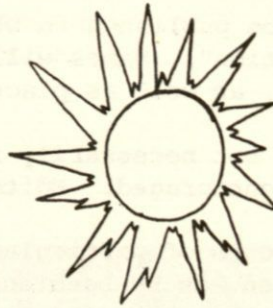


MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SPRING 9990



MAIZE IS BY AND FOR LESBIANS

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute articles, graphics, photos, interviews, letters, comments, news of Lesbians on the land. Cassette taped interviews and discussions are accepted for transcription. Transcriptions will be returned for editing. Editing on any piece will be done only in cooperation with the author. If you wish to have your work returned, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please note if the work you send has been submitted or published elsewhere. *Please include a biographical note.*

Letters to the editor may be published in whole or in part, unless specified "not for publication". Names will be used, unless you request your name withheld, as well as place of residence.

The contents of MAIZE does not necessarily reflect the viewpoint of the editor. Debate is encouraged. Editor: Lee Lanning

We will run free announcements of particular interest to country Lesbians and free classified ads by Lesbians especially for country Lesbians. Display ads: \$10 (4½h x 3½w)

Subscription rate: \$10 for 4 issues, published quarterly
More if you can, less if you can't
Free to Lesbians in prison or other institutions

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Cover art by Boudykke, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Boudykke: I'm looking forward to a future on a small farm raising dogs, goats and vegetables. For now I'm trying to become a self-sufficient artist in an urban area. I dedicate these drawings to my pal Shadow, who was a country dog at heart.

 **Word Weavers**
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Mpls., MN 55408

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Sudie Rakusin
Hillsborough, North Carolina

Maenad dances May dances of Spring

©Sudie Rakusin 1983

REDEFINING COMMUNITY

by Ellen Chambers
Hamilton, Montana

For me, living with the land necessitates maintaining substantial distance from highly populated places. Thus, to some extent, I choose physical isolation over traditionally defined lesbian community. How then do I find community? How do I define community?

Last night a small group of us met for a couple of hours of discussion. Because many miles (miles that grow longer in the winter) separate us, a visit is truly an event. We exist in community because each of us has compatible vibration, similar commitment to growth and common goals. Our commonality defines the scope of our interaction. Thus we fuel each other and our collective presence merely by being together. The forms our exchanges take (be they potlucks, discussions, land work or whatever) are not as significant as our sincerity, our realness and our willingness to focus on the important concerns. *We risk showing ourselves in order to allow our connections to deepen.*

Making the most of our visits is the only option. In the country we rarely experience a luxury of excess - excess time, accessibility or contact with like-minded lesbians. Ready acknowledgement of the importance of our visits sets the tone for quality exchange. And quality is necessarily far more important than quantity. How then do we keep the quality high? A woman's attitude toward the group is the key.

Group is important to woman and she is important to the group. But her own vibrational achievement is what she has to contribute to the group. Inadequately developed, she lacks quality offering to the group. Without the development of

her feeling self and respect for the feeling selves of the others, she is a subtraction rather than an addition to the group.

Her connection to the group can sustain her, but only if she can sustain herself. Therefore, individual development always comes first.

(Ellen from *Beyond the Eagle*)

Lack of willingness to participate sincerely in a group is not usually our problem as country lesbians. And most of us work on our own spiritual growth diligently. The difficulty is rather the finding of like-minded women, those who share our views of community participation, of individual/collective balance, of commitment to spiritual growth. So what we seek when we look for community does not so much live on the physical planes as it does in realms less tangible.

Formation of the group to which she belongs occurs spontaneously. Creation of group follows from the development of individuals. Those individuals unite because they have commonality of vibration; that union is group.

Groups with solid foundations are formed of women with commonality. The individuals join to pool their strengths to create something greater than the individuals alone could create. (Groups formed for the purpose of establishing commonality are operating in reverse. They begin with nothing and hope to create something. The motivation for these groups comes from a need to merge.)

From growth mergence follows. ...With growth she recognizes sameness around her: other women of comparable vibration. The bond occurs spontaneously, and absent of neediness.

(Kioka from *Beyond the Eagle*)

As a country living lesbian I find that it is important to stay focused on our spiritual bonds rather than on physical proximity, in flesh exchanges, or even on physical plane compatibility. For quality community we must build our foundations far deeper than at the level of workable physical plane interactions. But more importantly, it is in our spiritual travels that we desire the community of other lesbians. Our land efforts are for the purpose of creating places and bodies that will allow our spiritual growth to proceed.

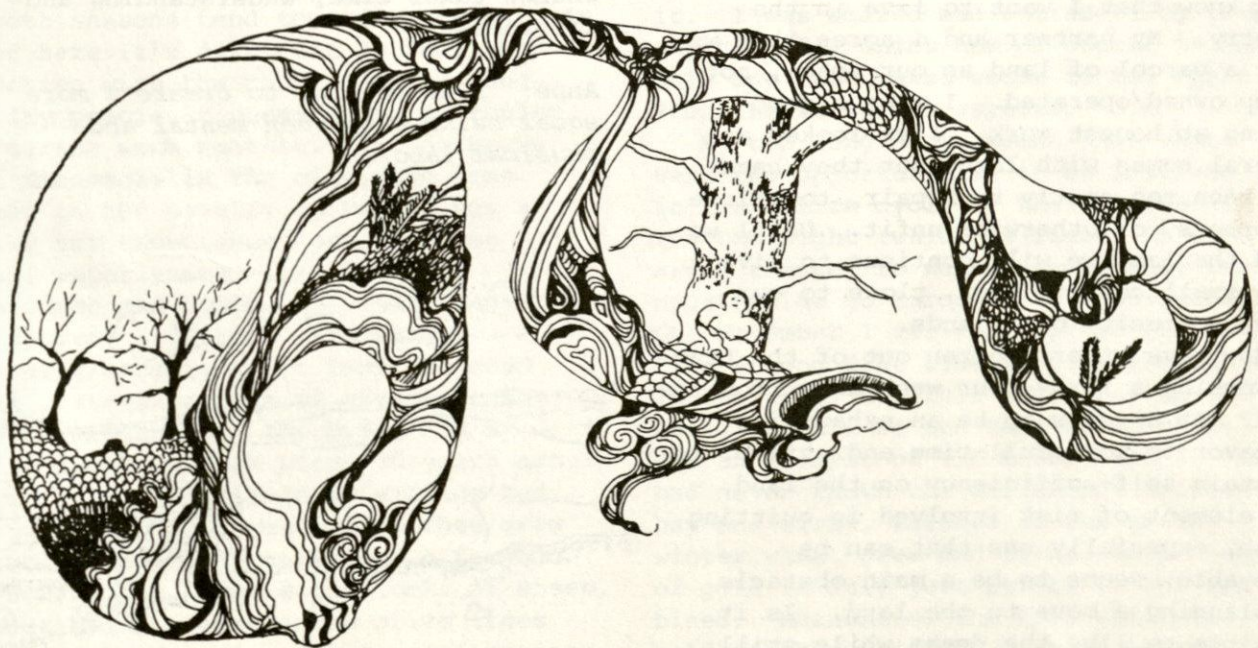
To me, community *begins* in vibrations distal to the earth and then seeps into our physical activities. Recognition of vibrationally-like women comes easily. We identify one another, not by slick presentations or the politically correct speeches, but by feeling the easiness of "old friends," by knowing in our heart that she "gets it," and by witnessing the effortless flow of mental and physical communication. The easiness that happens in these more subtle ways will necessarily extend into our physical plane efforts, be they farming, housekeeping or verbal conversation.

We can know and live in community across great physical distances when we define our communities in vibrational

terms. Requirements of physically shared space are absent. Although we may visit in the flesh in a variety of capacities, or even share land and living spaces, the focus can remain on the vibrational community primarily while acknowledging the physical community secondarily.

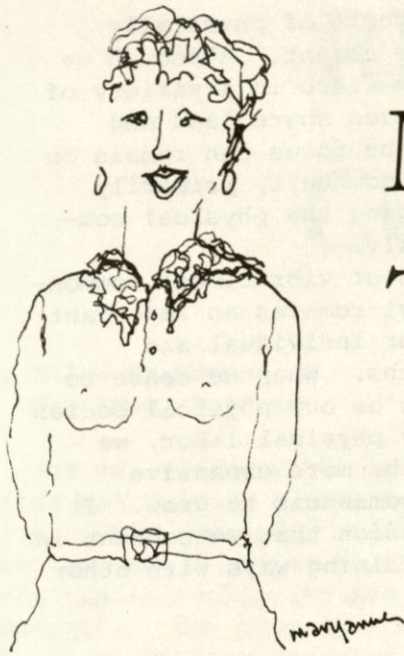
The awareness of vibrational commonality (community) remains an important tool for both our individual and collective growths. When we cease to define ourselves as our physical bodies undertaking only physical labor, we begin to allow the more expansive aspects of our womanness to grow. It is in this expansion that we connect in lasting and sustaining ways with other women.

