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MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SUMMER 9991



SIEN 089

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Letters to the editor may be published in whole or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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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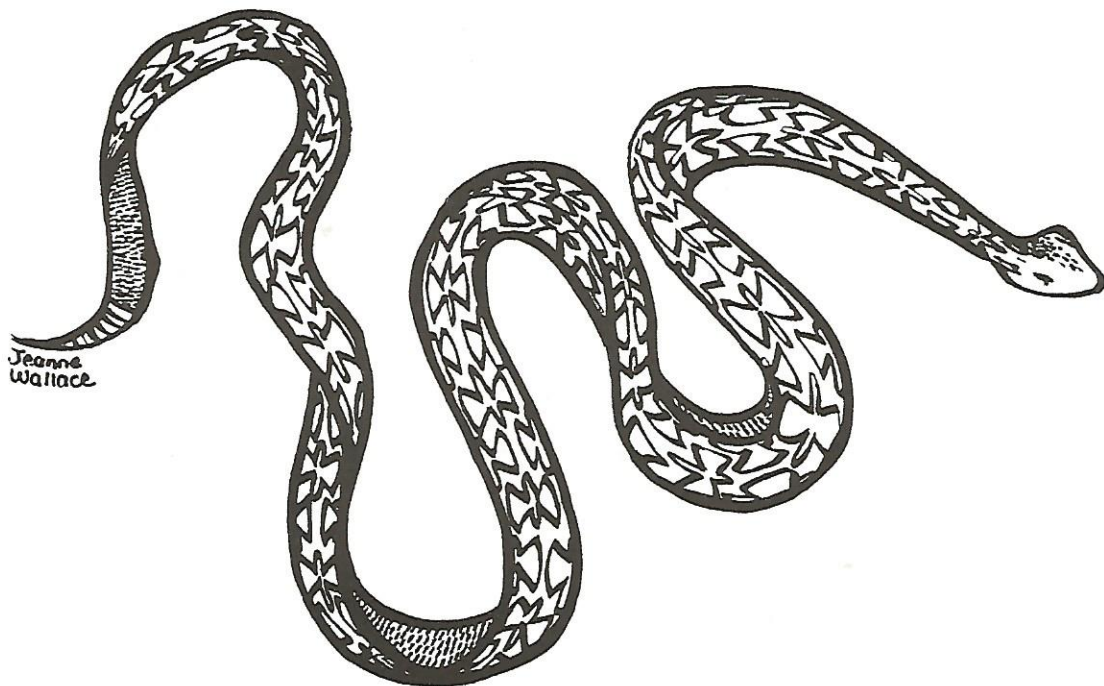
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Jeanne Wallace
Serafina, New Mexico

Audience with a Queen

By Sky

Murphy, Oregon

This true story came from a journal entry dated December 18, 1990 and annotated "sick, in bed with the flu, around 3:00 p.m."

I awoke from a fever sleep to Crow-of-the-land's excited cawing, "Attack, Attack! Caw, Caw, ATTACK, ATTACK!" My black-feathered country burglar alarm was doing her self-appointed sentinel job with enthusiasm. Urgent quack, quacks came from the brush beside my bedroom window. Duck Louise announced there was trouble in her domain. Raymond the Rooster mingled his startled alarm into the sound mix of snapping twigs, desperate duck quacks and screaming crow caws.

"What in the..." I thought. "Are the raccoon so hungry they are coming after Louise in broad daylight?" Louise had narrowly escaped two raccoon nocturnal hunting parties earlier in the week. Now, it sounded like she wasn't so lucky even in daytime. Out I charged, Wonder Woman to the rescue. I failed to take note I was dressed only in a tattered T-shirt and the temperature was near freezing. I followed the sounds of mortal struggle to the center of the willow bushes.

Maxine, my Samoan puppy with four inch legs, was first to the scene but she was not in her usual stance of aggressiveness toward her arch foe, Raccoon. Instead, she stood a respectful distance away from the fray. Her ears were cocked in alert confusion. I saw a flash of brown and white against the moss green ground. I wished I had put on gloves in case I had to separate Duck and Raccoon. In a fluff of white feathers Louise squirted from the grasp of her amber-hued predator and fled toward the hen house. Well, at least she can still run, I consoled myself.

I stepped squarely in front of the attacker, ready to scold the masked lunch customer for the umpteenth time this long, cold winter. The eyes which met mine were not angry glistening eyes buried deep in black, bushy fur. Rather, burnished

bronze eyes, as keen as any eyes I have ever seen blazed back into mine. Gold and amber feathers fanned into a russet halo around the freshly minted eyes set perfectly above an ebony beak open and exposing a blood red tongue. Red Tail Hawk in her winter hunger had pursued Louise into the willow thicket. Usually, Hawk's realm is the open fields where she can hurtle from the sky and strike her prey senseless with one accurate, elegant blow to the back of the head. Now, she found herself tangled in bushes and bramble berry vines, her deadly talons curled empty beneath her. She stood with her back against a decaying willow log. Her massive wings were spread in defense, their spacs equal to the width of my arms. One wing was caught in the vines. She hissed a warning, "Stay back, stay back!"

We stared at each other for several million years. I guessed I was her first intimate experience with a human. I was suddenly more than a speck on the valley floor. She certainly was my first encounter close up with such avian royalty. I was smitten. Her apricot-coloured underwing feathers were set in perfect order. They dripped from their frame like the cream satins of a Russian Princess' gown. Her gold flecked eyes and ebony beak lay like crown jewels against her sable hood. She was far above showing fear as a mere mortal like me. I felt no anger or rage from her. She stared steady on me. Her pupils remained small. Curiosity seemed to come into her as it did me. I pulled my T-shirt close and settled down on my heels. I cooed my admiration of her beauty. She closed her ruby red mouth. Sharp hair whiskers bristled at the soft yellow back-edges of her beak. She moved her eyes down my body, along my arms, out to my upturned, opened palms. I swear my limbs were left traced in a fine gold line of dust from her eyes.

I wanted to touch her. I knew the danger. I reached for the tip of her wing. Her head quickly turned sending shimmers of light through her brindle diamond vest and shimmers of excitement through my fast beating heart. Her eyes

stayed on my finger. One stout clay-red feather of her tail broke from its regal formation guarding her back. The heavy black tail bar split into a "v" shape making a light clicking sound. Alerted, Maxine stirred in the weeds behind her. A safe but watchful distance away, Crow-of-the-land bobbed in anticipation of heralding another dramatic court event. But Hawk looked as curiously at my finger as I did to her wing. Royal permission was given.

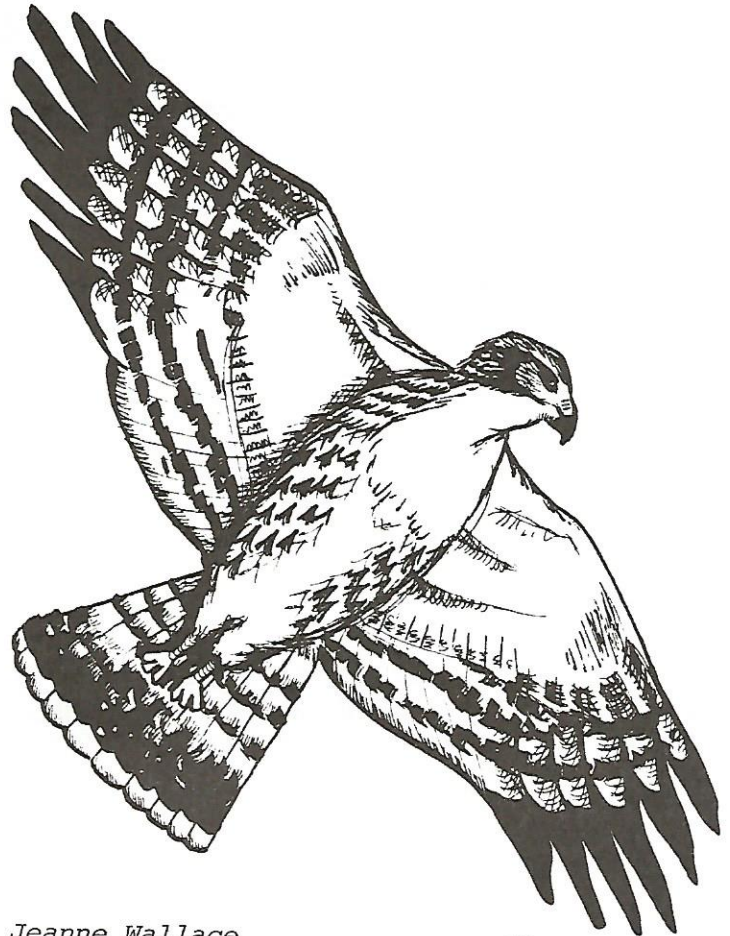
I reached the final inch and stroked the tawny leading edge-feather of her forewing. It was creamy smooth worn to the consistency of precious ivory from years of fresh, clear air slipping over it. I stroked the polished pinion to its tip with my forefinger. Then I brushed the tips of all my fingers over the back-side of her fortress strong, silky soft wing. She quietly breathed toward me sending a fragrance of musky breath mingled with the smell of freshly disturbed moss. I withdrew my hand. I felt we shared mutual pleasure in our first-ever touch.

I shivered, not from the cold but from the permission given. Then I shivered from the cold. I thought of my photographer friends, Annie, Madrone, Tee and Gail. How could I materialize them to this spot instantly to record this rare moment? Perhaps there was time to dash to the house snatch my camera, oh where did I leave it? and to grab warm clothing. I rose gently and moved quietly away then ran to the house. I couldn't find the camera but I did manage to put on a battered old work jacket and pair of boots then went out to watch her leave.

Back at our meeting place, the palace yard in the willow bushes, there wasn't a trace of her. Not even a gilded sorrel feather left as a token. She had risen out of the thicket on powerful, ancient wings without a sound, slipping past startled Crow before she could trumpet an exit caw.

Louise was fine, only a minor cut on her foot.

Several days later, I heard Hawk's familiar and thrilling shriek as she announced the beginning of her morning hunt to the valley. Ignoring my worsening flu, I walked into the field to greet her arrival. This time I presented my-



Jeanne Wallace
Serafina, New Mexico

Jeanne
Wallace

self bundled from head to toe in sweaters, socks and leggings. I watched Hawk high in the sky gliding on her ivory edged wings. Maybe she was an inch long to my eye against the blue. As she came directly over my head, she suspended her glide for a moment, tilted a few degrees for a better look at the ground and then squealed in recognition of something. I like to believe that she recognized me, the tiny dot in the green pasture calling up "Good Morning, your majesty!".

Sky: I am a fifty-one year old white, working-class lesbian living in Southern Oregon on land considered "scrap" by the county and purchased by paying off four hundred dollars in back taxes. I live in the economic margins. I write during the day, tend to a mother afflicted with Parkinson's disease, and work a clerk's job at night. I draw my inspirations for my nature stories from encounters on my land with wild and domestic animals who share their riches with me.

From an Ozark Hill

By J. Demeter

The Ozarks of Missouri

I just moved to the Ozarks of Southern Missouri to be a country lesbian. I am one of many womyn living in this area that is often thought of as a magical and mystical place.

I came here to create a different life-style for myself and to learn more about the education the land and animal spirits have to offer. I live among a community of womyn and neighbors who have a rich herstory among them. Since I am new, their ways are mine to learn, and my ways are to be integrated, transcended, transformed. I try to remain open to this inner remodeling and go gently with ease. However, to be so new in a land so different from my previous ecosystem (the Kansas/Missouri plains), to live among womyn I barely know and the even greater challenges of this new country lifestyle, leaves me often lonely and longing for the old "city conveniences" I so recently left behind.

