

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

WINTER 9992



At dawn she went to the ridge to wait

Anahita 9991

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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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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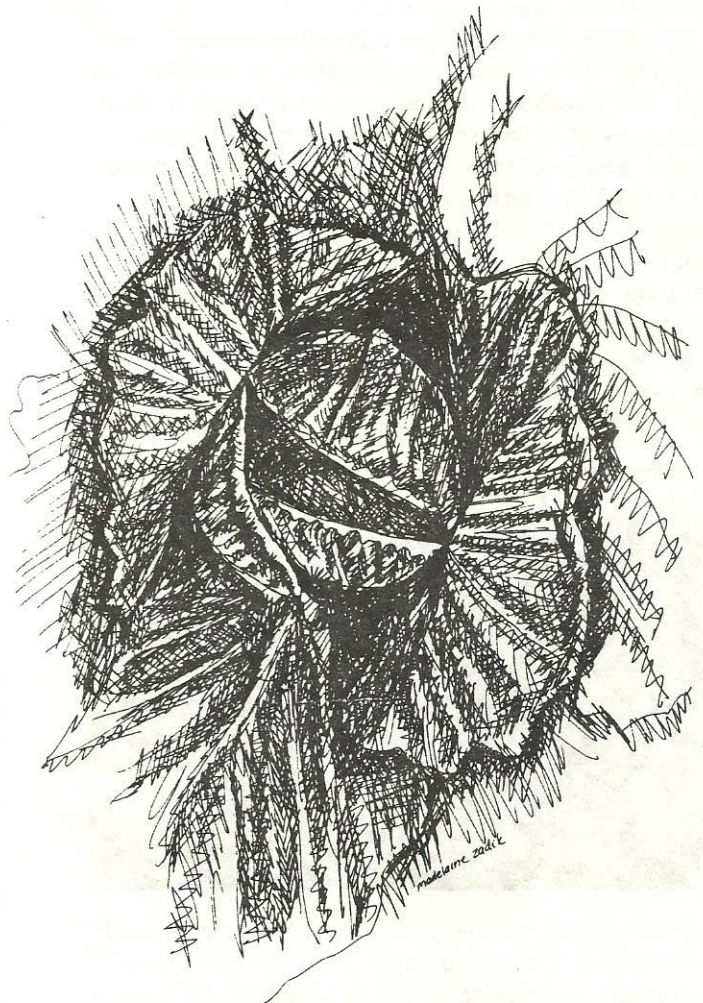
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Madelaine Zadik
Northampton, Massachusetts

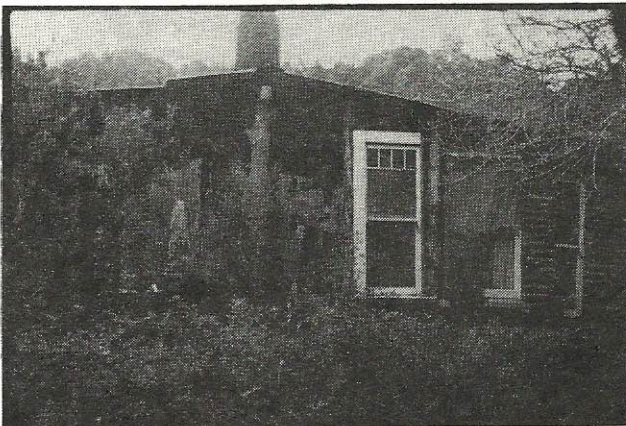
ON THE LAND

URINUI, TARANAKI
AOTEAROA

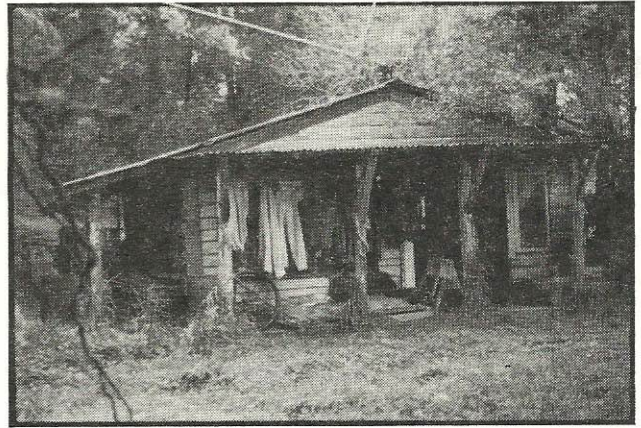
Kia ora,

We are three vegan sober lesbian separatists living on lesbian only land in Taranaki, Aotearoa. We have about 20 acres of land here, with about 2 acres in gardens and orchard and our whare (sleeping house) and kitchen. The rest of the land is native bush, regenerating bush and a few acres of pine trees. Under the pines (*pinus radiata*) the bush is also coming back. This land had been grazed for possibly over 100 years before Cilbey and me arrived here 6½ years ago and it's a relief for us to be able to keep the grazing animals off our land and let the plant life grow undisturbed again.

We have a moderate climate here, very wet and it doesn't get too cold, over 100 inches of rain a year and a few frosts over winter. We are trying to become self-sufficient in food, clothing and building materials. So far we've nearly got the food part organised, clothing material is growing and we use the pine trees for building and firewood. Because of the climate here we are able to grow a large variety of foods, all the year round. A number of our fruit trees we've grown from seed, avocado,



Our kitchen, pine poles with corrugated iron roof. Cilbey on left, me (Raewyn) obscured on right. Some garden in front, and bush in the background, over the other side of the valley. (October '89)



Our whare (sleeping house) scuse the mess, it's washing-drying day and it had been raining. There's a grassy area in front and gardens on both sides and at the back, and taro. Pine trees in background going up the hill, with natives underneath, mostly mahoe, a putaputaweta on the right of the whare. We filled in the front with doors and windows, added a veranda and also reroofed it as well as rebuilding etc. the rest of it. The untreated pine had lasted for 30 years-- there's still some quite sound in the roof and drier parts of the building. Needs to be kept dry and will last for quite a while. (October '89)

plums, tamarillo, apples, nectarines, peaches, apricots, citrus, sapote and chinese gooseberries. The plums, peaches and nectarines are all in flower at the moment and buzzing with bees and birds. It is the beginning of spring here at the moment and we are busy getting gardens ready to plant and starting our planting. We have yawiri (Maori potatoe) up already. so may be able to grow two crops this year. We garden organically and grow and make our own compost, but we do use seaweed occasionally we collect from the beach 10 miles west of here. There is no electricity or phone here and we cook on a woodstove mostly.

As well as being lesbian only, our land is also drug, alcohol and chemical free and have only vegan food here. It's a life we all enjoy. A little bit about each of us. I am Raewyn, a lesbian of colour with ancestry from here, Aotearoa, 30 years and a separatist for 8½ years, and a country dyke and have lived here

6½ years. Cilbey, my lover of 8½ years, is white, 34 years, separatist for 8½ years, a country dyke and lived here for 6½ years too, coincidence, eh. Yvette is white, 20 years, separatist, a country dyke and lived here for 6 months. That's about it, I hope all you in U.S.A. are having a good harvest, as we are doing our planting.

Kia ora koutou,
Raewyn, Cilbey, Yvette

SILVER CIRCLE SANCTURARY HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI

Silver Circle Sancturary is stocked for the winter eagerly awaiting that magical Winter Solstice celebration where we re-decorate the devas' sancturary. The garden's bright with a cover crop of winter rye grass. The trees raise austere naked limbs to clear winter skies. The sun warms my back as I sit at the kitchen table to write this. Passive solar is really a plus for fuel conservation. Our passive solar windows cut our fuel consumption in half even though we have many grey days down here in Mississippi in winter.

Ayla Heartsong is visiting again this winter though working in Memphis takes her away often. Trish will arrive for a short couple of weeks stay before they both go back to Wisconsin to set up their greenhouse and begin a third year of growing organic veggies.

A trip to Spirit Fest put us in touch with a couple of wimmin looking for a place to spend the winter, Mitru and Leigh. They are living in the yurt and doing work exchange. Our main project for the winter is the addition to my and Gwen's cabin, Cedar Place. We are doubling our space, a long needed addition.

Another visitor after Spirit Fest, Cyote, traveled to Merrill Mushroom's with us to celebrate thanksgiving with her and her family and friends among whom were the seven wimmin from Spiral Land. We surely enjoyed the visiting. An all wimmin's weekend followed at Mary B.J.'s Wit's End. Gwen and I brought the flu home with us so we've been in bed since. I'm feeling some better but Gwen's still spiking very high temps. So much for our jaunt out into the world, eh?

Gail

RIVERLAND BEAVER, OREGON

Big news!! Jeri moved into her cabin November 2! After six months, three building crews, and the work done by dozens of wimmin, the cabin is finished. We all learned a lot about the dos and don'ts of building construction and reconstruction. There was on-the-job training for insulating, electrical wiring, sheet rocking, and laying a floor. Jeri created a sculpture of milk crates which now provides steps to her sleeping loft.

Our newest ad in Lesbian Connection's winter catalog, "Have you Read Sonia Johnson?", brought heavy response from wimmin across the country curious about our community. We're still looking for wimmin to be a part of our intentional community. While we've had a lot of visitors and potential "permanent" residents, we are learning that it isn't rules that will make our community work, but *shared values*. Many of those values are metaphysical--the point of power is in the present moment, what you resist persists, take responsibility for your own behavior, what we give out we get back, do it now, be gentle with yourself, how you do it is what you get, trust your intuition, and so on. These are just a few gems from Sonia Johnson, Louise Hay, Sondra Ray, Shakti Gawain, and others.