Ellen lives in the mountains of Montana in community with many women of many vibrations. She, with Grace Walking Stick and Seven Other Women in Spirit, is the author of Beyond the Eagle: An Inter-Vibrational Perspective on Woman's Spiritual Journey, available from Wild Violet Publishing, P.O. Box 1311, Hamilton, MT 59840 for \$12.95 plus \$1.00 postage. Her next book, Rattlesnake Grandmothers, will be published this year.



Stella Scott
Shutesburg, Massachusetts

Stella Scott '90



MAKING THE TRANSITION

by Anne Martin
Fairmont, West Virginia

I often read about rural women living on the land with few amenities, struggling to earn a living so they can continue living there. This often results in requests for financial support. I'm interested in hearing from those who have moved to the land and maintained their version of financial security and/or enjoy the comforts of indoor plumbing, electricity (solar power), etc.

I know that I want to live in the country. My partner and I agree that we want a parcel of land as our space, not group owned/operated. I make a good living at honest work. I've looked at several homes with land, but they have all been too costly to repair, too close to others, or otherwise unfit. Until we find the land we will continue to live in a small college town, close to our large community of friends.

How have others gotten out of the trap of working a forty-hour week away from the land? It appears to be an exhausting endeavor to work full-time and attempt to maintain self-sufficiency on the land. The element of risk involved in quitting a job, especially one that can be enjoyable, seems to be a main obstacle in planning a move to the land. Is it possible to live the dream while still enjoying a quality of life acceptable to the individual(s)? I think so. I'm

sure I will find it difficult to quit a job at a salary I've fought to receive. I need to reconcile my fears regarding provisions for that ever-looming future when I or my partner are unable to perform the physical labor we can now. How much is compromised by moving to the country? How much if I don't? I enjoy fresh running water, electricity, and phone service. I'm confident these can fit into my future on the land.

I read Miguel DeColores' article in the winter issue with much interest. It is obvious that she is proud of her self-reliance, and rightly so. I am happy for her contentment regarding the choices she has made. And I know that I have needs that complement and differ with hers. I think it's very clear that the lifestyle change takes time, understanding and compromise.

Anne: I am seeking to create a more equal balance between mental and physical labor.



maryanne
miami, florida

I TURNED INTO A HAYING FANATIC

By Sally Koplin
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Even here in Minnesota in mid-March it looks as if things will soon be growing, and even here in a large metropolitan area this season brings thoughts of the time I spent living in rural southern France. I was privileged and lucky enough to spend a significant portion of the period 1969-1979 living outside the same small village, about an hour's drive from the Mediterranean. Having some financial security from my family enabled me to be between jobs for two long stays-- 10 and 13 months. The rest of the time I was working academic-year jobs which left me free for the summer months, so I would spend two of the three months in France.

In Minnesota the contrast between the time of growing and the winter is dramatic, and both seasons tend toward extremes. In winter here it's difficult to feel much connection with the natural world, and for city people it seems to be a problem even during warm weather. Having grown up in Minnesota in the city, the time I spent in the country in France was a totally new experience, one of those crucial experiences, like becoming politicized and coming out, that made my life very different afterward.

Rural France is still less affected by the post-war growth of agribusiness than its originator, the U.S., and my first stay there took place 20 years ago. So most of the people in my village had small diversified farms, where they grew vegetables for local markets. A few had fields of wheat, some kept flocks of sheep, and most had at least a few olive trees and/or fruit trees for family consumption and sale of the produce. The village, as far as I could tell, existed to serve

the needs of the local peasants; there were plumbers and masons and grocers, a shoemaker, a notary, and several cafes; but there was no nuclear power plant, no factory. The olive oil mill was the closest to an enterprise that served outsiders as well as the local people. A municipal campground and swimming pool, as well as a hotel or two, were the only concessions to the tourist business.

People's lives were taken up with the land, and for the first time in my life I was immersed in a culture that lived by the seasons rather than the school year. The seasons were marked by significant dates in the Roman Catholic calendar: it was a "rule" that the picking of the black olives began on November 1, All Saint's Day, and that the first sowing of a certain kind of horticultural beans was March 15, which was always referred to by the name of the saint associated with it. I was amazed and entranced by this way of life, which now of course is the only one that makes sense to me, apart from the religious aspects.

My two long stays meant that there were two opportunities to be involved in the entire cycle of the seasons, to see the light (which is famous in that area) change, to watch the equally famous countryside go through its transformations. One November I arrived back at the farm from a long bike ride just as the sun set in the west, the full moon rose in the east, and all at the same time, there was an eclipse of the moon. And I, who had never known the difference between hay and straw, watched as the green winter wheat grew and turned into a sea of gold in July just before it was combined. Meanwhile, the hay, which was gold and brown in the winter, became brilliant green by its first cutting in May.



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

I lived in a rented house that had been bought by British intellectuals from local farmers, and the house actually stood right in the middle of the farmers' own yard and work area. I was in the midst of their daily life and work. After a while, they trusted me enough to allow me to help with the haying, and others of my friends in the area asked if I would help with various kinds of farm work.

The hardest work I ever did was weeding onions, four hours in the morning and four more in the afternoon, always bent over with my little knife, with a short break at midday for lunch. I got a very small taste of what life and work would have been like for most of the people in the world for thousands of years. Other work was much easier--I picked beans, peas, apricots, cherries, and olives. Apricots were harvested in July, by which time it was very hot, so picking was done early in the morning, 5 or 6 until 9 and then resumed again in late afternoon. Of course, everyone living in the country in that region took an extended break and a nap at midday, even in winter. Apricot-picking was wonderful because I was paid in apricots, from which I made jam and compote. Once I even canned several liters of apricots. It also gave me the right to come into the orchards after the main harvest and pick leftover ripe fruit from the trees (what we had harvested earlier was picked green for shipping to the north).

The farmers at "my" house had a number of hayfields and kept only a

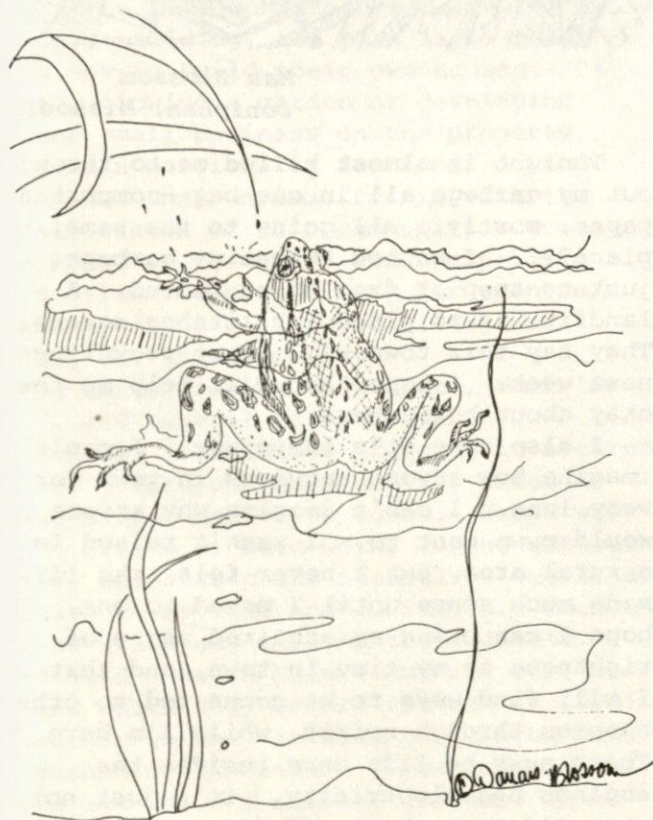
couple of cows to provide milk and butter and cheese for themselves and a few others. They sold all the good hay, their main cash crop, to someone from the north, who fed it to racehorses. I learned about how the irrigation system brought seeds that replenished the hay fields, which M. and Mme. Gautier fertilized but never seeded, as such. I knew which fields were alfalfa and which ones mixed, how the flower mix changed through the haying season, in what order the various fields ripened, how to tell when the hay was dry enough to bale. I was allowed to drag the bales that were scattered on the field to several pick-up points, so that the cart would only have to make a limited number of stops for loading. After a while I was allowed to learn to load the bales onto the cart. A little later I was taught how to stack straw bales onto the cart, a much more difficult task, as they are so slippery. I turned into a haying fanatic, and putting up hay is still one of my most favorite activities, though I seldom have a chance to do it.

