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# MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

99

WINTER 9991



zana

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Letters to the editor may be published in whole or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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)

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More if you can, less if you can't

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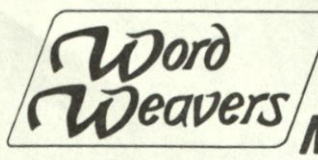
This issue typed and laid out by Lee Lanning in Serafina, New Mexico  
Thanks to Nett Hart and Jae Haggard for all their help!

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Cover art by zana, tucson, arizona

zana: i'm 43, disabled, jewish, living in the desert with other dykes (adobeland). seeking to start a land trust community of disabled dykes and allies. my book of poetry and art, herb womon, is available for \$7 from me at 12150 w. calle seneca, tucson, az 85743.

 **Word Weavers**  
**Box 8742**  
**Mpls., MN 55408**

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*Mau Blossom*  
Doniphan, Missouri

# COYOTE

By Julia Doughty  
San Diego, California

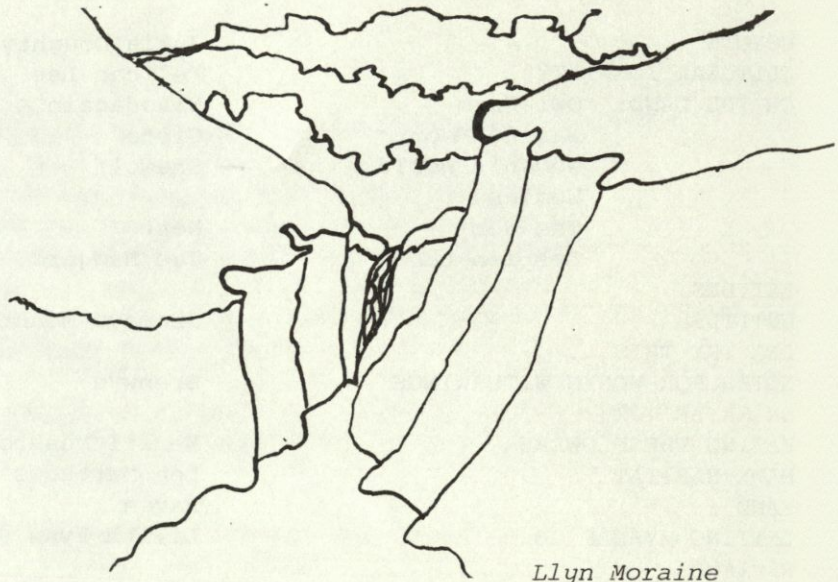
It was winter.  
I went to live  
in a small cabin in the wild.  
carried water,  
chopped gathered wood,  
went without.  
Even the quiet of this canyon  
wasn't mine.  
That was what I wanted,  
my wild matched.

Coyote left her mark,  
roaming here before we were lovers.  
She took others up these quartz veined granite ridges,  
down to scrub catclaw in sand.  
I didn't dream of her then.  
They hunted each other  
and I knew their movements  
only by the taunting pained calls I heard  
through the distance  
of night.

I was my own simple creature,  
my own blood and fire.

One day  
she came from her cold den  
and stayed. I stroked her. She was soft,  
unable to speak.  
I put my warm body next to her.  
I was careful,  
she did not like to be trapped.  
I made no commands.  
*Beloved*, I secretly called her.  
As if to tame her.  
As if to make her mine.

Dark nights and cold days  
when she drifted  
up the wide indecisive washes,  
I kept my own coals hot,  
the wild within me for her  
rationed.  
Whispered,  
*I am my Beloved's.*



Llyn Moraine  
Vergas, Minnesota

Then we had those days of  
sweet blood pulled down by moons.  
We licked each other.  
But there were the hardened scratches, too.  
made by my words  
and her inhuman attacks.

She hunted and I played with her.  
Even now she acts as if I don't know  
about her--  
how she got blood on her beautiful fur.  
I invited her in to eat.  
I make a good meal.  
I'm well aware of what I give.

Though I call her Beloved,  
I know Coyote is the trickster.  
Nights without her now are strange.  
Wild for her, I listen to the quiet groaning relief  
of the earth's thirst  
receiving  
night's wetness.  
Sometimes,  
she laughs far away from me.

She wants and does not want  
our bed.  
She abandons her howl to the night's free blanket.  
I hear her, again, out  
where she roams her sadness.  
Yet I love her, this Beloved one.

I, too, am circling.  
I watch the moon arc its slow way  
through the independent and free falling stars.  
I bleed. As usual, I make fire.  
I stir 'round the stew I eat alone.  
Beloved Coyote travels her trickster needs  
that come and go.  
Days and nights later, she brings me the salt I wanted.  
I taste her bittersweet tongue.  
And I show her  
I am,  
here,  
blood and fire  
and I do not run away.

*Julia Doughty loves womyn and the outdoors,  
writes poetry and performance art, and waitresses.*



Kitt Redwing

## CULTURAL IDENTITY

By Pelican Lee  
Tesuque, New Mexico

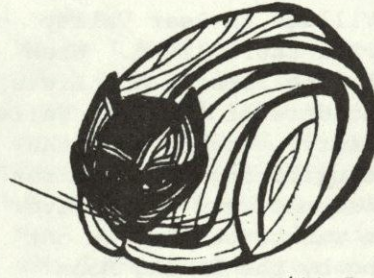
Quaker woman-lover,  
Showing me the ways of your Quaker ancestors,  
Ways of community,  
Ways of peace and consensus,  
Ways of living a simple life,  
Ways of generations of resistance to hierarchy and to militarism.

And I share with you my stories of lesbians  
Living together in community on Women's Land,  
Forging out of nothingness,  
Too many generations away  
From the patriarchy-destroyed and christian-destroyed  
Pagan communities of our ancestors.  
Too long ago to remember,  
To have stories handed down from our grandmothers.  
Too many burned as witches.

So it is you who came into my life with a living culture,  
Long-steeped in feminism,  
Long-steeped in what I hold close to my heart and want to learn,  
Who provides a missing link  
To the dream and vision of creating a-new the old.  
Women and lesbians living as family and community  
On land, in partnership with our Mother Earth.

*Pelican: I lived at several of the pioneering community women's lands in the 1970's, lived alone finding myself and recovery from patriarchy-inflicted damage in the 1980's. My hope for the 1990's is that we will glean what was good and learn from the mistakes of the past to create feminist/radical lesbian/women's land communities where we can all live with our diversities. And I am working on just that with a group of New Mexico women.*

# ON THE LAND



OWL FARM  
OREGON

Kitt Redwing  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Autumn Blessings! I write this at the end of one of the most important and successful summer seasons for OWL. In the three months since our last newsletter, OWL has welcomed over 75 wimmin and several children as visitors, as well as provided six to ten wimmin and one girl child homes as short and long-term residents. This has resulted in a lot of work being accomplished, good friendships created and the vision of OWL as a wimmin's community furthered.

Secondly, and as importantly, OWL has grown as a healing space and sanctuary for wimmin. As more and more wimmin begin the journey of recovery from childhood sexual abuse, the need for a safe and supportive environment to do this painful and intense work becomes important. The land and the wimmin of OWL have provided such a space for wimmin this summer.

In all of this, the wimmin who live on the land and those that visited have had the opportunity to learn and practice how to care for ourselves while responding to the needs of others; to work through difficulties as they arise with clarity and sensitivity; and to honor each other as wimmin growing and changing within the context of a wimmin's community on land. Hopefully, this summer has given each of us a better awareness and deeper understanding of what it takes to make wimmin's land safe and healthy for as many wimmin as possible.

As we move toward the winter and turn inward with the Mother's changes, we will hold in our hearts the memory of the many wimmin who visited and touched us in many different ways. On behalf of OWLT, we thank each woman who gave support and love to OWL during this time.

Blessed Be,  
NíAódagáin

## MORE OWL...

We've been busy with the help of many wimmin's hands and hearts in caring for the land this summer. In May we were knee-deep in mud as we weeded and dug a 25 foot by 25 foot area of the marsh, the land that runs along the stream bed east of the already established garden. By late June, we had six long beds of tomatoes growing. Her name is Marsha. She was an experiment to see if we could use the stream water and thus have a self watering garden. Well, it worked, even with 10 days of over 100 degrees! So we will be expanding Marsha next spring. This summer we were able to feed 10 residents and lots of visitors with our primary garden. Next year, our hope is to grow even more food, for both summer and winter food needs.