It takes a great deal of courage and a strong yearning to move to wimmin's land. It's one thing to leave the city--it's another to leave male values behind. Are you still listening to the boys? TV, "news"papers, writers, musicians? Are you putting money in men's pockets through your consumerism? Are you giving them your energy? At work, through volunteerism? Are you caught up in the future or can you live in the moment? What will it take for wimmin to make the changes necessary to create a joyful, empowering, living environment for themselves???

We also think creativity is an important part of this community at Riverland. How we choose to spend our time determines the quality of our lives. The variety of choices in the city leaves little time for personal artistic express-

ion, but can you imagine the difference it would make in your life if you regularly connected with your creative self? Guess what! You have *all* the time you need! Just take it!

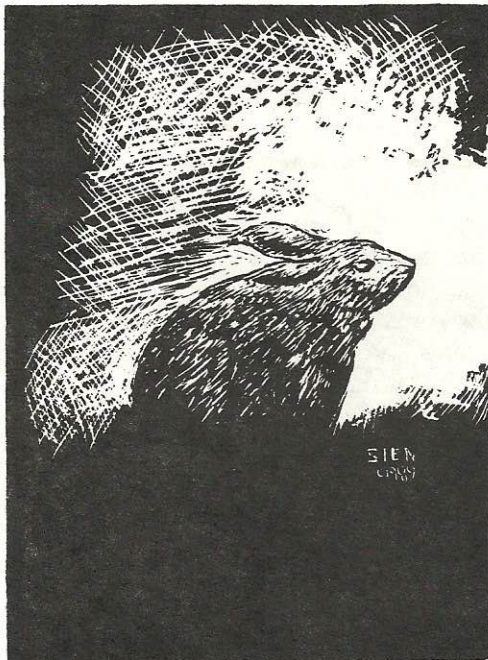
from the newsletter
PO Box 156, Beaver, OR 97108

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH TUCSON, ARIZONA

SAGUARO SISTERLAND

We did it! We've bought our first sisterland! It's a short way outside Tucson, in the Sonoran Desert, which is the only place on earth where the giant saguaro cactus grows. We're lucky to have three of these magic saguaros on the two acres we bought, so we decided to name the land in honor of them.

Saguaroland was one of those cases of knowing it's the right place immediately. The previous owner put a lot of love into it, planting trees, putting in a rock-walled garden and hot tub, adding onto the house, and putting up another small living space. There is also a travel trailer, a large metal barn, and metal storage sheds. A good start for a small community!



*Shoney Sien
Santa Cruz, California*

We had hoped to buy more acreage, but the money we were able to raise wasn't enough to buy more land and also get utilities. Those of us with immediate need for housing needed utilities because of being disabled and/or having children. We were delighted to find this small plot that actually seems larger than we would have thought two acres could feel. By buying it in two parcels, we can add another house and still be in compliance with the zoning regulations of this rural-suburban neighborhood.

Currently we're very busy getting the land ready for its residents. SHE is buying the land, so it is Land Trust Land. Saguaro Sisterlands is a land group which will be leasing the land from SHE. Alien, zana, and Debby, who are also SHE members, as well as Myra, the daughter of Alien, will be the first permanent full-time residents of this land group. Planning to be there part-time are Earth and Mary-Frances. Michele and daughters Chantal and Olga are considering living there part- or full-time.

Saguaro Sisterlands have decided that their primary focus will be on providing accessible space for lesbians with mobility and/or allergy/chemical sensitivity disabilities. Other disabilities will be accommodated as well as possible given the limits of energy and resources. Saguaroland is also committed to housing low-income women and developing the land in ecologically sound ways. A visitor sheet will soon be available. To receive it, or if you have questions, please send a long SASE to : Saguaro Sisterland, 12101 W. Calle Madero, Tucson AZ 85743. The phone is (602)883-9085. Because of the small size of the land, you will have to reserve space in advance if you'd like to visit.

If you live in the Tucson area or plan a visit, come work with us getting Saguaro Sisterland fixed up and into full operation! We'll be having many work weekends in the months ahead. All levels of skill and physical ability are needed. If you're willing to help, we have something you can do! So far, our work weekends have felt great.



Shoney Sien

We've been extra energized by the knowledge that we aren't just doing this for today's community, but for future Saguaro Sisters as well. Call or write Saguaro Sisters or SHE and we'll let you know when the next work party is happening. (We're glad to have individual workers at other times too!)

OTHER SISTERLANDS

A group of wimin of color and allies in California, Arizona, and New Mexico seek to establish wimin-of-color-determined land trust land. To contact them, write Loba and Michele c/o SHE. To donate to that project, make checks payable to Sister Homelands on Earth, specifying that they are for Wimin of Color Land.

If you own land and would like to safeguard it for wimin of the future, write us for more information about SHE. We are developing a model lease agreement and will work with you on the legal details if you want the land to become part of SHE right now. Willing the land to SHE is another option.

MONEY...

...money, money, money. We wish we'd win the 10 million dollar sweepstakes and not have to keep asking wimin for funds. We know money is scarce for many wimin. An organization like SHE does have to rely on wimin's money, though--men are not going to pay our bills! And the fact is, we're barely covering operating expenses, even with several of us loaning SHE virtually all of our personal savings (and we are mostly wimin living on disability). So if you can spare a few more bucks, send 'em this way...

Other ways to help:

- *legal advice
- *do grant researching, writing
- *accountant services, advice
- *help with work at Saguaro Sisterland
- *computerizing our mailing list
- *hold fundraisers

zana

from the newsletter

SHE, POBox 5285, Tucson, AZ 85703

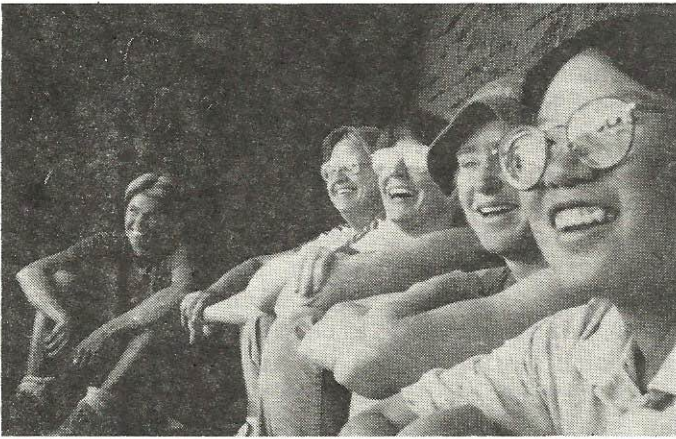
WHITE ROCKS HOMELAND WILLCOX, ARIZONA

I started payments on this land about four years ago and have just recently moved here. I'm in the process of building a small shelter and getting in a garden for the winter. I'm enthralled with the land, hilly desert with century plants, yucca, mesquite, prickly pear cactus and many small wildflowers at different times of the year.

I am one woman living on 38 acres. There is room here for a couple more. I'm living simply with no electricity or running water. There is some water on the land during certain times of the year. I'm open to women coming and enjoying the land. The road into the land is rough so to bring you vehicle in it must be fairly high off the ground, trucks or small cars. Other arrangements can be made if you have trouble with the road.

I have no telephone and can be reached by mail. My address is POBox 231, Willcox, AZ 85644.

Earth
from the SHE newsletter



Bev, Kathe, Jeanne, Carol, Tze-Hei

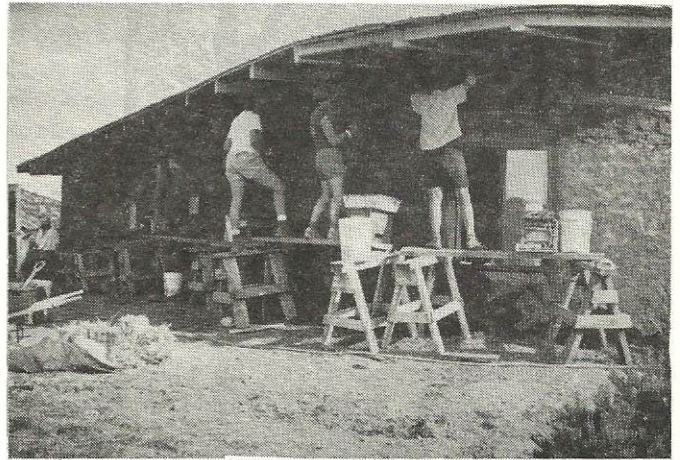
Spreading plaster is an ideal work-weekend project. It's not fussy and every woman can find her own favorite way to spread it, which of course we do. After the walls are swept down and dampened, mud is thrown, spread by hand, or pressed in by any number of different sized trowels. Some women prefer the faster lower expanses, others play squirrel on the scaffold tucking clay into corners around vigas (roof beams) and roofing. Plus, by the end all of us are decked out in clay too.

LESBIAN LAND SERAFINA, NEW MEXICO

Equinox signals autumn as the Earth moves into another cycle--ever so obvious as the land and air change, the birds migrate. Fortunately here in northern New Mexico it also means the end of rainy season and a bunch of clear beautiful days ahead. A good thing since for Dykes who are building, equinox also means we'd better wrap up the construction in the next few weeks.

Our focus on this land for two years now has been building spaces for more Lesbians to live. Five of us plus friends have worked all summer building adobe rounds for two more Dykes. By the end of September we have the roofs on, but have not started floors, plastering walls, or finish work. Oh my, rather a lot to do. Since we haven't taken time to have a gathering on this land yet, we all decide that a mud-plastering weekend might be a great way to get much done, share skills, socialize and bring Dykes together.

The second weekend of October, 18 Dykes gather here--coming from Albuquerque, Santa Fe, ARF, Colorado and points in between. A time to eat veggie meals, talk, renew friendships, meet new women. And do we plaster--tons, literally, of red clay, sand and straw are mixed in our much-used gas-powered mortar mixer. 4 parts clay, 1 sand and 1 broken straw makes a fine first coat of traditional mud plaster for both exterior and interior walls.