I got a lot of practice with haying, once initiated, as there are three cuttings each season. The climate being as mild as it is, there might be a fourth, but the farmers had an arrangement with the shepherd that the sheep could go into the hay fields during the winter and graze on whatever grew or was left over after the third cutting. Eventually I helped Mme. Gautier stack the hay bales in the barn, which is exceptionally hot and dirty work, but I developed great respect for her strength and endurance by helping with that part of the work. If a summer thunderstorm was threatening, M. and Mme. Gautier might be up until midnight getting the bales off the fields and into the barn.

Until I lived in France, my experience with growing things had been limited to a tiny "victory garden" during the second world war that produced some interesting carrot foliage but not much else. During my 13-month stay, Mme. Gautier offered me some land behind the sheep barn which she had used for garden at one time. The weeds were huge by June, when I started work with a fork she lent me (with one of its teeth missing). I managed to clear a respectable size space and even rescued some strawberry

plants she had let go to ruin. Imitating the local farmers, I made a windbreak fence from a local rush that is like cane when dried, to protect the taller plants from the wind that races down the Rhone Valley. I was given surplus plants by Mme. Gautier and by other friends, and I bought some seeds and plants at the market. The growing season is virtually all year so I enjoyed my own escarole and beans and strawberries for the first time ever. Inspired by that first garden, and Mme. Gautier's help and kindness, I now grow most of my own vegetables, as well as strawberries, raspberries, and cherries, in spite of being back in the city.

The last important thing I learned from these experiences was the value of saving, recycling, making-do. I believe these are universal habits of people who live on the land, but they were accentuated in a country that was still recovering from the deprivations and impoverishment of a world war and hadn't yet succumbed much to U.S.-



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

style consumer culture. Mme. Gautier was an exception even in her own culture. She took the cows out twice a day to eat the weeds in the road or irrigation ditches. She and I spent hours during the haying season cleaning up the windrows of hay so that a minimum would escape the baler, and then I cleaned the fields after the bales had been loaded and brought the hay I collected to the cows. Mme. Gautier told me it was all right to go on the hayfields in the winter to collect fallen branches for kindling, which also helped her and M. Gautier by cleaning up debris that might be a problem for the baler the following spring.

As I write this, I see how much I owe to my time in the French countryside and to my friends there: my love of hard physical work in the outdoors, of growing things, of putting up hay, of living by the seasons. By the time of my last two-month stay in 1979, I figured I had learned what I needed to and ought to get on with my life in my own culture and my own home rather than someone else's country. It's now been more than ten years since I was last there, and I've missed it a lot and thought more than once about returning for a visit. But, as I left the last time, agribusiness and "development" were making their influences felt even in my little village. The area had long been popular with people from the north, but the fields and orchards were being replaced by ugly modern villas, being built to house people brought in to work at a planned industrial site on the Mediterranean. Olive orchards are being bulldozed by the Israelis in the occupied territories in response to the Palestinian resistance. They were destroyed in the area of a little southern French village to make way for "progress," and these are not unrelated happenings. So, I probably won't go back for that visit, but will try to remember what I learned there and try to use that experience in my work for social change at home.

Sally Koplín - urban farmer, Jew, age 54. I also run a small law office, and if the world were any kind of decent place, I wouldn't - I'd be a real farmer.

OFF THE LAND

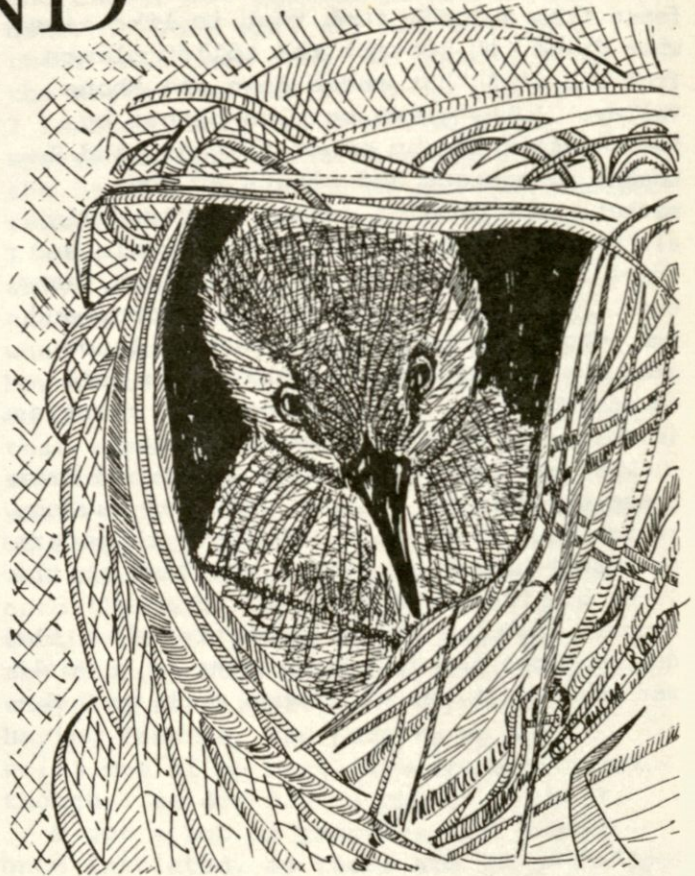
by Jodi

Great Barrington, Massachusetts

Moving to town is spooky. Everything hums and whirrs, even when I'm not using it. I can't hear birds, or even the wind. My room shakes from the furnace charging up in the basement. The most eerie thing of all is the feeling that I'm never really alone, at the same time as I feel totally cut off from everyone. I'm never this lonely when I'm in the woods, or when there's a meadow nearby. Just *being* there, means making a connection. Here in town, I feel like I have to *try hard* to find a way to make it safe for my mind or body to relax. I feel like the environment requires my constant attention to maintain it. I feel pulled on and demanded of. I've only been here a few days, and already I feel my adrenal glands on constant alert, and my sense of rhythm is disrupted.

Going to bed at sundown puts me completely at odds with the vibrations here. Most people are just getting home from work around then, and are starting to gear up for action. This seems to be a very quiet building, but it's strange to hear footsteps when I'm alone, and to feel the vibes of strangers who I haven't even *met*. It's a bizarre intimacy, one that might feel comforting among friends --to vaguely know each other's habits and rhythms, without having to involve ourselves in altering our patterns in order to fit together. But I haven't adjusted to a constant background presence of strangers. How it feels to have folks *right there* and yet totally out of reach. It *costs* something to knock on a neighbor's door. Even if they're right next to you through a thin wall. It's strange.

This is the time of year when we order seeds and start to plan for putting in next spring's garden. I'd gotten my seed orders and garden planning just about done on Wednesday, and on Thursday my rented house became uninhabitable and here it is, Tuesday, and I'm suddenly living in town without even a potential windowbox. I still don't believe it's real.



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

Tonight it almost killed me to throw out my garbage all in one bag--compost and paper, mostly. All going to the same place???? I wanted to eat my garbage, just to keep it from being wasted. A landfill is no place for kitchen scraps. They say this town will start recycling next week. I hope that will help me feel okay about being here.

I also hope it's temporary. I can't imagine how anyone survives in town for very long. I can't imagine why anyone would even want to. I wasn't raised in a rural area, but I never felt like life made much sense until I moved to one. I hope I can bring my acquired sense of rightness to my time in town, and that I will find ways to be connected to other species through spirit, while I'm here. There must be life here besides the engines and electricity. It's just not what I'd have chosen if I'd been creating the world my way. There are too damned many people here, and I feel like I have to apologize for being one of them.

ON THE LAND

WOMAN'S WORLD

Madisonville, Louisiana

I am now realizing a 20 year dream to build a Lesbian community in the country! Have 100 acres in the far away back woods with a house, yet only 6 miles to town and only 30 miles to the BIG CITY. The water is safe and plentiful, the air is clean and unencumbered by any nearby structures, the land is fertile and flat for easy tractor work, and the taxes are low!

Jobs aren't plentiful in the immediate area but New Orleans is a city in which anyone can find some kind of work if they are flexible and versatile.

The summers are hot but livable and the winters are extremely mild. Rain is plentiful and usually directs one towards a day off from chores frequently!

The ponds have some fish and need restocking. The front area has electricity and a flushing toilet.

Since I have 15 years of part time experience as a contractor--carpenter and love building, the plan is to teach women how to build their own houses. Of course, growing a garden or developing another small business on the property would be a possibility for some, depending on how their dreams fit in with the overall vision of this community. Women-only space is the dream and the program would allow the possibility for eventual ownership after 5 years of living and working for the community.