Our second on-going project has been the building of woodsheds for the individual living spaces. At this time, there is one up, and two more on their way. Hopefully, by winter, we will have five new woodsheds on the land which will drastically reduce the use of plastic as a covering for wood piles. No more plastic! Keep the earth clean!

Finally, the majority of our work this summer has been to keep the baby fruit trees and garden greenies watered on a limited water supply. The land is beautiful and healthy and wimmin worked hard to keep her going strong. We look forward to the quiet winter months.

Boa

from the newsletter  
Oregon Women's Land Trust  
POBox 1692, Roseburg OR 97470

WAXING MOON HEALING VILLAGE  
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Waxing Moon Village in Bear Valley was wonderful...and short lived. When Cherie and I met with Norbert and Lieve, the sole share holders of the Bear Valley land (Hailos Society), they were enthusiastic about us utilizing the land for our project and seemed very supportive. A final decision was to be made at our Healing Gathering by the Waxing Moon Members.

So, we moved onto this little paradise on Earth and pitched our tipi with a view of the snow-capped Monachees in the background. We immediately started to work on the octagonal centre which was a beautiful unfinished cedar log structure. Quite the mess it was! The critters had moved in and the fiberglass insulation was falling from the ceiling. The spring rains had managed to pour in through the roof. We often worked from sunrise to sunset and enjoyed it. When it got too hot, we went for a swim in the crater lake not far from the centre. We collected the trash that was spread about, tarred the roof, built a humongous compost bin, fixed the intricate water line (1½ miles long), cleaned and cleaned again the 3 bedroom house, fixed the stove, wallpapered and more. We listened to the coyotes and owls at night. We were awed by the bear tracks and the fresh droppings close by, and we had wonderful walks, enjoying the lake and sunsets.

The Hailos community had started here in 1984. They had done alot of initial hard work, like land clearing and building. Their ideals were somewhat similar to ours as far as care-taking the Earth and the intent to live wholistically, striving for harmony and self-sufficiency. The major difference was that their concept of a healthy way of being in the world is done exclusively by "creating the nuclear family". They believe that if the family is healthy, the community becomes healthy, the world becomes healthy. The Hailos community was made up of several family units. They were close to egonomic self-sufficiency, but they did not manage to create harmony, mainly due to male power struggles, competition, and issues over control. By 1987 the community was in a shambles. After several court cases and a fist fight, the land was abandoned.

Norbert and Lieve, still attracted to the dream on that land and not quite willing to sell it yet, welcomed our interest in a 2 year lease with option to buy. This would also solve the problem of the buildings which were desperately in need of maintenance. I asked him that if he had previously had such a need to control what happens on the land, could he handle giving it over to a womyn's project, where he would have limited say and access to the land? Yes, he could deal with that, was the answer.

Well, over time it sank in. We had a meeting with 4 Waxing Moon members and 3 Hailos members on this issue. I prepared a written statement on "Why is the Waxing Moon Healing Village for womyn only?" We talked about why we were open to *all* womyn who are ready to work on their self-healing process, regardless of race, background or sexual orientation. We talked and talked, yet most of the time, I doubt we were heard. Homophobia set in and each time we met they asked if we were certain there were going to be no men. Even these family womyn could not grasp how the womyn's healing space could benefit them. It just seemed too scary for them to do anything without their men. A week before our healing gathering in August, at their bio-regional gathering, their community went up in arms against our project. All of a sudden there were men ready to buy shares again in the Hailos Society, and promises were made to give Bear Valley energy, after 2½ years of no input.

Initially, it was sad to let go, but by far all is not lost. We made new contacts in the interior, made friends and more womyn joined us in the vision of creating a Womyn's Healing Village in the area. The Bear Valley land helped us to visualize more clearly what we need exactly...better access, better drinking water, and electric power to at least one building. We realized that the part of the vision to provide space and help to differently abled and dying womyn could not have been fulfilled there. We need accessibility as well as seclusion. Clearly Bear Valley was a great space for our Healing Gathering and a stepping stone to our Healing Home to be.

We plan to continue our active search for land in the Okanagan/Kootenay region in the spring. In the meantime, we are



placing ads in various papers there. One member offered to carry a mortgage for us, and we welcome womyn who could carry it with her. Of course we also welcome donations for our downpayment--every little bit adds up. Our trust account (only to be used for land purchase) is a little over \$2000 now, so we do have a ways to go!

Gitta

from the newsletter:

WMHVS

c/o 2229 Mayer Rd, Kelowna, BC V1W 2G2



Jennifer Weston

WOMAN'S WORLD  
LOUISIANA

Just returned from a 2 month drive thru California. Visited San Diego, Pasadena, Lake Arrowhead, Yosemite, (the West Coast Women's Festival), Chico, San Francisco and the Russian River (Guerneville) area. Wow, what a wonderful experience! Visited with

old friends and new friends interested in Woman's World in the future. Delightful women!

While I was out there one woman, Lea, decided to take the big step and move, so I drove her back to Woman's World and we are in operation! Thanks to MAIZE for getting us connected and for all the other women who are in contact.

Next week we are planning to visit an emu farm in the area and later a llama ranch nearby. We plan to check out the goat farms and their milk productivity to see if breeding stock is needed. The health food stores are very interested in getting more fresh produce and like our idea about producing organic brown eggs. Haven't decided what crops or animals to start up with but will also look into organic hay, guineas and satsumas. With clean soil, water and air we are open to suggestions. Looking for a way to turn this place into a mostly self sufficient operation that's fun to work and kind to the earth.

Well, hallow's eve was celebrated with a women's circle in the almost full moon out in the woods near the big oak! Altho these women are only part of *WOMAN'S WORLD* in spirit, their presence lends a kind of connection with the rest of the women around the world who seek something of the spirit found in women only circles!

Of course, Lea was only here 2 weeks when the septic tank broke down and we had our first real test of "endurance and patience" with each other's styles of coping. The problem turned out to be fixable and within the budget so all is well. Nothing like a flushing toilet and a hot shower to "soothe the savage beast"!! As country as I am I do like a few conveniences in this place, i.e. a warm bed, a cool breezy porch, a toilet indoors, and a non-leaking roof. I could say I'm old enough to no longer want to literally "live on the land" but then I never did want the tent life with outhouse. To those who like it I say thank your "lucky stars" and enjoy the freedom it offers you. You are twice blessed!! My enormous love of the land is a bit more distance oriented and I love it.

Blessed Be,  
Shewolf

POBox 655  
Madisonville, LA 70447

WOMLAND  
MAINE

Womland's second purchase is official! The 30 acres of land in Blue Hill, Maine, that Womland has been fund-raising for over the last six months has officially been purchased as of October 3, 1990!! On top of the 30 acres, Womland also borrowed \$3,100 to purchase another 10 acres in order to own both sides of a stream and to increase the privacy on and access to the other 30 acres. We're all quite happy with the purchase and look forward to walking the land together.

The fund-raising effort took much out of our group physically, and we still owe on the loan for the last 10 acres. Please help us own this piece free and clear by sending any donations that you can to help us at this time.

A third parcel of land for Womland: a womyn who owns land in North Anson, Maine, is actively seeking to donate 35-40 acres of that land to Womland. Her intention is to retain a "life-estate", that is the right to access to that land for her lifetime, in exchange for Womland's agreement to conserve and caretake the land, pay the taxes and create womyn's community there.

The IRS has finally informed Womland of what we always knew--that we are and have been tax exempt!! The mere creation of our organization as a "religious" body was enough to gain us this important status.

from the newsletter  
Womland  
POBox 55, Troy ME 04987

THE WEB  
FORESTON, MINNESOTA

In November we celebrated ten years of The Web as Lesbian land. This has been an especially warm year and we were able to plant tulips and jonquils that were a gift to the land. The red pine that were so small when we planted them that first year that 500 of them fit into a medium-sized cardboard box, have now grown to heights of 5 to 12 feet, the tallest being the ones we sang to.

Changes on the land are more obvious than personal changes but they are deeply intertwined. What I have learned from being here, from planting and harvesting, from building, cutting firewood, from gathering herbs and preparing medicinals, is who I am most essentially. This is what I want to meet in other Lesbians. I have thought of the large Lesbian community 1½ hours away in the city as my community, but I realize what it means for me to be in community with these Lesbians happens outside the life of the city and my compromise of keeping my workplace in the city to maintain these connections nourishes no one. Other Lesbians who live on Lesbian land feel like my real community but we are so scattered. Instead of being generally available in the city, I am focusing my time on Lesbian community building, specifically organizing Lesbian conferences under the name *Creating a Lesbian Future*. We are now preparing for our third conference. This still perpetuates the flow of produce from the farm to the city, my solitude fueling community work, but this is how I see it. My community is still those Lesbians who are living nearby in the city but the context of community is not the city. What we know of ourselves as Lesbians we learn in Lesbian space and this is the only space where I am willing to meet.