Photographs by Jae Haggard

An amazing weekend. The entire outside done--some 1000 square feet of plaster surface $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch thick--and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the interior. Wow! We mixed, wheelbarrowed and spread at least 12 yards of clay and sand--that's well over 12 tons. Puts another dimension on what Dykes working together can do. It was a truly amazing experience for us all. So much done and in such good spirit. Plus a nice balance. We all ate, soaked and told stories Saturday night. We stopped plastering at noon on Sunday leaving many hours to talk, walk the land, hot tub, eat and play.

Now with solstice so near, the energy of that weekend remains in the casitas, with the land, and within us. Once again Dykes have come together to help each other, to make things happen, to build Lesbian space and community.

Jae Haggard

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY, COMPASSION AND COMMUNITY

By Nett Hart
Foreston, Minnesota

The visitors. It's part of what I like about being a land dyke. Most of the weekends are spoken for and often weekdays as well. Nobody drops by for a cup of tea. Visitors come for a whole day and most stay over at least one night. I'm 1½ hours out of the city, but a world away and the long visits reflect a perception I share that it takes a while to really get here.

Not all my visitors are close friends. Lots of dykes who call asking to visit for the weekend have homes I'll never be invited to. I don't advertise as a resort or vacation place. I do welcome dykes to visit and there is no shyness even on the part of total strangers. Some visitors ask to stay a week, a month. Some come willing to work. Some bring food. Every country dyke knows how it goes.

I like life on the land and I want as many dykes to share that as possible. I want dykes to visit and find new resources within themselves to resist patriarchy. I want dykes to visit and decide they could choose this life. I want this place where I home and wild myself to be open to others to do the same. I want dykes to see the reality of life on the land and flesh out my context, to place this life choice in reality, not fantasy. This life is a political act, a boycott of as much patriarchy as possible, a self-loving choice, not a sacrifice. In this it is healing: healing my Lesbian self, healing the connection between dyke and nature, healing the earth.

This is what visiting dykes say when they call. They need to get away. They need to be in the country. They need to heal. I know it's true. I keep saying, come. The land is here whether or not I am.



*Tee Corinne
Southern Oregon*

Even friends who come to visit are often out of center. Would they be surprised to know that I have those days, too, here in eden? I don't deny it. Yet there is something in the stresses here that seldom undermine my agency. If something is broken I fix it, even though land dykes are not automatically endowed with innate mechanical ability. If it is the need to respond to the season, the weather, it is all a part of the life here. And although I work long and hard, I work at my own pace.

What does it mean to live where there is a flux of visitors that come for healing, for finding their center? How can we live our lives, make available the space for healing, and not get personally exhausted dealing with so many wimmin? How can we remain centered when we witness so much turmoil in a succession of visitors that it becomes routine?

I need certain things for my centeredness. I need time alone in the woods, time alone with my projects. I need a certain continuity of land work that assures the harvest will happen before frost no matter how many dykes have emotional crises here. I need to live my values, specifically my disengagement from the patriarchy, without having to answer to visitors why I am vegan, why I have no TV, why this is chem-free, pet free, male free and violence free space.



Tee Corinne

Visitors who come for healing usually have no shortage of leisure time and yet their concept of healing is idleness, and believe that idleness can be found in the country, you know, idyllic. I have even been "confronted" by such wimmin for working too hard, which must mean, disturbing the romance. The labor I do is directly related to my wellbeing and that of my guests. I do a lot of things I want to do. I do some things that need doing, but I recognize that not everything on the list is ever going to be done and I'm at ease with that. Where does the assumption come from that healing to the self takes place in an absence of action, that only when free of all work responsibilities can we be healed? From the land I have learned that work creates a relationship, that in the daily reproduction of our lives splitting wood and cutting hay, digging in the earth and gathering wild fruit we find a rhythm that puts the self into perspective. What we can share with our healing-seeking visitors is the rhythm of that work, projects that concretely provide food or shelter or medicine.

And what is to be done about the wimmin you have accomodated in your home who in turn are inhospitable to other wimmin who have come for many of the same reasons? Can we expect that in creating an abundance of space to be Lesbian that the largeness of this vision will open others to it? This is a source of much disappointment to me as I often have overlapping visitors and it is the rare visitor who in seeking solace, offers solace. We cannot wait until we feel "healed" to become compassionate beings. Community begins in taking one another where we are now and that includes accepting ourselves as makers of community even as we are healing.

I make no claims to be a simple person, but I endeavor to make simple my life. The fewer ways I engage the patriarchy, the better I succeed in that simplifying. I am anti-consumerist because consumerism wastes the earth's resources, exploits the most economically vulnerable peoples worldwide and encourages the system that is killing all life. Visitors bring consumer habits not only in the form of designer clothes for outdoor wear (I



Tee Corinne

can't ask them to get dirty in *those!*) but also to the relationship with the land, "taking" pictures, planning one-day spiritual quests, overpicking wild plants. As westerners, part of our healing is an end of consumption, an end of seeing the universe as available for our use. If my visitors, in seeking healing from this environment, consume rather than create this relationship, then they could have this experience anywhere. How do we emphasize the discontinuity of Lesbian land with the patriarchal mind without seeming to make endless rules? I know I am not responsible for the quality of any visitor's experience, yet I need to remove my life and my personal presence from the shelf of consumables.

And this might be the core of my question. Beyond my social needs for Lesbian community, I believe in offering my home and myself to Lesbians in need, especially when that need coincides with what I have to offer. I do not want to be compensated for my time. I don't really want to be given time in the city in

return. I want to be in relationship to these visiting dykes, to have an acknowledgement of the community we can make by being together in this world apart. This community happens when the romanticizing of the country stops and the connections begin, when the noise of our expectations and fantasies rests so that our harmonies can be heard. These rhythms are deep, primeval, yet knowable. They are the relationship of woman to woman as well as woman to earth. This is what is healing and we know it.

But this healing comes with a claim. The connections once acknowledged have a hold on us, have a necessity that we maintain them because to deny these connections is to deny what we may be. This is what is so threatening about the land that it must be romanticized. This is wilderness as we are. This nature is *our* nature, uncivilized, uncivil. We come for healing but we are offered health, a whole way of life that is not compatible with the way we are accustomed to living.

And so the land dyke becomes part of that romanticized other. We open our homes and our hearts to women over and over and yet feel isolated, not by our solitude but by the distance dykes keep from this life. We are not the fringe of the movement but its very heart. We are not throwbacks to some idealized way of life but dreamers of sustainable life *now*. We are escapees, to be sure, but not escapist as in the numbing fantasies and diversions of city life. We are escaping patriarchy by building and living Lesbian community. This is political work that rivals the most strenuous leafletting. Putting Lesbian community at the center of our new world making is more radical and more change making than any coalition to which we could direct our energies. Lesbian land is a lived politic. And this is the invitation I extend to city dykes. Not that they "get away" for a weekend so that they can go back with renewed vigor but that they come for the healing they speak of. Life on the land offers a wholeness, not a relic or a retreat, but a life with our Lesbian selves at the center.

Come.

POISONED WATER

By Kathe Kirkbride
Ribera, New Mexico

I have come to the conclusion that the water that flows through the pipes in cities has unadvertised additives that cause various urban characteristics to be acquired by all who imbibe. This discovery has become apparent to me as I have gone through detoxification in the year that I have been free of city water. The symptoms are easily recognized in others and oneself once the toxicity begins to diminish.

City folks have compulsions about time. I used to pride myself on my watch beeping precisely on the hour according to the giant clock in the sky. As I attended meetings with others similarly afflicted, I would smirk superciliously as their watches beeped at the wrong time. Promptness is another manifestation of this compulsion. It takes considerable attention to business to always arrive at the designated hour when freeway traffic, muggers, and blinding smog interfere with getting to one's destination. In order to arrive at the appointed hour I always added 50% extra travel time and would lurk in my car if I were early, to then precisely arrive on time. Since my detoxification, I know when it is morning, noon and evening because the sun moves and my stomach growls. My watch lies forlornly silent somewhere (I disabled the beeper); I looked for it a couple of weeks ago but was unable to locate it.

Another symptom is that of talking a lot and listening very little. There was so much to be said and so many people to tell that there was no room for us to listen. Besides, who could possibly hear what anyone else was saying over the clamor of the metropole? Now that my system is on its way to purification I find that sometimes you have to listen a long time for some people to say anything, but it is well worth the wait. When meetings are scheduled, it is understood that you bring your sleeping bag because it sometimes takes days to finish the agenda. A by-product of all this attention to the sounds of life is an

awareness that the animals city folk only see in books also make noises. Birds sing or are raucous if they are after our pinones, crickets chirp, snakes rattle (thank goodness I was listening), and coyotes laugh and howl.



Jenna Weston
Ava, Missouri

Acquisitiveness of items unnecessary to sustain life is another infirmity. BMWs, large houses in the right neighborhood, designer clothing (I never manifested this symptom), jewelry, and vacations to exotic paradise were like the rash is to measles and just as plentiful. Depuration (and poverty) has brought this all to an end for me. Now the things of life that I seek to acquire are dry firewood, building materials (try the dump), steaming tortillas, and warm shirts. Granted, that hot-tub only marginally qualifies as a restorative after backbreaking work, but I'm not all healed yet either.

If you are a reader who has recently left the city you may recognize these maladies in yourself. Recognition of the symptomology is the first step toward restoration and...I'm sorry, I have to cut this short. A frozen pipe just burst which scared the cat who ran out the door and is being pursued by a coyote...ahhh--bucolic peace...

Kathe is a 2-stepping country dyke.

LETTERS

Dear Maize,

11-17-91

I am writing you as I travel along the Missouri countryside. For several weeks I have been reading Sonia Johnson's books (*Wildfire* and *The Ship That Sailed into the Living Room*) and considering her ideas along with others. Ideas about the patriarchy, freedom, integrity...

