes are removed from the pasture - last year we had a ewe heavy with lamb who stood with her front feet up on a box on and off for weeks. The pull of gravity on the unborn lamb caused her vagina to slide out. A common enough problem with sheep who lamb in hilly country and lie with their rearquarters downhill too often. It is called "prolapsed vagina" or - later and worse - "prolapsed uterus". We've learned, too, to have a place ready to isolate reluctant mothers with their lambs. And to keep close to home, with an eye on the ewes - special attention is often needed.

The few days before a ewe is about to lamb are usually noticeable. Her udder gets very tight, pink, and almost "shiny". The unborn lambs change position - a hollow appears just below and in front of the ewe's hip bones. When she is about to lamb, she will usually become restless and go off by herself. If she doesn't come in to feed with the flock, you can expect lambs within a few hours. Often a ewe will "wait" to lamb at night, or when you aren't around. Ours seem to prefer stormy nights or early morning hours. If you think a ewe is about to lamb - and especially if she is lambing for the first time - it is a good idea to confine her in a small area of her own. This should be dry and well-bedded with straw. A pen or section of the shed where she can see the other sheep is ideal.

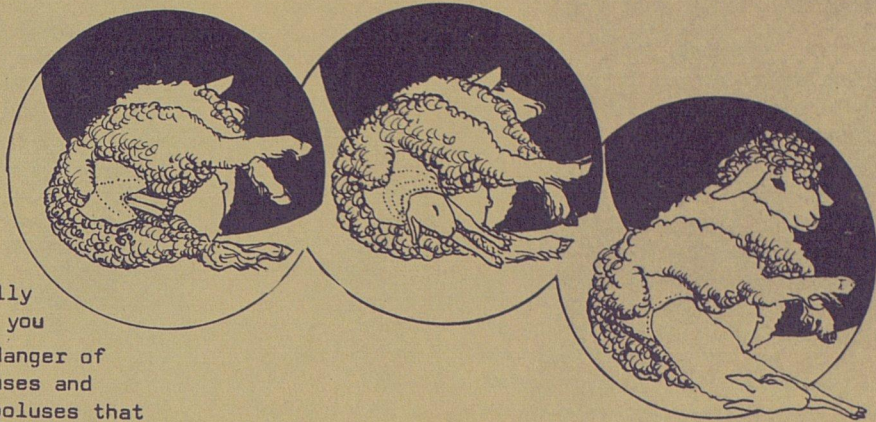
Just before beginning her labor, the ewe will circle, paw at the ground, and often look back toward her tail. She will then lie down and begin to strain. Sometimes she will get up, circle again - and may even move to a different spot. Her labor may last from a few minutes to a few hours and vary in intensity. If the water bag breaks and the lamb doesn't come in a few minutes, you may have to deliver it. Normally, a lamb is delivered with its front feet extended and its nose resting (pointed forward) on its front legs. If one hoof appears, or the tail first, or if the ewe strains heavily and doesn't deliver, the lamb may be coming wrong. A leg bent back or a head turned improperly may "catch" the lamb in the birth canal. Twins sometimes get stuck together and neither can be delivered. Single lambs are sometimes so large that they are difficult to deliver. Always give the ewe time to deliver herself. Her straining and contractions may seem interminable your first lambing - but give her time. If you have to help her, wash your hands well first. Having a friend keep the ewe down (if she is not used to being handled or begins to struggle with you) is a good idea. Try to feel how the lamb is arranged and if a leg is bent wrong, straighten it. If the head is bent back, try to work it into place gently. It helps

to push the lamb back into the canal toward the womb - sometimes it will right its position and deliver normally. Never pull hard on the lamb and always work with the ewe's contractions. Pull down towards the ewe's hocks and pull with her straining (take hold of the lamb by its legs or guide its shoulders). In the case of twins which have become stuck, you will have to work one back up into the canal and deliver the first in line. The ewe will then usually deliver the second normally. Any time you have to help deliver a lamb, there is danger of infection for the ewe. Farm supply houses and pharmacies sell pessaries - medicated boluses that are inserted into the ewe's vagina to disinfect it. Watch the ewe carefully for the next few weeks for signs of infection.

Once the lamb is delivered, clear its nostrils and mouth of mucus. Normally the ewe will do this but if her labor is difficult she may not. If the sack the lamb is enclosed in does not break as soon as the lamb is born, you should tear it open (this rarely happens in lambing, but we know of two goat kids that suffocated this way). Put the lamb close to the ewe's head so that she can lick it clean if she doesn't move to do this. If she's exhausted and won't clean the lamb, rub it briskly with straw, a burlap sack, or rough towel. All new lambs should have the ends of their navels dipped in iodine to prevent infection - this is very important! The newborn lamb is covered with a sticky orange-colored mucus. An old-time livestock book we have suggests this is to make the lamb the most obvious thing on the landscape so that the ewe can easily find it. A normal lamb is up and about 5 or 10 minutes after birth - a little unsteady, but eager and lively. It will try to nurse its mother's legs, stomach, or udder looking for the teat. You may have to help it. At this point and again in a few days you should check the ewe's teats to be sure the milk can flow normally. Squeeze each teat gently - the milk should come at once. Occasionally a wax plug will prevent milk flow, and you have to work it loose by massaging the teat.

If you find a newborn lamb that is extremely weak and with no energy - can't or won't stand, won't try to nurse - it's probably chilled. It should be warmed up quickly to stimulate it to life. Bring it in the house and put it close to a warm stove. Wrap and rub it with warm towels. Some shepherds suggest immersing most of the lamb in warm water - then drying it well and keeping it warm. When the lamb is warm enough, it should be more alert and energetic. Return it to the ewe (wrap in a blanket for the trip out). She and the lamb should be isolated in a draft-free, well-bedded stall or pen. Leave the ewe and lamb together until she has accepted it completely and it seems strong.

If a ewe has a difficult delivery or has twins and will accept only one, you should isolate her with her lamb(s). Smearing a handful of after-birth on the lamb and encouraging the ewe to lick it first from your fingers and then from the lamb



may get her to accept the lamb. For the first few days, a ewe knows her lamb only by its smell (later she learns its voice) and this trick makes the lamb smell like hers. If one twin is "favored" to the exclusion of the other, you may have to take both lambs away for an hour or more. Then give her the "unfavored" one first.

Shortly after lambing, the ewe should be given some warm water to drink (you can add some molasses for a tonic effect). She should pass the after-birth within a few hours and be up to graze or nibble hay. In the rare cases of retained afterbirth, the ewe may be given a "raspberry leaf and linseed and molasses brew", pennyroyal, or a little of her own milk (Herbal Handbook For Farm and Stable). There are boluses available from the pharmacy which are inserted into the ewe's vagina to stimulate passage of the afterbirth.

For the first few days after lambing, the ewe should be fed lightly. Build her up to plentiful good hay and some grain (oats especially) for heavy milk flow. Good pasture is ideal. Root crops - carrots and turnips - fed with hay are also good. The lambs will begin nibbling hay or grass very young. When they're a few weeks old, you can start them on a little grain.

A new lamb is infinitely curious - it will come to your outstretched hand to see what you have (or are). During the first few weeks, you should give each lamb special attention if you have the time. Handle it often to get it used to people and willing to come up to you. Lambs are also playful - and will run and leap with other lambs, goat kids, and people. They will bounce at chickens and cats that happen through their pasture. In between their playing they do a lot of napping and eating.

When a lamb is from four to fourteen days old, its tail should be docked (cut off). This prevents later screw-worm infestation (a fly which lays its eggs in dirty matted wool a long tail causes; the larvae hatch and bore into the sheep's body), makes future lambing easier and cleaner, and makes a cleaner fleece. The tail may be cut with a pair of shears or removed by use of an elastrator (instrument which stretches a special heavy rubber band enough to fit it over the tail; the band is snapped into place about an inch below the base of the tail, where it prevents circulation; the tail atrophies and drops off. This method is bloodless and painless, but watch for possible infections). The tail stub should be an

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inch or so long. If you cut it, be sure to disinfect the wound. The elastrator may be purchased from American Supply House, Box 1114, Columbia, Mo. 65201 for \$13.