The Lesbians who think I lead an idyllic life are absolutely right. I don't have to pay machines in a gym to exercise my body or buy herb teas in little packets, use a clock to tell if I'm hungry or negotiate traffic to be where I want to be. Idyllic is not utopian--no place, unreal. I love being here because I belong here. I am not escapist. I have escaped to a place no science fiction could create. My living in the country is more than an inconvenience to my friends. It's the only comprehensible future. I am through with validating the city as the center of Lesbian communities just because so many Lesbians "live" there. The vibrancy of Lesbian culture is here.

It has taken me ten years to know what I knew when Lee and I first started looking for land. Being simple is not easy! Through all the changes--personal and the community of Lesbians and the land--I have my greatest hope in those who keep faith with Lesbian land.

Come, visit.

Nett

LESBIAN LAND  
SERAFINA, NEW MEXICO

Seasons are changing here on the high desert of north central New Mexico. Gone are the calm sun-bright days of summer, the rainy season cloud shows. The garden is put to bed and the last golden leaves on our few cottonwoods have been blown away. The late fall winds begin bringing flocks of migrating birds. We hear sand hill cranes, on the land and not to work off the land. We enjoy Colorado blue birds, watch mallards in our clear balmy days with frosty nights. We seldom hear coyotes now and the last of the diamondback rattlers have moved to their winter den about ½ mile away.

It's temperate here--cooler than Albuquerque's intense summer heat and warmer than Santa Fe's cool snowy winters. We get snow but a 15" dump is completely gone in 5 days. More than 7 days out of 10 are sunny and clear (in Minnesota it's 4) and we have more daily hours of sunlight than most parts of the U.S. There's a brightness to the air.

This land is expansive with incredible views in every direction, encouraging an openness in us that we may or may not be ready for. Prickly pear and cholla thrive among desert grasses. At 5800' elevation and 14" of annual precipitation, piñon and cedar grow to about 30'. A pinon 15" in diameter is 400 years old. Most trees are smaller, chain dragged in past decades to make grazing land. Ouch. It's one of our great joys that this land is now preserved permanently.

Terrain is varied--some level land and four incredibly beautiful deep rocky arroyos (canyons). Red clay bluffs surround two sides of this large triangle-shaped 777 acres. The arroyos become rivers and waterfalls after large rains that also fill our 4 ponds. There are several ruins of rock buildings from Hispanic homesteaders, some likely built on or from older native ruins.

Wildlife abounds. So many rabbits, lizards, birds, insects (few mosquitos!), and pack rats. Ravens, turkey vultures and red-tailed hawks regularly circle our building sites. Coyote, deer and antelope leave tracks. We've seen 7 varieties of snake and one tarantula.

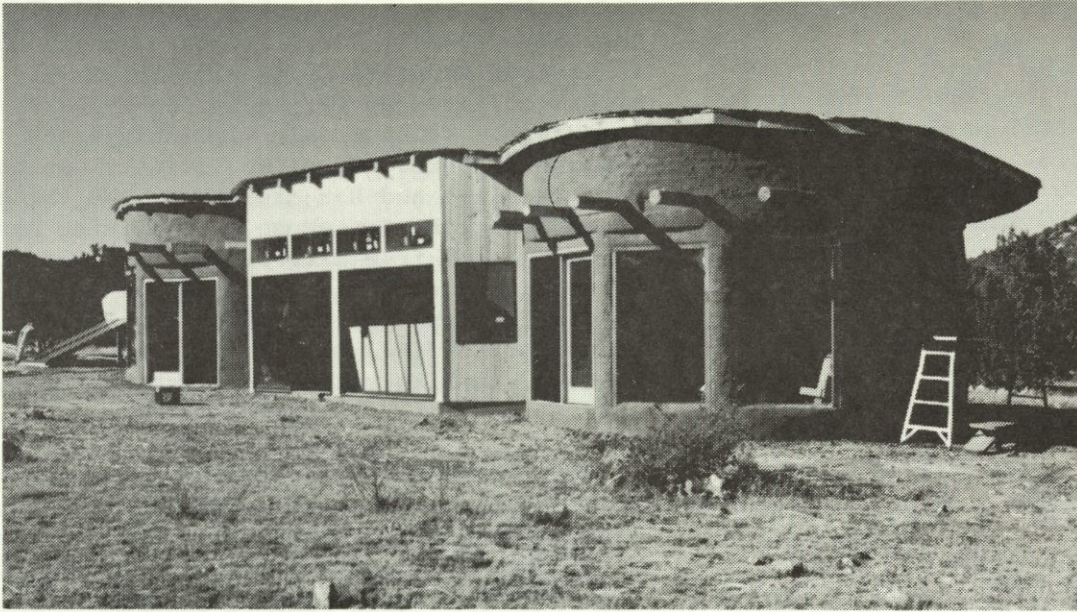
We particularly appreciate our remoteness. Our nearest neighbor is 2 miles. We never hear intruding voices, dogs, or vehicles. We are at the end of a dirt road

and we keep our gate locked. This quiet insulated land is ideal for our great desire to live as separate as possible from patriarchal culture--no tv, radio, newspapers, computers. We have only wimmin's voices and energy here. We value living close to/ with the land and her creatures. We think it is important for those of us living here to stay apart from city energy and male values, to create ways to make our living on the land and not to work off the land. We strive to find, create and live Lesbian context, Lesbian point-of-reference, Lesbian Spirit.

Dykes from all over seem to be moving to New Mexico and there's lots of energy going into Lesbian land and community. We at Serafina (we have no name yet!) are just one of 4 wimmin's land groups here. ARF near Santa Fe is open land for wimmin and children to visit or live on. Through the grapevine we hear Sonia Johnson and other wimmin are talking of starting a wimmin's community in New Mexico. A third group of Dykes from around northern New Mexico are meeting regularly to get to know each other, find commonalities and look for land. (Raven wrote of this group in the last issue of MAIZE).

We've been on this land a year now. A year so busy with the thousand tasks that come with land. It's often a surprise to city Dykes how much always needs to be fixed, modified, built, cleaned or maintained. Here we had trees to plant, gardens to prepare, water systems to set up, broken pipes to fix, wood to collect, buildings to maintain, floors to lay, drainfields to repair, sinks and cupboards to add, wood stoves to install, and on and on. This kind of settling in is of course basic. Our focus for the year, though, has actually been planning and building more living structures. Our one large main house is awkward for living in and we really want it to be a community center used by all of us living here.

Building. Oh my what a project. We've almost finished living spaces for 2 dykes. These rooms are 20' circles connected by an enclosed greenhouse/bathroom. Since our goal is structures as physically accessible as possible, these first casitas (small houses) are carefully designed with disability and allergy consciousness. Built at ground level with adobe block walls and red adobe



plaster, the casitas have wood ceilings with vigas (beams), brick floors, metal roofs. Large windows with medium overhangs, vents, and lots of adobe and brick heat storage create passive solar efficiency. There's wood and electric back-up heat, solar hot water for the tub, a composting toilet, and an electric hotplate and little fridge so small meals are possible. Roof and gray water flows to fruit trees. Oh, downright homey.



*Photos by Jae Haggard*

Another project has been building an amazing small round sweat/meditation hut. Miguela initiated this project as a gift to the land. About 6' across inside and maybe 4' high, it's made of rock, adobe and wood, and has such a majik feel. (see Medicine Bird's article in issue #26 of MAIZE). One wonder of this structure is that our next casitas will probably be enlargements of this hut style.

We've been building full-time since late March and planning since January. Four of us designed the casitas with help from a woman designer/contractor who specializes in passive solar and round adobe structures--our perfect consultant. Some 27 Dykes have built for days or months in exchange for tenting space, food and money. We range from carpenters to no building experience. A Dyke who works for an adobe construction company showed us many of the actual steps in making mortar, laying adobe, and building scaffolds. Other wim know power tools, concrete, framing, plastering, bay windows, roofing, electricity, plumbing. Whatever our skills, we all learn a great deal from each other, doing things we've never done or doing things in new ways, and passing skills along in true Dyke tradition. New possibilities exist for each of us. And it's heartening to remember how often we do really well in working together, figuring things out, inventing new ways to make a particular process easier. With the building almost done, the whole doublecasita is as wonderful as we imagined and as well built as we could've hoped. Beautiful in its simplicity and alive with the energy of so many Dykes.