The cabin I am living in is on a piece of land surrounded by cliffs and a creek to the west, a cathedral of pine trees to the east, a forest to the south, and a rich golden meadow to the north. This land is no less than stupendously beautiful and dramatic. Yet, it pushes in on me to accept its ways, its codes, its energy. And I want nothing more than to embrace it fully, yet I resist, I struggle, I learn...

I learn that going to the shitter is cold in winter, or that splitting 30 logs in one morning hurts shoulders for 3 days, or that the rains, and floods could keep me home beyond the amount of food I store. I learn that wood stoves are like small infants that need feeding every two to three hours even when I do not feel good or am exhausted. I learn all too soon that phone repairs or plumbing jobs don't get done unless I remember to leave the gate unlocked. (The gate is 2 miles from my cabin.) I learn to shop for weeks at a time because my car is parked at the end of a four mile long "driveway" which is not much more than a bumpy ditch for

good trucks and fourwheel drives only. I learn quickly the stamina it takes to walk this distance when I need to get out, visit or go to a neighbor's for work. I learn how quiet and even scary feeling dark nights can be upon this Ozark mountain. I learn that coyotes sound like womyn screaming in the still night air. I learn that I never quit learning.

Even today as I sit writing, I look out the frosted windows to see sleet pelt the frozen grassy landscape and I hope pipes don't freeze and wires that carry electricity don't snap. I feel the worries of a new age pioneer, a newly born earth womyn. I sit knowing that this cold time is when the earth pulls within herself in meditation and I see her sleeping in barren trees and frozen ponds. Yet I struggle, trying to calm this newness and build communion with myself, my new home, this earth energy.

I think of all the things in the city, no matter how convenient, that are almost stifling and more constipating than a cold trip to the shitter. I think of urban coyotes like fire engines, ambulances and police cars that broke the never-silent night drowning out birds, crickets and cicadas. I remember the straight job I left behind and the ache it put in my shoulders, and I don't mind splitting wood and pacing myself. And, when I remember that I consciously chose to leave one reality in order to embrace another, I feel less new, less alone and foreign.

After all, I have always felt I belonged somewhere wild like this Ozark hill with it's mystical, magical, wondrous ways. I have endured similar struggles in different forms and different ecosystems many lifetimes before, yet I find them hard to remember. It seems that so few distractions cause me to lose focus in the silence. Perhaps this Ozark Hill is my reminder of the past herstories and past lives of the tribal hill womyn many moons before and beyond me. If I endure I think I will know the many truths that would have been unavailable to me otherwise...

Summer Meditations

By Wildflower
Waterford, Mississippi

on the porch,
bare back,
92 degrees.

pigeon coos in the pen,
flying dirt dobber settles on a piece of wood,
a spinning leaf suspended by a spiders thread--ooh!

afternoon sun bakes my back,
blue jay squawks in the tree top,
morning glory blossom with five-pointed star--ooh!

yellow, pink and brown corn silks,
red ant hills,
peak on the backs of pigeons heads.

corn pollen sacks on the leaves,
a leaf falls silently--ooh!
three rolls of fat on my midsection.

branches sway in the tree tops,
brown, scorched grass on the lawn,
wasps go to their secret places.

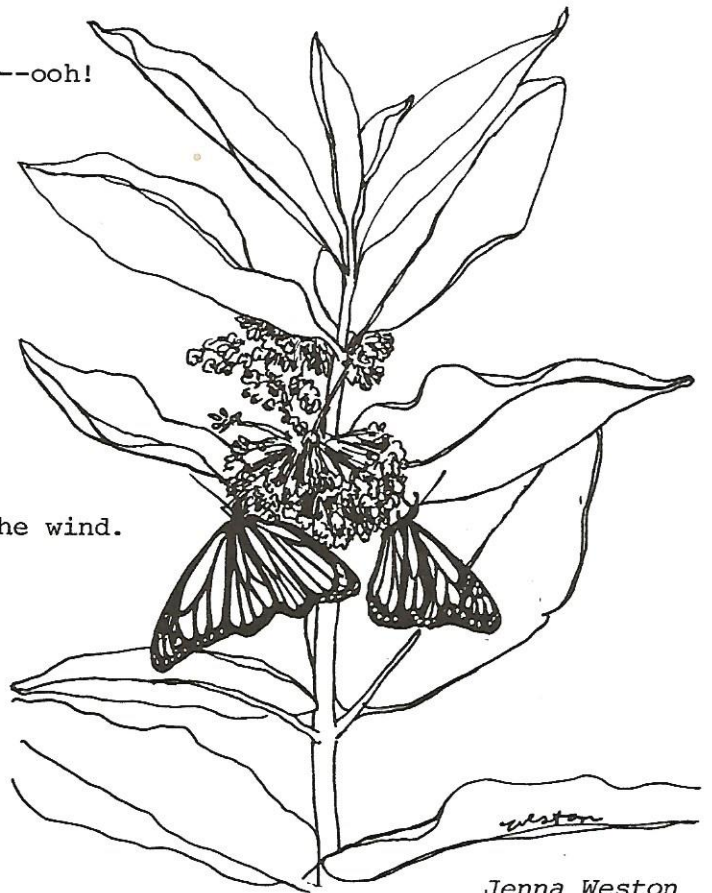
floaters in my eyes,
tree auras flash,
tiny seed with fuzzy parachute, carried by the wind.

gnat in my face,
sweat beads on my chest,
whispering wind in my hair.

soft, short black fuzz above my navel,
hot porch planks under my feet,
sweat trickles through my hair.

insects scrape their hind legs in the weeds,
fussy baby birds on the nest,
breeze evaporates my sweat.

Life has come to see me!



Jenna Weston
Ava, Missouri

*Wildflower: I am a middle aged white woman,
grateful recovering addict, hopeful, transforming,
awakening to life, and my gifts are just now being
revealed. This is the third poem I have been
given. Enjoy!*

You Don't Need a Strong Back to Carry Your Own Weight

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY WITH SCOLIOSIS

By Jenna Weston
Ava, Missouri

When I moved to the country, I was determined not to always end up in the kitchen canning, cleaning, or cooking big suppers for the physically stronger dykes who were out on a wood-run, putting up hay, or doing other heavy tasks.

I didn't want to feel left behind in the house doing only "women's work" and not get to participate in a full range of outdoor projects, most of which required physical exertion of varying degrees.

But because I have scoliosis, I can't lift or shovel or carry a lot at a time--all of which seem to be vital components of most outdoor farm projects. My form of thoracic-lumbar scoliosis (double curvature of the spine) means that I have almost no musculature on the right lower side of my back, and bunched up, over-developed muscles on the left side. When I was in high school I had to wear a body-brace for 2 years, and was told never to lift anything over 25 pounds. I wasn't about to let that keep me from country life, though.

I've had to be creative, but I've found a number of ways to take part in "macha" tasks without needing to possess brute strength! Some of them involve special (but not horrendously expensive) equipment and tools, and some involve the use of principles like leverage and substitution.

For example, to barter for my share of the hay at a neighbor's farm, I contribute the use of my half of our 1967 pickup truck, and I do the driving while other wimmin heft and heave the bales up onto the back of the truck. When we arrive at the barn, I help unload the truck by sitting on top of the pile and

pushing the bales off the truck, using my feet and legs (which, fortunately, are quite strong) while the others carry and stack the hay.

When we do wood runs, I can also drive truck. I can carry split wood, albeit with many trips back and forth in order to make each load lighter.

I have a femmy little chainsaw that can cut up to a 6" log. While the other dykes cut up the big rounds, swing mauls and pound in wedges, I can cut off the smaller branches. I split all our kindling with a lightweight axe. And, although I've never needed to use it, I have a non-engine hydraulic-type machine that can split really big logs for me. I just need to roll the rounds onto it, then pump the handle like a jack. Since we heat entirely with wood, this gives me peace of mind that I could keep myself warm if there were no one around to help me with wood-splitting.

In the garden, I've found that I can perform most tasks except deep turning of the earth. But because we have raised, mulched beds, the soil stays friable enough to use a wonderful tool called a Bio-Fork to till and areate the soil before planting. It's available in some mail order garden catalogs and looks like this:



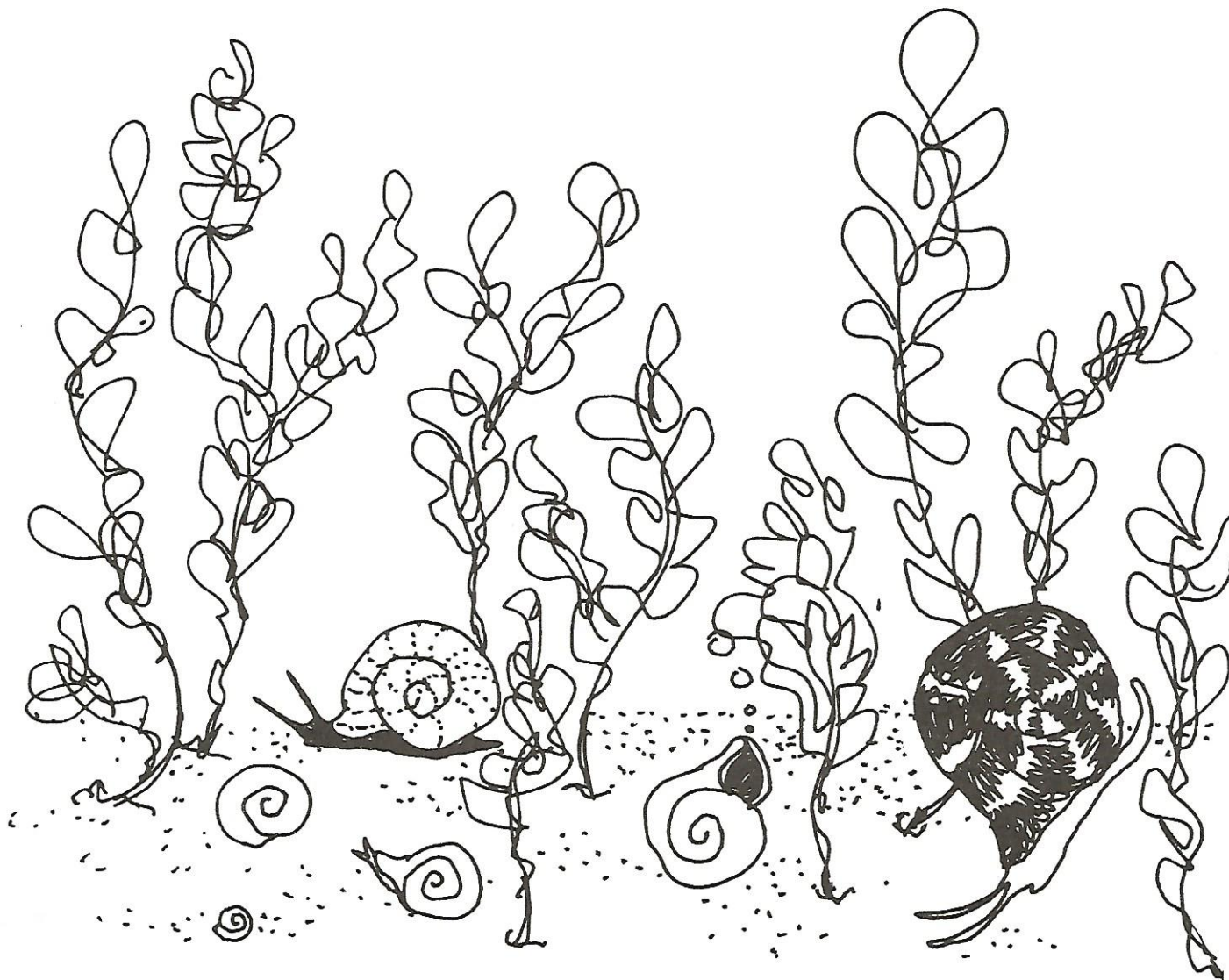
I grab a handle in each hand, set it upright on the far side of a raised bed, and step or jump onto the horizontal bar to make the tines go into the ground. I give the handles a push and a pull, which loosens the soil to about 10" deep. Then I *drag*, not lift, the biofork back a few inches toward me, and repeat the procedure, making close parallel rows. This takes a while, but is satisfying not to hear any engine noises or smell gasoline fumes from the rototiller (which is too cumbersome for me to maneuver anyway!)