I moved to the Missouri Ozarks almost one year ago to date. Upon arrival I was, and still am, inspired by the beauty and possibilities of living on and near womyn's land. I also wrote MAIZE and expressed my feelings about this mystical Ozark womon-wonderland. ("From an Ozark Hill", Summer 9991).

Now one year later I find myself in a grieving place. At 27 years of age I have just realized I have been a captive in the patriarchal cage. Sure I have had plenty of choices, one of them being the opportunity to leave the city. I somehow thought that once I made this move the shackles and chains of patriarchy would just crumble and fall away. I do feel free and wild on this Ozark Hill. I also believe I earned my rite of passage having taken on the process of healing from incest and other forms of abuse. At last my long awaited freedom was upon me...

Today and in the past few weeks I question this freedom. I am angry and feel despair. I am writing now because I want ideas, hope, anything wimmin have to offer...Perhaps this upheaval comes in the form of my Saturn Return. I only know I feel as if I have seen the "Emperor" naked for the first time.

Patriarchy as I have discovered was a part of my family's enslavement. Thus throwing coals on the fires of abuse, power and control. I, as were most children, was not free in my home. My sexuality was owned, my spirit and creativity were caged and taught to obey. I also attended the public school system where the list of crimes against my womon spirit were endless. I made the choice to go to therapy and heal the childhood wounds. I made the choice to practice doing the opposite of what my education had brainwashed me to do. This meant acting and thinking creatively, taking risks, and following my intuition...

Now however as I sit and write I have the feeling that all I have done thus far is rearrange and redecorate the inside of my cage. I do have more freedoms as a result of some of the choices I have made, yet I am not free. I imagine a zoo. I see a monkey in a small cage and an elephant in an acre of pasture. I ask myself is the elephant any freer than the monkey? NO. The elephant may be happier with her spacious (in comparison) cage but she can only wander so far and the fences hold her captive. The elephant is me living in the country. The monkey was me living in the city.

Today my cage feels like all the rape, incest, poverty and homelessness around me. Today I begin to examine my options and name what cages me. The bars on my cage remind me of scarcity. Scarcity of money, of time. This is why I write to the Womyn of MAIZE.

In *Wildfire*, *The Chalice and the Blade*, and *The Wanderground* there is talk of womon societies like I dream of daily. These societies are gift giving societies. I know I moved to the land to be a part in the creation of some microcosm of this world. Yet what chains me is this struggle with the economy. The biggest patriarchal mind fuck I can currently identify. Like the elephant I have busted out of some of my trappings and have broadened the extent of my freedom. I have grown from therapy and healing work, I see choices and believe in my womon sisters. However this money trap is like a logging chain strapped to my leg and keeping me forever within patriarchal scrutiny.

I am able to see so clearly how it works. We must "earn a living" as Sonia puts it. Meaning we have to earn the right to live. I see what happens when we don't participate in this game. I know people die and starve and freeze for lack of being able to "earn" the "right" to live. I am for the first time really feeling the constraints of the economic "straight jacket." I live in a poor rural area of the Midwest. I have job skills and could work almost anyplace. However I choose to stay with my values and most "menstream" jobs are absolutely contrary to my values. I am trying to create a job I can do from my home. It

is moving slowly. I am also plagued with reoccurring depression resulting from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. This hinders my motivation and discipline on some days...I guess what I am trying to say is what's a woman to do?? Seriously. In the above mentioned books they discuss "gift giving societies". I WANT ONE NOW. I feel I have many gifts to give. I feel we all have many treasures to SHARE...

I do not know if I am making my point. I am trying to find out what wimmin are doing on their journeys out of the patriarchal abyss. Especially I am interested in what wimmin are doing financially. I did consider going on welfare so at least I would own my own time. I could then share with my sisters and enjoy the beauty of living without having to spend 30 to 40 hours a week "earning" the "right" to be alive.

I will look forward to any response anyone has to offer. I love the idea of these gift giving societies but I just don't see how to cross from the patriarchal cage to freedom.

Jackie Demeter
Ava, Missouri

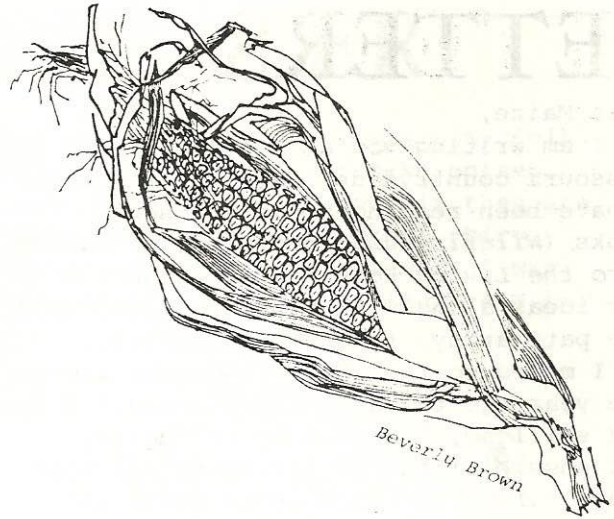
Bloo Gate
Women's Peace Camp
Bury's Bank Rd
Greenham Common

Dear Lee and MAIZE sisters,

We've enjoyed passing round the no.30 Fall issue of MAIZE and are pleased to see Cas's article in it. However, the 2 accompanying drawings are wrongly credited to Cas. They were in fact drawn by a Spanish woman called Patricia, who spent the summer at Bloo Gate and we would be pleased if you would print a notice to this effect in your next issue. The larger drawing was used as the cover for our Sept.'91 newsletter.

Solstice Greetings
Ray, Dido, Jane, Helen,
Jenny, Gaby, Julie

PS. Love the fact that you print in soybean ink!



ON MAIZE

MAIZE was created in 1983 by Beverly Brown in New York. She found subscribers and put out the first issue. When she became unable to continue, Word Weavers (Nett Hart and I) took MAIZE on, continuing the name and the style Beverly had initiated. The content is largely determined by the contributors. As "editor" I am more of an organizer, typing and laying out your offerings and mailing them off to you. Over the last four years I have performed this function from several locations, with all mail going through Word Weavers in Minnesota. Finally I believe I am settled enough to name New Mexico the home of MAIZE. So please send all articles, graphics, letters, subscription checks, etc. to MAIZE, POBox 130, Serafina, New Mexico 87569. (Word Weavers book and poster orders can still be sent to POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408.)

MAIZE is still a small magazine--we are "thin" (only 28 pages this time) and we have a small base of subscribers. We need more material--especially news of what is happening on Lesbian Land, how we're "making it", why we're not, what we're needing. There is a growing interest in going to the land, creating Lesbian culture--I want MAIZE to be one of our networking tools, a way we create that larger community of Lesbian Lands, so necessary to our survival. If you know of Lesbian Land communities that don't send in news or subscribe, please encourage them to become part of our network!

Lee Lanning

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

LESBIAN LANDS JOIN TOGETHER

By Jae Haggard
Serafina, New Mexico

Self-sufficiency. How to make it on the land, how to live on the land without having to work for someone else. Ideally without having to leave the land to make money.

Common to Land Dykes is simplifying our lives, becoming more and more producers rather than consumers, cutting down our expenses. Common to Land Dykes is reusing and recycling everything possible. Common to us also is getting out of a money economy as much as possible as we simplify, reuse, barter and exchange, and often just plain do without. We have in common trying to grow our own foods. We on land learn and do as much as we can ourselves and we help each other.

In other words, common to us is an attempt to get out of male money systems--the competition, scarcity, hierarchy, defining by money. We do so much. We live our ideals in so many ways. And yet, we all still need ways to convert our time, skills or creations into cash.

We're really creative in the ways we find to do that. There isn't a rural job, especially the seasonal wonders, that Dykes haven't done. Plus we do flea and farmer's markets, mail order, and other kinds of sales. We are crafts-wimmin, passing on our wares at Lesbian and womyn's gatherings. All of us are searching for ways to generate cash, especially in a Lesbian or womyn's context. And mostly we're doing it individual by individual and land by land.

I know all these things are part of my life on this land in northern New Mexico. And, we have one money-making project so far. We make and sell 100%

cotton Red River menstrual pads. It's almost to the point of paying the taxes and utilities. We need more "products" to raise money for other things and our living expenses. We have some ideas. What we really need is a market for these creations and other wares. We'd like that market to be Lesbians or womyn.

Several of us in this area--Lee, Kathe, Bev, Jeanne, Silvia, Lua and I (plus the ideas of so many other Dykes)--have been talking of alternatives to each wom or land individually trying to create or travel to markets. To find ways to join our efforts in finding markets and selling our wares. To set up a single simple-as-possible structure to serve many of the needs of all of us on land--whether a couple, group, intentional community or open land. We'd like to suggest that we Land Dykes come together and form some kind of really simple process/structure that any or all of us can use to sell the things we make. Or that we can use to sell our goods for each other.

Do you have any thoughts or ideas? Are you interested in joining with other Land Dykes to try to create a "system"? Are you or your group wanting or willing to coordinate these efforts? Are you a craftswoman who wants a percentage of other wim's product sales to help you get to more festivals? Are you a land group that wants a percentage as part of your own fund raising? Are you willing to go to a local festival with the wares from other lands if they will go to festivals in their area with your goods? What things do we need to think about? What are the potential problems or pitfalls? And how do we prevent or resolve them? Should it be for all Land Dykes or just communities? Should the sales be just to wimmin or general? What are other basic questions?

A few thoughts or possibilities to take off from:

*One Dyke or land becomes the "distributor" for all of us, taking our wares to all the festivals, showing them to bookstores, distributing some kind of catalog.