Ram lambs that aren't exceptional breeding stock and those that will be raised for meat should be castrated at the same time as they are docked. The elastrator (be sure both testicles are descended when you put the band in place) or a sharp knife may be used the scrotum is slit and the testicles pulled out). Another instrument - the burdizzo (also from American Supply for about \$28) - crushes the testicular cord without damaging the scrotum and thus eliminates danger of infection. It may also be used for docking. Both docking and castrating are simple to learn and do - clear instructions are in all good sheep or livestock books. They take only a few minutes and cause little or no pain to the young lamb.

If you have or are given a lamb the ewe refuses to take and you have to bottle-raise it, there are a few basics. The lamb should have the colostrum - first milk, rich in vitamins and containing immunities to certain diseases - if at all possible (you may even have to milk the ewe and reheat the colostrum in a bottle; or use colostrum from a newly-kidged goat - it can be frozen and kept on hand). Feed the lamb small amounts of milk each feeding and be sure the milk is quite warm. Use a "lamb nipple" that you can buy at a feed store for about 20¢ on any small bottle. Keep nipples and bottles absolutely clean. A new lamb should be fed five to six (or more) times daily, and once or twice (at least) at night. Later it can be put on a 2 or 3 bottle a day schedule. Begin feeding only a few ounces each time and work up gradually. At two weeks, a lamb can be up to about a half-gallon of milk a day in divided feedings. Special powdered milk (with vitamin and mineral supplements) for lambs is sold at feed stores in 25 lb. bags. Follow directions for mixing and feeding carefully. Goat's milk is excellent for lamb raising. If you feed anything else, be sure there is Vitamin D added to prevent rickets. Wean the lamb at three to four months.

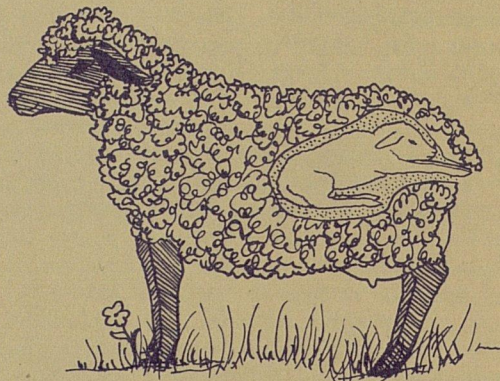
Keep your lambs as you keep the rest of your flock - fed consistently and well. Don't switch feeds suddenly and don't overfeed. Watch to see that lambs nurse normally - if the ewe kicks them away, check her udder for unusual heat or lumps (signs of mastitis - an infection of the udder that may be treated with hot compresses and garlic given internally, or with antibiotics). Also check for sore teats - these may be treated with vaseline (or "udder balm"). If you use an elastrator on the lambs' tails, check them daily to see that they don't become pinned down with feces (a fairly common problem. Tails should wag freely.

If one doesn't, catch the lamb and soak its tail and rearquarters with warm water until the tail can be pulled loose. If a lamb (and especially a bottle fed lamb) begins scouring (having diarrhea), watch it closely and treat if scouring continues more than 24 hours. Sometimes a little powdered ginger mixed in a small amount of warm water will suffice. Or the lamb may be given 3 or 4 table-spoons of mineral oil, which soothes the intesti-

nal lining and also helps to move out any toxic materials. A good commercial product for bad cases of scouring is "Sulmet" (sulfamethazine). A bottle-fed lamb may scour from too-cool milk or a dirty bottle. Bad hay (moldy, dusty or containing some strange type vegetation) or spoiled grain - or too much grain - can all cause scouring. Also watch your lambs' eyes for inverted lashes and lids (supposedly common, but our lambs have never had these). Lashes can be removed. Lids must be nicked lightly to cause scar tissue which makes them heal in place. Another common lamb disease which we've had no trouble with is enterotoxemia - or "overeating disease". It is a complicated, often fatal reaction to too much lush green feed or too much grain fed at one time. It can be prevented by attention to feeding practices. There is also a vaccine available commercially which protects lambs from this disease.

Lambs are usually sturdy, fast-growing, healthy, inquisitive. They need space to exercise, good feed, and a little daily care. Lambs leap, spin, frolic, gambol - there aren't enough verbs for them. Often their springing sideways across a field will catch an old ewe unawares; she'll go springing with them, careless and abandoned, then stop short with a most amazed look on her face... and go back to grazing.

A season of lambling - with all that it involves, teaches you and stirs in you - will probably make you a shepherd for quite some time. ■



The Naked Summer

I look in the spin
and shake of the baler
and see your body,
naked, lovely
like cool rain
while you sit on the tractor
waiting for the baler
to get fixed
so we can get on
with the haying.
Under the hot sun
I see your body
like cool rain.

Ruth of Mountain Grove



ALTERNATIVES HERBS FOR COLDS

With winter approaching, and colds so common, I find that I want to know about which plants and trees have properties that will help to prevent colds, or if the cold has already set in, which herbs will help make it better.

Herbal remedies are ones which will strengthen and cleanse the body with vibrations directly from the earth. Unlike the "wonder drugs" we were brought up on, they will not be an instant cure. But, instant cures actually deplete the body of the energy necessary for healing. They treat the symptoms of a disease without looking for the causes, and when these symptoms are eliminated, we are considered "cured". But if the body is still subjected to the impurities which caused the disease in the first place, (devitalized foods, polluted air, etc) the run down condition will persist and the disease return.

Almost every plant that surrounds us has medicinal properties of one sort or another. Barks, roots, leaves, seeds or flowers from growing plants are used. Common weeds have been used for centuries to generally strengthen the system and provide the body with the vitamins and minerals necessary for life and health. Today, many people are trying to get these necessary elements by taking chemically derived vitamins and other pills. Chemically derived vitamins are often missing essential elements which help the body absorb and utilize what it needs. (Aspirin is a common "cure-all" which in reality is a strong acid that can damage the walls of the stomach. Yet many doctors prescribe it at the first sign of any illness).

Tonics are natural medicines which generally strengthen the condition of your body. They are to be taken if you are in a weak state (from being ill) or if you've been really tired and lacking energy; any time you're not feeling full of energy. Taking a tonic could help to prevent catching a cold that everyone seems to have. If your body is generally in good shape, you are better able to resist dis-

ease. Some common tonic herbs are: dandelion root, ginger root, skullcap, yarrow, horehound, capsicum (cayenne pepper), golden seal, and raspberry leaves. To make an herbal tea from leaves, put a handful of leaves in the teapot and pour boiling water over them, then let steep 5 minutes. To make one from roots it is necessary to boil the root from 20 to 30 minutes.

If, in spite of all attempts, you do catch a cold. . . a good tea is one made from a mixture of yarrow leaves and flowers, peppermint, and elderberry blossoms. Or you can try one made of fenugreek seeds, golden seal, mullein, horehound and ginger. Fenugreek seed and savory tea cleanses the lungs and chest of mucous. Inhaling steam of a tea made from bay-laurel leaves, or one of eucalyptus leaves will help clear the sinuses. When my head was really clogged I drank a tea of bay leaves and it helped dry it up.

For coughs you can make horehound syrup. Make a real strong tea of horehound leaves, strain the tea, and then simmer it with honey until it gets thick and syrupy. Hyssop is also excellent for coughs, either made into tea, or boiled with rue and honey to make a syrup. Plantain leaves and licquorice root make a good tasting tea for coughs and so do coltsfoot and licquorice. Also recommended to soothe the throat are slippery elm, borage, flaxseed, and red sage teas.