I have learned to move many heavy things by utilizing gravity (which is available on roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ of all Ozark land!)

Many times even square objects can be "rolled" by turning them end-to-end, or by "walking" them on their corner points even if they're too heavy to actually be carried.

These are just a few of the ways I have compensated for my scoliosis. Lesbians with other kinds of physical limitations or disabilities may or may not be able to utilize some of the techniques and/or tools I've described.

I'd be interested in hearing about ways other dykes with physical limitations have found to participate in the often "rough and tumble" lifestyle of striving for self-sufficiency in the country.



Jenna Weston

On the Land

MOON AND STARS FARM Gallatin, Missouri

Hi! We have never written to MAIZE before so we'd like to introduce ourselves. I'm Debbie and my lover is Lin and we live at MOON AND STARS FARM in northwest Missouri.

MOON AND STARS FARM is in the process of being bought by us so that we can dedicate it as we do ourselves to the Goddess.

We have come up with a very unique way of buying our land. We are opening an Antique/Craft/Flea Market Mall in our 100 year old barn. We plan to be open sometime in June. This business will pay for the land in about 3-4 years, then we will move it into town to provide funds for what we really want to do with our land. And that is to have a retreat just for women to come to when they need to get away from everything temporarily. We will use the barn to house these women. It will house 20 single women, or 40 couples very comfortably. And if need be, we can house up to 100 women if we open up the whole space to sleeping bags.

We would love women to come now if they have a tent and camping equipment to visit and help us get this started. We will also accept any and all donations to get this business going that will in the end provide another woman only land where we can be together. We only need \$3,000 to get this business off the ground and nothing more will be needed to turn the barn into the retreat house when we move the business to town. It will already be there!

We are looking into tax exemption, so any tips would be helpful. And anyone wanting to help in this project, with donations or physical help, again, would be greatly appreciated.

We will keep everyone posted on our progress. Hope to hear from you!

Blessed be,
Debbie & Lin
POBox 412
Gallatin, MO 64640

PS. Because of our location some discretion is needed on the farm and in the mail.
Thanks again.

RIVERLAND Beaver, Oregon

We are the "Looking for wimmin disengaging from patriarchy to establish rural wimmin's community west central Oregon" ad you may have seen in recent months. As a result of our ads, we have indeed established a community in Beaver, Oregon (Don't you just love it!!)

Basically, we are a community of Lesbians aspiring to be self-sufficient, who have dropped out of patriarchy onto wimmin's land, and who also incorporate art and the creativity within all of us into our daily lives. We are striving to "just do it" in the words of Sonia Johnson (*not* Nike) and are constantly jumping off buildings as we find our way....home.

We are currently advertising for wimmin in the building trades to help us with a few special projects like running underground or overhead electrical service to outbuildings, redoing the stairway in the main house, installing additional water lines, roofing new structures and repairing the roof on the main house, building decks--minor stuff like that. We're offering room and board at the "Riverland Resort" where there's always good fishing plus cash!

We are also advertising summer residency vacancies at Riverland. Get away from it all! Creative play in the studio, garden, greenhouse, kitchen, workshop, etc. Room and board work exchange. One week to three months. Modern conveniences. A golden opportunity to satisfy some of your curiosity about wimmin's land.

Overnight facilities, including campsites, are available on a limited basis. Call to reserve your spot for this balance of work and play in a stimulating environment.

Riverland is owned by Community Arts Project, a non-profit organization.
POBox 156, Beaver, OR 97108
503-398-5223

ONE WOMAN WOMEN'S LAND Southeastern Arizona

Almost four years ago, another woman and I had the privilege of "buying" a piece of Mother Earth. The parcel is in a very secluded area of southeastern Arizona. The other buyer has gone east, doesn't like the land and wants to sell her share.

That hasn't happened as yet.

I've lived on land with women for almost 15 years, the last seven have been at a campground for women owned by a woman in southern Arizona. Lately, I've been feeling the urge to start building something on "my" land. The land has been calling me. So, I'm in the process of taking building materials to the land to make a simple structure.

There's so many things to think about. I'll be alone there which feels good for now but the thought of continued isolation scares me. Suppose my car breaks down, that scares me. I appreciate Brenwyn's article in the winter issue of MAIZE, which helps a lot. When I think of all that I want to do and all I need to do to live fairly comfortably, that scares me. Can I do it alone?

Women ask me if I'm opening it up for other women to come. I laugh and say yes if they can get in the road and don't mind being away from so much. It's about two hours from Tucson and the nearest town is small.

So, I'm doing one step at a time and seeing what happens next. I'll be giving updates in future issues of MAIZE.

The name that came to me in 1976 is Earth. The land hasn't told me her name yet.

June 1, '91

The move seems to be taking place. In the past couple of months I've built an outdoor bed, a windbreak and shade. I spend a good deal of my time there. Now I'm in the process of moving my belongings.

One time while I was there I thought a lot about her name. I wanted a name that was the essence of the land for me and I realized the beautiful white rocks are it. There are two big outcroppings with a cedar tree in the middle. I'm told that it's milky quartz. So her name is White Rocks Homeland.

In the Southwest, the wind and the sun are the two most harsh elements. I'm able to deal with the sun but the wind on this land is very intense.

I'm still scared when I think of what I'm doing. I'm trusting that the land will take care of me and give me guidance.

Earth

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH Tucson, Arizona

Hi! We are a new group formed to help more lesbians/wimmin live on land. Especially those of us less likely to be able to because of classism, racism, ableism, ageism, etc.

As a land trust, SHE Land Trust is set up as a nonprofit corporation to hold land for the use of wimmin always. This means wimmin without the means to buy land can still make their homes there. The land/resources will forever be used for wimmin! Decisions made on SHE land(s) will be made by the group(s) of wimmin living on the land(s).

SHE wants to be a "mother" organization for a network of lesbian/wimmin's homelands. These communities would each make their own decisions about ways of living together such as whether or not to be chem-free, whether any wommin can come and stay or whether a trial period is required, etc. All the homelands would share the larger purpose of providing space where wimmin can explore our spirit connections with nature, learn survival skills that free us from the stranglehold of patriarchy, and learn to live together in all our diversity.

SHE does not yet own land. Two pieces of land have been promised to us when the current owners die. Land is needed now for wimmin and their children to move onto, who are homeless, or who are in bad situations. Do you have land that you could donate? Or money to buy land? Maybe something for an upcoming fundraising auction? Experience in grant-writing? Would you like to come to a meeting? Please--let us know if there is any way you want to join in our work. Write us at SHE Land Trust, POBox 5285, Tucson, Arizona 85703 or call 602-883-9085.

OWL FARM Days's Creek, Oregon

A blue jay sits on the budding apple tree, the skies are filled again with rain-swollen clouds. The first peas are going in the ground today. Blessed Spring! As the Mother's cold breath recedes slowly, the wimmin of OWL are joining together to say, "We made it! Winter's over! Blessed be!"

To my knowledge, this is the first winter in a very long time that OWL Farm has been home to so many wimmin for the winter season. Ten wimmin and one girl child have worked physically, emotionally and spiritually to be sisters and land mates to each other in a conscious on-going way this winter.

The lesson that became clear for me in these past months is that we each carry into our collective work, our individual relationship to such things as class, culture, disability, nuclear family dynamics and patriarchal-conditioned definitions of such ideas as power, authority, autonomy, work, and responsibility. Our collective work this winter as a community of wimmin has been to recognize our individual experience, name it as such, and with much dialogue, listening, mutual care and respect, attempt to mold those unique experiences into a collective whole. It ain't been easy, but it's been very much a time of learning, growth and increased awareness. As a result, I see a community of wimmin who have bonded in many different ways through honest struggle and love. The vision continues! "...we are finding our magic, we are finding our power, we are finding our love..."

In sisterhood,
NiAodagain

Land Maintenance

Late Winter/Early Spring is, as always, a busy time. Many projects are being slowly rushed along since Spring work depends on them. We are putting in a new grey water system, rebuilding the garden fence, have planted many plum trees and will be expanding the Marsha garden. Wood sheds are still on-going. (2 3/4 new ones)

The Main House beautification went well. The living room looks great with freshly painted walls and redecoration. The roads are ditched and the pooper path graveled. Coop East has a double closet and a flower bed. OWL is looking better all the time. The residents and visitors have enjoyed making these transformations. Thank you all.

Wyrda

from the Oregon Woman's Land Trust Newsletter
POBox 1692, Roseburg, OR 97470

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM Poughkeepsie, New York

The Women's Art Colony is now free. An economically self-sufficient tree farm in upstate New York. Work exchange on weekday mornings for studio space and wonderful food. Dark room, silk-screen studio, swimming. Open March through December. Write for information to Kate Millet, 295 Bowery, New York City, NY 10003

This is an invitation to spend a summer at the Women's Art Colony Farm in Poughkeepsie, New York. An invitation extended to women writers, musicians and visual artists of all kinds in the United States and elsewhere. Ours is an original idea; a self-supporting colony for women artists; what is unique about the farm is that it is economically independent. We grow our own living, earn our own way, enjoy our own self-sufficiency and autonomy.

We grow Christmans trees in fact, they require less care than other crops and provide us a yearly income that supports the colony, will pay our taxes, keep our buildings in repair and allow for expansion and more studio space. We have no grants, are funded by no outside sources. No patron, no sponsors, no strings. I have a farm and I volunteered it. We planted and tended and built. We farm every morning for the first six weeks of summer, build every morning for the next six weeks. We learn a whole lot and use it the rest of our lives. We spend seven hours from one til dinner at eight doing our own art. Weekends are entirely our own.

We have been laying the groundwork of this colony for twelve years, it took ten years just to grow the trees. We never knew if we'd make it. Then last year we had our first harvest and it confirmed all our hopes for survival. I have given my life to this idea for over a decade; it's what I do, what I'm doing with my life.

The Farm is something like our own country, a piece of the world that is ours to enjoy: banquets and lanterns and wild flowers, a pond to swim in, barns converted into studio space, a darkroom. A place to make silk screens, rooms to write in, dream in, think in, woods to ramble. It is very beautiful, loved with the fierce love of

what is worked hard for, rescued from neglect, both fields and buildings, but now painted and planted, renewed and restored. Offered to all the women coming in the future, by all the women who labored in love these past twelve years.