*A Dyke who wants to help pay her way to more festies takes our stuff and sells for a percentage or flat fee.

*Geographically, lands closest to a festival or gathering take and sell the wares for all of us. For example from New Mexico we send menstrual pads and weavings to Dykes in California who take them to the West Coast Lesbian Festival. We send our wares to Dykes in New England to take to the East Coast Lesbian Festival. To Dykes in the South to take to the Southern Womyn's or Gulfport. To Missouri for Midwest. They send their wares to New Mexico and we take them to Wimminfest.

*Lands alternate years or gatherings nationally or regionally.

*Each land prices its own stuff and is as clear as possible on price negotiation, and who we want the items sold to (wimmin-only, general). The selling group takes a percentage or a flat fee if there is no labor/selling exchange. Money can be sent immediately or when a minimum dollar amount is reached, whatever simplifies bookkeeping.

*Or lands can exchange wares in a fitting way and then keep all money to eliminate bookkeeping almost entirely.

*Using Dyke Dollars among ourselves or selling them (see MAIZE #30)

*Call ourselves, all that we do, a fundraiser for Lesbian Lands. Each land would still keep the money from its wares. Maybe this'll help us get a table at Michigan. (Any other Michigan ideas since they've gone so big-business?)

*We make a catalog to hand out or mail. Each land can print a page displaying our creations. We send these pages to each other and then collate and distribute in our own areas. Orders for wares can go directly to each land or to a central distributor.

*Or any combination or any other idea that seems workable and simple.

Needless to say there's much to be worked out and any of it can be done in any of dozens of different ways. Ways may even vary from land to land and festival to gathering. A key is simplicity, minimal bulky structure yet enough to inspire confidence and promote continuity. A key is trust in each other and a system that feels good to everyone, that feels fair. In order for it to work we must have confidence in ourselves, each of us, and the desire to make our and other lands economically self-sufficient. We need to be ready to do this. We need trust in each other to share the steps and work necessary to set up and function. To follow through with commitments to each other and the group. To pass along the monies or exchange wares in a timely and equitable way. To participate with good will in a context of Lesbian integrity. To be patient/accepting when things don't work out as well as hoped, when some other group's wares are successful and ours aren't or visa versa. To encourage newcomers or "beginners" whose wares aren't as finished yet as they might be. To speak and deal honestly with each other, yet in a respectful and caring tone. And on and on.

There is no question that we can do it, like we Dykes just do so many things. We plunge right in and do. We share ideas, skills and energy. It's one of the amazing things about Lesbian nation in the midst of our ongoing turmoils. I hope some of you are interested in talking more about this. Interested in helping make it happen. I don't have a great deal of time or energy right now but sure want to participate. Send your thoughts, suggestions, offerings-to-help to me and I'll make copies to send to other Land Dykes who are interested, a round robin. And I'll also get them together to put in MAIZE. I'd hope that at the least we can on a small scale try a few festivals this summer which means getting going soon to get applications in.

Hope to hear from you soon. It'll help to include phone number if you have. Also please pass this article on to other interested Land Dykes.

Jae Haggard
POBox 130
Serafina, New Mexico 87569

ON BEING AN ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY

By Tee Corinne
Southern Oregon

When I moved to rural southern Oregon in the late spring of 1981 I knew I was settling just exactly where I wanted to be. I had been visiting for five years, at different seasons, feeling my response to the area rise each time I came north over the Siskiyou Pass from California or down through the densely forested canyons from the north. I knew the climate was mild, but the seasons were distinct and the short winter could be quite cold. Plants grew here which also grew in Florida and North Carolina where I grew up.

In moving here I was afraid of feeling isolated. I had spent large parts of my childhood in rural areas and later had loved the excitement and cultural choices of being in big cities. The southwestern Oregon lesbian/women's community which I was joining had its origins in the early 1970's and centered around women's spirituality, networking events like dances and retreats, crisis support, and country living skills.

That first year I subscribed to ten lesbian/women's magazines and journals, publications which I had previously picked up in urban women's bookstores. The nearest women's bookstore was Mother Kali's in Eugene and that was two and a quarter hours away.

I had completed my master's degree thirteen years earlier and now was doing several book covers a year for Naiad Press and many of their publicity photos. The house I chose had a utility room which was easily converted into a darkroom.

In the summers Ruth Mountaingrove and I joined with other women to facilitate workshops called Feminist Photography Ovulars. These were held five miles from my house at Rootworks, land owned

by Ruth and her lover Jean Mountaingrove. In 1981 we started *The Blatant Image, A Magazine of Feminist Photography* at Rootworks. *WomanSpirit*, the magazine Jean and Ruth published and edited between 1974 and 1984 was a focal point for local creative activity.

I joined the SOUTHERN OREGON WOMEN WRITERS' GROUP a few months after settling in and found the women to be warm and supportive. Writing, which had been excruciatingly hard for me to do, began to flow easily. I started doing drawings of women as they sat in circles listening to one another read. The modified contour drawings in which I sometimes looked at the page, but more often didn't, filled notebook after notebook. Twenty-five of them were exhibited in the local museum. I made small, xeroxed, saddlestitched books out of them which were sold at the show. As Sherry Thomas of *Country Women Magazine* once said, "If you print 2000 copies, and sell 25 you're a failure. If you print 25 and sell 25, you're a success." Even when I did no other art work, I kept doing the drawings.

Over the years I developed a system of attending certain conferences to gain support and take photos of lesbian authors. The Women's Caucus for Art has been especially useful as well as regional and national Women's Studies Conferences and the American Booksellers Association Convention (for authors). Usually I attend two conferences a year.

I tried unsuccessfully a couple of times to start an artists' support group. Then a friend became director of the museum in the town nearest me which is twenty miles away. In conjunction with the local community college we started having Women's History Month Art Shows which produced catalogues and sponsored movies about women artists and panels of artists discussing their work. We also had a dinner at a local restaurant for

women participating in each year's show. During the events around one of these exhibitions (1989) a group of artists finally began to meet regularly.

Our focus is support, helping each other expand what is already being done, gain ideas for new work and find ways to show and publish our images. We bring books about women artists, magazines, calls for materials. And we bring a loving attention, rather than a critical gaze. Most of us know, if asked, what is wrong with our own work. What we need most is encouragement to go on doing it, to make it better, the best that we are able.

We live along a 180 mile length connected by Interstate 5 and a 50 mile spur down toward the coast. Four or five women come irregularly from Portland, at the northern end of the state. Car pooling and potlucks, along with the social warmth they offer, function in the way a local women's newspaper or radio program might: we share private lives, news, advice, and calls for help, so that the experience of long drives is integral to the networking and bonding which takes place.

We gather every six weeks, on a Saturday or Sunday, from eleven a.m. to four p.m. with a vegie potluck at midday. We meet in each other's homes. Sometimes, if the house has electricity and a slide projector is available, we share slides and information about how to take, mask, and prepare them for shows.

One of our members, Jemma Crae, organized a Women's History Month Art Show in the small city near her home, Steppingwoods. On panels at conferences Jan McLaughlin and I have talked about making art on a shoestring and finding encouragement in rural areas. Boa Snakewomon has started an annual craft fair which we hope will continue. Currently, as a group we're working on a small book of self-portraits combined with writings on our personal histories as artists.

The personal writings about being artists seem to me to help bind the group together, the way that sharing stories is the strength of consciousness raising groups and gives focus to recovery groups. It also produces narratives that can then be used to reach out to others who live further away.

Not all the lesbian artists in the area find it useful to come to our meetings regularly, but many will drop in periodically, bringing whatever they're working on.

A photo group started meeting in the spring of 1990. Photography, with its technical demands, can support a different kind of focus. Many women who don't think of themselves as artists, do take pictures. Sometimes we spend a whole weekend together, being in each other's pictures, sharing how-to information, images, books, ideas.

To me, encouraging photography augments the documentation of marginalized groups, which all lesbian communities are. Who is going to create a record of our lives, homes and events if we don't do it ourselves? The Southern Oregon Country Lesbian Archival Project (SO CLAP!) has begun gathering photographs and narratives about individuals and groups in this area. Along with the photo group, SO CLAP! is learning what needs to be done to preserve the record of our work, play, love, fights, laughing, and dreams made real.

Sometimes, some of us react with fear. "Don't tell people about us." "Don't let THEM know we exist, that we're here." Sometimes, some portions of our community feel more threatened or at risk than others. This risk is real. We are surrounded by religious hostility (fundamentalism is rampant here) and well-meaning ignorance. But we also have many friends in the larger community, people who know we are lesbians and who in various ways tell us, "You belong here. You're one of us, part of our community, too." "We care." Sometimes they also tell us that they have a lesbian/gay aunt, uncle, mother, father, sister, brother, daughter or son and our web of support grows.

Part of what makes creating art in the sticks so different is the lack of established galleries and financial support. It has made my connections to magazines like *Common Lives/Lesbian Lives*, *Sinister Wisdom*, *Gallerie:Women's Art*, *Calyx and Kalliope* even more significant. Their pages literally become my gallery walls, ultimately reaching many more people and leaving a more trackable record than the ephemera of gallery shows. I have, however, shown in most of the regional exhibition venues: university galleries, and community



Tee Corinne

art centers. My show called "Family", about growing up in an alcoholic family, has been seen all over the state. Jan McLaughlin has done the same with a series of paintings about the witch burnings, and Sierra Briano is now exhibiting works called "The Broken Hearted Butch Madonna".

I think it's also important that we relate to the major archives available to us: The Lesbian Herstory Archives in NYC, the June Mazer Collection in Los Angeles, the Gerber/Hart library in Chicago, the library and research collection of the National Museum of Women in the Arts and the Archives of American Art, both in D.C. One way I do this is to send them my xeroxed books, including one of art and writing about being molested as a child.