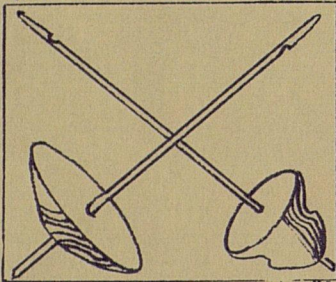
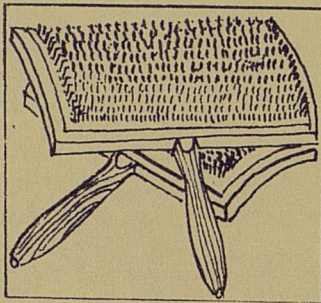
For the vitamin C so necessary in helping colds, rose hips, lemon balm, sorrel, fir tips, or manzanita berries can each be made into a delicious "lemony" tasting tea. Soak rose hips in water in the refrigerator, or a cold place. Drink the water four or five times a day if you start to get a cold—it is rich in vitamin C.

When I go to a doctor's office I am usually in contact with impersonal sterile vibrations. Using herbs helps me stay more in touch with my body as a part of all nature. ■

SPINNING

Fine wool yarn in a wealth of natural colors can be spun at home using only a hand drop spindle and a pair of cards. Spinning is fairly easy to learn and almost immediately you can produce thick and (interestingly) bumpy yarn. As skill increases, it is possible to control the fineness of the yarn to get exactly what you want. Wool fleeces vary greatly in quality as well as color; it is important to begin working with good fleeces which spin with ease and to know which parts of the wool spin best. Using a bad fleece in my early spinning days, I became really frustrated thinking my spinning was at fault. Now it is easier for me to spin difficult fleeces and I have learned to see flaws in the wool which cause breaking and pulling.

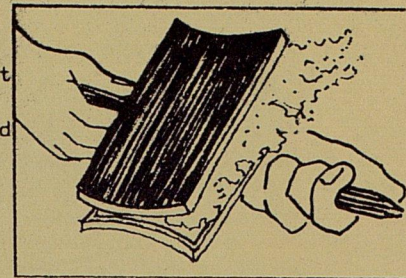
Besides fleece, you need cards and a spindle for home spinning. Cards, which resemble curry combs or dog brushes, comb and straighten the wool fibres to ready them for spinning. Cards have curved or flat wooden backs, wood handles, and metal teeth set in leather on the wooden blocks. They vary in quality and cost from \$7-10, some with very stiff teeth and some fairly loose. The stiff ones wear well and card more wool at a time; the loose ones card less wool and sometimes lose teeth. Yet some of us clearly prefer one kind and some the other -- what you learn on determines a lot what you like to use. Spindles are basically just a



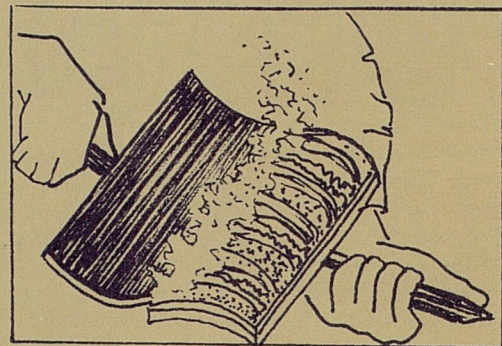
notched dowel through a round wooden disc. They vary in size and weight. We prefer heavier spindles with a broad base. Heavy spindles twirl around longer and the broad base lets much yarn pile up on the shaft.

Mark your new cards "left" and "right" and always hold them in the same hand. The teeth wear in one direction so you want to continue carding that way. A rubber band around the left card handle saves constant checking for which is right and which is left. Sit holding the left card in your left hand, handle pointing upwards and teeth facing the center of your lap. Now pull off a section of fleece (if it is sheared well you will see sections of fairly straight fiber almost in rows. Try to keep this intact as you pull it off the fleece). Look at the wool and make sure the loose end points down, the tight part from next to the sheep's body is at the top. Straighten them slightly and stick them on the top row of teeth that runs the width of the card. The card should be covered with a fairly even, not too thick layer. Now take the right card in your

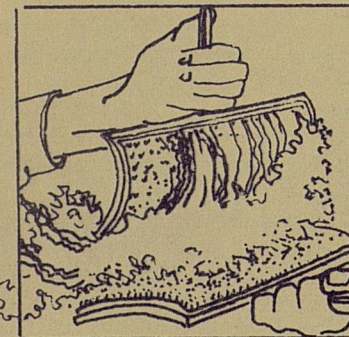
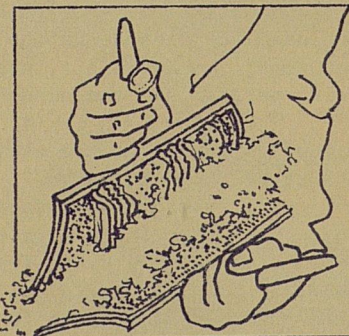
right hand, teeth facing the teeth of the left card. Hold the left card fairly stationary and brush the right card down over it. Some wool will come off onto the right card. Continue carding like this until the wool is straight and smooth. Matted or twisted places should be removed and carding continued. A lot of dirt and grease get carded too-- we prefer unwashed fleece which spins easier. Beginners seem to have trouble with matted spirals forming as they card. If this happens, just remove them and go on. As proficiency increases, it will happen less and less. Keep a bag near you to put these cast-off "nits" in-- they are a nuisance if they get mixed back in your good fleece, and make good pillow or quilt stuffing if saved.



When the wool on both cards is well combed, straight and unmatted, reverse the right card so its handle also points upwards but with the



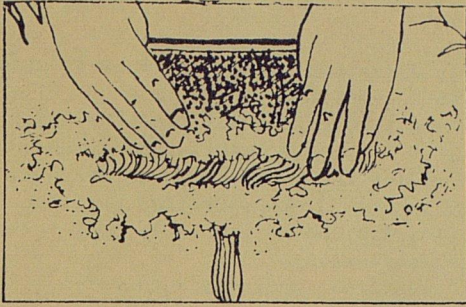
teeth still facing the teeth of the left card. You will have to shift your hand position to make this comfortable. Now with bottom edge of right card touching top edge of left, pull down making sure teeth touch all the way down (almost roll the card so teeth on the top edge also come in contact and stay in contact until they leave the bottom of the left card). All the wool should now be on the right card. Reverse the cards, holding right card in left hand exactly as you held the left card and vice versa. Repeat the combing. All wool will now be on the left card (in your right hand).



Reverse the cards and repeat one more time. Now all the wool should be on the right card in your right hand, in a loosely attached sheet.

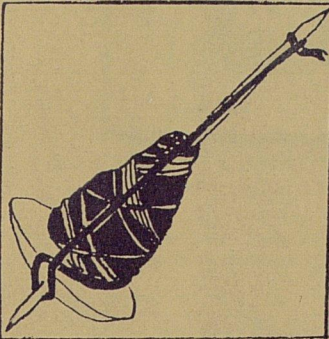
Reverse the cards and repeat one more time. Now all the wool should be on the right card in your right hand, in a loosely attached sheet.

Set the left card down, put the right card in your lap and gently roll up the wool into a fairly tight cylinder. This is a rolag.



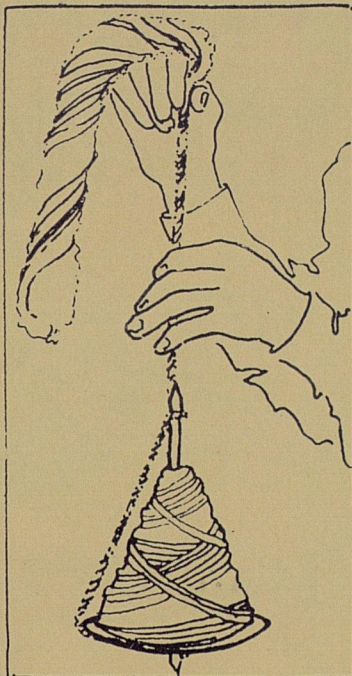
Rolags spin best the day they are made. If they have to be stored, stack them gently. Do not pack or squash them. Rolags may also be laid directly in woven pieces, unspun, for a loose tufted effect.