It's been an intense year. Physically, building is hard work and tiring even though we keep to a 33 hour or less building-time week. And emotionally intense and exhausting too. The 27 of us plus guests bring quite a cross-section of experience, expectation, culture, world-view, politics, spirituality, dreams and goals. We make momentary and long-term connections. On land, living with Lesbians, our greatest joys/dreams as well as sadnesses/fears are so often acted out. We are our "best" and "worst" selves. Sometimes we communicate well, sometimes we struggle. We heal old

wounds or find we're not ready to face them yet. We heal new wounds or find we're not ready for that either. We learn each of us so much about each other and about ourselves, about what we want and how we want to live our Lesbian lives, the directions we want to go or not to go. And all of our connecting and learning is so particularly poignant when we have the opportunity to be in a Dyke context.

What's next for us? First we finish building and rest for a while. Then, Sun Hawk and Miguela from Arco Iris have passed Red River menstrual pad business on to us, so we'll make a whole lot of pads. We're excited about Red River as ideal for land Dykes. The pads are 100% cotton, comfortable, affordable, Dyke-made and... only women buy them. They're both physically and ecologically a really important "product". We hope pads will be a significant part of creating a land-based economy here. This winter we'll also tear out a living room wall, watch sunsets, sing endless songs, compile building notes, and perhaps weave a bit in our spare time. (Remember our winter here is only 2 months long!)

Also, we'll meet and talk with other Dykes. We are forming a community here, a coming together of Dykes who believe in Lesbian spirit, who choose to live together intentionally, having connection in each other's lives. We value living Lesbian and choose to live separate from patriarchal culture in every possible way. We are committed to making our structures as accessible as possible to Dykes with disabilities. We seek mutuality and gentleness. We keep no pets or domesticated animals. We value that the land and wimmin who choose to live here are alcohol-and-drug-free. We are vegetarians who live simply and ecologically. We think women who live together need to like each other. We work hard, we weave, we sing, we meditate, we walk the land, we love fire circles. We seek a life that is balanced and whole. We're looking for more Dykes who share our world view and who might want to make this community home.

Come spring, we start building with adobe once again, fill ruts in the road, plant the garden...

Jae Haggard

POBox 130  
Serafina, New Mexico

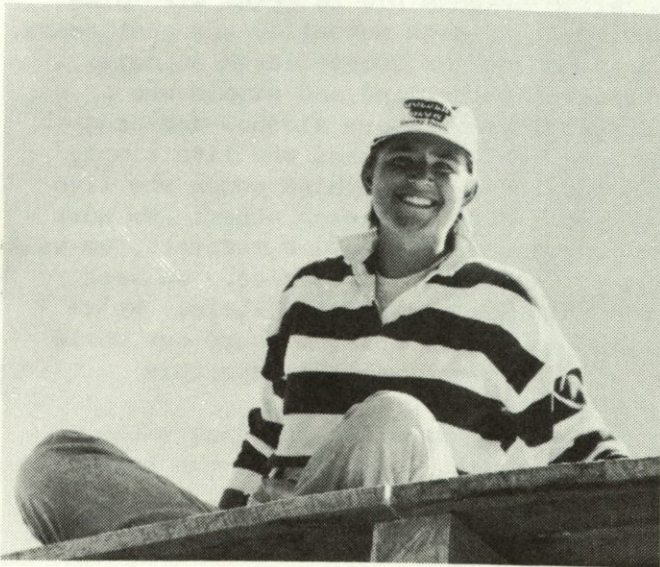
# BUILDING



*Shelby*



*Lee*



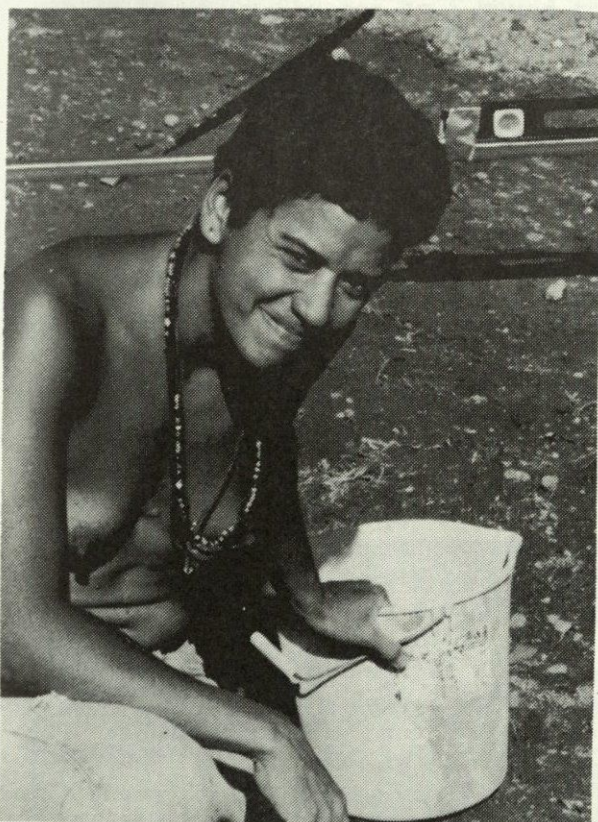
*J.C.*



*Sun Hawk*

# DYKES

Photographs by Jae Haggard



*Miguel*



*Jana*



Photo by Vida

*Lua and Jae*

# LETTERS

Dear Nett,

During one of our numerous discussions regarding the process of initiating womens' land based communities, besides all the obvious characteristics of such a community (i.e. women only space, consensus decision making, shared work load, an environmental protectiveness inclusive of designating the land as a trust in perpetuity for women, etc), we realized that our desire is to be part of an "intentional" community. Intentional in the sense that the plan and the process have been set out from the very beginning. Our vision is as follows:

Secured land: a working farm with wells, barn, outbuildings, or enough potential bunk space inhouse already extant to accomodate many women from the very start. The farm could not, in fact, function without numerous women farm "hands" to see to all the ongoing operations. This Lesbian Feminist Farm would have as its "intention" not only to feed all the women living on the land, but to produce surplus to send to needy women in cities. Commercial sidelines to generate money for operations could be catalog sales of homestead products or a storefront, roadside stand, truck farming combination of enterprises. However, the main purpose of income beyond subsistence would be to encourage the growth of other such model women's farms. As centers of learning, these communities would launch Amazon self sufficiency and separatism.

The point which would make participation by numerous women possible is that the deed would be secured and in perpetual trust from the beginning. Women could come to the Farm to try out country style living, or devote themselves to the ideal by working toward shares in the community, as well as, donating all their assets to the community. If a woman only owned the shirt-on-her-back that would suffice to qualify her for lifelong membership if she complied with the reasonable rules and duties outlined by group consensus and an initial contact. When she left her labor shares could be donated to the community in return for a small stipend paid to her as compensation for a lifetime of work (i.e. such as retirement or ill health). If a woman decides

to remain on the land to convalesce then the stipend would go towards her upkeep.

Perhaps, it's unrealistic to imagine that philanthropic lesbians with property would donate their land and assets to a group of poorer landless sisters. However, we feel that what prevents the Amazon Nation is private property rights as currently exercised within the capitalistic system.

Communitarianism on any large scale for Lesbian Feminists will need backing by women-of-means. The "way is the means" so to speak, because the tremendous growth and success that would result from a large scale women's farming commune would, in turn, increase the property value tremendously. Even when the land is in a secured trust, the original owner would find the advantages derived from the shared mutual collateral of long term benefit should she wish to secure future financing based on the initial success of the co-op venture. Loans taken out in the name of the community could be utilized by the original owner to launch future women's farms. It becomes a potential for unlimited growth investments.

We would move onto a Farm, as such, donating our small savings, our lifetime of labor and committment in exchange for the security of a perpetual home. The focus would be to revolutionize Lesbian lives through self-sufficiency, starting with being able to provide for all the women on the land and feed women in cities wholesome, women produced food. The circle would be completed as all Gaia's handmaidens return to the bosom of her fertile soil.

We close with the thought that the collective dream is a shared vision outside the bounds of patriarchy and unlimited by the superficial divisions which have long kept sisters apart. The "haves" and the "have nots" will join hands to create a new unity transcending the artificial barriers of the American Class System.

It is our hope that enough women-of-means will get the true meaning of Sonia Johnson's plea for a womens' economy based merely on the act of giving.