Living in the country my content is sometimes different than that of city artists. For instance, I've started doing studies of woodstoves in my friends houses, and photos of out houses and garden gates. These things are as characteristic here as Dykes on Bikes are to San Francisco or NYC.

"We are each other's raw material," Jane Rule, quoting Audrey Thomas, responded when I apologized for using her as the "Queen of Hearts" in a print. I think it's important to make each other and the lives we're living the subject of at least some of our work, strengthening the real and magical connections between and among us.

I think a lot of the ongoing strength of our groups: writers, artists, photographers, is in our openness to many different kinds of work. We encompass the making of earrings, oil paintings, doodles, pots, printmaking, drawing, weaving, sculpture, glass working. And we are gentle with each other. So many of us tell stories of an interest in art which was throttled by indifference or by a cruel response. I also think that magazines like *Maize*, *A Lesbian Country Magazine*, offer an important forum for communicating visually, for telling graphic stories and affirming the lives we are making and the culture which both lies under us and has ramifications far beyond our wildest dreams.

The Archives of American Art, 8th and F Sts NW, Washington DC 20560

Gerber/Hart Library, 3352 N. Paulina, Chicago IL 60657

Lesbian Herstory Archives, POB 1258, New York NY 10116

The June Mazer Collection, 626 N.

Robertson Blvd, West Hollywood CA 90069
National Museum of Women in the Arts, 1250
New York Ave. NW, Washington DC 20005

SO CLAP! (Southern Oregon Country Lesbians
Archival Project) 2000 King Mt. Tr.

Sunny Valley OR 97497

*Tee Corinne has just finished editing
The Poetry of Sex, Lesbians Write the
Erotic. Look for it around Valentine's
day in women's bookstores or mailorder
from the Lesbian Books catalogue of
Womankind Books, 5 Kivy St., Huntington
Station, NY 11746*

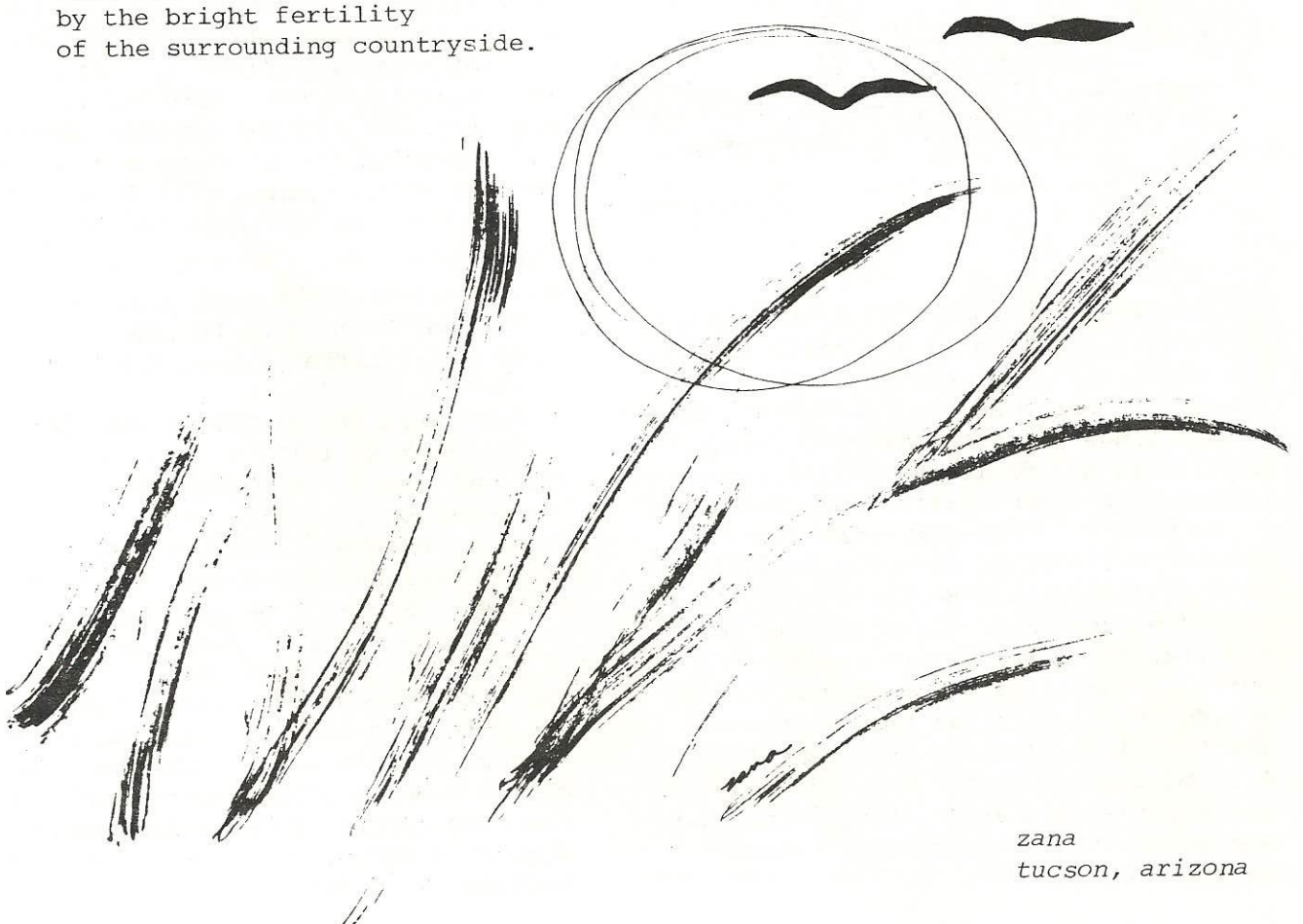
FIRST GREEN

By Lilith Lynn
Sebastopol, California
October 13th, 1984

Driving through the brown landscape
following the first autumn rains
I rake the hills with my eyes
searching, searching
for that first hint of winter green.

I love the California contradiction--
the verdant growth
that comes with the middle of fall
the green that just gets greener
the grass higher
as the days shorten
the skies darken.

I love knowing that the somber barrenness
of my garden--
the finished squash vine
blackened tomato
dormant rose--
will soon be diminished
by the bright fertility
of the surrounding countryside.



zana
tucson, arizona

RECEIVING BODYWORK

By zana
tucson, arizona

the other day a friend, on her way to a massage, expressed her doubts to me about bodywork.

"i have this pain in my back and it seems worse after someone works on me. i wonder if massage is really good for me."

i was glad she chose me to ask, since i have so much experience--not in giving bodywork, but in receiving it. since becoming disabled with arthritis 13 years ago, i've had a tremendous number of people work on me--masseuses, chiropractors, practitioners of jin shin do, shiatsu, polarity, etc., etc., etc. and i have learned that, whatever the method, there are ways the person being worked on can maximize her benefits. i passed some of this information on to my friend and now would like to share it more widely.

1. don't accept pain that feels bad to you. you yourself can tell if pain feels therapeutic or damaging. if you're not sure, ask for less pressure. i don't respect a bodyworker who insists the pain is "good". since i stopped getting bodywork from men, i haven't run into that attitude, but there may be women who hold it too.

2. there are ways to accept deeper pressure comfortably. one is to inhale deeply and have the bodyworker begin the pressure when you start to exhale. it's also very effective to let out a moan--as loud as you feel like--on the exhale. discuss this with your bodyworker and find out if you both feel comfortable with it. when receiving deep pressure i also visualize my flesh opening to the entry of her hands. one bodyworker often said, "you really let me in that time!" which helped me grow strong in using this technique and believing in it. using these methods i can accept more pain without tensing up.

3. tension defeats the purpose of bodywork. pay attention to tightness in your body. (if you get good enough at this, you won't need so much bodywork!)

what's causing it? if you're not accepting more pressure than you can without tensing, maybe it's emotional turmoil you brought into the session. try exhaling this as you are worked on. imagine breathing in clear air and exhaling the smoggy air of your distress. it may also be that you're shy about being naked. or maybe you have to pee, or want a drink, or are just a little bit cold. don't be afraid to interrupt the work and mention these things. a good bodyworker will want you to be comfortable. there's probably no reason why you couldn't keep some clothes on, have a blanket over parts of you she's not working on, or whatever. if emotions are coming up, you don't need to hide or repress them. go ahead and tell her you need to scream or cry.

4. breathe. keep breathing. use the deep breathing described above, or breathe slowly and rhythmically in your own natural pattern. being aware of your breath is a good way to enter a relaxed, meditative state during the bodywork.

5. avoid talking. the receiver of bodywork (as well as the giver, often) can fully enter right brain mode--intuitive, feeling--if not interrupted. talking puts us back into left-brain--logical, verbal, time-conscious. i believe you'll enjoy your bodywork on a deeper level if you stay in right brain as much as possible. this doesn't mean you shouldn't communicate about where it hurts or any other necessary information. it means that "hey, why don't you come over for dinner saturday" is going to separate your mental processes from what's going on with your body (and spirit). the most effective bodywork happens when mind, body and spirit link together to heal. this can benefit the bodyworker, too. she can actually end up energized from the healing forces that have run through her hands and this seems to happen more readily in a quiet atmosphere. (meditative music can be nice.)

6. begin drinking a lot of water during or right after the work. when i get massages that last an hour or so, both i and the masseuse usually rest in the middle (at the "now turn over" point) and have a drink of water or herb tea. i believe bodywork loosens up body toxins and fluids help wash them away. if you have to drive home, drink a big glass of water first. carry a water jug in the car. for the rest of the day, keep reminding yourself to drink a lot. i find this not only makes me feel better physically, but helps me stay in an inward, meditative state--a state of being in tune with my deepest self and what she needs for healing.