To begin spinning, tie a short piece of hand-spun wool to your spindle just above the base. Then loop the wool under the base around the dowel and bring it up to the top of the dowel with a twist into the notch. A short piece should extend from the notch. Twist the yarn to see which way tightens it, which way loosens it. You must continue spinning in the direction which tightens. Most spinners quickly come to prefer spinning in one direction, clockwise or counter-clockwise, and use starts that go in that direction. Loosen the wool at the end of your

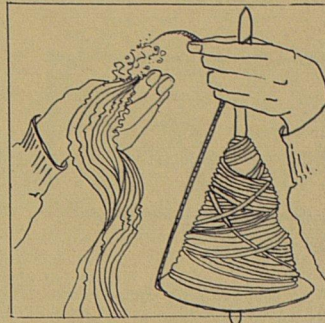


starting piece till the fibers (for an inch or two) look like carded wool. Pull out the end of your rolag until it is fairly thin, then mix its fibers with those of the starting piece, giving them a slight twist. These two will catch, mingle and become one piece of yarn as you spin. From then on all your yarn will come from your rolags. Yarn

comes from twisting together wool fibers which are stretched thin. The twist comes from the spin you give the spindle. The stretching comes from the gravitational pull of the drop spindle and from your pulling out the rolag as you feed it in. Hold the spindle in your left hand, the newly joined start and rolag in your right and loop the rolag over your right arm. It must be kept out of the way or it will catch on the spindle and tangle. Give the spindle a swift twist with your left hand in the direction which tightens the wool (double check that this is happening), let go of the spindle and let it spin on its own. Slide your left hand up to help twist and pull the fibers. It especially needs help catching here. As the yarn



begins to spin, move your left hand up steadily, always at the place where spun and unspun meet.



Use your left hand to aid the twisting and your right hand to pull out the fibers in the rolag. As the spindle slows down, set it spinning again. Continue making yarn until the spindle almost touches the ground. Then keep tension on your new spun yarn by catching it on your right elbow or under your

chin or somewhere (or it will start to unspin) and loosen the yarn from the spindle notch and bottom. Wind the new yarn onto the spindle shaft above the base until there's just enough left to catch at the bottom and at the notch. Then start again, reattaching your rolag if it has come off. Sometimes at this point I do some preliminary pulling out of the rolag so it will be easier as I go along. The more you spin, the easier it is to gauge how much wool to feed into the spindle. If the spindle begins to turn backwards whenever you stop, it is "overspun" -- turning faster than you're feeding wool. Hold your yarn just above the notch on the shaft with your left hand, hold the rolag end with your right, and let the spindle spin backwards till it stops. This way tension is released without unspinning the yarn. If your yarn twists and tangles on itself, it is overspun, twisted too much, so you should pull out the rolag and move along faster.

As your skill increases both with carding and spinning, one good turn of the spindle will let you spin fine, even yarn clear to the ground. When you want bumpy or thick yarn for special effect, just don't pull the yarn out so fast as you spin. For variegated yarn it is best to mix two colors of fleece (brown and white, silver and black, whatever you want) as you card. You can also spin rolags of alternately colored yarn for a similar but more regular variegation.

After the spindle is full the yarn should be skeined for washing or balled for weaving. We often wash the whole woven piece when it is done rather than each patch of yarn separately. To wash the yarn, soak it for an hour or more in warm water and a mild soap. Then rinse it several times in warm and then cold water and hang to dry. For dyeing the wool needs to be washed even more thoroughly than this, as grease prevents the dye from setting.

Handspun yarn in natural or naturally dyed colors makes beautiful hand woven or crocheted goods. For knitting, however, it must be plied first (two strands twisted together for greater strength). This requires some spinning skill, to obtain yarn fine enough to ply without excessive bulk.

Learning spinning and carding is not hard! Find someone who spins and closely watch the process; re-read this, look at the pictures and begin to try. In a few hours you will find yarn beginning to flow from your fingers. Those first few skeins will feel almost like gold as, almost miraculously, dirty twisted fleece becomes fine smooth yarn.

Why Self Help?

A speculum is that instrument which all those doctors have used to see a part of my body that I was the last to see. By inserting the speculum in my vagina and opening it, it is possible for me to view my inner sanctum. Looking past the vaginal opening and vaginal walls, I can see my cervix. It appears as a rounded shape with an opening (the os) in the center. This is the opening to my uterus. The first time I saw my cervix, it smiled at me, and all the doctors' "hmmms" at what I thought was so mysterious uncomplicated themselves before my eyes. I realized that my body is not "dirty", and that I can learn to understand how it works quite easily.

Every body is different. When we learn to recognize our own normal discharge (and each of us has one), we can easily learn to distinguish it from an infection. Each vaginal infection has a characteristic color, odor, and discomfort. Every vagina has a particular balance of bacteria which keep it ecologically healthy. When this balance gets upset, we get an infection. Some conditions causing imbalance are poor diet, loss of sleep, strong soaps or bubble baths, friction from intercourse causing inflammation, low resistance from chronic illness, pregnancy, and nervousness. Most doctors do not tell us these things. They diagnose our infection, treat it, and send us a bill. Rarely do they help us understand how we got the infection or how to avoid another one. They are unwilling to relinquish this knowledge, thereby possessing control. Control over our bodies.

The first time this all became clear to me was when I got an infection. I had worn nylon elastic underwear (the fabric does not breathe and does breed bacteria) and tight levis, I got a pimple on my vaginal lip from the friction. I tried applying various anti-bacterial ointments but it wouldn't clear up (zinc oxide is helpful in keeping the irritation from itching and spreading). Intercourse helped to spread the irritation to my vagina and cervix. Instead of panicking and running to a doctor, I set up my light and mirror and inserted my plastic speculum. No spots or sores on my cervix. This eliminated the possibility of cervicitis (cervical inflammation). The discharge was not yellow or greenish, thereby eliminating Trichomonas. I also had no burning during urination. There was no yeast smell or cottage cheese like clumps which are characteristic of yeast infections. I deduced then that this was a non-specific vaginitis. All of the above information is contained in a printout called "Pelvic Examinations". This is available from the Berkeley Women's Health Collective, 2214 Grove, Berkeley, Calif. 94704; a small donation is appreciated. One of the medications suggested for a non-specific vaginitis I found at home from a previous infection.

Another alternative is to take a mirror to your next pelvic exam at the doctor's office or clinic and look for yourself. The doctor may object at first but with some pressure he will agree. It is legally within your rights to view your own body.

A small group of women can begin their own self-help group with any of the above information. Learning with your sisters is a very fine experience.