The Farm is about the work you bring to the place, the paintings and prose and sculpture you do here, afternoons in the studios, mornings in the fields farming or building. The work that is your own and the work you leave behind for women coming after you; creating this shelter, this place to come to, this home waiting to welcome you back. For the hundred or so women who have passed through the Farm are a network, even a family. Returning for the planting in the spring, the harvest at Christmastime; coming back for a month or a weekend, passing through to put in a day or a dinner, converging from all points for the summer's end feast of Obon in August. We go on, there are more of us.

It's working, we say to each other. We'll make it, survive, even flower. And now we have the proof of it--as of our second harvest--we are sure of it. Already the farm can even feed us. We used to chip in for food. But with the bountiful harvest of 1989, the farm is free, free at last. Most women come for a summer, occasionally for a month or sometimes even less. But we are a community so that continuity is important to us. So is getting a chunk of art work done: a series of pictures or poems, a sizeable piece of prose. We share our readings and studio visits, we summarize the summer with a show. We are also the experience of living with women in freedom, in friendship, in discussion, the comradeship of the fields and the dinner table and good talk over wine, the sun on our flesh by the pond, everywhere around us flowers and woods, a life we have invented here, are perfecting and enjoying all at once. Creating a way to live as we create.

Having created a neat and thriving farm, we are now concentrating on creating community and works of art, opening up our imaginations on paper and canvas, risking within the security and support we have already brought into being here. It takes courage and determination, an urgency to use the time well. The invitation is a challenge too: the farm is a commitment

to an ongoing community of women. We are all ages, but the farming is hard physical work. We are all kinds of artist, but our present enjoyment of the place is built on the twelve years of pioneer effort by the women who came before us, therefore time here is precious time; we are still few in number and the places offered few and carefully chosen.

Let this invitation reach you in hope and affection and inspire you to help build a dream using good lumber and real nails. If you wish to apply please send examples of your work, and some description of yourself and your interest in the farm to Kate Millet, 295 Bowery, NYC NY 1003

Now that our first harvests have made it possible at last for women to come here free of charge, a great many women applied for residency at the farm this summer. We had far too many applications for the few places we could offer and felt tremendously sorry about this. So we got an idea: since the farm work demands that some of us come up in the fall to mow and in the spring to plant--let's start a small trial balloon residency program for spring and fall and offer it as well as the summer program. Here's how it looks so far:

We imagine the fall season at the farm to be September, October and November for sure; that's fall mowing season, some of our most wonderful weather, a great time to write or paint, lots of quiet, only a minimum of farming to do. It could also include harvest itself: harvest at the farm extends from the day after Thanksgiving to about 10 days before Christmas since we always sell out early. The sale of our trees takes place over four weekends, when a great many members and friends of the farm gather for the sale (it's a cut your own operation, all we do is give out rum and cider to our happy customers who ply us with money.) At the end of the day, about four thirty or so, we toss all the money on the dining room table, open the champagne and count up our harvest take, happy in the knowledge that the farm has succeeded and will go on. Then we cook up a big dinner to celebrate; harvest itself is several weekends celebrating our own homecoming and reunion and the farm's continuity as well.

Spring planting is the practical outcome of all this because in planting new trees to replace those we have taken we insure our future as well. We also enjoy the loveliest moment of the year here, blossom time, when the bleak season gives way to a profusion of crocus and tulips, apple and pear and cherry petals, rhododendrons and peonies--when each day here is a new surprise. Our new spring season at the farm would be from the last two weeks of March and all of April and May.

All residencies, whether in spring or fall, may be around three months or more (if including harvest) in duration and should probably be at least a month long. The farm would feed you, as in the summer, you would give the morning hours in service to the farm and have all other times to practice your art. If this turns you on, let me know as soon as possible. There are fewer spaces available than in the summer, so these places are especially precious, apply as soon as you can.

With my best wishes,
Kate Millet

WOMAN'S WORLD Madisonville, Louisiana

Woman's World is still looking for women and still trying to figure out its place in this community of women in the South. Over the past 3 years several women have stayed here for varying periods of time. Most of them were here at very changing times in their lives and found different reasons to be in the country and away from the crowds. Some have written to reflect on their experiences and what it meant to them to be able to be here for that period of time. A few have detailed their growth made from the forced self-induced reflections. One has a hard time not being with one's self in the solitude of the country. I have faced many truths about myself over the past 5 years of self reflection and study. Learning who I am has been an interesting yet very slow process with lots of detours. I attribute a great deal of my knowledge of self to coming to live here in this part of the country out in the quiet woods. There is something

about battling the elements, the economy, the structures, and the people by not fighting that is learned only by the country process. Learning to live with nature and the times of the earth, makes all chores done at the right time a real pleasure instead of a job. I have faced fears that I could not even imagine articulating just a few years ago. What a great way to live, free, free, free!!

When women write to learn more about Woman's World and find out if this is a place for them to be, I try to give them a lot of information about the place, climate, jobs, housing, life styles, etc. I always let them know to expect a lot of rain and to know that this is a frequent event. Most people around here love rain and see it as an opportunity to do all those things they couldn't do because they had to be working while it was dry. However, this year it has gotten really ridiculous. Louisiana (particularly the New Orleans area) expects 50 to 60 inches a year of rain with much of it in the Fall of the year. We have already had over 70 inches and expect more before the year ends! Needless to say I have caught up on a lot of reading and indoor projects. I did manage to plant a few Poplar trees and they drank up all the water with glee, as did the Mint plants under the faucets which were never turned on for weeks. I am looking for a good crop to plant on a few acres which likes a lot of water but which won't die when it dries up, usually four or five times a year. Any suggestions from anyone? Oh yes, also, the Mayhaw trees had early outstanding white blooms this year and the fruit came, ripened, and fell in a matter of two weeks; had to be fast to gather the tiny berries for Mayhaw jelly; a rare delicacy!

Our women's circle is scheduled for next weekend and since the sun shone all day today there is hope for some dryness for the fire and the ground for seating. We may have to do a lot of dancing this time to keep from being on the ground too long at a time. Oh well, nothing wrong with that plan!

Shewolf at Woman's World
POBox 655, Madisonville, LA 70447

The Shock that It Is Not Utopia

By zana
tucson, arizona

a letter appeared in our communal space, the rowan house. it said, "why do things feel so bad here? i never see more than two wimin together on the land. i came here to be with wimin."

it said that the rowan house could so easily be fixed up--junk thrown out, things rearranged attractively. "but of course you know all this," the letter-writer finally concluded. (yes, we do!)

she's a visitor who had heard wonderful things about adobeland. she thought to be here a while. now she plans to leave as soon as possible.

i was annoyed by her letter--how she seemed to be blaming us for our discord instead of wanting to ease the pain of it. how she wanted us to be something *she* needed. i also felt bad about this woman's confusion and disillusionment. so i tried talking with her about being here. maybe she would want to know some of what *is* going on here, why adobeland today is in a very different stage of its development from the adobeland a friend of hers visited eight years ago and recommended to her.

it turned out she didn't want to know details of the conflicts here--why or how they came to be. she didn't want to hear the "sides". she just wanted there not to be conflict. she marveled at how "strong" we must be to be able to continue living with so much stress. as if we (some of us rooted here for many years, some of us with few other options because of disability and/or lack of money) could easily pick up and leave. as if the perfect lesbian community existed somewhere else, without our having to build it.

this is hardly the first time a woman

has come and been bitterly disillusioned. in fact it happens often--even in happier times. if wimin on the land are getting along well, a visitor may feel isolated, left out. there are so many ways of being let down when lesbian land is the hope you've pinned your dreams on.

i try to remember my own coming to lesbian land 11 years ago. the expectations i had, the disappointments. i listen to my lover of eight months, who came here with few illusions (we both thought), but who has also ended up with a lot of pain and broken dreams.

is there any way we who are old-timers on lesbian land can prepare newcomers for the shock of reality, the shock that it is not utopia?

i've thought and talked a lot about this problem and still feel far from having all the answers. but there are a few things i do want to say to lesbians hoping to live in land communities. please remember that these are only the views of *one* dyke-on-land. each woman and each community is unique.

consider why you want to be on lesbian land. as a healing place? i think that's why many of us are drawn to this way of life. that becomes a problem when we are all so much needing to flop down and be taken care of. then who are the caregivers to be? many of us are also fed up with playing that role--whether we've had to do it as mothers, daughters, wives, employees. few wimin get to be exempt from care-giving in the heteropatriarchy. so here we are on land, a bunch of wimin with genuine needs to focus on healing--which means focusing on our own selves for a change. wouldn't it be wonderful if we did have some lesbian version of a hospital--a quiet place to rest and meditate, or to go scream and discharge,

a place where someone else changed the bedding and prepared delicious, healthful meals. when we are all on the needing end, it takes a lot to make any part of that happen. we need to develop so much trust and love with each other that we can at times freely give our precious energies without calculating how they'll be repaid. that kind of trust doesn't come quickly. visitors who expect to instantly be surrounded by nurturing sisters are almost sure to be disappointed.

a lot of my energy is taken up already by the daily balancing act among those of us who are permanent community members: how to be helpful and giving, and also reserve energy and resources for those needs of ours which others do not meet. visitors come often; trust flows easily between us when there is an attitude of giving on both sides. if a visitor comes with an attitude of taking, it is hard to be open to her. i've already done a bit of giving by the daily work i do to make this a good space for dykes. so if someone then expects me to provide her with food or a sleeping bag, i just want her to go away. (i'm not talking about wimin who really lack those things, but rather about wimin seeming to expect us to serve them.) this attitude of taking goes further than the material plane. i feel it when visitors seem to want residents to *perform* as some kind of model community that they can vacation in. i doubt if the visiting wimin think of it that way--they want to believe our community really *is* like that, that the good energy circulates so well that everyone is infused with it. some communities that are in a harmonious phase may achieve that for a while, but it seems we have a lot more to learn before we can live together, ongoingly, as our best selves.

if a community does seem to be functioning smoothly, and has a lot to give to visitors, the woman who wants to settle there would do well to examine beyond the surface layer. when i came to adobeland i was attracted by the good vibes of the community. i had been part of a community that suffered a painful split and i needed a place to rest and heal. it took me a while to understand that the emotional climate here was pleasant because of avoidance. we were not bringing up issues, so our friendships were cordial but shallow.

by maintaining independence, we avoided the conflicts that interdependence can bring. but we were also missing out on the intimacy that comes with true sharing of lives.

adobeland has evolved into a place where more wimin live who are doing recovery work (from incest, addictions, patriarchal behaviors) and other political work (on racism, classism, ageism, ableism, sizeism; etc.). this means we have more issues with each other. many of us are no longer willing to swallow our differences and pretend we are all white, middle-class, able-bodied, youngish, thin, generic lesbians. the easygoing potluck that will happen when it happens does not meet my needs as a disabled woman with extremely limited sitting time and energy. and i'm going to say so. in the past few years, many residents have challenged the decisions made by adobe as landowner. acknowledging such differences is often painful, but that's just one kind of pain. that pain of *work*, of actively *dealing*, is pain that gets us somewhere, unlike the gnawing inner loneliness of not fully knowing or being known by those we live side by side with.

not everyone here shares my preference for the pain of dealing as opposed to the pain of loneliness. some would gladly go back to former times. this community, like most, includes plenty of different opinions! i think new wimin don't always expect that. i know when i first came to wimin's land i assumed everyone was there for the same reasons. i didn't really think about that; it was more a subconscious idea. it's shaken me up to find out that there are non-(and anti-) separatists on land; drug abusers; tobacco smokers, active alcoholics, s/m practitioners, junk-food eaters, television addicts, wimin who kill bugs with poisons, wimin who don't keep up with political currents in the larger lesbian community. but i've found that these wimin can be just as committed to lesbian land as i am.

some communities do have more of a group focus than the ones i've lived in. from the outside, that's pretty attractive to me--how well those wimin work together. instead of using up their energy arguing with each other, they put on workshops, build new structures, garden effectively enough to provide much of their own food.