With much conviction,  
Kenna Hicks/ Margriet Kiers  
San Francisco, CA

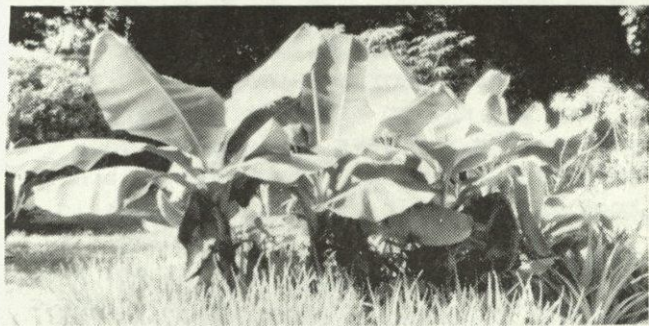


Dear MAIZE--Her readers, writers, and dreamers,

I was moved to the country in northern illinois when i was 2½ years old. I lived there for almost 20 years. I lived living there. I loved going for walks in the "open spaces". I loved the gardens planted every spring. As the years passed i saw the surrounding farm fields turn into sub-divisions, the creeks and river become more polluted, the wild animals disappear, i saw more and more people and less "open spaces". I was angered by all this and wondered if it was happening everywhere.

When i graduated from high school i wanted to study theater so i moved to a city (chicago) to go to school. I also thought i'd meet Lesbians in a large city. It took a few years but finally i met Lesbians and a whole new world began for me--in a city.

I moved to the west coast in the early 70's and became even more involved with the Lesbian communities i found in the cities there. A house with a small yard in san diego became my home for the next several years--finally room for a small garden, and i was living with Lesbians. I read every book and magazine i came across. One magazine was about "country women" and i read about Lesbians moving to and living in the country. I dreamed that someday i would do the same.



In search of that dream i moved to south florida where i lived in a hut with my friend in the everglades. It was summer and there were so many mosquitos that in a few days i was back in the city to live in backyard tents and apartments for a while.

I met Bairbre in '79, a dyke who had lived in south florida since she was 5 years old. She shared a similar dream of living in the country. We moved to a small piece of land in an old low income suburb. We only needed \$800 down payment to buy house and property, so we did. Our intention was to fix up the house and someday sell and make enough money to buy land in the country.



While living here we've had gardens of vegies and herbs, fruit trees and learned about the "wild" growing plants. It's closer to the country than any other place i have lived. A different kind of country, not the kind with big barns and silos, rolling hills, streams and wooded forests. The country of south florida is grasslands, pines, palmettos, vegie fields and orchards surrounded by ocean and bay. To the north are the cities.

The illinois soil i knew so well was rich and dark and soft. Digging a garden was easy. When i first picked up my shovel to prepare my garden here, expecting to get a full shovels load, i hit limestone after a couple of inches. Bairbre laughed and suggested i use a pick. I found a few soft places in the earth and mounded dirt and compost on top.

I had started a compost pile as soon as i had moved to my new home and i was sure glad i did. An avocado seed sprouted from that first compost pile and before long a tree was growing so i moved the pile. Every winter this 100 foot tree bears huge avocados.



I planted a grapefruit and lime tree using pick and shovel. I planted an aloe plant around the already growing banana patch. The aloes multiplied rapidly, then i added another variety. I call this the aloebana garden.

The seasons are different here so i had to make adjustments in my northern thinking. I learned to plant mostly in the fall. Some plants do grow in the hot summer and others grow all year long but fall/winter is best for vegies. I kept a gardening book and began to plant with the moon's cycles. I cultivated vegetable gardens for 6 years but now tend what is naturally growing as i wait to move.

This land has given me much pleasure but i still dream of living in the country. I've been afraid to move at times but at other times afraid to stay; the city is slowly closing in on the suburbs. I've been here ten years and know i need to move on. Bairbre and i have found a place in the country in north florida where we can share land with other Lesbians. We hope to move soon.

MAIZE you inspire me--all you dykes who live in the country or share this dream. I thank you for sharing your experiences and helping me to feel more certain that soon i will live with the "open" spaces once again.

Barbara Ester  
Goulds, Florida

## UNTITLED

By Shemaya Mountain Laurel  
Shutesbury, Massachusetts

the darkness comes quiet  
slow steady  
and relentless

the night sings  
and i lie rapt  
still  
in wonder  
at its  
sense  
of pace

## LEZ TRY THIS...

### NETTLES

I read somewhere that putting nettles on the compost would take away the smell (for those of us who don't turn and maintain our piles...), but forget about it because now I live in town. However, as a result of putting in the nettle-remains from an infusion I was drinking, I recently discovered that nettles in the wormbin also reduce the number of fruitflies that gather in the area.

Jodi  
Great Barrington, MA

### FAN BELT BREAKS?

Inspired by a sneak preview of Brenwyn's article (next page), I remembered this tip for travelers. Carry a pair of panty hose (or flag down the nearest straight woman!)--if your fan belt breaks, wrap the hose around and tie it and it'll get you to the next service station.

Connie Jensen  
On the Road

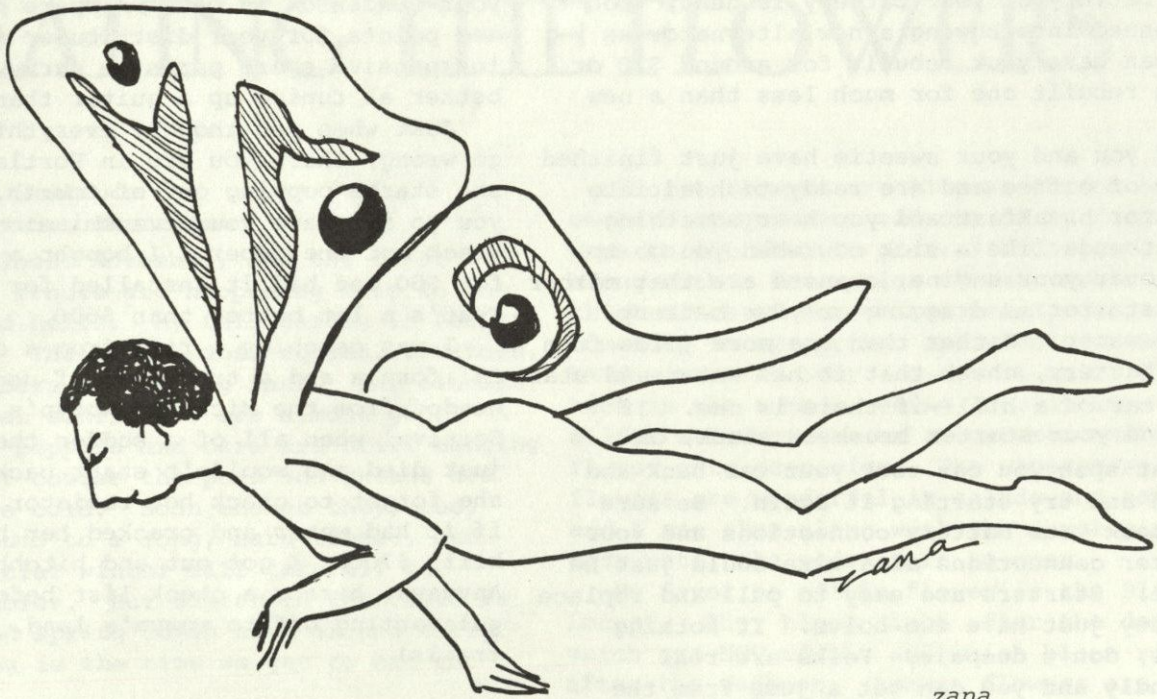
### ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SOURCEBOOK

Are you new to alternative energy? Are you looking for ways to decrease your pollution quotient? Then this is the handbook for you. It is a brief course in alternatives to the grid--the electric system brought to most of us by our local public utility. Included is an appendix that covers electrical terminology as well as information that is basic to making alternative energy decisions.

Available from Real Goods Trading Company, 966 Mazzoni St. Ukiah, CA 95482. The sourcebook sells for \$10 and is refundable with your first \$100 order.

Anne Martin  
Fairmont, West Virginia

Anne: I'm a recent purchaser of 22 acres of pasture/house with my partner of five years. We're learning the skills to adjust from 22 square feet of rented space to our new oasis in the hills of West Virginia.



zana  
tucson, arizona

# NOTES FOR WOMYN WITH WINGS

By Brenwyn  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Winter is a good time to be heading south. Of course I believe that anytime is a good time to be heading somewhere. Often I pack up to move on to womyn's land on a moment's notice, traveling--as Ma would say--on a wing and a prayer. Here are some hints which I've found useful while enroute. I have had the fortune of some cute country dyke stopping while I've been out with my tools along the side of the road. This has happened too infrequently so read on so that the next time you are stuck in the middle of nowhere it can be a time of empowerment.