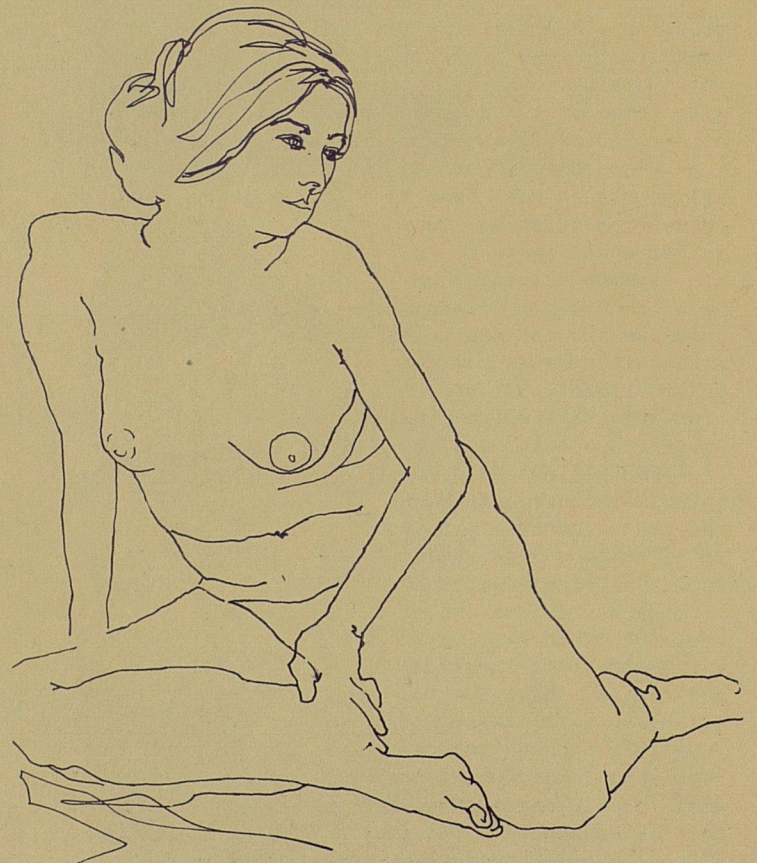
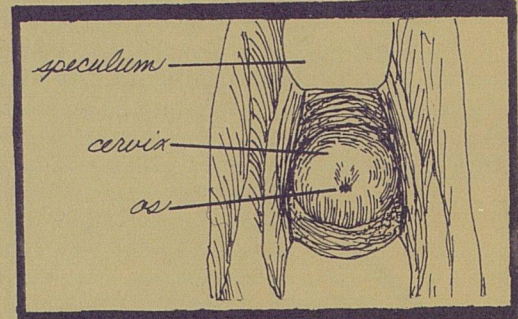
Every woman has a right to know as much about her body as she desires.

Self-help takes control from the medical profession and gives it to its rightful owner-woman.

By knowing her own body, each woman can become a whole person- her body is like no other.

Demystification of a woman's body is one more step in her self-realization.

Self-help is learning about our bodies- how they function and how to care for them.



Recently the L.A. women who began the Self-Help Clinics were arrested after an undercover agent, posing as a 'sister' came to the Feminist Health Center. Country ♀ Women just received their Nov. 24th newsletter (being published to provide us with the truth about their trial). This is not a local affair- the future of self-help as a reality for all women is on trial. There has been much coverage in the L.A. media and letters from women across the country. Carol Downer and Coleen Wilson need our support. Please send contributions for legal aid as well as affidavits expressing your self-help experiences, diagnoses of infections and support of woman's right of control over her own body to:

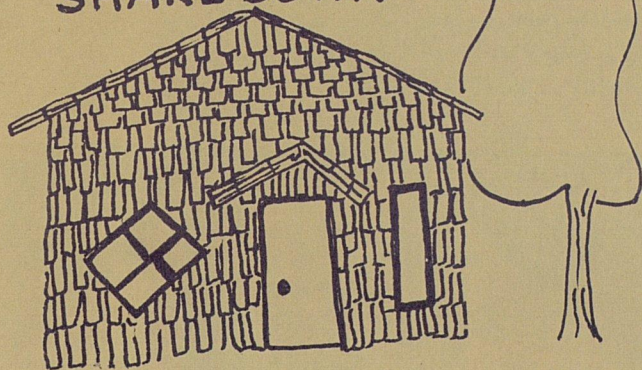
L.A. Feminist Health Center
746 Crenshaw Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90019 ■

In from the silent dark
With cool damp paws
And full moon eyes
Comes my little cat.

Sena

The First Designer
Still joyously creating-
Ancient Goddess Earth.
Sena

THE REDWOOD SHAKE DOWN



For winter in northern California I dreamed of a warm, inexpensive and organic home. I chose a simple cabin structure and erected a square frame with redwood "shakes." Shakes are essentially thin wooden shingles split by hand. They can be used for any outside or inside siding or roofing, and are made from redwood or cedar because of their straight grain and splitting qualities. Fallen redwood left by even long-ago logging operations can be used. Beneath the outer layer of rotted bark is sound heartwood.

There are two types of shakes -- barn and shingle. The former are $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, six to twelve inches wide, and 36 inches long. Barn shakes are split perpendicular to the timber's

annual rings. Shingle shakes can be up to an inch thick, 24 inches long, and are split parallel to the annual rings.

When I began shaking, I was only familiar with barn shakes, and consequently my first attempts proved quite frustrating. You need nearly perfect wood--no knots, straight grained, and of course the loggers left only what they considered unusable sections. After switching to shingle shakes all the wood previously rejected for barn shakes made beautiful shingle shakes.

Before you can split shakes you must saw and wedge off appropriate sections of timber. Things to look for when surveying an available wood supply are:

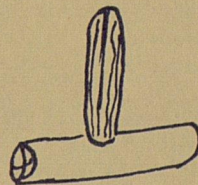
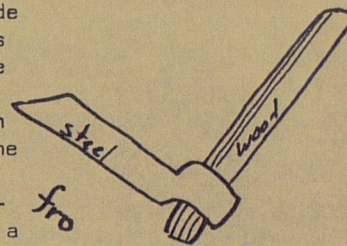
1. logs must be at least 30 inches in diameter. If less than 30 inches I found the grain wasn't compacted enough, and the wood would not split.
2. logs with a minimum amount of branches, knots, twists and rot.

All this cabin building and shaking was done with a little help from my friends, and we were cutting with a two person saw (appropriately nicknamed a "misery whip"). Often we would spend two or three days cutting a four or five foot section, and then find we could utilize only two of the eight pie sliced sections.

I figured it would take about five years to get enough shakes that way, so we borrowed a chain saw for a day and got enough sawing done so that sections which we could only use a quarter of were worth the effort. A chain saw does mean you can be more selective and don't need to have such fine wood to begin with (i.e., you can afford to use less of each section).

Once you have sawed a log section the length of the shake desired, you break it into pie-shaped quarters or eighths, depending on the size of the log, using a sledge and wedges. You should also split off the "heartwood" or center quarter or so, which is too hard to split properly.

Now to shaking! The necessary tools are a froe and mallet. A froe is an 18-inch steel blade with a handle that makes a 90-degree angle to the blade. The blade has a sharp cutting edge which is laid on the wood. The upper edge is wider and pounded on with the mallet. The mallet can be a



metal bound wooden one, or just a weighty piece of hardwood. We went through three mallets in our shaking, two metal-bound pepperwood mallets and a madrone branch. I wouldn't recommend either type, maybe hickory would do.

continued on next page

SHAKE-MAKING



REMOVAL OF
CENTER OF PIE
SECTION



1ST SHAKE POSITION
HIT FROE DOWN

Lay your froe across the top of the section at the desired shake width, and pound it down with your mallet the depth of the froe. Work the handle so that the force goes through the bottom of the blade, and the shake should split off. For example, if you are behind the block of wood you would pull the handle toward you.

If the wood is pre-sawed in sections you should be able to make about ten bundles (10-15 shakes= a bundle) in a day, taking plenty of time for your lunch break and farm chores. It took fifty bundles (10 bundles=100 sq.ft.) to cover the gabled roof on my 20x20 foot cabin.

The gist of the whole trip is that shaking is the easy part, finding and setting up proper sections of timber is what causes the curses.

Maybe it would be wise to prepare you for some common knucklebusters:

1. Shake doesn't split off after pounding froe in and pulling with all your bloody strength. Probably,
 - a. the wood won't ever split, or
 - b. the wood will split part way. If it splits enough to slip your froe down further, then do so and slide in a block of wood (the handle of the mallet you smashed yesterday will do nicely) which will hold the top of the shake away from the block so your froe can slide down easily. Then you can continue splitting down the length of the shake.
2. Shakes split off but break, leaving holes and gaps in the shakes. When this happens you need to settle for a thicker shake or else even off your surface using the froe on both ends of the block of wood. Or, split more gradually, i.e., concentrate on cutting down with the froe.

