

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

FALL 9992



Gwen of Demeter
Apple Picking Apple
from a photo by Sabine.

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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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 do not necessarily reflect the viewpoint of the editor. Debate is encouraged. Editor: Lee Lanning

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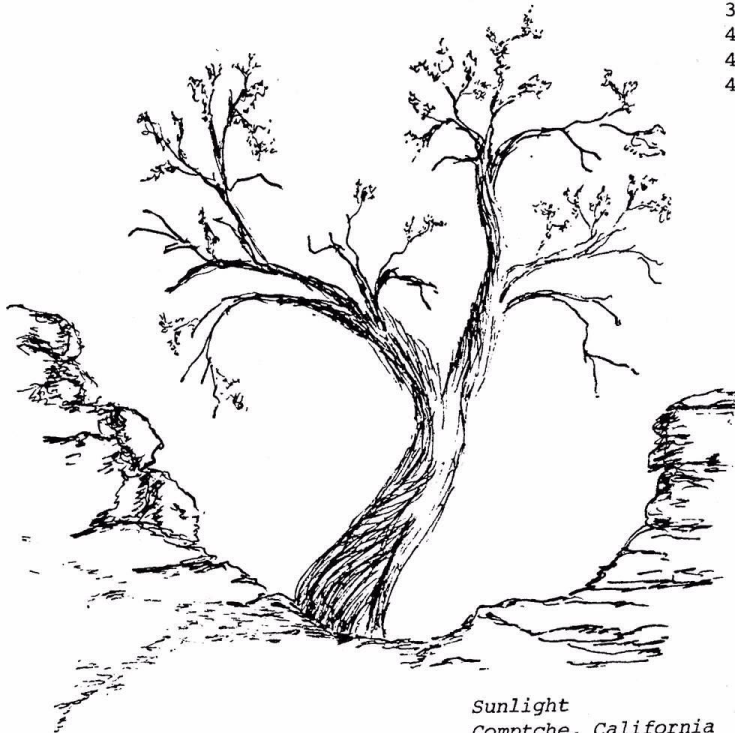
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Sunlight
Comptche, California

DYKE ECONOMICS IN WOMYN'S WORLD

By Kiwani
Whaletown, British Columbia

*dedicated to the sister who said she
wouldn't be my ticket to womyn's land,
with love and hope for an expanded future*

the economics of patriarchal reality are that of limitation and scarcity, often labeled supply and demand: a few get a lot, many get some, most get little, some get none. it is hardcore fact in the waged labour world that those who get the least pay work the physically hardest in the worst of conditions. the growing and tending of food, for instance, is exceedingly poorly paid, and often dangerous to the health as migrant farm workers can testify. the man's economy also states that those on the bottom of the scale must pay high percentages of their total income for the basic necessities for sustaining life. this is the financial trap and few can escape, even with visualization and good attitudes that the new agers claim are all that's necessary for money abundance. for those intent on leaving the foreground and living in the background of womynsworld, an alternate economy is required. barter networks are frequently created by those with some affluence, implying that everyone has something of value to exchange if we can only find each other. this is a beginning but it is necessary to travel another ring of the economy spiral. living on the edge of a world where ownership is power, we need to "own" our own landbases, or at least be assured that we can stay where we are building our living alternatives. if the Earth is to survive, we must all exist in very different ways. we need to stop mirroring the patriarchal cultures with sliding scales of monetary viability and agree to live as though all are entitled to shelter, food, safety, in harmony with all creation. we need to share our resources and make our womynsworld more accessible to all sisters.

how do womyn who are economically marginal access the land and the various resources shunyin* guarantees? i am told that wealthy dykes exist, that there are large numbers of middle income sisters who begin to create lesbian world and who chose to become downwardly mobile and move to rural spaces to build their dreams in an earthplane reality. this may be true; however, i am most familiar with the lessons of the poor: proper selection of limited dollars to create a whole shape well with little, to effect miracles daily with Re-Sourcing the practical living of families and friends. how can we, the "poor", leap to the abundance of land-base and home? how do we attain those hearth-fulls of gynergy with the freedom to live in peace with Earth and each other? those of relative privilege can voyage there, but what of the rest of us who also have much to offer, much to experience; is our value to be ultimately determined by numbers in a bank? if creating the daily/weekly/monthly required cash takes so much focused effort, how do marginal womyn find excess to put in a land fund? often we only save money which doesn't exist (like saving the \$3.00 laundry fee by hand washing). moving to self-sufficiency to get beyond electric, food, and gasoline bills helps somewhat but often self-sufficiency implies the labour time of slaves and is a major task for isolated shoulders.