Most breakdowns on the road are simple things that any dyke with tools can repair herself. Unless you don't have a car repair manual. Having one of these while traveling is as crucial as having a backup for your period. Also it is a good idea to carry

spare parts with you. I had a friend who drove 100 miles with a string in her teeth hooked up to the accelerator pump on her van. Her cable broke and she was in the middle of nowhere in California. Chomping on the reins allowed her to get to a parts store, but she couldn't eat any junk food on the way. Carrying a clutch cable and a spare accelerator cable is smart. Both are easy to install.

When your charge light goes on and you say "oh shit", your fan belt may be busted. If you have a spare one they are also easy to replace using a crowbar to slip the belt onto the alternator after loosening the alternator adjusting bolt with a wrench. If the charge light goes on and your belt isn't broken, chances are either the alternator brushes are worn and not charging

your battery or your battery is dead. Don't be conned into buying a new alternator as you can have your rebuilt for around \$20 or buy a rebuilt one for much less than a new one.

If you and your sweetie have just finished a cup of coffee and are ready to head into town for breakfast and you hear something that sounds like a sick cow when you go to turn over your engine, chances are that either your starter is dragging or your battery needs water. Rather than use more juice from your battery, check that it has water and start your car on a hill--if there is one. If not and your starter brush is stuck, on a flat spot you can rock your car back and forth and try starting it again. Be sure to check your battery connections and your starter connections as a wire could just be loose. Starters are easy to pull and replace as they just have two bolts. If nothing works, don't despair. Folks are real friendly and you can get a jump from the next car heading down the road. Again, don't buy a new starter from the dealer unless you have to. Always take your old starter with you to check against one you buy at a chain like Schucks.

If your car isn't running well and has the hiccups, throw on your spare fuel filter and see if that helps. If not, you may have bad gas, a plugged air filter, water in your carburetor, or a bad fuel pump. Then again, it could be an electrical problem so check your plug wires and pull your plugs to see if you fouled one. Maybe

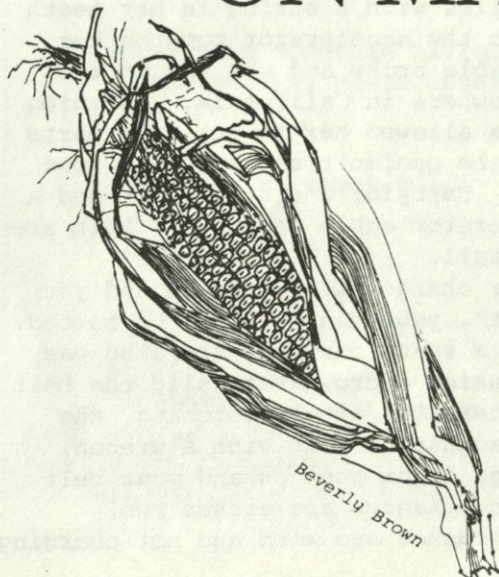
your condenser is bad. A spare condenser and points for your distributor are other inexpensive spare parts to carry. I'm better at tuning up a guitar than a car.

Just when you thought everything could go wrong, there you are in Portland and she starts popping out of fourth. Before you go and have your transmission rebuilt, check out the paper. I bought a good one for \$50 and had it installed for \$100. That's a lot better than \$600.

I was catching a ride from a dyke from California and a truckload of us were headed from the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival when all of a sudden the truck just died and wouldn't start back up. Well, she forgot to check her radiator to see if it had water and cracked her block. The bill" \$700. I got out and hitchhiked. Anyways, here's a check list before you go galavanting off to womyn's land. Happy trails!

- jumper cables
- xtra water
- xtra oil
- spare belt
- spare clutch cable
- car repair manual
- spare accelerator cable
- spare tire and jack
- lug wrench/plug wrench
- tools/rags/flashlight
- tarp to lay on
- gas container
- flat fixit/chains

## ON MAIZE



The spring issue of MAIZE will be a special issue by Jae Haggard on construction of round houses by Lesbians. If you have experience with round house building, please contact us by Feb. 1. If you have photos or drawings of round houses built by Lesbians, please let us know by Feb. 1. (Write directly to PO Box 130, Serafina, New Mexico 87569.) All other material will be saved for the summer issue--let's hope for a big issue!

If you want to contact someone who writes in MAIZE, but there's no address, just send the letter on to us and we'll forward it. If you want your address printed with your article or letter, please tell us that--we will not print any address without express instructions.

Warm winter dreams!

Lee Lanning

# EATING THE FLOWERS

By Merrill Mushroom  
Dowelltown, Tennessee

It's almost November, and the first scattered frosts are happening here in the Cumberland hills. My fall garden is feeling the bite. The late beans, squash, tomatoes, and cucumbers are fading fast. The zinnias and Mexican sunflowers are almost gone. A few hardy peppers and okra are still hanging on, and of course the peas and greens are loving the cold. Soon enough they, too, will succumb to a long, hard freeze, and then official winter will take all the fresh edibles. But winter in Tennessee is short, and spring comes back around early. And spring is the time we get to eat the flowers.

Soon after the first spring greens begin to emerge, the American Redbud tree blooms, patterning the hills with clouds of pink and red, as the tiny blossoms burst into clusters opening along the branches. I harvest them from the first budding until the flowers start to wilt, picking one clump at a time, slowly, basking in the spring outdoors. I examine the flowers every now and then, look closely at them before I put them in my bucket, admiring their beauty. One of the blessings of my intense myopia is that my vision close up without corrective lenses is magnified, almost microscopic; so I can see these flowers in all their vulval detail, the mounds, clits, labes, in glorious colors.

At home I sprinkle redbud flowers liberally into salads or use them on sandwiches or to garnish casseroles and fruit dishes. I don't cook them--they tend to sort of disappear--but I will stir a handful or two into a hotdish before serving.

Meanwhile, the violets have begun to flower. Violet leaves had been filling my buckets of salad greens right along, and now I add these purple beauties which, with the redbud flowers, bring wonderful color to every salad. Both flowers are mild-flavored and gently enhance the dishes to which they are added. (Although I have occasionally found violets with very strong aromas and flavors--quite incredibly wonderful.)

Violet flowers are also excellent in omelets or quiches, and one of my favorite ways to eat them is pressed into cream cheese along with a few sprigs of watercress on a thick slice of home-baked bread. Watercress comes up in my springs and creeks as soon as hard winter is over. I eat it until it dies back in the summer, using less of it with milder salad greens as it matures and the flavor gets pepperier. The watercress flowers are wonderful in salads and soups, and I use them along with the developing seed pods until the pods start to open.

My favorite edible flower is the Black Locust. They bloom right after the dogwoods which are NOT edible and which bloom right after the redbuds. Locust flowers are fuller-flavored than redbuds or most common violets. They have a mild, fresh taste, like something between peas, cucumbers, and asparagus. The blossoms are also larger than redbuds and violets (although no less vulval) and grow in bunches like grapes, and so they are very easy to harvest. I just run the length of the stem between my thumb and forefinger, and locust flowers shower into my bucket. I munch them out of hand as I harvest, while at home I use them in the same dishes as redbuds and violets. They also make excellent flower wine.

Sometimes I'll harvest the locust flowers by taking off the entire stem of flowers, like a bunch of grapes. These are nice to serve as part of a fruit bowl or as a side garnish to any other dish; but my favorite way to cook the bunches is in tempura, either sweet or salt:

Make a thick batter with flour, water or milk, and an egg or not, depending on what you eat and what's in the kitchen. Hold the cluster of locust flowers by the top of the stem and dip into the batter until well coated. Either deep or shallow fry in the utensil of your choice until golden brown. For sweet sauces, squeeze on fresh orange juice, powdered sugar, syrup of choice, fruit sauce, cinnamon, honey, etc. For salt tempura, use tamari, nutritional yeast, parmesan cheese, salt, herb powders, salsa, horseradish sauce, mustard sauce, sweet & sour sauce, curry, etc.

# HAWK HABITAT

By Lea Matthews  
Pasadena, California

Rushing down a dusty,  
country road,  
my mind plotting the curves and ruts,  
my thoughts already gone ahead  
arranging the chores that await me,  
My eyes glance up  
and see you.