7. what do you feel most like afterwards? don't jump up if you're not ready. even if you're in an office, you can probably take a short while to lie still, maybe even doze. driving home used to be a problem for me. although i'm usually highly energized after bodywork, i'm still in a right-brain mode. it is actually painful (i get a headache) to force myself into the left-brained attentiveness required for something like city driving. living on wimin's land, i now am blessed to have available more than one bodyworker, living right here, who will come to my space so i don't have to go *anywhere* afterwards. if i still had to drive to the city, i think now i'd go afterwards to a park, sit alone in the car and write in my journal or eat a piece of fruit. i *wouldn't* follow up a massage with a bunch of other town errands!

8. try to stay still in body and quiet in mind. if possible, allot the *whole day* to bodywork and consider your time afterwards to be an important extension of the healing. this may be hard if you have little free time. do the best you can. the efforts *you* make help you get the most out of the bodyworker's efforts. a friend of mine, after her first massage ever, leaped up and carried the massage table to her masseuse's car. for the next several days she had excruciating shoulder pain, which actually laid her up and necessitated further bodywork. i myself have often felt like i was hit by a truck after bodywork. i'm still learning how to assimilate the changes gently.

if a part of your body has gotten far out of alignment, getting it back "in" is a big change. through slow, careful movement, you can help your body adapt more easily, with less pain. tell anyone you live with that you'll be wanting some quiet time. then nap, read, daydream, sketch (i often feel creative), meditate, whatever. if others understand what you need, they're more likely to respect that without feeling hurt. with children too young to understand, you are beyond my realm of experience--please share *your* creative solutions!

9. some quiet things to do are also good for your body: sunbathing (not at midday or to the point of burning); walking at a moderate, relaxed pace; bathing. my post-bodywork bath has become a ritual. I wait an hour or so, until i get the first few twinges of pain. (it feels like an internal battle-- muscles and bones asking, "are these new positions really good? weren't the old ones better?") then i prepare a full tub of warm or hot water, sometimes adding epsom salts or a strong tea of comfrey, rosemary, eucalyptus or other healing herbs. if it's dark i light a candle. i lie in the water quite a while, using a large shell to pour water slowly over my body, over and over again. i continue drinking a lot of water during the soak, and i use a brush or ayate cloth to invigorate my skin. after the bath it's sometimes very pleasant to crawl right into bed (even if it's not bedtime) and snooze or daydream awhile.

10. a hot bath *before* bodywork is favored by some. you may want to prepare for the experience in other ways, too: meditation, especially, or any of the other activities listed in #8.

11. what to eat? *don't* eat right before you're worked on. try to eat lightly for several hours before. after, try cleansing foods such as miso broth, fresh fruit, sprouts, salads. it's a good time to fast or juice-fast (using fresh, raw juices.) on the other hand, you may feel ravenous! if so, look for high-protein healthful foods to enhance your body's detoxification process. these might include organic nuts, seeds, grains and beans; fish or organically raised meat, eggs and dairy products; tofu and tempeh. if you want to binge

on sweets or alcohol after bodywork (or anytime), try protein instead. it may be what your body really wants.

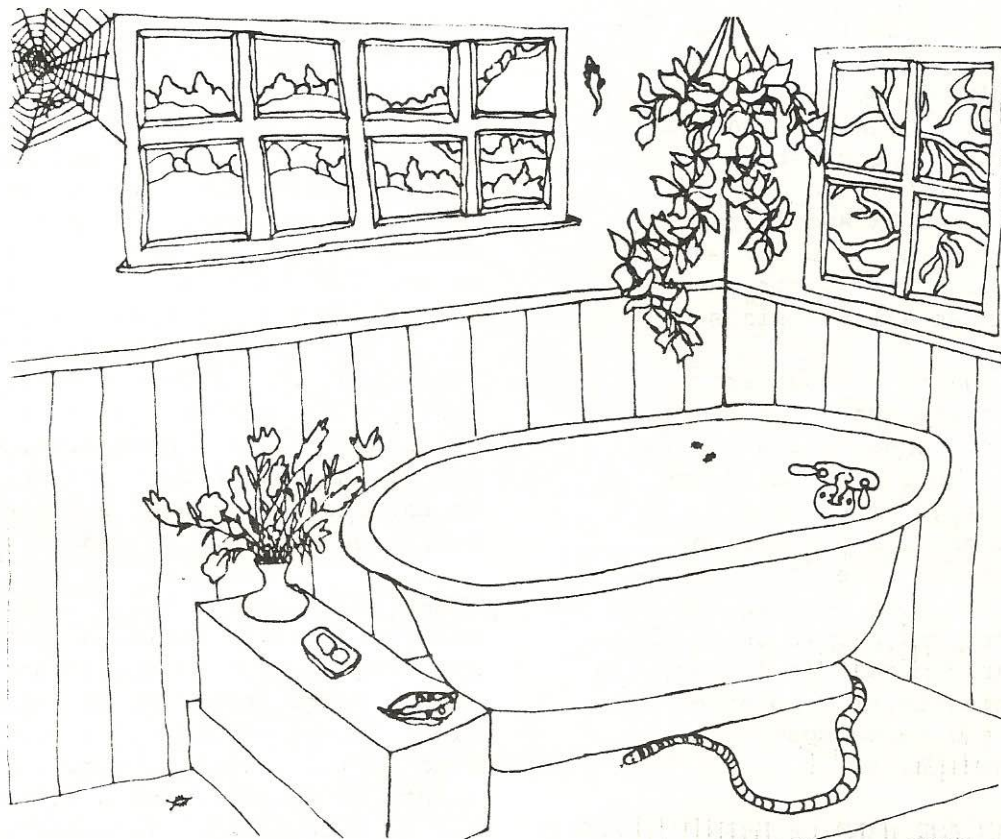
12. i hate to tell you, but after doing these things you still may not feel great after bodywork. maybe it was a particularly intense realignment. maybe the moon was in scorpio. at any rate, if you have a bad headache or muscle tightness at the end of the day, you may want to take an herbal relaxant such as camomile, catnip, scullcap, hops, passion flower, or valerian. (valerian should not be overused.) this will help you get a good night's sleep and wake up feeling better.

13. now--if you're eager to try bodywork, where to start? it can be tempting to get a cheap or free massage from someone who's learning, but that's not always a relaxing experience! for your first time, look for someone who knows what she's doing. ask friends who they go to. talk about your fears and your

needs--with the bodyworker and/or wimin she has worked on. if you'll be going to her house or office, ask her about anything that could be a problem for you. does she use scented oils? is there smoke or animal dander around? are there stairs? will men be around? discussing things beforehand is also a way to find out how easily the two of you communicate.

please share these ideas (and your own) with others who receive bodywork. bodywork is an extremely valuable tool in healing, and can be even more so when we take an active part in the process.

zana: one of my fondest dreams is moonifesting as i prepare to move to saguaro sisterland, near tucson, a land-trust community focusing on lesbians with disabilities and our allies.



J. Demeter
Ava, Missouri

PLANNING AN ACCESSIBLE INDOOR EVENT

Compiled by Lynn Zelvin of *Womyn's Braille Press* and Mary Frances Platt and Shemaya Laurel of *Women Creating Accessible Community*

Often the attempt to put on an indoor event that is inclusive of your entire community can feel like trying to re-invent the wheel. These suggestions are *some* of what we've learned in trying to create accessible culture.

T-SHIRTS: People come in many sizes but not so T-shirts. *All Texas T's* (1-800-367-2600) provides shirts in sizes 3X-5X. *Full Bloom* (303-733-6264) sells custom made super size T's up to 12X. Find out what colors are available in large sizes and use them so that all sizes have the same colors. Nobody we could find makes 100% cotton T-shirts larger than 5X. We suggest that you order shirts up to at least 6X and that you order 15% of the shirts in sizes 2X and larger. Consider *not* charging more for super size shirts, but rather distribute the added cost amongst all the sizes.

SEATING: Make chairs without arms available throughout the space for people transferring from wheelchairs and for those for whom the other chairs are too small or confining. If possible, it's a good idea to provide pillows and cushions off to one side where people who can't sit for long periods can stretch out. Make sure that people using wheelchairs have various seating options (in wheelchairs, transferring to other chairs, etc.) and leave spaces in circles for wheelchairs.

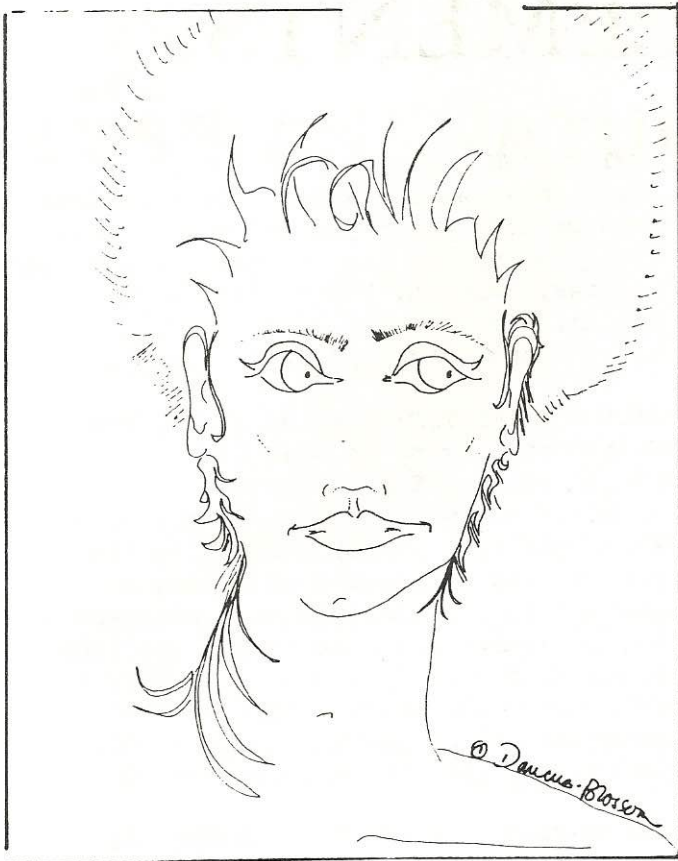
ACCESS FOR DEAF AND HARD OF HEARING PEOPLE: Provide sign language interpreting at all events. Provide oral and tactile interpreting upon request for hard of hearing

and blind/deaf women. For an event longer than two hours, you will need more than one interpreter. The interpreters should get texts (speeches, song lyrics, etc.) in advance. Advertise that you are providing sign language interpreters. Provide seating that is close to and in front of the interpreter. Check with the interpreter(s) regarding lighting. A national resource for finding interpreters is: *Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf* (301-608-0050)

PARKING: Reserve and mark extra-wide parking spaces, close to the entrances, for people who use wheelchairs or have other mobility related disabilities.