LIFE ON LAND

What to do when you want
to be anonymous for a while—



Debby Earthdaughter
Tucson, Arizona

i do believe it's possible to make community with others whose values are similar, and thus bypass some conflicts. but, having tried for years to form a group like that, i know how elusive it can be. we're not prone to be clones! dykes are a bunch of very individual individuals, often rebellious in our uniqueness. many of us grew up feeling like freaks and misfits, and long to fit in at the same time we don't believe we ever can. add to that our fluidity: many of us have made big life changes (like coming out) already, and aren't afraid to make more. communities i thought were stable--groups of long-time friends and lovers with shared values--have changed and come apart at the seams.

another thing visitors often don't understand is how land wimin support ourselves. some wimin think they can come and do work exchange for their stay. at adobeland, that's possible: the land is already paid for, and is owned by one woman who usually has tasks she wants done. on group-owned land with a mortgage, residents may be hard-pressed to make monthly payments. they need as much money coming in as possible. hopefully, communities can stretch their resources and be open to wimin without money, whether or not those wimin are physically able to do work exchange. but a woman who stays a while without putting money in may encounter hard feelings from the resident wimin who are also living on

very little money, and putting in what *they* can each month to keep the community going. the idea that you can live on next to nothing in the country is a fantasy. you can live on *less*...but most wimin still want to keep their vehicles running, go to town for entertainment, buy food beyond what they grow, and so on. and then there are land taxes, and building upkeep, and land payments, utilities...

i don't know of any lesbian communities that have efficiently-functioning cottage industries like some of the large mixed-sex communes do. this problem of money is a big one for many lesbians who'd love to live on land. some manage to work full- or part-time jobs if they live near a city or town. a few are self-employed at home; a few have pensions or savings or trust funds, or get money from their families. a lot of us subsist on various types of government money--SSI, disability, general assistance, social security, AFDC. *why* we don't seem to be able to support ourselves with cottage industries would take an article in itself. (i hope someone writes it!)

when, in our communities, both money and energy are scarce, we're under a lot of stress. the stress of disappointment--that the community doesn't fulfill our dreams--just makes things worse. we're not getting our needs met, and it's easy then to fall into resenting and blaming each other. this can happen in a lot of ways, both among residents and between residents and visitors. i sometimes resent wimin who have found a way to afford months of travel (a luxury i've never had)--especially if part of how they afford it is by paying the least possible amount to lesbian lands where they stay. these same traveling wimin may resent those of us who live here because we have the privilege of living on land. we can hold those resentments without fully knowing the other woman's circumstances, or how hard she worked to have what she has. this is just one of many dynamics i believe we need to pay attention to and work to change if we are to live as cooperatively and lovingly as we'd like.

i'm not trying to discourage dykes from coming to visit or live on land. far from it! i wish we were all living this way; to me it's the dykiest way:

making communities that can operate by our values instead of the man's. communities where we weave our everyday lives in with nature and each other. rather than scare you off, i just want you to know what you may find. i want you to be more able to stay and work things out than if you expected utopia and it's not here. you, like me, may be counting on lesbian land as the end of the road, the last in your series of options. that makes it especially distressing when we find out there's so much hard work still to be done.

the truth is that no refuge exists that can really protect us from the harshness of the world. on lesbian land we can strive to create alternatives--but it *is* work--not just the physical work you may have bargained for, but deep, ongoing, emotional work. there are fun times, too. and incredible joy and connection are possible. think of it as like a friendship: if it's for real, it involves all parts of our lives--the struggles, laughter and tears. there may be times of estrangement, times when things just don't work very well. can we stick it out, is the friendship repairable? do we have the skills at this time to repair it? are we willing to take the risks? community is just friendship on a larger scale!

when you're ready, come give lesbian land a try. if one community isn't what you want, remember there are others. maybe you'll even be part of starting a new one. maybe you'll be one of those wimin whose fresh ideas help move us all closer to living our ideal selves.

thanks to members of WODL (wildly original desert lesbians) for help with this article. some suggested it would make a good brochure to send out to wimin who write for information about visiting lesbian lands. i might do that in the future, but for now, anyone who wants to photocopy and send it out is welcome to do that.

zana is 44, jewish, experimenting with permaculture ideas this year. a collection of her poetry and art, herb woman, is available for \$7 (more/less or barter) from her at 12150 w. calle seneca, tucson, az 85743 (also available on tape).

Rural Trash

By Nett Hart

Foreston, Minnesota

Another city friend has left clucking over my Neighbor's trash heap on the rocks, "Why are rural people so irresponsible?"

Now I'm not about to defend these cultural castoffs of broken tools and plastic containers, but I resent the superiority of the city assumption that it is more responsible to leave your trash bagged curbside for someone else to carry to the landfill for you. The landfill, by the way, is in *my* neighborhood, in rural space far from where it was generated. Why are city people so irresponsible? In the country we don't pretend not to make trash, that is, it becomes trash when every possible use has been made of its elements.

There are two things happening here that I see. First, implied in this remonstrations is a desire by city folks for us to keep a part of the world pristine for them, some unspoiled place they may or may not visit, but which needs to exist. Show some slides and pass the hat for the Sierra club. This place has to exist unspoiled so that they can maintain a sense of future while living in an environment that is completely spoiled, stripped of its vegetation and therefore its seasons. In the same way that rural economy sustains the most basic physical needs of the city inhabitants--food, water, fiber and shelter--it is called to sustain the basic needs of the human psyche.

The second is a resurgence of the country bumpkin theory, that those whose lives are simple and direct must themselves be rather simple. Anyone who has gone to university or climbed a corporate ladder knows that simple doesn't get much recognition until it becomes Obscure. Throwing your trash on the rock pile lacks sophistication as does maintaining a junk pile of spare parts. The ones who take on endless days of physical labor are found lacking in ambition and suspect in intelligence. Therefore the regulations and policies that govern rural life have to be set by experts in the cities. Trash piles will certainly be outlawed.

To the country bumpkin theory I must say "hogwash". I think we are dealing with

attraction/repulsion for a way of life the city has thrown away in its rush to create a man-made environment. There is envy for a rhythm of life that flows with the seasons, the weather, and our own rhythms, rather than the clock, the cash register, the "news", an envy for the directness of our connection to the larger cycles and to our place in them. There is a certain fear for us/ of us because we have not the layers of insulation to protect us from nature's temperament. Things die here and are born. There may be a certain lack of sophistication (lack of interest?) about how metrosociety works, but intimate knowledge of earth's ways.

To the desire for a pristine world, I want all of us to live in a real world: neither one that must be untouched by humans nor one that must be surrendered to lifelessness. I want an environment we all feel responsibility toward in every acre, a sustainable world. I want dykes who look at my rural life as an "escape" to really understand it as an escape from all the negative enculturation about rural life and rural people, an escape from the alienation of an artificial environment, an escape from the patriarchy.

To experience the world of nature and ourselves in it, we must divorce ourselves from the religion of Progress, both on an individual level as in career, accumulation, achievement, security, and on a social level as in technological advancement, medical breakthrough and manipulation/control/imitation of nature. Life with nature is incompatible with progress. There is no way to "get ahead".

On the land we dig ourselves in deeper. We experience a rhythm of drought and rain, sun and fog, heat and cold unmitigated by the hardware of technology. Our lives do not develop linearly toward progressive goals, but in deepening circles of connection, concentration and consciousness. Rural life is not easier or less work. It is work that creates a relationship to the environment, to the Self in context. It is a magic life I am willing to share, especially with city dykes who leave their "trash" in the city.

Organic Gardening at Full Circle Farm

An Interview with Lynn Hicks

By Laurel Ferejohn

Reprinted from *The Newsletter*

POBox 2272, Durham, NC 27702

I talked with Lynn Hicks as she sold delicious produce at the Farmer's Market in Durham, and became interested in what she does--organic market gardening. I visited her farm for this interview.

Full Circle Farm, owned by Lynn and her partner Yahoo Maerker, is a beautiful place to experience the connection between food and the earth. Lynn shared her story with me as we sat in their kitchen and then outside under a tree. Indoors or out, what I noticed most was the fragrance of green things.

Laurel Ferejohn

How did you get to this place in your life?

I was in Massachusetts before I came here, and one of the motivations to move to North Carolina was the lack of an adequate growing season in Massachusetts. I had never even gardened before Massachusetts. I started organically, I never used any chemicals, so I don't really know anything about them. But that last year in MA--you can't put tomatoes out until after June 1, unless you use protective stuff, but we weren't that sophisticated. So we didn't put them out until June 1 and then had a killing frost in August, so we didn't have a single ripe tomato. I was really frustrated.

So, part of my motivation in coming here was to have a longer growing season, but just for gardening. As soon as I got here I started immediately looking around for people who might want to buy land together, who already owned land and might want to share it, or some other such country setup. Community--I was really wanting community.

I found a few deadend situations that just didn't work out, and then finally somebody I was working with who had a market garden--an organic farm producing vegetables--asked if I wanted to come and help them, live with them, learn from them, do basically an apprenticeship. So I did that, and that was the first time it ever even occurred to me that you could possibly make a living doing this, that you could make money. Now I know you can. Before, it was just fun, it was gardening, growing your own food. So, I did the apprenticeship, that was in the summer of 1980, and that's how I got started. I left the apprenticeship, and during that year had found a woman who was looking for women to share her land with and was interested in making the land work--not just living there but making a working farm--so we got involved. I did that for three years, then that relationship broke up. I took a couple of years off, then rented another farm and started all over again.

Then Yahoo and I started looking for a farm to buy, and we bought this farm in the fall of '88, and started all over once again. And when you're doing it organically, starting all over is hard to do, because you've put a lot of manure, organic matter, compost in the soil and it's like an investment, you put it in this year and you reap the benefits next year and the year after and the year after, you don't see the benefits immediately. So it was hard every time I was unloading a truckload of manure at the place we were renting; I would just get really angry; it was like putting my money in somebody else's bank account. So I realized how important it was to own the land and to have the security of knowing you're making that investment for long term.

How did Full Circle Farm come about?

We bought it in the fall of '88. My plan is to completely make my living off the land. So when we were looking for land, I was looking for some fields, crop producing land, as well as woods, and just land, you know. And we found it. The experience of buying this land was sort of interesting, because I had a dream that I felt was not realistic at all-- that I would never find this dream-- and the dream was to find something close to 100 acres, that had an old farmhouse that needed renovation on it. I feel like I sort of have a mission in life to save an old farmhouse, because I ride around the country and see these old farmhouses falling down, and it just makes me very sad. It represents the whole family farm deterioration in our country, farmland being replaced by modern, contemporary cedar-sided houses



*Rainbow
St. Augustine, Florida*

for people to live in the country and commute to their jobs in the city. We're losing a tremendous amount of farm land to that whole movement.

And in fact this is what we found. I had been looking for a couple of years, sort of sporadically, and this piece of property was listed in the newspaper, and I marked it with a magic marker, but I didn't respond to it because it was just too much--I just knew it was too much land, too much money, so I didn't respond to it. But I did go to the real estate agent that had listed it, months later, who said, "Well, I'll show you this piece.