Red Tailed Hawk,  
young adaptable,  
already-lethal talons  
grip county power lines  
haphazardly strung  
through your domain.  
A perch no more natural to you  
than my vehicle to me.

Hooded eyes,  
deceptively drooping,  
only partially obscure  
genetically honed lenses,  
instantaneously adjusting,  
modifying, as  
you lazily scan the field  
waiting for the farmer's mower  
to flush your morning game.

The Oaks are mostly gone  
where once  
you must have perched:  
the scrub brush  
where you stalked your prey.

Now manicured fields create  
an over-abundance of  
ground squirrels and field mice;  
easy living for them,  
food planted right over their roofs.  
Your four footed predatory competitors  
were eradicated  
without a backward glance  
by the farmer.

And so you adapt.  
And I wonder.  
Am I  
doing nearly as well?

Our racial memories,  
different as they are  
still stir us.  
My instincts tell me  
to follow the seasons,  
to sow and to harvest,  
but I work for a living and shop at a  
supermarket.

My body tells me,  
procreate and nurture;  
my society tells me  
I don't have the proper credentials.

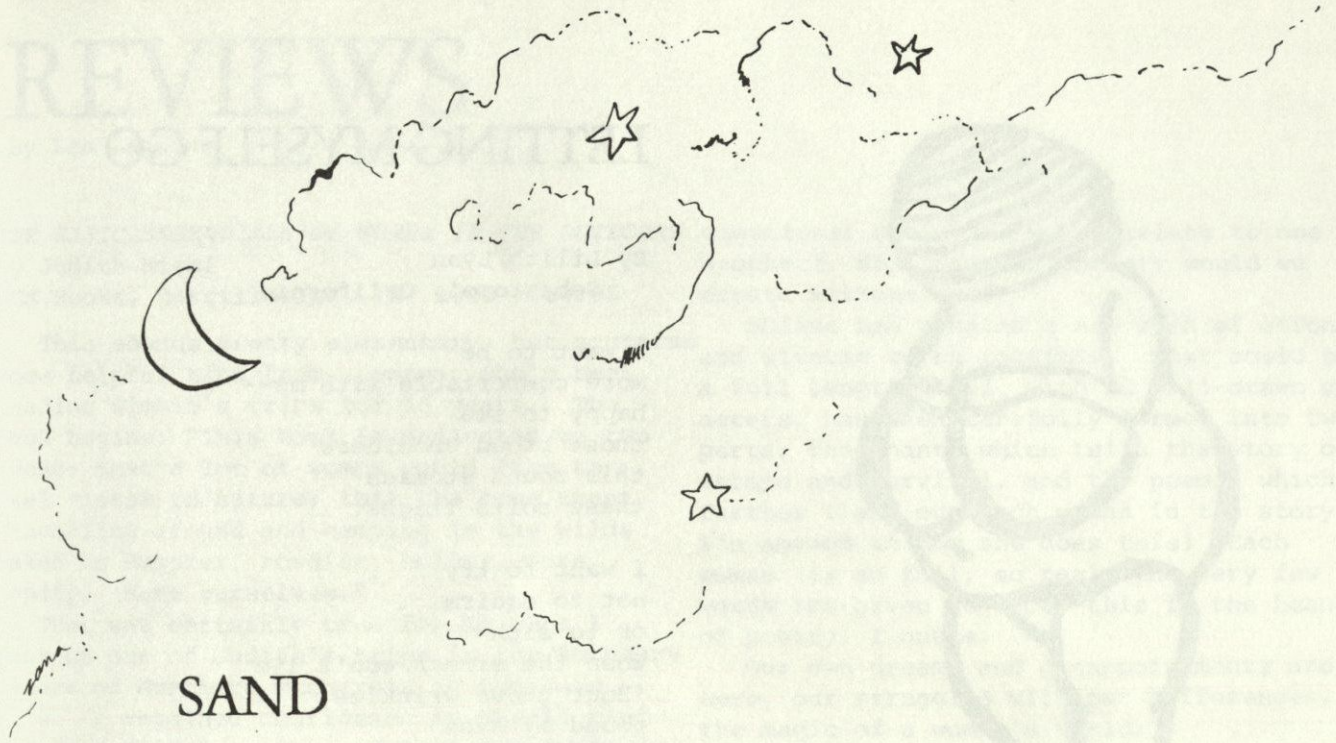
My emotions tell me,  
live on a rough hillside, be at peace,  
care for animals;  
the economy makes it clear  
that territorial domains  
are established in my world  
very differently than in yours.

Late afternoon,  
I see shadows on the ground,  
stretch back in the hay and  
putting aside my book,  
watch you and your peers  
circle and feint,  
bank and dive,  
elaborate games,  
training rituals.  
My thoughts drift and swoop  
as I watch, entranced.

Eighteen miles away  
one hundred-fifty of your kind  
lie in a rotting morass.  
Trophies of a turkey farmer  
dedicated to the proposition of  
a broad-breasted bird on every  
holiday table.

My sisters die  
each day  
of war and starvation,  
crime and malaise.  
The media shows it all to me in  
living color  
and further burdens my soul.

Does your single-minded hunting,  
self-imposed training, breeding and rearing  
isolate you from knowledge of the carnage  
of your kin?



## SAND

zana

By Raven  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Some deserts are shifting sands  
This high desert is  
skies in movement  
from rich blue to clouds  
to rainbow to starlite  
Your face is like all the deserts  
the Jews have walked  
Emotions ripple  
like sand in wind  
or the changing shape  
of a cloud

Others say you look young for your years  
But at fleeting moments  
as your feelings flow  
I see the old Jewish womyn  
You will become  
In a flash of expression passing  
quicker than lightning  
I remember tribes of us  
young, ancient, outside of time  
travelling hot desert sands  
scattered like minute sand specks  
in a storm  
blown thru centuries  
to meet again  
two mid aged  
lesbian Jews  
discovering  
forging friendship  
under these lively desert skies



KRM

kate mitchell  
san francisco, california

## LETTING MYSELF GO

By Lilith Lynn  
Sebastopol, California

I want to be  
more comfortable with me--  
happy to see  
those broad shoulders  
this round stomach  
these solid thighs.

I want to try  
not to squirm  
or to sigh  
when the mirror won't lie  
'Bout these wrinkles  
round my eyes  
or my lips.

I want to know  
it's okay to look so--  
to step right out and show  
the world my depth--  
my life.

I want to be clear  
with myself  
that "age is becoming"  
like my button says right  
here on my lowering chest.

I want to go  
on letting myself go  
on growing  
into just plain  
beautiful old--me.

February 1984

Lilith Lynn's poetry is available  
in LILITH RETURNS. \$8 from Garden Snake  
Press, POBox 2455, Sebastopol, CA 95473



# REVIEWS

By Lee Lanning

*THE BASIC ESSENTIALS OF WOMEN IN THE OUTDOORS*  
By Judith Niemi  
ICS Books, Merrillville, IN 1990 \$4.95

This sounds pretty elementary, but contains some helpful tips from a woman who's been leading wimmin's trips for 15 years. The book begins: "This book is dedicated to two ideas: that a lot of women would like to feel closer to nature; that the time spent travelling around and camping in the wilds makes us happier, rowdier, bolder, more uppity. More ourselves."

That was certainly true for me when I went on one of Judith's trips in the Boundary Waters of Northern Minnesota in the late 70's. I regained confidence in myself that had been slipping since adolescence (when I knew I could do *anything!*) Meeting the challenges of a week-long wilderness canoe trip, I grew into my physical self, and, even more, into what I would now call my spiritual self--the self that sheds fears, that trusts.

Judith's book, written to fill a gap in traditional "outdoor" books which fail to address the concerns of women, reassures us that the natural world is ours. She encourages women to approach the wilderness as women, with women; to experience the supportive, non-competitive, non-hierarchical ways of women, and to have fun. She gives lots of practical tips on hygiene, clothing, etc. (one new tip for me was to put a tarp *inside* your tent between floor and bed to keep dry). Judith's book makes it all seem simple because it *is*--being outdoors is like coming home--we *belong* there!

*THE CHANT OF THE WOMEN OF MAGDALENA AND THE MAGDALENA POEMS*

By SDiane Bogus  
1990 \$9

Woman in the Moon Publications  
2215-R Market St Box 137  
San Francisco CA 94114

This is old-time storytelling in lyric form--poetry that rhymes and is meant to be read/sung aloud. Poetry that is fun and inspiring as well. Altho the narrative takes place in the 1600's, it asks today's

questions: How do we women relate to one another? What sort of society would we create without men?