Shakes used for interior work, to get a rough or patterned wall, can be put up just about any way you can figure out since there is no weather to beat. Roof shakes need to be your best quality ones and can't curve, for they must lie flat. You can use your lower quality shakes on your exterior walls, for your roof overhang should keep most of the rain off them.

There are two methods of laying shakes depending on whether you have barn or shingle ones. You need to set up sheathing, thin boards layered perpendic-

ular to your roof rafters, and spaced according to your shake length.

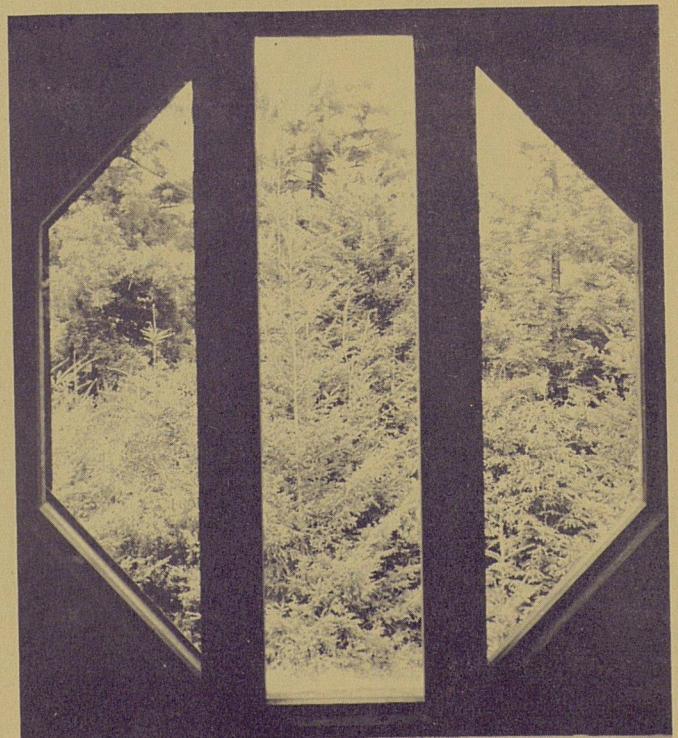
To lay barn shakes you are essentially laying a double row of shakes with a six inch overlap. Always begin at the bottom of your roof or wall and nail shakes in a straight row across the bottom leaving at least a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch gap between shakes for wood expansion when wet. Then go over your row with the second layer over the first layer's gaps. For your second row give a six inch overlap and repeat the process. Use two 6d common nails per shake.

To lay shingle shakes the bottom row is laid the same as barn shakes. Try to use your thinnest shakes for these bottom rows. Leave ten inches to the weather on your first row (assuming you have 24-inch shakes), and put a one layer row of shakes above it. Repeat the process laying single rows over the gaps of the row below. This method provides a triple layer effect over most of the surface area.

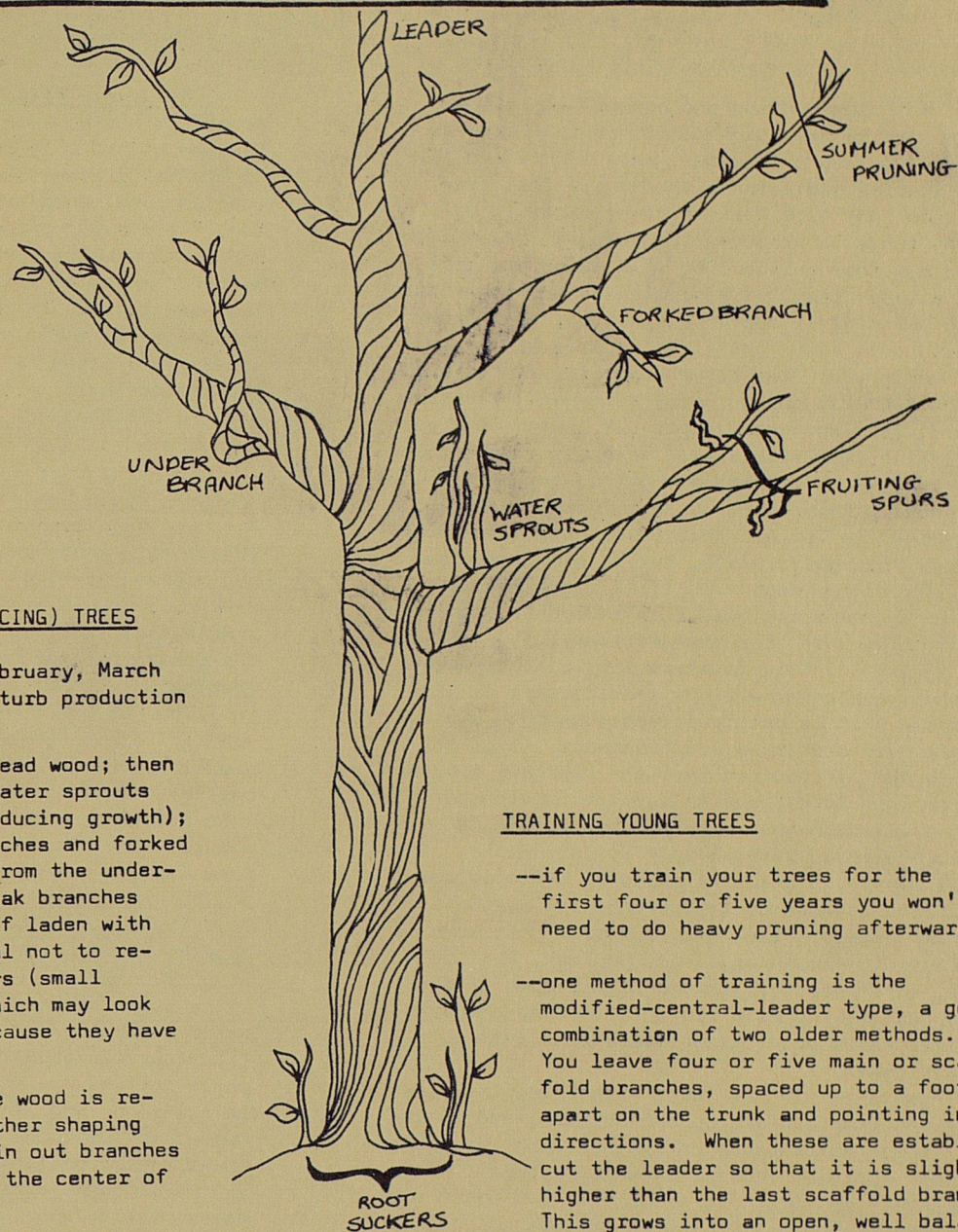
Shake making is a lot more work than throwing up board siding, but aesthetically it is well worth the effort. It feels good to split shakes (when they go well), smells great, and it's a fine feelin' to take the slaughtered waste of redwood lumbermen and turn it into functional, beautiful housing. The danger of fire is high because shakes would go up like a match box, so be careful! Don't worry about small cracks in your roof because, as the old timers will tell you, "with a shake roof you can see the stars and still be dry."

A froe may be ordered from Mother Earth News "Truck Store", Box 75, Unionville, Ohio 44088
 HW-49 Froe (blade only) \$15.50 4 lb.8 oz. shpg
 HW-49H Froe handle 1.50 10 oz.

Send 25¢ for their new catalogue of tools and useful country things.