The difference in this place, *WOMAN'S WORLD*, and several other beginning communities is that the property is secured and won't take enormous monthly notes to retain a safe space for women. Women who aren't afraid of hard work, living without luxury, and stretching themselves emotionally to learn to be real and loving, are encouraged to write and tell me their dreams. As we make a match this community will be off and operating, before the end of 1990!

Goddess worship is also encouraged but not pushed on the land. There are magical places and women's circles are held about 6 times a year.

There is a small sleepy town on the river nearby crying for some small businesses to be started if one has the imagination and

patience to develop small scale and slowly.

The main problem in the initial stage is letting women who love the land know we are developing without advertising to the world that we are secluded out in the country. So here goes our first open announcement to the Lesbian Nation about Woman's World, a real place with real clean air, water and soil ready for you! Write to: Woman's World, POBox 655, Madisonville, LA 70447. TELL US YOUR DREAMS!

Thanks for MAIZE--I love it! Hope to have articles to write for it one day soon--am on my way to a Solar House Building School and should have some great information to share when I return. Will be networking with others at Campfest and Woman Gathering in Pennsylvania in May so things should really be moving along this summer.

Contrary to some of Miguella DeColores's sentiments in "On the Precipice of Beauty" (MAIZE #23), which I really enjoyed, I have found my sisters to be constantly investing more of themselves over time into investing "great things together". In the few months (about 22) that I have lived here we have organized and evolved from almost zero community into 4 great circles and 2 social groups numbering over 100; no small creation in the Deep South!

The south is changing, some areas faster than others, but changing. In the past 3 weeks I attended 2 Sunday Church Services devoted to completely accepting and welcoming Lesbians and Gays into the mainstream of life! Yes, in the South! It was so affirming, it helped to give me extra courage to move a little faster toward my dream--a real Lesbian Nation--in the country--on the land--self-sufficient--powerful!!!

Take care and do keep on publishing.

3/90

Shewolf

Shewolf is a Crone on 100 acres of magic spaces manifesting "a nation of Women with Wings" to build and live in WOMAN'S WORLD! 1990 is the year of conception and birth. I am a passionate carpenter--teacher--witch--traveler, who has lived in West Virginia, Ohio, Arizona, Texas, California, Florida, and Louisiana!

OWL FARM
Roseburg, Oregon

These past months have been very busy ones for the residents of OWL Farm. Three of us, Boa, Ni-Aodagain and Laura worked diligently and with much magic to build an 8 x 12 ft room onto the Quiet House. This room is now Felice Ana's (age 6) bedroom and school space. We learned much, laughed much, and "grrr"ed a little. The structure is the first new building on OWL in almost 12 years. YEA! 3 wimmin from the local community, Julie, Hawk and Daphne gave both their advice and physical labor. We thank you, and we thank the other residents and many visiting wimmin who gave an afternoon or day and provided those extra needed hands. We were blessed with the gift of a stove for the room by our sister land Fly Away Home. Truly, a room built by the hands of the community.

At the same time, Kit, a new resident, renovated the living space in the west end of the Coop. She, with the help of Sandreen, a woman in the local community, re-did the floor, strengthened the foundation and added windows and a door. This has created a beautiful living space and forwards our goal of using the coop for varied purposes.

In other ways, the wimmin of OWL have been dialoguing about the structures and agreements by which we choose to create community on OWL Farm. For many wimmin, decision making by consensus is a new experience. Thus, OWL continues to give the opportunity to learn to live in a different way.

Our plans for the coming months include: while the sap is down, planting walnut, plum and pear trees; extending the garden, and implementing an alternative water system. Boa will be organizing the renovation of the South side of the coop for use as a pottery/craft space. This is to create a cottage industry on the land that will bring in revenue.

So, as you see, life has been busy, productive, growthful, and very interesting.

Residents Report
OWL Newsletter, Dec. 1989
POBox 1692, Roseburg OR 97470

ARCO IRIS
Ponca, Arkansas

RED RIVER MENSTRUAL PADS

The Earth cultures of many native peoples taught that a womons menstrual cycle (moon-time: in many native cultures it is believed that the moon rules a womoon's menstrual cycle and it is referred to as her "moon-time") was a time of power for her. Many communities had Moon lodges or menstrual huts where womyn would go to meditate and focus during this time of purification and introspection.

In those times a woman would wear natural materials to absorb her flow. When she washed out her "pad" her blood returned to the Earth or to the water to nourish other growing things. This was part of her affirmation of herself as a life giver, connected to all life.

Today, we have learned to associate much distaste and inconvenience with our moon time. The sooner over the better. This creates a block of our womonly energy flow and is a denial of this special time which keeps our body in balance and heralds our childbearing years. Our busy lives make throw-aways seem the best choice but this is a contradiction not an affirmation of our positive feelings about this powerful bodily function.

Red River menstrual pads are a revival of this ancient practice. Each month when you rinse your pads you too will be giving a part of yourself to the Earth. This rinse water can be put on your garden or houseplants as a high nitrogen fertilizer or be returned to the water without the added waste of tampons or disposable pads.

Blood is the river of life, our Moon time should be a special part of our lives.

Red River 100% cotton pads are handmade by womyn at Arco Iris where we are striving to create a self-supporting community in the Ozark Mountains, a rural area where jobs are scarce. Send SASE for brochure to Red River, HC 70 Box 17, Ponca AR 72670-9620

A LESBIAN JOURNAL

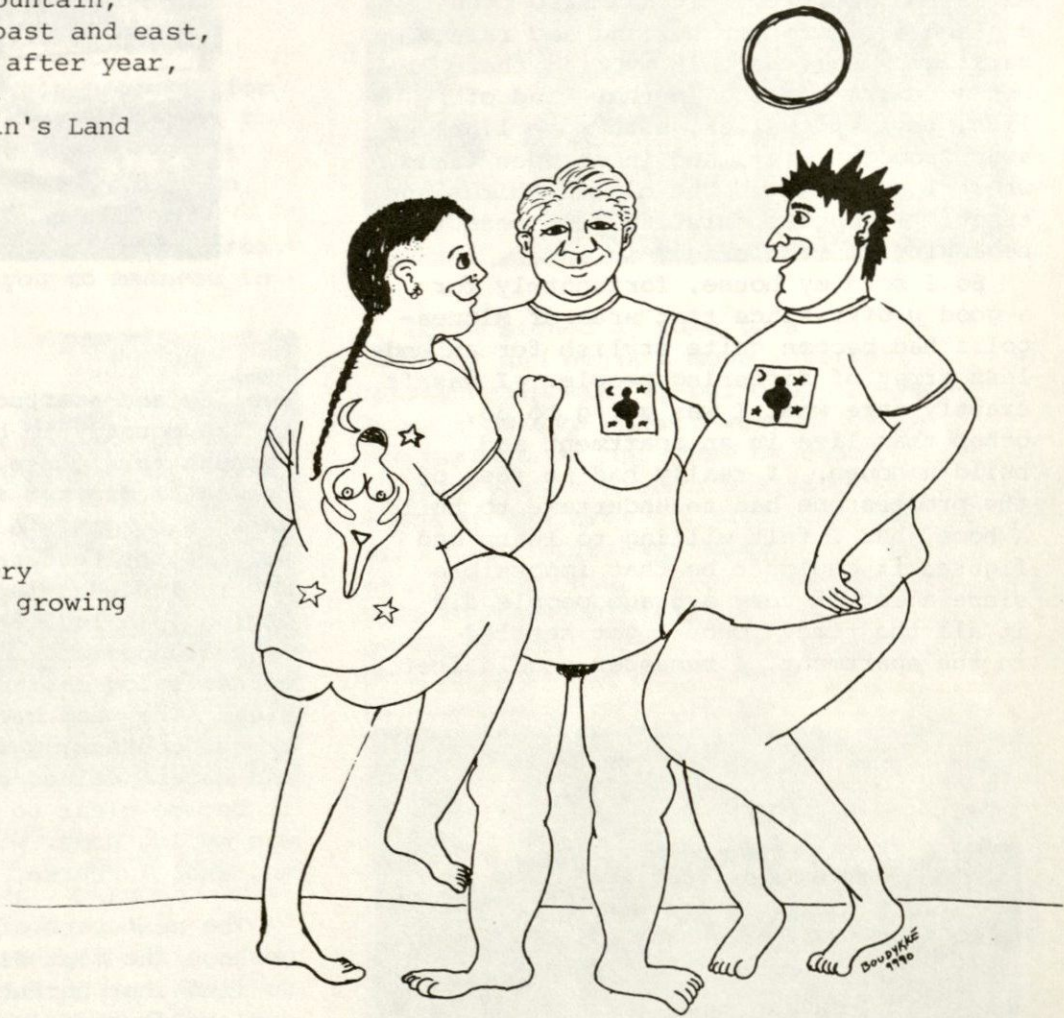
By Raven
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Always room for one more
scrunched in
T-shirts long sleeved, short
no sleeves at all
lots of hot pink and black
a little turquoise and red
T-shirts spell
a jumbled collage
of many dyke years