I don't think you'll like it, but I'll show it to you." When I saw it, my little heart started pattering. She showed me all these others, and I kept saying, "Let's go back to that first place." And it was it. I brought Yahoo out and she agreed.

The part of this property most people probably didn't like was the old farmhouse. Most people see that as a negative--oh, we'll just have to raze it, tear it down and start building anew. Whereas for me, it was a real positive aspect. And in fact, even though this house is functional and livable, we didn't pay for it. We paid for acreage, and that was it.

How would you describe what you do here?

It's called market gardening. What I do is grow vegetables and fruit and flowers and herbs, harvest them myself, and take them personally to the markets. The markets around here are the one in Carrboro on Saturday morning, 7 am to noon, and the new one in Durham on Wednesday night, 4pm to 8. So all day Friday I pick to go to the market on Saturday, and three-fourths of the day on Wednesday I pick to go to market Wednesday night. So basically, that's the business.

These particular markets have rules and regulations that say this stuff has to be grown or made by the person who's selling it, so nobody can go to the wholesale market and buy a case of lettuce and take it and resell it. It's all locally grown, it's all fresh. And that's part of this whole movement.

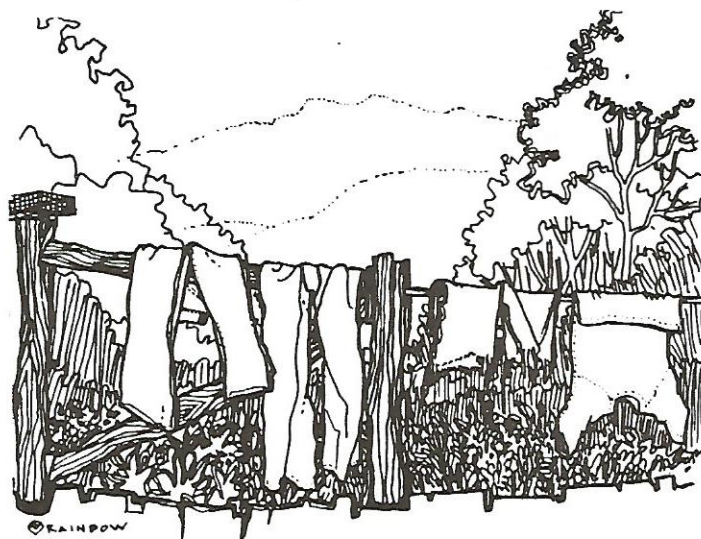
Can we get a little technical? You mentioned building the greenhouse. What was that like? How do you use it? What are some of the other techniques you use?

I was growing all my seedlings on the little sun porch on a couple of grow shelves I built, with grow lights, and it was pretty good, I think it would hold 30 or 40 flats, then I moved them out to cold frames. But I still had to have the grow lights and it really wasn't big enough. My plan for a greenhouse was to build a permanent solar greenhouse, a wood frame and glass greenhouse using solar mass. Using the plastic "hoop

house", you're using an awful lot of plastic, and I don't want to add that much plastic to the dump. But I finally realized if I waited until I could afford to build that frame and glass greenhouse, I would never have a greenhouse. So I decided to build a small hoop house this year, hoping it would make me enough extra money that I could more quickly build a permanent solar greenhouse. I recycled all the wood for the greenhouse and the hoops are made out of electrical conduit, which I recycled from somebody else's greenhouse that had collapsed from a snow load. It has a wood stove in it, which used to be in the house, but it was very inefficient so we got a new one. The greenhouse is pretty small--12 feet wide and 32 feet long--and I built it over some of my growing beds. I was able to grow all my seedlings and on half of it I put lettuce in for an early lettuce crop. I got three cuttings from the lettuce and paid for the greenhouse the first market, the first cutting of lettuce. So it was well worth it, and I'll try to do the best I can with the plastic.

One of the things I did this year is I started using this soil blocker for my seedlings instead of the little plastic cell packs, and part of the motivation was not to put those cell packs in the dump. Millions of them get dumped because they're not reusable. They usually collapse after the first use.

I use raised beds, that's my method of growing. Most of my beds are 100 feet long and 4 feet wide. The width is determined by the width of the truck. I get manure from the stockyard in Siler City. They load it on my truck--like 3/4 ton for \$5. Unfortunately, they don't unload it. I drive the truck over the bed and shovel manure out of it. That's why the truck determines the width of the bed. The first use of a bed I put a whole truckload of manure on it, and in subsequent years I put one-third as much on. Other amendments I use are lime and rock phosphate. The only other fertilizer I use is some sea mix or seaweed-fish emulsion, usually as a foliar spray, which means I spray the leaves. I don't do it very much; I might do it after I transplant, because the roots get hurt so they're not able to absorb stuff



Rainbow
St. Augustine, Florida

immediately, so the plants can use a foliar feeding more easily than a root feeding. But if you do it too often they sort of get addicted to it and then they don't develop good roots. I use manure tea to water all of my seedlings and to water in the seedlings when I put them down in the field. I put manure in a barrel, fill it up with water and let it steep, then I strain it into another barrel and use it for watering. For weed control I use purely hoe and hand, or other tools, like a wheel hoe. I do intensive techniques, so when the plants get some size to them they shade the beds so that weeds aren't able to grow. But when they're young and it's rainy, the weeds grow very fast.

For pest control, I use a lot of hand picking; I use BT, which is *Basilus thurgiensis*, a bacterial disease that affects soft-bodied animals--worms, not earthworms, but leaf-eating worms--it is ingested, so they have to eat the leaf. It is very insect-specific, doesn't kill the other bugs, or the ladybugs, and it's natural. Most of the beetles, I try hand-picking first, and then as a last resort I'll use Rotenone, which is a natural pesticide, but it is toxic. It breaks down very quickly--usually between 12 and 24 hours--and that's the very reason they developed all the chemical pesticides is they wanted them to be long-lasting. But long-lasting means they're on the fruit and vegetables

when you buy them, and it means they don't break down fast if at all in the environment. I don't use the Rotenone or other natural pesticides very often because they are toxic and more broad-spectrum, so they kill more insects; they might kill the ladybugs, or bees, if they're sprayed at the wrong time. So you don't use them when the plants are flowering, or in the middle of the day when the bees are out. They are acceptable as organic pesticides, but I don't like them very much. I use them as a last resort.

I use a tractor, plow my ground initially and disc it, but after that I use a tiller. I bed it up with the tiller. The tiller has a hiller furrower on it, so after I till I go in between the beds and that throws the dirt up and makes them raised. They are not double-dug. After that I don't use the tractor at all, except for bushhogging or grading the driveway, or plowing the driveway when it snows.

How do two people get everything done that needs to be done here?

We're always looking for a farmwife. Not a farm husband, but a farm wife (laughter). That's because we both want to do certain things, we want to make a special food out of the produce we grow, we want to cook it and eat it, we want to can it and freeze it, and all those things. And we also want massages after we get out there and do all this hard labor! A combination farmwife/massage therapist would be nice (laughter). The real answer to your question is that it doesn't get done.

I would love to have people come out here and help, on various levels, whether it's for a weekend, a day, all the way to coming out here and living part time, temporary, or whatever. We have the space. I don't think we'd want somebody here all the time forever.

Would you want an apprentice?

I would, and you can call any of those arrangements an apprentice. It could be somebody who comes out once a week or a couple of days a week, or anything. Basically an apprentice means that in exchange for the labor, you learn. If somebody wants to learn organic farming

techniques, or large-scale gardening, commercial gardening techniques, and other country living techniques, they would learn that in exchange for labor. And when I had an apprentice before, I did also pay her a small percentage of the profit. I'd love to have some sort of arrangement. We have this old log cabin down there, and one of my dreams is to make it into an apprentice house.

This must be a major commitment for both of you.

It worked out because at the time that we looked at this place, Yahoo had just gotten a job at UNC, so she was making good money again, so the timing was perfect. I had some money, and a little bit of inheritance. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough that we were able to make a substantial down payment on the land, and whereas I didn't have good income, Yahoo had good income, so we had a good combination. I had a substantial down payment, and she had the income for maintaining high monthly payments. The bank would only give a land loan for ten years, so we have high monthly payments but it will be paid off in ten years. The part of the commitment that's scary is the commitment to each other. Because of that combined financial assets and income stuff, we're very dependent on each other--on each other's share. That's scary, knowing you've got to work on the relationship. I guess it's like people who have children, where having the children motivates them to work on the relationship more. I know some people just stick with the relationship because of the kids without working on it, probably sometimes we do that too, but whatever we do, it sort of slides for a while and then we start thinking we better work on this relationship.

This is different from the other experience I had working on land with someone. One big difference is that we bought this land together, whereas I was buying into the other land, so when time came to leave, I left. I didn't feel like I had a right to claim the land, even though I was working it. One thing it definitely taught me is that you can't count on anything to be forever, and maybe that helped also in wanting to work on this relationship, to make sure it

lasts, knowing that if you let things slide, it might not last, and you might lose everything, not just your relationship.

What are the special aspects of being women farmers, as opposed to men, or husband and wife?

One of the big differences is like with auto mechanics, boys are raised under the hood, practically, or in the country, boys are raised on a tractor. The classic picture of the father riding the little baby boy around on the tractor. And it goes on from there. Boys are practically born with a hammer in their hands. All the stuff that women are not born with or raised with, so when and if they decide to take it on, it's just totally foreign. Holding a hammer is not comfortable. Sitting on a tractor feels totally alien. And there are not enough women who have those skills for the rest of us to be able to learn from women (although there are more and more now), so we end up having to learn a lot of those skills from men, and men are very egotistical, egocentric, patronizing--it's hard to learn from them, they get on their macho trips when they're teaching you, and they're just very condescending. I have found them to be.

Another difference between men and women farmers is physical strength. Women can work real hard and build up our muscles, and a lot of us are stronger than a lot of men, but the kind of men who usually get into farming are "hunks"; physical strength is an attribute needed for farming. No matter how hard we work, we probably will never be as strong on a relative scale as the men who get involved. And it is a lot of work and does require a lot of strength and endurance. Of course women are supposed to have more endurance. A lot of my friends are married and share the work equally, but there's still a lot of separation of the tasks, and very traditional male and female roles--the men usually do the tractoring.

Would you call it sexism?

Well, sexism, but very ingrained sexism. It's set up that way because it's apparently desirable for both sides. And it's sort of like for those of us who learned some auto mechanics back in the late '60s or

early 70s, once we learned how to do it and did it for a few years, I personally felt, OK, I proved I know how to do it, but I don't really like it, so I started taking my truck or car in. Sometimes that work's not much fun. It's easy to let someone else do it. And with the tractor--it's hard to take a tractor in.

How would you describe your feeling about farming, and why do you like it?

Part of it is totally subconscious to me. It's like I have a tremendous attraction to the country, the land, and farming, but I don't really know why. My father was a farmer, but he lost his farm before I was born. He lost it during the depression--the old family farm. But he had an eighth-grade education, so the rest of his life he spent selling farm machinery. So I was around it, but sort of second-hand. And I wasn't around it alot, because he worked many long hours and I didn't go with him, so I didn't see him much. Plus I was growing up in a time when farmers--and this is still true--farmers are considered the bottom of the totem pole and having a parent with an eighth grade education was an embarrassment. And having a father who sold farm machinery was an embarrassment. So it was sort of like I disowned it, with a little help from society. So I didn't have much personal experience with farming and what I had was negative. I feel like it must be in my genes, if it's possible, or ingrained in me somehow, that I have this attraction that I can't explain. It's not like I had these wonderful experiences in childhood that attracted me to doing that. During childhood I wasn't even particularly an outdoor person. So I can't explain it--which is just as well.