PRUNING TREES



PRUNING OLDER (PRODUCING) TREES

- pruning done in February, March and April will disturb production least.
- first remove all dead wood; then root suckers and water sprouts (vigorous, non-producing growth); finally under branches and forked branches growing from the underside of a limb (weak branches which will break if laden with fruit). Be careful not to remove fruiting spurs (small gnarled shoots) which may look like dead wood because they have no leaves.
- when all the above wood is removed, see if further shaping is warranted. Thin out branches to let light into the center of the tree.
- when thinning out do not remove more than two or three healthy branches at one time, as excessive pruning causes suckers to develop.

TRAINING YOUNG TREES

- if you train your trees for the first four or five years you won't need to do heavy pruning afterwards.
- one method of training is the modified-central-leader type, a good combination of two older methods. You leave four or five main or scaffold branches, spaced up to a foot apart on the trunk and pointing in all directions. When these are established cut the leader so that it is slightly higher than the last scaffold branch. This grows into an open, well balanced, strong tree of accessible height.

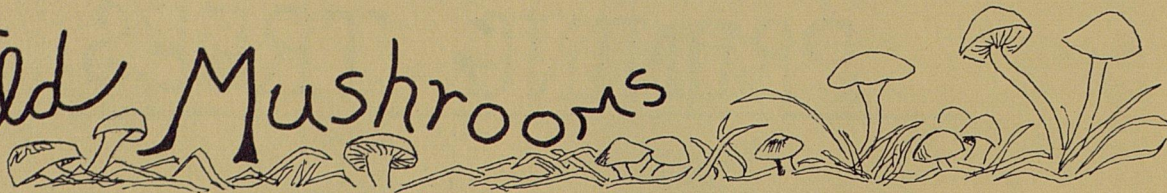
--all cuts should be parallel to the trunk and no more than an inch of stump left. Seal very large wounds with TREE SEAL to prevent rot and insect damage.

--Summer pruning -- cut all newest growth back to three leaf buds; this encourages fruiting spurs rather than more leafy shoots.

TOOLS

- must be kept sharp to make clean cuts which heal easily. Use long handled shears for branches up to 1½ inches and a light weight tree saw for larger ones. Never cut over your head with a chain saw.

Wild Mushrooms



Mushroom hunting and eating has been my favorite rainy season sport for the last few years. During that time I have identified about 75 species and eaten perhaps half that many, without any more serious consequences than glut-tony tends to produce. The combination of myth and mystique surrounding wild mushrooms kept me a respectful, if suspicious, observer my first two years here, and needlessly so, as I later found out.

This year has begun auspiciously for mushroom hunters, due to early rains and mild temperatures, and promises to get better yet. With a little luck, there will be another good three months, with a probable month or two beyond that of fair pickings. It would be nothing short of criminal to let all that free, nutritious, organic food go to waste, for nothing more than a little knowledge. I'd like, therefore, to help you make the leap from admirer to consumer, and partake of this rich harvest.

First I'd like to say a little about mushrooms. Mushrooms are one and the same as toadstools - it is not true that mushrooms are edible and toadstools are poisonous. It is not true that if you can peel the skin off a mushroom cap, it is good to eat. It is also not true that all mushrooms with pink gills are safe, and all mushrooms with white gills are toxic. There are many such untruths commonly believed about mushrooms which contributed to the mystique which envelops the whole subject. What then is the truth about mushrooms, you ask. The truth is, unfortunately, not so simple when it comes to determining edibility. There are, however, basic facts about mushrooms which apply to all mushrooms.

Mushrooms are all fungi - that is, they are plants that contain no chlorophyll, and therefore are not capable of synthesizing their own food. There are mushrooms which live off living plants - and are thus parasites, and often destructive. There are other mushrooms which live off decayed organic matter, and contribute to the necessary life cycle of many valuable species. These are called saprophytes.

All mushrooms are the fruits of the mushroom plant, called the mycelium, and picking mushrooms does not destroy the plant, just as picking apples does not destroy the tree. Some mycelia are perennials, and will produce mushrooms in the same spot year after year for this reason. Others die at the end of the season and depend on spores to regenerate the species each year.

What are the facts about edibility?, you ask. The sad truth is that there are no rules, and if you want to eat wild mushrooms, the only safe way to go about it is to learn the species, one by one. There are three mushroom books readily available to help you, two of which I consider indispensable to beginning mycologists.

The Savory Wild Mushroom, by Margaret McKenny, is the best one for Mendocino County if you can afford only one. It pertains specifically to the Washington coastal area, but many of the species catalogued are plentiful in these parts too. There are sections on edible, non-edible, and poisonous mushrooms, as well as chapters on specific mushroom poisons and mushroom cookery. The book is rich in color photographs of discussed species in their natural habitat, which is sometimes a great aid in identification, though you should never rely on photographs alone if you are pot-hunting. The book is \$4.95 in paperback, University of Washington Press.

The next book I suggest is The Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide, by Alexander H. Smith. This has more technical information on mushrooms, including a thorough discussion of all mushroom genera and how they are classified, than the McKenny book. It also has more complete and reliable field descriptions of many species than the other. Because of the geographical area it encompasses, (Michigan), a number of mushrooms in it do not occur around here, and the time of year for fruiting in those that do is not necessarily accurate. However, there are a number of species occurring here that Smith discusses and McKenny omits, and the photographs and field descriptions are excellent. The book is available from The University of Michigan Press, and costs \$8.95.

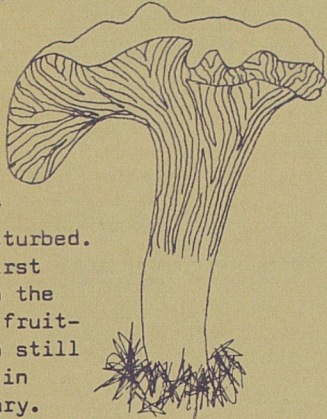
The last of the three is The Mushroom Handbook by L. C. C. Krieger. It is not a book to acquire until you've mastered some basics, as it is quite technical, and if you are halfway serious about learning about mushrooms, you'll find yourself thumbing back to the glossary a whole lot anyway. However, the book is full of information, and I've been able to identify a number of mushrooms with it when the other two books failed me. One word of warning--the illustrations are poor--there are numerous diagrams, few color plates, and no photographs to speak of--which makes this book the least useful for visual identification purposes. It was written as a text, rather than a field guide. However, the species descriptions are voluminously complete and very helpful, if not exciting reading.

Incidentally, there are over three thousand species of mushrooms classified in North America, and the three books recommended cover, together, about 350. Don't get inordinately frustrated if you cannot identify something--there will be many you won't be able to find in these books. You can send mushrooms to most universities for species identification.

Suppose you cannot afford to buy one of these books, or just don't want to spend the time studying mushrooms in order to eat them safely. If one of these is the case, you are not entirely out of luck. There are a few edible species I can,

in good conscience, recommend to you solely on the basis of a description, because there is nothing that remotely resembles them except, perhaps, another species equally safe and tasty.

My favorite of these safe mushrooms is the Yellow Chantarelle (*Cantharellus Cibarius*). It is a firm, heavy mushroom, usually the color of a barnyard egg yolk, though sometimes paler. It has white flesh and pale orange gills which are blunt and run down the stem, usually interconnected, which gives the underside a veiny appearance. It has a faint aroma, kind of like apricots. The stem is as solid textured as the cap. I've found them from 1"--5" across the cap. When they're small, they tend to look like buttons with the cap edges rolled under, and larger ones are usually "frilly" with the edges irregular and curling upward. I've found them in the woods, usually in deep mulch, often under pine or madrone; they tend to occur in patches, and re-occur in the same spot successive seasons, if the ecology is not disturbed. They are one of the first mushrooms to appear in the fall, and have a long fruiting season, so you can still find them around here in December or even January. There is a white chantarelle



which is identical in every respect except color. They sometimes grow alongside each other.