Take Back the Nite,
Central America, Big Mountain,
Music festivals west coast and east,
Michigan festival year after year,
Jewish Wimmin Warriors,
Help Support Open Wimmin's Land

Cryptic messages
each a long story
places I've been
in body or heart
wimmin I've loved
for a moment or more

Some shirts
like the stories
are faded with holes
others still bright
None ever discarded
Artifacts of our herstory
a fabric journal, still growing
a rainbow record of
one colorful
lesbian life



Boudykke
Minneapolis, Minnesota

CREATING MY HOME

By Gerry Perrin
Shafer, Minnesota

Four years ago, I woke up one morning with the thought, "I don't have to live here if I don't want to". For twelve years I had been a homeowner in the heart of Minneapolis of an old, rather elegant and very large house. I had had good times there, in fact, my adult youth had worn itself into most of the cracks and crannies with a whirlwind of room-mates and activity. It had also been a place of my former husband and ruined marriage. Somewhere in my mind there was a desire to live another kind of life, to live smaller, with more light, away from the city, and in an open field where I could watch the clouds, birds and trees. I suppose this may have been the beginning of middle age.

So I sold my house, fortunately for a good profit since that area of Minneapolis had become quite stylish for an endless array of differing people. I wasn't exactly sure what I was going to do, other than live in an apartment and build a house. I really had no idea of the process one had to undertake to build a home, but I felt willing to learn and figured it couldn't be that impossible since a lot of very average people did it all the time. Once I got settled in the apartment, I remember a cold feet



Photos by Gerry Perrin

feeling and started to look for a house in the country to buy. I'm glad I went through this phase, because it taught me what I did not want and what I did want in a home. A log home I saw had many of the features I was looking for and rekindled a long held fantasy of living in a log cabin. Many summers in my childhood had been spent in my grandmother's log cabin in a Wyoming wilderness area. They had been immensely happy times, connecting me to nature, beauty, and decent values of stewardship. So it became clear to me that what I wanted was my log home, with wood surrounding me, and of course, the perfect setting.

The next part of the experience was perhaps the most difficult, since I had to find that perfect setting. I spent endless frustrating hours driving around trying to locate different properties in the area that I wanted to live, which is in the St. Croix Valley, northeast of St. Paul. I quickly learned that much can be wrong with land: power lines above,



or the earth does not drain properly for septic systems, or the snow plows don't come by too often in the winter, or it will take ten thousand dollars just to build a road, or there is no privacy from the view of other homes in the area, or the bugs will drive you to madness in



the summer, or county regulations will only permit you to build in the middle of a swamp, and so forth. Finally, after much discouragement, I saw a ten acre parcel that looked unusually good. It was farther from work than I had wanted, but had the distinctive feel of "the west" with its rolling hills, was inexpensive, had privacy, a terrific view, and a fascinating Tamarack bog in the back. After a few visits I began to know this was the right place.

At the same time I was deciding about the land, I was making arrangements with the contracting company that I had selected to build my custom log home. It was clear to me that I was not going to physically build my own house since I had neither the time nor the skill. Further, I did not know enough about construction to be my own contractor. I wanted a well built home, and since interest rates were good and the IRS has its time limits, I wanted the home built within a year's time.



So, I signed my name to a building contract and began a most interesting relationship with my building contractor. To my knowledge, there were no women contractors on the scene or women owned construction companies building log homes in the area. I signed on to do all of the staining, sealing, and served as clean up crew. This saved me about nine thousand dollars and I knew I could do these jobs well. I also wanted to be a part of the construction; to see, to understand and to learn.



I determined early in the building process, because I instinctively knew it would be fraught with problems, to, one, not let anyone interfere with my happiness about creating the home I had dreamed of, and two, to always be a problem-solver in my communication style with the contractor and the crews. It would never be to my advantage to throw a temper tantrum with any of them, as much as I felt like it at times. Rather, to sublimate, do what I could do, and then go find my friends and throw the temper tantrum with them! (Blessed by my friends.) In addition, I found a gentle "broken record" technique worked well with my contractor. I let him know, every few days, what my concerns were at that point in construction. I also learned a lot from him, so much so that I think today I could do my own contracting if I should ever build again.

The house was not ready to move into on the appointed date, leaving me living in a motel for a few weeks (he paid) and leaving me with the problem of having to set a new deal with the bank at a higher interest rate, since I was locked in only to the finishing date in the contract. In the meantime, interest rates had gone up. Naturally, I was angry about this and told him so. He admitted guilt and to relieve himself had built a larger patio and a fancier staircase. I had no trouble accepting these items and further made it clear how much money his delays had cost me. Had I to do this over again, I would have included financial penalties in the contract for not finishing on time.

The process also taught me how the financing works for home construction. Little did I know that you must take out a construction loan to build the house with closing costs and then take out a home loan at the end to finance the house with another set of closing costs. I worked hard to stay within budget and avoided any work order changes, staying with the original plans. Fortunately I knew clearly what I wanted at the beginning so there was no need to change my mind. I also budgeted for the unexpected which proved wise since the road needed more gravel than expected and

the county wanted a larger septic unit than had been planned. Frightened, but determined, I made it all work.

What I have described so far might seem uninspired to the reader. There were, however, incredible moments in the experience, by myself, up on that cold and windy hill working away, when I became overjoyed with the creation of this home. It was as if the home and the land all belonged together, their energy had merged and they welcomed me to join them. I felt, and still do feel, a humility to be a part of this place.

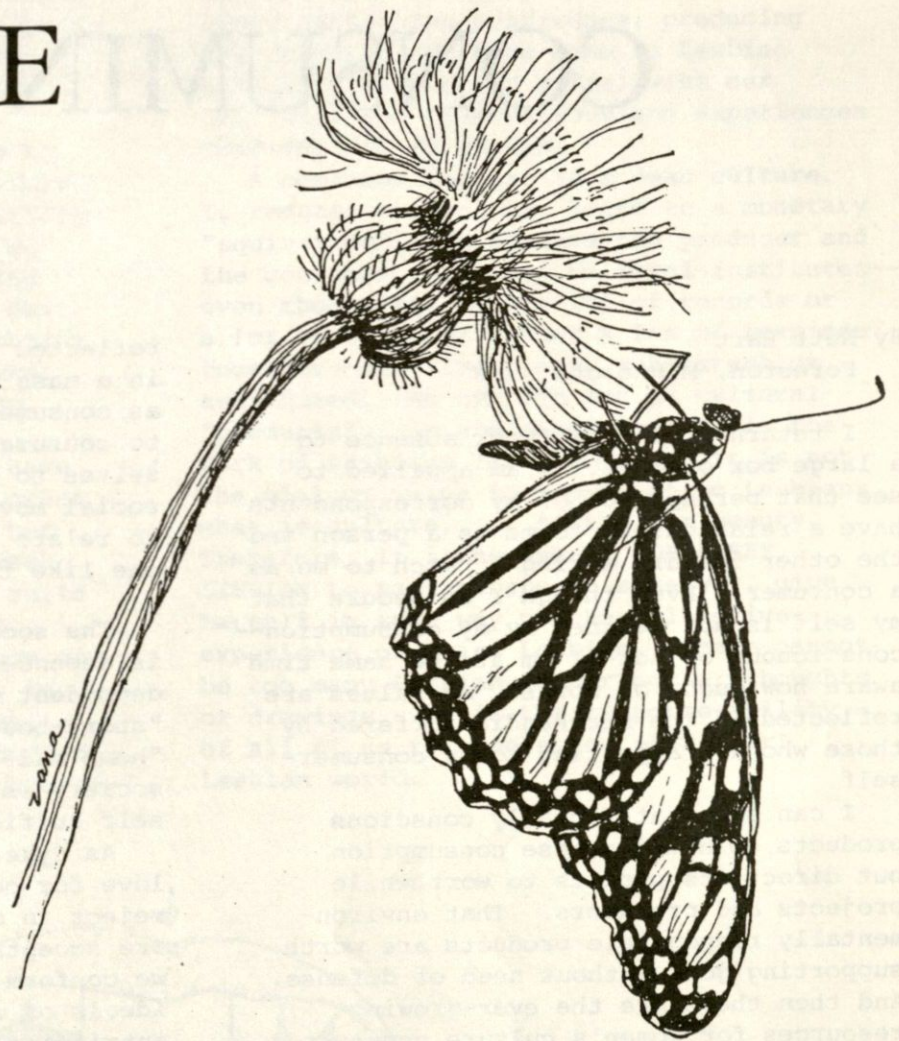
Once I got into my log home there seemed a million things to do and a million things to delight in; the fireplace, the cedar lined bathroom, the glorious spacious loft with built in bookcases, the whirlpool tub and separate shower, new appliances, wonderful yellow pine floors, french doors to the deck, the dark room in the basement, a generous view from every window. I remember waking up in the summer mornings with a golden light filling my bedroom and being surrounded with the warmth of wood. Total contentment.