It's like my feeling that I needed to "save" an old farmhouse--there's nothing objective about that. As far as I know, I never lived in one. I will add this--most of the tv shows I used to like were the old frontier type, not cowboys and Indians, but like "Little House on the Prairie". As awful as that yucky mushy stuff was, I used to love to look at the houses, the way they lived, the tools they used, their carriages, the horses. It's probably some previous life stuff.

How do you feel when you're out there in the rows?

It's very serene, it's almost like meditating. I don't meditate anymore. It's very quiet, very repetitive motion, your mind just wanders. I don't direct my mind at all, it just wanders. Most of the work doesn't require a lot of thought. You do a lot of planning, but that's usually done inside on paper, and then carrying out the planning you have to think about what you're doing, but a lot of it is just repetitive. You're out in the quiet, listening to the birds and feeling the fresh air. It's very seductive, it's very meditative, very very peaceful. The only times I'm not peaceful about it are if it's extremely hot, and in the middle of summer I do try to get up earlier and work in the mornings, then come in and do book work or something, and then go back out when it's cooler. And when I'm picking to go to the farmer's market, because that's the only time when there's a tremendous amount of pressure. All the time there are pressures, but that's the only time there's a tremendous amount, because all your income depends on one or two days a week, you've got to get it *all* done that day, you've got to pick it *all* that day. (And that's part of what the farmer's market is all about--it's fresh. If you go to the farmer's market--most of the farmers, it's not true of all the farmers--most of the farmers have picked it the day before.) Even if there are certain amount of pressures, it's usually peaceful and pleasant.

We sort of are guided by the weather report a lot, which is very frustrating when it's inaccurate, the way it was last night. When they're predicting rain, and I have things that have to be done before the rain comes, I'll go out and frantically do those things, and if the rain doesn't come, it's like all day racing the rain, and continuing this high speed racing the rain, and the rain doesn't come, so I just continue racing something that isn't there. Whereas if the rain hadn't been predicted, I would have been calmer and slower about doing the same things. But I wouldn't get as much done. It is a productive situation, but it's a frustrating high-pressure situation and I usually end up at the

end of the day angry--at the weather forecaster.

What have you learned about the politics of agriculture?

Organic is one of the issues. Buying locally is another, so that we aren't using our resources transporting produce which can easily be grown here from California and Florida, or Mexico or South America, and we're supporting the local economy. It's also trying to revive the family farm--which means small scale production, not necessarily the nuclear family, although it would help, get those kids to work! Also, being local, it's fresh. You don't think about this, but even when you're buying California grown organic produce from the coop or something, it probably was picked a week or two ago because it's been in transit, it's been in storage, it's been in the warehouse, it's been at the wholesaler, it's been at the retailer. Even if they have methods of making it look fresh, it still goes through a loss of its freshness, and that means its nutritional value. And of course, generally small-scale farming, or family farming, excludes the whole farm labor problem. Most family farms don't use cheap farm labor and exploit cheap farm labor. They may put their kids to work but that just teaches them good work values.

In doing all these things, the sort of political involvements are the farmer's markets, and the Carolina Farm Stewardship Association, which is the organic growers and consumers organization here in North Carolina and South Carolina. I'm active in both of those things. That's where most of my political energies go these days.

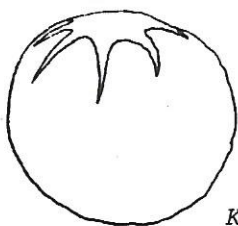
Could you tell us something about your background?

My parents were very working class. My mother was a very strong woman, the matriarch, head of the household. I'm sure that carried over into my own independence and desire to be self-regulating. I grew up very fast. I was independent, making dinner, making clothes and stuff by the time I was 8 years old. It has its negative side--I didn't have much of a childhood; and it has its positive side--I became very self-sufficient. I don't

have much fear of want, probably because I never had the security and because I had to rely on myself to get what I did have. It relieves me of that security fear.

When I lived in Massachusetts that was my first introduction to being in the country. But when I was in New York I first got involved in the women's movement, and when I moved to Massachusetts I got involved some more. It was a smaller community--like this one. I got involved with the newsletter--don't ask me to do it now, though! I did some work organizing a women's center that was doing rape crisis, battered women--I did that for several years.

I was born and raised in the South--born in Georgia, raised in Alabama--so after being in the North for about 10 years, my roots were pullin, I guess, and I wanted to be back down South. I had experienced the North and it was very pleasant, although I got tired of the snow, and the short growing season! I loved the people, the political activity, the consciousness. I had heard about the Triangle, about the women's community, the left community, the lesbian community--I was also just coming out--I had been reading Southern Exposure for years, and that sort of exposed me to this area. And it was sort of midway between New York and Alabama. I was hoping it had all four seasons.



Kitt Redwing

Do you feel any tension between having been brought up in a working-class family and now being a land owner?

Yeah, I do. Whenever I think about community and wanting to make this land a community, I never think in terms of landlord-tenant relationships. I think in terms of people buying into the land, or putting it in some sort of land trust or entity that owns the land and we are just stewards taking care of it. Since

I'm not a landlady, I don't get any money from someone else for the land, I don't feel so bad about being a land owner. I feel like I'm preserving the land. This land could have been bought up and developed. It's sort of like my thing about saving a farmhouse--I feel like I'm saving the land. I definitely feel that we don't have a right to own the land, but we live in a society where you can't protect the land unless you own it. The ownership protects you. So I feel a little like ownership of the land is protecting the land, using it organically, and not stripping it, talking to the divas and the goddesses.

What are your long-term plans and dreams?

One of the things I'm committed to is bringing the farmer and the consumer closer together, because I feel like we are so removed from our food source, we don't know where our food comes from. Children often literally don't know that it grows out of the ground or on trees. It's one of the reasons I'm committed to direct selling--the farmer's market kind of thing. It brings the consumer and the farmer in contact. Even though it doesn't bring the consumer to the farm, it brings them in contact. There's a rapport that builds up. People who really like to shop farmer's markets and are there regularly really get to be friends with their farmer, and they call them "my farmer", and feel areal connection. The other reason I'm committed to direct selling is so the farmer is making more of the income from the food. The way it's set up now, the farmer receives very little of your food dollar after wholesalers or retailers hike it up. The farmers don't make any equity--nothing compared to the amount of labor they put in.

I have several ideas. One of them is called community supported agriculture. Community can be defined however you want to; normally I think it's a fairly close geographical community, who actually hire a farmer. Every household pays in a certain amount of money, like a membership fee, in the beginning of the year to assure that the farmer has an income. The farmer's job is to grow food for them, and then divvy up the harvest every week among the households based on how large

the household is, or it could be that they buy one share, or two shares, or more, and get that proportion of the harvest each week.

Distribution can be done in various ways, from the farmer delivering it, to the people coming to the farm to pick it up, or somewhere in between, where the farmer goes to a central place and everyone comes there to pick up. Part of the system is that members can, and are encouraged to, come out to the farm. It could be just a visit, or to help, and that's encouraged, to be a part of the production, and included in that could be a discount on the food, or an extra share. Just to have that connection between the farmer and the consumer and the growing process. From what I've heard about this system, the members have a real feeling of "this is my farmer". Not a feeling of ownership, but more of a closeness, sort of like "this is my girlfriend". I would love to pursue that in the Lesbian community. Even though it's not a tight geographical community--if women want to visit the farm, they may have to travel an hour to get here, like you did-- and if I delivered it, I might have to travel an hour, but I do that anyway when I go to the farmer's markets. And the consumer would get great produce. If you came out here to get your stuff, you could pick it or it would be picked after you got here--it would be that fresh. And it would give consumers a farm to go to. It could be like a second home in the country. You could come out to help, or just to play and relax. You wouldn't be able to rely on the farmer to entertain you, but if it were your own country place, you wouldn't have someone there to entertain you. People could learn farm skills, teach their children--it's a great outing.

And of course the other idea is the apprentice, or group of apprentices, people who just come out for a day or a week or spend their vacation out here to work in exchange for knowledge.

Another idea is along the lines of a co-op. A farm co-op would be a situation where people did exchange labor for food, or a discount on food--two hours in exchange for a 10% discount, or something. It incorporates a lot of the same connections between farmer and consumer, the

consumer being able to be a farmer for a weekend.

The other thing these ideas address is that most of the time farming tends to be very isolating. It's the one negative part about being out in the country. Most of us do this because we like the solitude and quiet and peace. But sometimes there's too much of that, and because we're geographically removed from the community, we often can't participate in community activities, or it's often very inconvenient, takes a lot of effort. You live in town, you can walk down Ninth St. and run into 15 people so your social life is built in, you don't have to work at it. Whereas we just don't run into people; my social life is the farmer's market often. (And I would encourage women to come to the farmer's market!) So that's another way the idea of community supported agriculture helps--it helps alleviate the isolation of farmers.

Could your vision of having a community living on your land be combined with the idea of community supported agriculture?

Well, in order to support herself, a farmer has to feed something like 30 families, and when I think of a community here, I mean something in the range of at most six or eight households, or couples or whatever. The community out here would be a community of people who live out here and work--or don't work--support the land, live together. Working and owning stuff together, like one tractor for six or eight households rather than six or eight tractors, and everybody wouldn't have to rebuild these sheds, we'd share the sheds, the tools. People wouldn't have to work on the land, they could be potters, or poet, or work in town. Co-op farming could be a part of it, but it wouldn't be necessary. And the goal would be for each family, or whatever, to have their own house. We're not into living communally in the sense of eight people in one house. We're too old for that--I've done that lots of years. And we'd figure out the most desirable legal ownership setup; I wouldn't want to figure it out ahead of time and dictate to everyone else. Anyone interested in exploring some of these cooperative ideas can call me at (919) 742-5959.

Reviews

CATS (and their Dykes)

Edited by Irene Reti and Shoney Sien
HerBooks PO Box 7467, Santa Cruz, CA 95061
1991

\$10 + \$1.25 p&h

A collection of stories, poems, photos, drawings, cartoons, all about our cats. Some really fun stories of the special psychic powers, love powers and general control of cat over dyke. And some serious objections to our domestication of cats, our control over them. What is our responsibility, our "proper relation"? Irene Reti notes, "There is something the cat is trying to tell us, if we would only listen."

A book for cat lovers and sceptics!



Kitt Redwing

WOMEN OUTDOORS: THE BEST 1900 BOOKS, PROGRAMS AND PERIODICALS

By Jennifer Abromowitz
1990

\$28.00 post paid

Rd1 345C, Williamsburg MA 01096

This book lists 1800 books with full publishing info, arranged in over 60 topic headings. 1000 reviews. nine periodicals focusing on women in the outdoors. 240 children's books. Over 140 outdoor organizations offering programs especially for women. A wonderful resource, the result of 15 years research.

WANTING WOMEN: AN ANTHOLOGY OF EROTIC LESBIAN POETRY

Edited by Jan Hardy
1990

\$9.95 + 1.50 p&h

Sidewalk Revolution Press
POBox 9062, Pittsburgh PA 15224

Includes the poetry of 43 Lesbians from the U.S. and Canada, each one more sensuous than the last. A pleasure to read.