ACCESS FOR BLIND AND PRINT DISABLED PEOPLE: All print materials should be available in large print, braille and audio tape. No one form is a substitute for the other! Large print should be 16 or 18 point type with consistency in size throughout. Contact the *Womyn's Braille Press* (612-872-4352) for advice on how best to tape record materials or for help producing braille. "Close to the action" seating should be made available. For longer events, such as conferences, sighted guides can be offered. Brailled elevators, door numbers and signs provide more independence as do tactile maps of the event environment. Publicize what you provide!

WHEELCHAIR ACCESS: All internal and external spaces, including bathrooms and stages, must be wheelchair accessible. Doors should be at least 32 inches wide. Ramps should be no steeper than 1 to 12 (12 inches of ramp for every 1 inch of height), and seating should not be segregated. In other words, people who use, and people who don't use, wheelchairs should have access to the same spaces.



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

At least one bathroom should be wheelchair accessible. A wheelchair accessible bathroom is one in which a person in any type of wheelchair can roll into the stall, pull up next to the toilet seat and transfer from their wheelchair to the toilet seat by grabbing a bar to the left of and a bar behind the toilet. Toilet paper, door latches and door hooks should be at a reachable height. A wheelchair user should also be able to roll up to, and preferably under a sink, reach the soap, towels, etc.

ACCESS FOR PEOPLE WITH ENVIRONMENTAL ILLNESS OR SENSITIVITIES: This kind of access is very difficult because there are many variations among people with Environmental Illness (E.I.) or sensitivities. E.I. is a growing problem, and we hope that this is only a beginning stage in addressing it in our communities.

Here are some suggestions for producing an E.I. safer event. All flyers and press releases should ask people not to wear scented products. Have no smoking in the event or near entrances. Avoid serving coffee because even the scent can be problematic. It is best not to have any carpeting and to run air filters in the space beforehand. Keep non-working animals out of office, gathering, meeting, business and performance spaces.

Designate a separate E.I. safer seating section and ask people using working animals, people who are scented, or people who have smoke or animal hair entrenched clothing to sit on the opposite side of the room.

Ask the manager of the performance/event space not to use any cleansers for a couple of days before the event, and clean the bathrooms with baking soda instead. Make sure that the E.I. safer bathroom is wheelchair accessible. If there are soap dispensers, they should be covered with foil. You can provide unscented soap, baking soda for those who can't use soap, and unscented toilet paper.

Printed material can be done as much ahead of time as possible to allow the ink to become less scented, and printed T-shirts can be stored without packaging for the same reason.

In choosing a location for the event, avoid places that have been recently painted, renovated or pesticided. If you can avoid locations surrounded by heavy traffic and exhaust fumes, that's great too.

In both presentations and general set-up, avoid using candles, smoke or incense. If someone must use something that smokes in a sacred manner, include information about what will be used in all advertising and post it at the door so people can have the option of *not* attending *before* they become ill.

c 1991

For more information on anti-ableism workshops and access consultation, contact: Women Creating Accessible Community, 107 Brownell Street, New Haven CT 06511 (203) 397-2381 TTY/Voice

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LOOKING FOR PARTNERS/APPRENTICES/VISITORS
for organic, communal, consensus wimmins
vegetable farm. We are very flexible
about terms, etc. SASE to Luna Circle
Farm, Rt.1 Box 1200, Soldier's Grove,
WI 54655

LAND FOR SALE: 80 acres of pinon and
juniper covered northern New Mexico
land. Will sell all or part (20 acres
or more). Low down payment, will
carry contract. Located near Santa Fe
and lots of dykes. For more information
contact Kathe and Bev at Maricasa, Box 426,
Ribera NM 87560. 505-421-2710

THREE WOMEN MARTIAL ARTISTS in founding
stage of building a monastery/retreat
center in the mountains of Northern
California are looking for other hard
working visionaries. We've had our farm
for one year. We're looking for one or
two more residents, preferably with some
martial arts and collective experience.
Our monthly rent is \$300. each plus
utilities. Write for more information
to Young Forest c/o Coleen Gragen,
5680 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland CA 94608

SOMETHING SPECIAL'S 3rd Annual Lesbian
"Bizarre" invites artists, healers,
fast card dealers to participate--
March 22. Entry deadline Feb.14. SASE
7762 NW 14 Ct. Miami FL 33147-5771

WHERE IS NEW ZEALAND? I am a 27 year old
lesbian living in New Zealand. I would
like to correspond with lesbians living
in the U.S.A. All letters answered.
Please reply to: Gayelene Wright,
105B Salamanca Road, Kelburn, Wellington
6005 New Zealand.

CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS: Down to Earth:
A Lesbian Tradition in Gardening.
Why do you garden? Send essays, poems,
stories, narratives, line drawings,
black and white photos with SASE by
August 1, 1992 to: HerBooks, POBox
7467, Santa Cruz CA 95061

FORTHCOMING CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY:
Bloodlines: Writings By Lesbian Sisters.
Send writing about you and your lesbian
sister(s) and/or queries to: Jan and Lynn
Andrews, Editors, POBox 4273, Stn.E,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1S 5B3.
Before January 31, 1992.

CALL FOR ENTRIES: Forbidden Subjects:
Self-Portraits by Lesbian Artists.
Please send self-portrait(s) (slides
or black and white photos) along with
statement (1-3 pages) discussing the
process and importance of making a
self-portrait. Include some biographi-
cal information and an SASE. Deadline:
postmarked June 1, 1992. Mail only to
Gallerie Publications, Box 2901
Panorama Drive, North Vancouver, BC,
Canada V7G 2A4. Phone (604)929-8706

REQUESTING SUBMISSION OF LETTERS by
Lesbians for anthology. Fictional or
factual. On any topic. Humor, love,
politics, anger, etc. Include bio and
SASE. Deadline 10/15/92. Send to: Wyrda,
POB 214, Day's Creek, OR 97429. Let's
save ourselves for posterity!

WE INVITE YOU TO CONTRIBUTE your
creative work to the We'Moon '93.
Theme: Invoking Spirit/Elemental
Power. Due date: Feb. 2, 1992.
Mother Tongue Ink, 37010 SE Snuffin Rd,
Estacada, OR 97023. USA. (503) 630-7848

WE'MOON '92; Gaia Rhythms for Womyn,
edited by Musawa. An astrological
moon calendar appointment book and
daily guide to natural rhythms for
wemoon. Theme: Animal Wisdom. \$13
includes postage. Mother Tongue Ink,
37010 SE Snuffin Rd. Estacada OR 97023

SWEET DARK PLACES, poems by Leslea
Newman. In her newest collection of
poetry, award-winning poet Leslea
Newman explores the Sweet Dark Places
in all of us: places of anger and rage,
places of fear and longing, places of
sorrow and grief, and most of all,
places of love. \$8.95 plus \$1.50 postage.
HerBooks, POBox 7467, Santa Cruz CA 95061

ANNOUNCING A FUND FOR LESBIANS ON THE LAND

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES

Lesbian Natural Resources is a fund established in 1991 to support Lesbian community land projects. Our purpose is to assist Lesbians in obtaining and maintaining community land, in developing rural skills and self-sufficiency and in community development for Lesbians of many different abilities, ages, races, classes and economic backgrounds. Our intention is to support the growth of Lesbian communities who are actively creating Lesbian culture, preserving land based life skills and rural ecosystems, and discovering non-oppressive ways to live and work together.

GRANTS WILL BE MADE FOR PURCHASE OF LAND, DEVELOPMENT, AND HOUSING
Under the following guidelines:

- *The land is owned by an incorporated non-profit for Lesbians/wimmin.
- *The land is the home or intended home of a community of Lesbians/wimmin whose intent is to create autonomous (non-patriarchal) Lesbian culture.
- *The land encompasses a minimum of ten acres (or adjoins other Lesbian land) and is sufficiently private to invite Lesbian creativity and culture.
- *The resident community has secured, or developed a plan to secure, finances for the remaining land costs.

in addition

GRANTS WILL BE MADE TO MAKE HOUSING SPACES ACCESSIBLE, TRAIN LESBIANS IN RURAL SKILLS, DEVELOP ECONOMIC SELF-SUFFICIENCY ON THE LAND, HOLD COMMUNITY EVENTS, WORK PROJECTS AND WORKSHOPS
Under the following guidelines:

- *The land is privately held Lesbian land or non-profit Lesbian/wimmin community land.
- *The land is home to Lesbians/wimmin.
- *The intent of the residents is to build Lesbian community.

We want to give away amounts of money that will make a difference to lots of Lesbian communities. If your land community has a project you'd like help with, write for details and simple forms:

Lesbian Natural Resources
PO Box 8742
Minneapolis MN 55408

COMPLETED FORMS FOR THIS YEAR'S GRANTS DUE MARCH 15, 1992

Decisions announced May 1, 1992

\$3.50

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