I also began to take in the glories of the land and its friends; deer, coyote, wild turkey, all variety of birds, ground hogs, wild cats, fox. In the bog, friends showed unusual and rare plants. My pledge has been to feed, plant and tend all that I can. Except for a garden and some lawn, the rest is to be as it is--as it wants to be.

Today, as I write this, two years later, the wild turkeys have come to feed by the dining room window, the wild cat storms around outside, the March winds howl and my baby tomato plants grow through their sod on trays placed by the windows. I am engaged in a new process now, learning to live alone, watching my own thought patterns and listening to the silence. The moment, the now, seems all important. But that is another story.

Gerry Perrin is a Lesbian homeowner and communications teacher who has a small photography business. She shares her life with one indoor cat, three outdoor cats, one outdoor skunk, twelve wild turkeys and a neighborhood full of birds.

PLEASURE IN THE EATING



by zana
tucson, arizona

when we begin to question everything about the world we grew up in, we perceive subtle lies we were never aware of.

for instance, we've been told (by capital-s scientists) that flowers come in bright colors in order to attract insects to pollinate them. fruit is also brightly colored, thereby insuring that birds and other animals will eat it and scatter the seeds. what this really says is that the natural world (like heteropatriarchal society) is one of competition. all the plants are demanding, choose *me!* no, *me!* don't let *my* species die out!

is there really such scarcity in the universe that plants must develop ever-gaudier flowers and fruits in order to keep up with the joneses?

looking at it a different way, our universe might seem to be one of beneficence and abundance, where foods come in bright colors in order to help their eaters find them and to add to their pleasure in the eating. we might think of our world as one of mutual cooperation, where plants give gifts so that animals may eat and make honey, and animals give their gifts of fertilizer, pollination, and the spreading of seeds.

THAT CONSUMING PASSION

By Nett Hart
Foreston, Minnesota

I return from a two week absence to a large box of mail. I am appalled to see that perhaps 10% of my correspondents have a relationship to me as a person and the other 90% are making a pitch to me as a consumer. Even though I am secure that my self is not defined by my consumption--conspicuous or not--I am at the same time aware how much, of course, my values are reflected in the merchandise offered by those who are appealing to my consumer-self.

I can say that socially conscious products do not increase consumption but direct its profits to worthwhile projects and producers. That environmentally responsible products are worth supporting goes without need of defense. And then there are the ever-growing resources for women's culture coming to us in so many sources just when we were mourning the loss of a real feeling of community. Have we stopped making revolution to make records, stopped making social change to make coin purses?

What I'm really worried about, you see, is that the vibrancy that was Lesbian feminism of the 70's is now the new consumer culture of choice, that we can find "goods" that reflect our values more easily than we can find each other.

I am not unsupportive of the creativity, and market savvy, of women who make and make available the artifacts of our culture. I am very appreciative of the way our values of non-imperialism, earth consciousness, right livelihood, non-racist, non-sexist, non-ableist, non-agist living are

reflected in the products available. But in a mass society that views each of us as consumers and values us by our ability to consume, I want us to challenge ourselves to be more than consumers of a social movement. I want our artifacts to relate to a real culture, not a fake one like the cult of Mickey Mouse.

The society that depends on consumption is dependent upon the consumer to consume, dependent on the consumer's belief that "store-bought" is vastly superior to "home-made". In other words, consumer society is dependent upon our lack of self sufficiency, lack of self-resourcing.

As dykes, our identity is rooted in a love for ourselves exactly as we are. We reject in our nature the dictates that we are acceptable and lovable to the extent we conform to the socially constructed ideals of womanhood. We are identified intrinsically, not by our social construction as consumer coordinates in a demographic plot.

As we reject our socialization we reject the patterns of consumption. We reject mass standards of health, beauty, necessity, success. But now we need to do more: we need to reject the consuming passion that willingly reduces the whole to *THINGS* to be consumed. We need to stop being consumers.

I am not advocating we stop using tools and goods and foods we do not produce ourselves. I mean we need to stop gaining a sense of identity from our consumer habits--whatever they are, however well they fit our values. I am advocating a changed way to look at our Lesbian culture and the values of Lesbian-feminism.

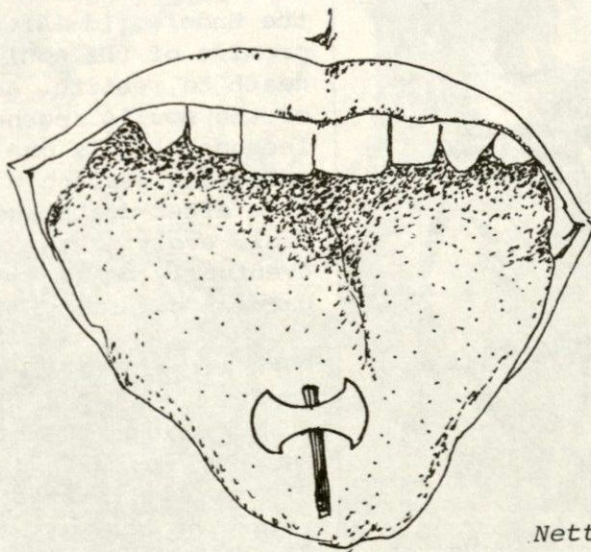
Our Lesbian culture is more like tribal culture than industrialized society. Our values are imbedded in *how* we do things, in the methods of our food preparation and decisions, in the means of our social arrangements, in the experiences we all share. Our culture as an identifiable culture is a density of these common values coming from within our lives.

Our Lesbian culture is not made by the few for the many. Lesbian culture is every Lesbian active in her identity as a Lesbian. We make culture as we make our lives. It is not something we can turn on at the end of the day for entertainment. It is not something a few are able and obligated to make. It is not more one's responsibility than another's. I am reminded of Pat Parker's poem "maybe I should have been a teacher", in *Jonestown and other Madness*, where she is asked about her writing and says she has had one week off in years and in that time her child and dog got sick. Lesbian culture seldom happens in that well-lit room of one's own with a view. It happens in the context of our living our lives, drawing our experiences into the common realm, sharing ourselves from the heart--

which is poetry, which is song, which is story.

Whose culture is it anyway? We can only consume as outsiders, as those who are not a part. We can not expect that someone else is doing the articles, coordinating the conference, producing the concert. We each come to Lesbian culture with our own gifts, with our abilities and observations and experiences *THAT NEED TO BE SHARED*.

A consumer culture is a dead culture. It reduces work of the heart to a monetary "equivalent". It deadens the producer and the consumer. Lesbian cultural institutes-- even those that make a lot of records or a lot of books or gather a lot of Lesbians together--are financially subsistent or subsidized. We are not making cultural "products". We are making available the work of Lesbians for Lesbians. It is not the goal or value to represent to Lesbians what is culture...or truth...or beauty. Therefore, it is necessary *FOR EVERY LESBIAN* to participate in some way, give herself in some way to the collective experience of being Lesbian. There cannot be too many Lesbian gatherings or thoughts or drawings. It is the response-ability of all of us to create and share our Lesbian world.



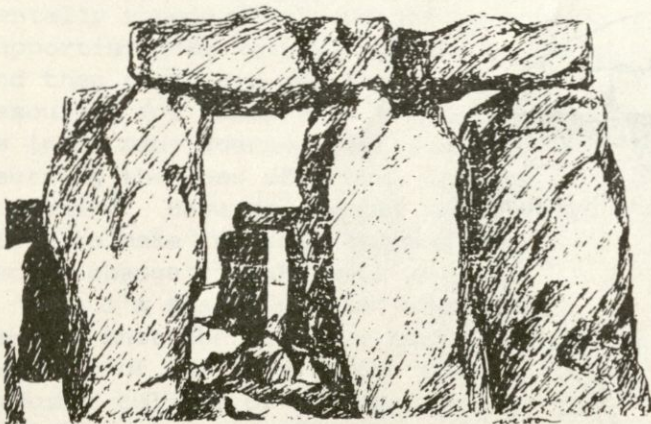
Nett Hart

EAT LESBIANS BUT DON'T CONSUME LESBIAN CULTURE

WOMAN

By Macha Sunstar
Skidmore, Texas

She stands
Like some ancient ruined temple
Time has taken away the worshippers
The Painted Frieze,
The Gilded Ornaments:
Beauty alone remains.