SDiane has created a new myth of strong and diverse women together. What could be a full length novel, with 32 well-drawn characters, has been carefully formed into two parts: the chant, which tells the story of escape and survival, and the poems, which further flesh out each woman in the story. I'm amazed at how she does this! Each woman is so full, so real, tho very few words are given to each--this is the beauty of poetry, I guess.

Our own dreams and disappointments are here, our struggles with our differences, the magic of a woman's world.

*THE LOONY BIN TRIP*

By Kate Millett  
Simon and Schuster 1990 \$19.95 (HC)

"Shockingly honest and compulsively readable", says the front flap of the book. Yes, I'd say so. Throughout the book I just kept saying, "wow". Why did I feel that way, what was so impressive? Well, Kate Millett's writing is *very* good. And the subject matter is fascinating to me--how a woman feels, thinks, like getting inside and perceiving the world as she does. And politically, this is an issue I'm very much into--keeping wimmin out of mental institutions. But most exciting was that the first half of the book takes place on "wimmin's land"--Kate Millett's Farm, an art colony for women. Here we all are--the land owners, apprentices, lovers, animals, reluctant tractors, nosy neighbors. Here we are loving and fighting and being scared. And here's Kate, telling her story--of hard physical work, hard emotional work, of the rewards of sunrises, newly planted trees, walls going up.

The book chronicles Kate's struggle for freedom, her right to be herself, in the face of society's constant control of our lives, in the face of the fears of friends and family, and in the face of her own fears. She shows us her dreams, her depressions, and most of all, her belief in herself.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### WE'MOON '91

GAIA: AN ASTROLOGICAL MOON CALENDAR AND APPOINTMENT BOOK FOR WE'MOON

Mother Tongue Ink

37010 SE Snuffin Rd, Estacada OR 97023

\$10 postpaid

"A daily guide to natural rythm" traces the cycles of moon, sun, planets. Each moon presents astrological predictions, herb information. This year's theme is Gaia, the greek name for the goddess of the Earth. Earth is honored as a living being; each moon(month) focuses on a different part of the earth: stones, caves, trees, etc. Lots of wommon lore here.

### CASTING THE CIRCLE: A WOMAN'S BOOK OF RITUAL

By Diane Stein

Crossing Press 1990 \$12.95

Detailed suggestions for rituals for every occasion. Diane emphasizes not waiting for a group or a leader, but to get on with doing our own work. "By learning to work with the symbols and with the self as deity in the safe microcosm of the circle, women learn the skills for working magick/consequence in the day-to-day real world".

### TO KNOW: A GUIDE TO WOMEN'S MAGIC AND SPIRITUALITY

By Jade

Delphi Press 1991 \$13.95

A guide to what's going on in the women's spirituality movement, especially witchcraft. What is the thealogy, practice, where to find out more, by the co-founder of *Of a Like Mind* and the Reformed Church of the Goddess.

Any of these books can be ordered from Amazon Bookstore, 1612 Harmon Place, Mpls. MN 55403 (612-338-6560)

### LESBIAN TEXTS AND CONTEXTS: RADICAL REVISIONS

Edited by Karla Jay and Joanne Glasgow

New York Univ Press 1990 \$15

Here is mostly academic writing by mostly Lesbian critics. A good book for Lesbians interested in Lesbian literature and Lesbian studies.

### LESBIAN PHILOSOPHIES AND CULTURES

Edited by Jeffner Allen

State Univ of New York Press 1990 \$14.95

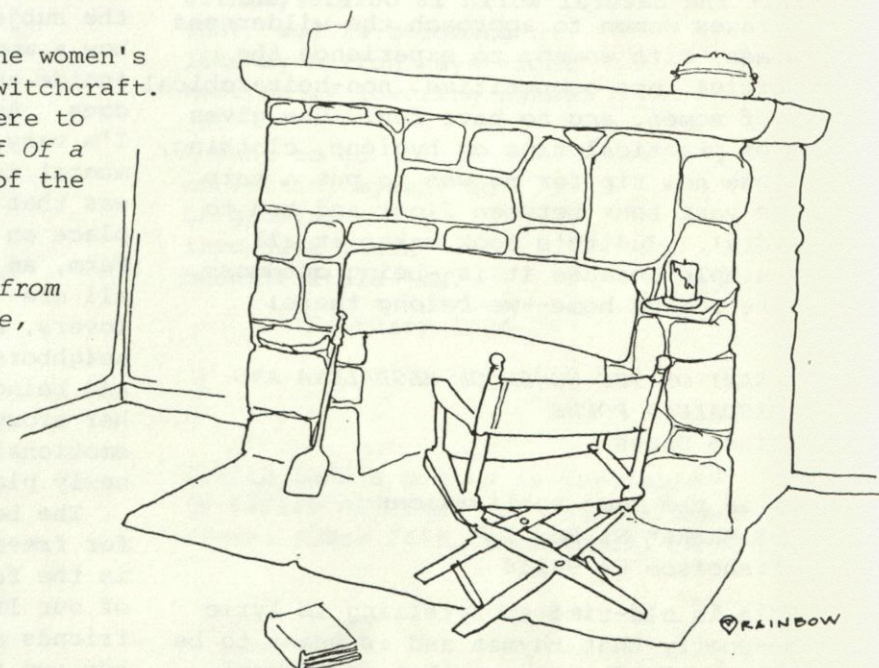
This one is somewhat academic but probably interesting to a broader range of Lesbian(Than Jay's book, above). Contains lots of reprints, so if you've missed many periodicals over the last 5 years, you can catch up on your Lesbian culture here.

### FINDING THE LESBIANS: PERSONAL ACCOUNTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Edited by Julia Penelope and Sarah Valentine

Crossing Press 1990 \$10.95

An entertaining collection; how we come out to one another again and again as we seek ourselves and each other. Be sure to read Merrill Mushroom's piece! And best of all, *New York, 1959*, by Catherine Odette.



Rainbow  
St. Augustine, Florida

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

LOOKIN FOR WIMMIN disengaging from patriarchy to establish rural wimmin's community west central Oregon. Community, POBox 574, Seaside, OR 97138

5TH SPRING EQUINOX GATHERING FOR WOMEN: March 14-22. Hawai'ian teachers, traditional spiritual practices and beliefs, sacred sites ceremonies. SASE to: POBox 37, Pahala HI 96777

INCEST/SEXUAL ABUSE SURVIVORS NEWSLETTER: A newsletter for survivors that's about sharing stories and offereing each other information concerning the healing process. If interested in subscribing and/or obtaining more info please send your name and address to: S.I.M.P.L.E., Sharing Incest Memories Produces Living Energy, POBox 865, Lawrence KS 66044

SOJOURNER, a monthly feminist journal seeks humorous, truthful, diverse, ambivalent women's fiction. We welcome work that portrays the variety of lives women lead, from new writers as well as those who have been previously published. 15 pages double-spaced. Send with day and evening phone numbers and an SASE to: Fiction Editors, Sojourner, 42 Seaverns St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

TRIVIA, A Journal of Ideas, is accepting submissions foran issue on collaboration. Send 2 copies with SASE to Trivia, POBox 606, N. Amherst, MA 01059, by Feb.15, 1991

A GATHERING OF YOUNG LESBIAN SEPARATISTS and Our Radical Feminist Lesbian Friends in Our Teens and Twenties will meet the weekend of March 23-24, 9990 in Chicago, Illinois. The gathering is part of the ongoing networking between a new generation of dykes making radical choices. Dykes of many colors and cultures are already involved in the networking. More info will be provided about accessibility. Sliding scale registration as low as \$0. As part of our committment to violence free spaces, lesbian batterers and s/m are not welcome. Write to Waxing Crescent, 2825 North Laramie Apt. 2N, Chicago, IL 60641-5028 USA for more info about the gathering, upcoming events and projects and just to let us know you're out there!

FINALLY BACK IN PRINT: *Love, Politics and Rescue in Lesbian Relationships*, an essay by Diana Rabenold. 16 pages. Send \$3.50 plus \$! postage to HerBooks, POBox 7467, Santa Cruz CA 95061

DYKES-LOVING-DYKES: *DYKE SEPARATIST POLITICS FOR LESBIANS ONLY*: Available from Tree Fern Productions, Battleaxe, POBox 9806, Oakland CA 94613

RED RIVER FLOWS TO A NEW HOME. 100% cotton white menstrual pads, comfortable, washable, super absorbent. 3 sizes. Made by Land Dykes. For brochure: Red River, POBox 130 Serafina, New Mexico 87569

\$3.50

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