community response could answer a lot of these difficulties. those with shunyin could take the risk to share it, existing land-bases could open up to marginal womyn. The rich sisters could "invest" in our womynsworld. we need to transcend arbitrary valuing such as wage scales and luxury quotients. we need to comprehend that the shunyin some sisters spend on entertainment, on alcohol and tobacco,

*shunyin: colloquial anishnabek for money



Kiwani

would support many of the rest of us adequately. if we who are economically marginal must use all of our energies to survive, if we cannot afford paper/pens/fabric/tools, if food on the table regularly is a major triumph, then you who have more will miss our words of wisdom, our images and songs, our rituals and skills. we know the value, the true value of full bellies and warm kitchens, the joys of sharing little. it is often us who shelter the homeless, the battered, the hungry. it is us who stretch the little to provide for those in immediate need. it is also us who are rendered invisible by the refusal to look at the economic class system and how that impacts on lesbian nation. sufficient food, clothing, and adequate housing are taken for granted by many dykes; some of us, however, struggle to create those things for our selves and families. there are many myths about poverty, one of the prime ones being that the poor somehow deserve their fate--either due to character defects, incorrect choices, or karma. poverty is not something anyone

is "working out"; it is strenuous, soul wearing, and time-consuming. it is insulting to say to an economically marginal womyn that she must have "chosen" poverty. many of us have been poor all our lives, no noticeable other option was ever offered; and we do not have a premium on addiction and other social problems.

access to land-base is a necessity for any developing nation. being a transitional culture composed of many peoples, we are faced with the great challenge of creating communities which interact within a healed hoop. we need to dance again the Give-Away, to acknowledge the many forms of abundance in our lives, and to create an economy which empowers each of us equally, regardless of the minute points of difference we experience (race, age, ability, education). it is important to understand that downward mobility is something only those who have lived in superfluity can do. those of us who have always been economically marginal find that the maintenance of a daily status quo grants an incredible mobility. there are many shades of poverty, and only one of them is economic poverty. many of us who live with this limitation are vastly wealthy in spirit, emotion, thought. we would remind the rest of our sisters that we too have "wealth" to offer. we have much to teach about the skills of Necessity and sharing. we too are the weavers of culture and community. some of us are already rural; we rent or squat, moving on as the landowners dictate. we love this earth, we bond with Her where we can, we grow gardens and glean the wild, we build things. as individuals and small families we are often well-organized, cunning survivors; as a tribe we are scattered. land-base allows for a fundamental security, a place to grow from in strength that remains in the womyn's world. land is the beloved dream of many of us economically marginal womyn. we too are a vibrant part of the emerging amazon nation. we pray that you sisters who own land and are busy building community will someday let us come home. there is enough for all.

Kiwani: 40 yr old single dyke living with visions on rented land on west coast island; mother of several daughters; garden artist