Boletus Edulis is another safe species to eat, and one which you cannot confuse with anything else. They are the same mushrooms which are imported dried to this country, usually from Poland, and sold in tiny packets for much money.

This boletus can be only an inch across the cap, or a foot broad, weighing four pounds. When they are young, they have velvety, tan caps and white pores or tubes, rather than gills, and are very firm. The stem is frequently very bulbous at the base, and in young specimens is whitish grey, with very fine white veins or reticulations on it. The flesh is white and does not discolor

when you cut it. When *Boletus Edulis* is mature, the cap has a soft spongy feeling, the tubes are yellow or greenish yellow, and the cap is a dark brown, sometimes a reddish brown. The stem is tan or brown, with conspicuous reticulations.

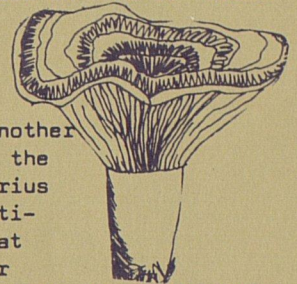


They are quickly infested with insect larvae, so pick them as young as you can. I like to remove

the tubes in larger, older ones--they peel right off--but it isn't necessary. This boletus forms a relationship (mycorrhiza) with pine roots, so you will always find it beneath or very close to pine trees. I've frequently found them in combination pine/huckleberry type woods.

This issue is going to press later than we originally planned, and the *Boletus Edulis*, alas, is now gone for the season here. The chantarelles and milky caps, however, will be around through December or perhaps later.

The Red Juice Milky Cap (*Lactarius Sanguifluus*) is another safe species to eat, and very delicious. They are on the small side--1"-4"--reddish tan, with darker zones on the cap, and short hollow stems. They have paler, reddish tan gills which ooze "milk" the color of dried blood when cut, as does the flesh of the cap. They often have green stains on the gills and cap when mature, and frequently there is a tiny green mushroom growing out of the base when you pick it. The young caps look like little buttons, with a slight depression in the center, and when mature, they open outward and turn up just a bit. They usually grow on conifer forest floors, in deep leaf mulch, and fruit on into January. This year they started to appear in mid-October. There is another delicious milky cap, named the Delicious Milky Cap (*Lactarius Deliciosus*) which is identical in every way except that its color is orange rather than reddish tan, and has milk almost Day-Glo orange in color. It fruits about a month later, and is very abundant in December, sparser in January.



If you read these descriptions carefully, you will be certain when you find one of these mushrooms. Now I'll give you a few suggestions of what to do with them.

Recipes

Mushroom Soup

Cut 1 pound of mushrooms into small pieces and saute them in 1 T butter with a diced onion, for 5-10 minutes over low heat. Put them in a pot, add 1 quart milk (half milk and cream, or all undiluted evaporated milk if you like your soup rich) and heat slowly. Add garlic powder, salt, pepper, a little white wine, a bay leaf. .improvise a bit. If you prefer fresh garlic, chop and saute along with the mushrooms. Do not boil. Remove from heat, add extra butter if you're devil-may-care, and serve immediately. This soup is especially good with Red Juice Milky Caps. They make their own gravy, and the soup will be a marvelous pinkish red, with a rich stocky flavor.

Fried Boletus Edulis

Cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ " slices, dip in egg, then dip in seasoned flour, and fry in hot oil until crispy. Salt, pepper, and eat. Yum.

-Continued Next Page-

Wild Mushrooms Continued

Boletus Parmesan

Follow your favorite Eggplant Parmesan recipe, substituting Boletus Edulis for the eggplant. You will not be able to taste the difference--and the textures are identical.

Yummy Yellow Chantarelles

Make a roux with 4T butter, 3T flour, mix well and cook for a minute. Add 1 cup hot milk & 1 cup cream, sweet or sour and stir over heat until thick, being careful that it doesn't burn (which it does, easily) Add about 1½ pounds sliced Chantarelles & 4 bell peppers, green or red, diced. Blend an egg & 1 t dry mustard in a bowl, then add ½ t curry paste. Cook about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Season with salt & pepper. Butter a casserole, put mixture in, top with bread crumbs and a little grated cheese. Bake for 15 minutes. This is a good dish to serve over rice or pasta.

Dried Mushrooms

You can dry any of these mushrooms by slicing them ¼" thick and suspending them above a source of heat on a simple rack made from a piece of fine screen. They should be tinder dry before being stored in tightly covered jars, or they will mold. Dried mushrooms can be used as is in soups, or soaked in a small amount of water for 15 minutes and used as fresh mushrooms.



Mushrooming

Broken yolk of egg served on mossy platter.
Crusted yellow roll hidden in basket of leaves.

Eureka. Still, I hesitate to pluck, knowing,
but is it true?- that my gathering
will not disturb the perfect round of fruiting
and decay.

I bend. Metallic eye holds mine.
Legs unfold, unfold, and stretching he stands
assuming human form to face me, white underbelly
revealed.

And jumps, flashing glittery stripe from head to
flank.

Has jumped. Leaving behind, chanterelle, moss,
me,
and then I know:

The frog who will not bring the golden ball,
shall not sleep in the princess' bed tonight.

Lilo Glozer

CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE:

GRAPHICS -

- ARLENE p.4, 15
- CARMEN p.2,5,11,12
- JENNY of CLOUD MOUNTAIN p.31,32
- LEONA p.22,23,24,25,26
- MARLENE KAHN p.8
- RIVER p.18,19,28,29,30,6

PHOTOGRAPHS -

- CARMEN p.7 / JILL HENRY p.27
- LYNDA KOOLISH p.6,10,13,32
- RUTH of MOUNTAIN GROVE p.9

~ NEXT ISSUES ~

Making a Living is the most basic survival problem for women in the country. Jobs are scarce, and for us are restricted mainly to waitressing, chamber-maiding, and secretarial work; tedious, mindless, and low-paying. Making money from the land, with crops or animals, or from crafts is difficult and usually requires a lot of money and time to start with. Welfare is not always enough to live on and can often keep us in an anxious, dependent place. Allowing men to support us can only keep us in an anxious, dependent place. The reality is bleak, but not hopeless. We must and we will find non-oppressive ways to stay alive, stay in the country, and stay strong, independent women. The fourth issue of Country Women will explore the economic situation in the country, our legal rights and recourse, welfare and if and how it can work, and alternatives that women have found to all the ugly prospects that face us. We need to share with each other all our knowledge of how to make an unoppressive living. If you are doing it, know how to do it, have any insights into it, we want to hear from you. Turn us on so that we grow strong together.

Issue #5 will be an intensive look at Running a Small Farm. We would like to hear from women who are involved in all aspects of farming. Some questions that come to mind are- who do you live with? What kind of land? What takes most of your energy? Do you think the small farm is a viable economic alternative for women? Notes about buildings, tools, and decision-making will be helpful to others. Maybe just a summary of what you do during one day. Most importantly, we want to know about the limitless variety of experience living on a farm can mean for a woman- not just the routine cooking and cleaning house of old. We desperately need photographs and graphics for this issue.



We want to use this space for women seeking to contact other women. If you have a place in the country and are looking for women to live or work with you, we will be glad to list you. If you want to share or get information about something specific, we will be glad to print your request. Please try to keep listings to 50 words maximum.

Because so many women are looking for places to live, we cannot list people in search of places, only places looking for people.

INTERESTED* Shit!! Would love to meet other women in the Garberville-Briceland area. It's going to be a long, wet winter- let's make it shorter and warmer by getting in touch with one another.

Write: Judy O'Brien or Liz Blaesing
Star Route
Garberville, Ca. 95440

Woman and child will share farmhouse. Must like goats, chickens and gardening. Share rent and chores. Please no tobacco or dogs. Own room. Clean, orderly person only.

J. Jackson
P.O.Box 176
Manchester, Ca. 95459