Jennifer Weston
Ava, Missouri

PERSEPHONE'S RETURN

By Ruth Zachary
Lansing, Michigan

In the myth, Persephone disappeared (or was abducted) into the Underworld. Demeter, her mother, grieving and searching for her daughter, caused all the vegetation in her wake to become barren. After much negotiating with other deities, Persephone was allowed to come live with her mother for two thirds of the year, but was required to tend her duties in the underworld every winter. As an agriculturally based religion, Persephone was linked to the spring growth, and Demeter to the harvest. Sometimes each was linked to winter.

This religion was practiced in several Mediterranean and European regions from as long ago as 7000 B.P. until and as late as the 18th century A.D. It had a deeper significance than a metaphor for spring and summer. To worshippers, Persephone's journey to and return from the Underworld (Afterlife) symbolized the promise of the soul's survival through death to rebirth, as well as the triumph of the soul's regeneration through life's lessons. It is one of the oldest known religions dealing with the themes of life after death and redemption of the soul, evolving through many forms before eventually being incorporated into the patriarchal religions of today's world.

Ruth Zachary is a Printmaker working in Southern Michigan. She draws inspiration from feminine themes and her work contains many historical and mythical references. Ruth may be contacted for more information regarding her work at Graven Images, 331 N. Fairview Ave, Lansing, MI 48912. 616-372-3172



PERSEPHONE'S RETURN

Ruth Zachary

LETTERS

Dear Lee,

Feb 4, 9990

The Fall 9989 MAIZE caught me unawares when I opened it and saw my big serpent on the cover! Whoopee, I said. It was great for me and I think it looked real nice.

Of course I sat down as soon as I could and began my usual "devouring" of MAIZE. You know the ON THE LAND section is particularly great for me. It's like visiting sister's farms, or at least getting validation. We are so far from other Lesbians (as far as *knowing* any, that is) that this kind of input is missing in our everyday lives.

I particularly enjoyed Jenna's Coons on page 3, and thought the issue was fun to look at as well as to read.

Hope your winter has been warm, restful and rewarding...mine has been every bit of that (except the restful part but then we've been pushing to open our new clinic...Yeah!!)

It's been the end of an era (17 years of midwifery out of the tiny room at the back of our home, built from mill-ends and using wadded up newspaper for insulation), and the beginning of a practice expanded by Legality into prescriptive powers (medications, sonography, pap smears, and other "lab work") and physically into a modest (but modern) 4 room honest-to-goodness free standing clinic; complete with a 4 foot by 8 foot sign out front proclaiming our practice!! Now when we ask wymmmin to give us a "clean catch" they can step into the room with indoor toilet (instead of going to the outhouse balancing a bowl of water and a cup!, all of which became challenging indeed when it was 25 degrees outside or pouring rain). Ah, now we turn up the thermostat instead of stoke the fire... some losses, some gains and of course not all of us agrees on which goes into which column....

As always I'm looking forward eagerly to the next issue of MAIZE...hope you keep it going forever...Thanks!!!!!!!!!!!!

Looking towards SPRING.....

Warmly,
Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

To Jodi ("Lesbian Homes and Gardens")

Here are a couple of recipes from Nancy Birnes' *Cheaper and Better: Homemade Alternatives to Storebought Goods*.

Vegetable Garden Repellent: Puree 1/4 c. chopped garlic, 1/4 c chopped hot pepper and 1/4 c chopped onion, peels and all. Add 1/4 c water and scrape down the sides. Continue blending until you have a fine mush. Strain. In a large clean glass jar, mix 1/2 c wood ash & 1/4 c hydrated lime. Add the onion-garlic mixture and stir thoroughly. Then add 1 1/4 c. water. Store in a cool dry place for up to one month. To use: spray on upper and lower surfaces of foliage and around roots.

Deer Repellent: Cut some old sheeting, cotton or muslin fabric into 4" x 4" squares. Mix 1/4 c bloodmeal and 1 c. hair clippings together and place about a Tbsp onto the center of each square. Bring up the corners and secure with string. Hang these little packets from branches of trees or shrubs where deer are a problem.

Or, mix 1 tsp bloodmeal to 1 gal. water and spray on and around plants the deer are nibbling. (it won't harm the plants.)

Rabbit Repellent: Mix 1/2 c. talcum powder and 1/4 c cayenne pepper. Store in a tightly lidded container. Keeps indefinitely. Optional: add 1/4 c bloodmeal. To use: Spread it around your plants.

Also, you might try hanging small red christmas ornaments among your tomatoes to discourage the birds.

Sue Gibson
Dallas, Texas



Kitt Redwing
Grand Rapids,
Michigan



Brenwyn

Dear Word Weavers,

Nov '89

Raven wrote about gardens in pots. Herbs do great in pots and enhance cooking. Medicinal herbs do great in pots, too. And for women who have a difficult time bending, hanging pots on the height you like makes gardening easier. When I live in a city without gardens/land, I grow pot herbs and sprouts to keep me in touch with natural rhythms. When my plants don't go well, I know I'm taking on too much, running too fast.

OASIS

*Roses like eggshells
Women like eggs
The cats love their nibbles
The grass is still green.*

The Llewellyn Moon Guide isn't feminist, let alone lesbian, but does have good tips for gardening. Calling in the spirits of love and light helps too. The first Mexican lesbian feminist novel "Amora" by Rosa Maria Roffiel got published this year. The main character, Amora, lives with womyn, works in a rape crisis center and falls in love with a heterosexual woman. Although not separatist, it is lesbian and feminist.

In Mexico, as in most Latin American countries, struggle for gender justice and struggle for class justice are important themes. Although it may be true that fighting against patriarchy gives energy to patriarchy, the reality of womyn in Central and Latin America is that USA government won't leave them alone. Global imperialism affects women in the southern hemisphere very much. How can we create global alternative politics that create justice, peace, freedom and ecologically sane ways of producing-consuming-living?

Mexican Lesbians are planning a 2nd forum on human rights for lesbians. An international forum. I think it's important we develop Universal human rights and global politics that liberate all lesbians everywhere on this planet earth, and in effect, all womyn and all people. How can we develop international strategies and politics? Will the 1st USA National Lesbian gathering '90 address this issue?

I believe we need to step outside patriarchy that is so separated from the

natural rhythms and life forces to create a more whole, more connected life. I believe it is important we eat well. I also believe we need to continue sharing new insights, develop global politics to give back to the world. I like to see MAIZE as a platform for sharing our lives and for discussing politics.

My garden is semi-wild and a beauty now. (Nov.) Dry season has started so I started veggies in pots, needing less water. Within the lesbian movement I share my insights, participate in organizing. For this I go to the city once in a while. OASIS is a place for women to be and have healing energies. Last month dykes helped put in an electric lamp and waterpipes. I built my furniture and love carpentry. With about 13 projects in my life every day is different. No I don't live on a large women's land but yes, my place at the edge of the village has become a little paradise. My personal life is growing more into harmony. But the world outside my gate isn't that friendly. Gotta keep working on that too. Since everything affects everything, I may as well try to be a positive influence. Each one doing a little to create change, to transform the world, gives me courage. I love the magazine "Woman of Power". Not because it's slick in appearance= beautiful, but because in each issue many women who are doing something share their visions, struggles, actions. It gives me courage and hope. For me it's a healthy antidote to regular newspapers. It gives me the life culture and strength to continue. Blessings to all MAIZE readers.

Evolution or revolution? Struggle and living critically and aware probably will be a life style for as long as we are around. Trodding along, not running any longer because burn out is useless, but keep chipping and chipping to weaken patriarchal structures, meanwhile planting veggies, flowers, nurturing mother earth, creating and building in harmony with all relations to leave the planet and all on it, a little better than it has been the last few hundred years seems worth the effort. Balance is the key, I guess.