Lee Lanning

DESERT YEARS: Undreaming the American Dream

By Cynthia Rich

Spinsters/Aunt Lute 1989

\$7.95

What can I say? I really like this book. The stories, observations, and understandings are keen, real and based in a value system that rings with connections, honesty and caring. It's political, it's spiritual and it's Lesbian throughout, even though the desert park trailer community is not.

This book touches me again and again. Cynthia and Barbara's decision to leave the city--"We live uneasily in this consumer culture. We don't find many words for the ways it coarsens and cheapens us." (p.3) To live a fulfilling close-to-the-earth desert life: "After all the ways I have been discounted or discounted myself--as a child, as a woman, as a lesbian, as a Jew, and now moving towards old--I find myself healing from the desert's measure of life." (p.32) "I love living with less of the false power I had in cities." (p.78)

Life with nature is full. "Until I put down roots here I never felt the laughter bubble from my diaphragm just looking out the window at a mountain golden in the morning light, just knowing myself alive and connected to a world that generously includes me." (p.34)

Life is joyful and political. "Joy, not simple contentment, is a revolutionary act." (p.34)

Life is in context. "This is the first place I have lived year-round where I am constantly informed that I belong on earth no more and no less than any other species." (p.77)

Life is basic. "Like an aging dyke, the desert thrives by stripping off what's unessential, merely display for others." (p. 27)

Every page is alive with connections and understandings. Cynthia Rich expresses so well how our spirituality and our politics are a way of life. A way that can and does change us and the world around us. Cynthia touches, affirms, informs and inspires. What can I say? I really like this book.

Jae Haggard

Letters

Dear Word Weavers and MAIZE readers,

Happy Spring Equinox. May we plant many seeds that will nurture body, soul and spirit.

OASIS moved to Guadalajara, but now has a garden in pots on the patio. For very hot climate pots are great for plants, as they contain the water better. With two little terraces (patios) where seeds are sprouting, city life is fine. I actually love being with more lesbians, going to film and women's dances.

OASIS is sharing space with the lesbian group Patlatonalli and there is much work but great womyn, very active. On March second was the opening of the lesbian "local" with more than seventy people present.

That weekend was also a workshop for lesbians about health. The telephone is staffed daily (mon-sat) 5-8pm. Workshops, cafeteria, making a radio program, publishing lesbian info, etc, are all planned in Patlatonalli. I support and am busy with the library/cendoc feminista as well as my art and "garden". What is urgently needed for the lesbian group Patlatonalli is fundings or any leads to fundings. Money for rent, for the telephone, for publishing. Any support is more than welcome.

So asking you for economic support is my little Spring Equinox seed that I hope will sprout and bear fruits. What goes around comes around. May abundancy be in our lives.

Blessings,
for OASIS,
Safuega

For more information please enclose \$1 for postage costs.

OASIS para mujeres/for women
apartado postal 1-623
c.p. 44100
Guadalajara, Jal, Mexico



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

Dear Maize,

In the winter issue Anne Martin recommended Real Goods Trading Co. in Ukiah. Their sourcebook may be good but I would never recommend dealing with them-- their prices are exorbitant and their integrity is questionable. I buy all my stuff from Pete at 3 Day Solar, Box 23, Calpella, CA 95418. His prices are much lower and he's trustworthy.

Moonshadow Ranch is doing well, I'm still raising pigs, and planning to build a cabin this summer. Any women who'd like to come and help are more than welcome! I also plan to build a concrete swimming pool which will double as an irrigation water holding tank, as I've just put in an orchard. I now have a well and a pump running on solar panels.

Love and power to all those dykes out there, and keep up the good work at MAIZE.

Ann Brander
Moonshadow Ranch
11101 Eastside Rd.
Ukiah, CA 95482

Announcements

MONOGAMOUS, SELF-MOTIVATED, CLEAN AND SOBER

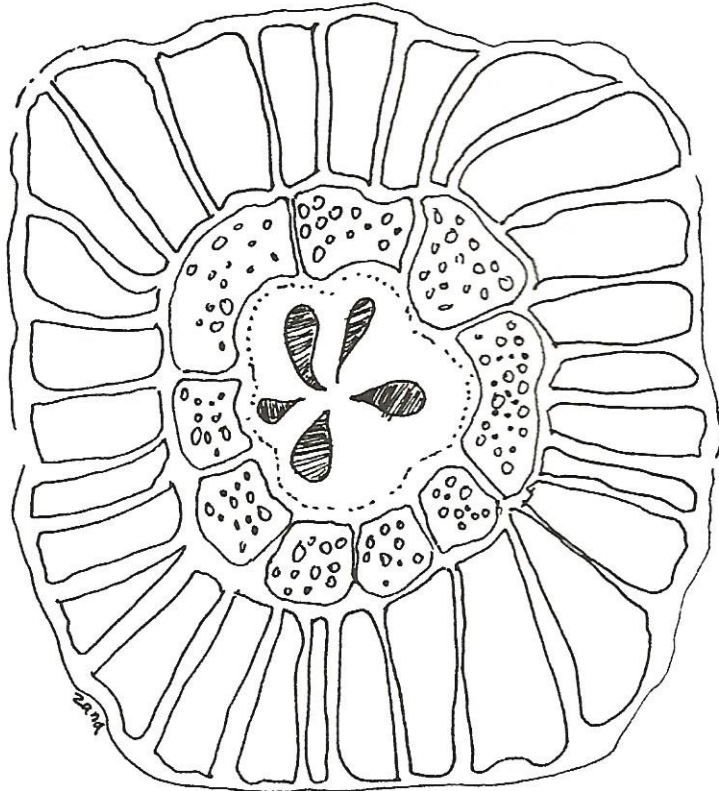
Lesbian couple seek the sun! Want to live near ocean in Florida, Hawaii, south Texas or tropical U.S. territory. Interested in living near/with lesbians. Possibilities include buying land for our mobile home, buying house adjacent to others and/or being in a lesbian retirement community. Must have ready access to electricity, running water and phone. Write E.L., POBox 4367, Boulder CO 80306.

JUANA PAZ IS AT TWIN OAKS COMMUNITY.

She seeks wimmin's land close enough to visit or support and wimmin to visit her at Twin Oaks (visits can be up to a week or so). Phone 703-894-5787. Rt. 4, Box 169, Louisa, VA 23093.

VALLECITOS RETREAT offers studio rooms in a spacious old adobe house for artists and writers to work in a supportive quiet atmosphere. We are open to professional artists and writers, and also to those who do not have time in their everyday lives to focus on their own creative work. We are located in a beautiful mountain valley seventy miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Please contact Elizabeth Esquer or Gina Covina at 505-582-4226 for rates and info. Or write to us at Box 226, Vallecitos NM 87581

DOE FARM CARETAKER(S) WANTED. Meet fascinating womyn from all over the world. Come and live rent-free at beautiful DOE Farm as a summer resident worker for Wisconsin Womyn's Land Coop. DOE Farm is a cooperatively owned and run farm, campground and lodge situated on 80 acres of rolling dyke land. Job description: 15 hours of work per week required, weekend work included; orient campers and lodge guests, disperse mail, collect fees; maintain campground and lodge; maintain and mark trails; basic repair and upkeep of structures; other duties which may arise via the Coordinating Council. Benefits: Housing (two trailers or tenting available) and utilities; organic garden space; pets ok; peace, quiet, and beautiful sunsets. Write: WWLC, Rt. 2, Box 42, Norwalk, WI 54648. or call 608-269-5301



zana
tucson, arizona:

SEPS: PUBLICATION FOR LESBIAN SEPARATISTS ONLY since 1986. Going stronger and stronger! Ask a Lesbian Separatist how to get in touch with us.

ASTRAEA: NATIONAL LESBIAN ACTION FOUNDATION awards grants to organizations to fund projects which work to eliminate all forms of oppression. The newly established Lesbian Writers' Fund awards grants to individual writers. 666 Broadway, ste 520, New York, NY 10012.

OPEN MEADOWS FOUNDATION is a national funding organization for women's projects. Applicants must have tax exempt status or a fiscal sponsor that is tax exempt. POBox 197, Bronx, NY 10464

ANTHOLOGY: I am looking for women who have healed themselves of 'incurable' or serious dis-eases by holistic/ self-healing methods. Diane Stein, 5119 17th ave. so., Gulfport, FL 33707. Please enclose sase.

ANTHOLOGY: Women with immune system disorders, rheumatoid arthritis, lupus, endometriosis, chronic fatigue, MS, asthma, allergies, environmental illness: submissions sought for anthology of women's experiences living and coping with these illnesses. *Canaries in the Mine*, 75 Hartford St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Response with self-addressed stamped envelope.

ANTHOLOGY: We are looking for poetry, fiction and nonfiction by and about Lesbian batterers to be included in an anthology about Lesbians overcoming abusive and violent behavior patterns. Vincenza Baldino and Morgaine Wilder, 2260 Market St., San Francisco CA 94114

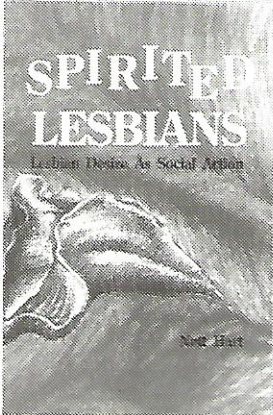
COLORADO Lesbians, Dykes, Queers, Butches, Femmes, Spinsters, and Women-Identified-Women! I'm interested in finding out about the history of Lesbians in Colorado during the 1940s, 50s, and early 60s. Your story is important. Katie Gilmartin, POBox 1246, Nederland, CO 80466. 303-258-7060

FOURTH ANNUAL LESBIAN SEPARATIST CONFERENCE AND GATHERING will be held in south central Wisconsin, August 29-Sept. 2, 1991. Five days. Play, talk, argue, spark new friendships, renew old connections, and have fun for a change! Sliding scale registration fee: \$110-175 (scholarships available, write for info). Burning Bush, POBox 3065, Madison WI 53704

SIXTH ANNUAL WOMYN AND WITCHCRAFT: Developing Dianic Wicca Conference will be held Aug. 29-Sept. 1, 1991 in central Wisconsin. DDW6 c/o RCG, POBox 6021, Madison WI 53716

WOMAN'S WORLD POBox 655, Madisonville LA 70447. Write for information about lesbian lands and following your dreams about country or small town living with women in community. What are you looking for at this time of your life that country living might provide?

Word Weavers
 BOX 8742
 Mpls., MN 55408



SPIRITED LESBIANS
 Lesbian Desire As Social Action
 by Nett Hart

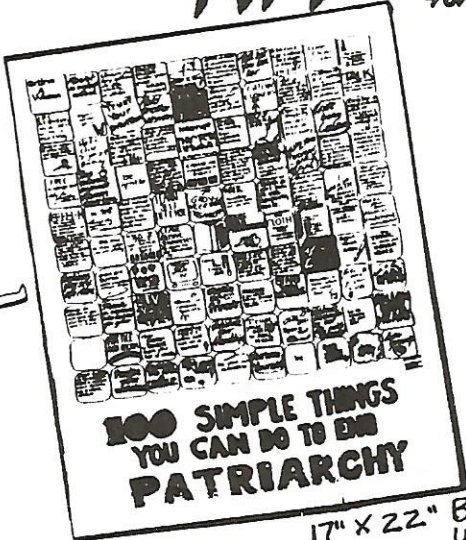
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