Love,
Safuega
Tepoztlan, Mexico

REVIEWS

SEEDS BLÜM

Heirloom Seeds & Other Garden Gems

Idaho City Stage, Boise, ID 83706

\$3.00

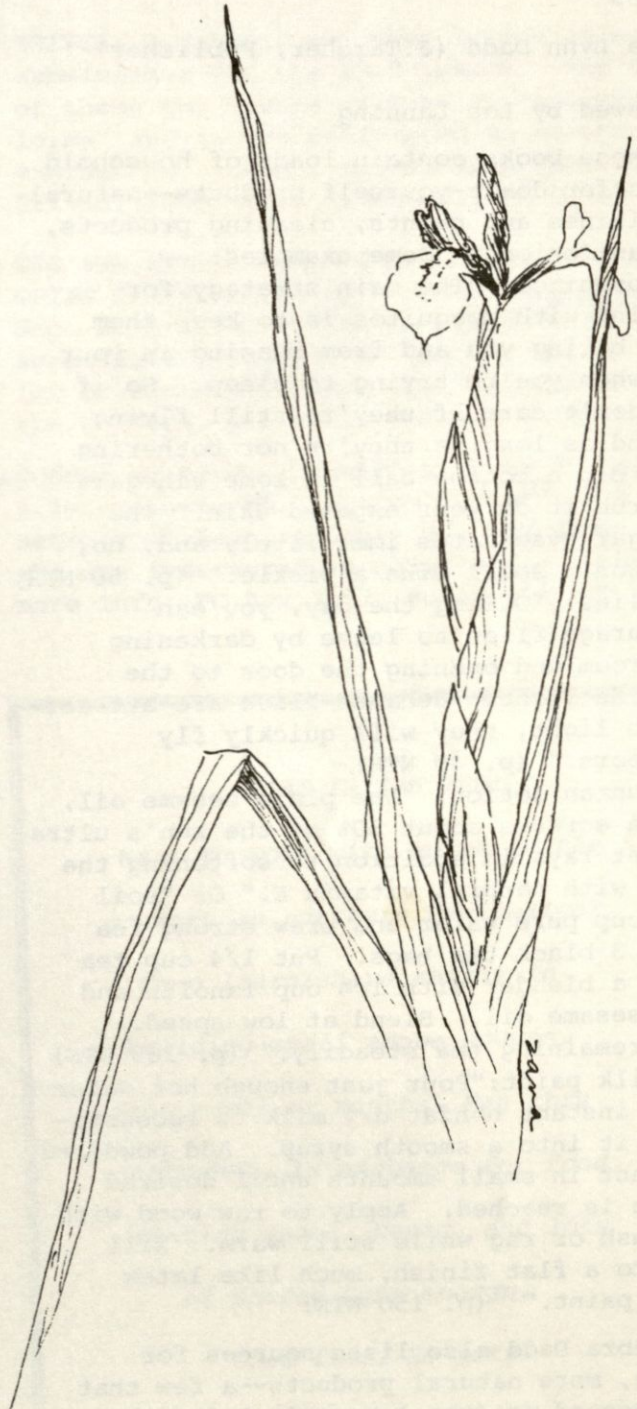
Reviewed by Lee Lanning

Jan Blüm (pronounced "bloom") founded Seeds Blüm in 1981, offering "varieties that were grown years ago, but are now seldom or never seen in commercial seed catalogs...Most of these vegetables are superior for gardeners who grow for flavor, and wish the harvest to extend throughout the growing season. Newer varieties are bred for commercial growers who need plants to ripen all at once."

"One of the beauties of heirloom seeds is that you can save their seeds." The catalog is arranged by botanical families "because members of each family share similarities of pollination and seed production." Jan gives pollination information as well as genus and species so we can avoid cross-pollination (and odd veggies in next year's garden).

Heirloom seeds are open-pollinated (what's open-pollinated? see p. 83 of the catalog) rather than hybrid--this increases variety. For instance, Jan offers 18 varieties of eggplant, compared to the usual 1 or 2 hybrids commonly available. The 100 page catalog offers not only all these glorious varieties, but sound gardening tips, how, when, and even *how much* to plant. For instance, did you know that onions are sensitive to day length? "Bulbing onions take their cues from the number of hours of daylight they experience where they are grown. Gardeners must match varieties to day length in order to harvest large bulb onions. Early or short day length varieties require 12 hours of daylight and will mature nicely in southern areas. Northern or late types need 15 hours of daylight."

Seeds Blüm, though based in Idaho, has seeds for many growing climates, as her growers and advisors come from all over the U.S.



zana
tucson, arizona

NONTOXIC AND NATURAL: How to Avoid
Dangerous Everyday Products and Buy or
Make Safe Ones 1984

THE NONTOXIC HOME: Protecting Yourself
from Everyday Toxics and Health Hazards
1986

Debra Lynn Dadd (J.Tarcher, Publisher)

Reviewed by Lee Lanning

These books contain loads of household hints for do-it-yourself products--natural pesticides and paints, cleaning products, suntan lotions. Some examples:

Mosquitos: "The main strategy for dealing with mosquitos is to keep them from biting you and from buzzing in your ear when you're trying to sleep. So if you don't care if they're still flying around as long as they're not bothering you, dip a cotton ball in some vinegar and rub it on your exposed skin. The vinegar evaporates immediately and, no, you won't smell like a pickle." (p. 50 NTH)

Flies: "During the day, you can encourage flies to leave by darkening the room and opening the door to the outside light. Because flies are attracted to light, they will quickly fly outdoors." (p. 49 NTH)

Suntan lotion: "Use plain sesame oil, which screens about 30% of the sun's ultra-violet rays in addition to softening the skin with natural vitamin E." Or "Boil 3/4 cup pure water and brew strong tea with 3 black tea bags. Put 1/4 cup tea into a blender with 1/4 cup lanolin and 1/4 sesame oil. Blend at low speed. Add remaining tea steadily." (p. 189 NTN)

Milk paint: "Pour just enough hot water into instant nonfat dry milk to reconstitute it into a smooth syrup. Add powdered pigment in small amounts until desired shade is reached. Apply to raw wood with a brush or rag while still warm. Will dry to a flat finish, much like latex wall paint." (p. 150 NTN)

Debra Dadd also lists sources for safer, more natural products--a few that interested me (tho I haven't tried them and have no idea yet if the addresses are current!):

Granny's Old Fashioned Products
(cleaners)
3581 E. Milton Dept NN
Pasadena CA 91107

The Old Fashioned Milk Paint Company
POBox 222, Dpt NN
Groton, MA 04150

Kennedy's Natural Foods
(source for DeSousa's ORGANIC
apple cider vinegar)
1051 W. Broad St. Dpt NN
Falls Church, VA 22046

Pace Industries (Pace Creme, a water-based
wood stain, and Crystal Aire wood finishes)
710 Woodlawn Dr. Dept NN
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

The books are crammed with information on product toxicity. I was especially interested in building products:

Wood: Particle board is manufactured with a urea-formaldehyde resin and will release small quantities of formaldehyde. Formaldehyde levels in the indoor air can cause temporary eye and respiratory irritation and may aggravate respiratory conditions or allergies. Plywood has similar problems. "Solid wood that has not been treated is safest." (p. 220 NTN)

Vapor barriers: "Most vapor barriers (roofing felt) are impregnated with asphalt." Use foil vapor barriers. (p. 205)

Insulation: "Safest choice is blown-in cellulose (made from old newspapers and sodium borate)." You can also buy it in bags and lay it yourself. (p. 128 NTN)



zana
tucson, arizona

ANNOUNCEMENTS

→ **OVER 40? PHYSICALLY CHALLENGED?** Looking for alternatives to traditional retirement communities? **SPINSTERHAVEN** is working to meet our physical, cultural, spiritual needs. Accessible urban and rural housing, camping, retreat lodge our goal. SASE for brochure. Spinsterhaven, POBox 718, Fayetteville, AR 72702

→ **WOMAN'S WORLD BEGINS!** Clean air, water and fertile soil! Write your dreams and I will tell you how they fit into the community of country women building their own houses! **WW** POBox 655, Madisonville, LA 70447

CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS for *Cats (and their Dykes)* an anthology. What's the connection between lesbians and cats? Send essays, poems, stories, narratives, line drawings, and black and white photos to HerBooks, POBox 7467, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. (May 1)

SEEKING THE STORIES of lesbians who have lost important relationships due to "coming out". Write it, tape it or let us interview you, for an anthology to be published by Naiad Press. Write Lynn D'Orsay, POBox 332, Portsmouth NH 03803

TRIVIA, *A Journal of Ideas* is now accepting submissions for its 1990 issues. The focus of these two issues will be on "breaking forms" and is not restricted to written expression. Send 2 copies with SASE to Trivia, POBox 606, N. Amherst, MA 01059

→ **THE 5TH ANNUAL WOMYN & WITCHCRAFT: DEVELOPING DIANIC WICCA CONFERENCE**, Aug 30-Sept 2, Central Wisconsin. Wheelchair accessible. Vegetarian meals. Write for brochure: Re-formed Congregation of the Goddess, Box 6021, Madison WI 53716

→ **GOLDEN THREADS CELEBRATION**, June 22-24, Provincetown, MA. Golden Threads is a network of Lesbians over 50, and women who are interested in older women. For more info, PO Box 3177, Burlington VT 05401

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