WAITING FOR THE WIMMIN AND THE REVOLUTION

By Nett Hart
The Web
Foreston, Minnesota

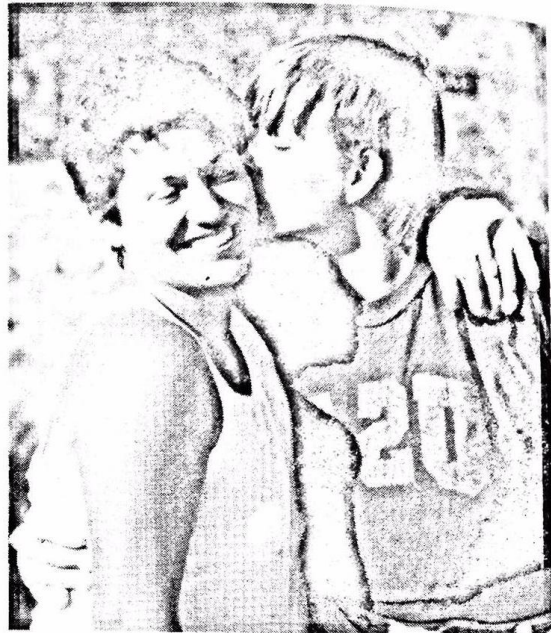
Sitting in a Lesbian discussion group I nod. Nod, as in affirming my attention alternates with nod, as in my eyes glaze over and my mind goes its own way. I rarely find this talk group stimulating, but it's the only place nearby where Lesbians gather regularly to address political topics. I keep going. I keep hoping. I'm waiting for the revolution.

Most days it seems I'm also waiting for the wimmin. There are so many ways patriarchy fucks with our heads, so many ways we have to learn are *optional*, then find what the other options might be. Wimmin are hurt and restricted in our sense of our capacity and our being in the world at the same time very real limitations are there to meet each wommon when she breaks free of the mindgame. The price of awareness is sometimes too high.

I admit to impatience. I don't want one more wommon to endure sexual harassment without a name for it, one more girl to be raped at home, one more wommon's life not taken seriously by medical professionals because she's Black, female, and, yeah, probably also Lesbian. I don't want to sift through the remnants of each tragedy, naming, witnessing, knowing it is still happening somewhere else even as I sit with wimmin who can articulate the causes as well.

I don't want to understand how wimmin get tired of fighting, how wimmin choose their compromises, how we find our resting places, our healing spaces. I want to know how we can proceed.

I don't want to be "better adjusted" to a misogynist world, to have my "sexual preference" rights. I appreciate every place we have chipped away at the monolith of male privilege and every wommon



Lu'a and J.C.

Photos by Jae Haggard
Serafina, New Mexico

who has come to her truths about what patriarchy has done to us. But I want more.

When I talk of waiting for the revolution I mean an active hope. I absolutely believe the hierarchies of power will be overturned/turned over to wimmin-loving ways. I truly believe we are the ones to do it. Having this hope activates all the "smaller" decisions I must make in my days, choices not according to what is correct or expected (external) but choices that fulfill by sense of rightness, of contributing to the world we are making.

This revolution is about desire. There is no self-sacrifice or self-denial in bringing it about. This is a revolution we are not called upon to die for, but to live. To live this revolution, we simply follow our truths. Each act that contributes to a just, joyful, sustainable world is a revolutionary act. Each choice we make to live our truths unhinges some part of the structure of dominance.

When I feel isolated in my beliefs, unsupported in my little acts of revolution, worn-torn-and-tired, I am resourced in my hope by noting how ubiquitous are these acts in the world. Even though there are not always people around me who get the extent of the changes, there are always people around me who know the status quo no longer works. Beginning to see that it is not just for us to negotiate our way through the patriarchal structure but to see the whole structure as negotiable, means that its power over us is already fading as we imagine its replacement. Noting where the system saps our energy we end our submissions to it by deciding where and when it suits our purposes and where and when we participate.



Elaine Mikels aka Elana Freedom



Sunlight

Every place we come into our own power, every place we break free of what has had power over us, is a revolutionary act. What we must do to bring about the revolution is stitch these small acts together, cutting out the pieces that no longer fit and patching in our vision.

When we say we can't wait for the revolution, that we have to "get on with our lives", we are consigning ourselves to hopelessness; we lose our power. When we claim each of our steps outside the mainstream as revolutionary, we position ourselves among the creators of this new world and in the hope that springs from this are encouraged to become more ourselves, more desirous of change, more revolutionary.

I admit to waiting for the revolution as one waits for a UPS delivery. It's a package I've ordered, paid for and wildly anticipate. Expecting its arrival, waiting to see exactly what shape it takes, causes me to look down the road. I am absolutely certain it is coming.

COMMUNAL LIVING, FEMINIST EDUCATION AND GROUP PROCESS

By Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz
Louisa, Virginia

I've been thinking about the intersection of all three of the above. I want to live on lesbian land, I'm interested in feminist education and peer study groups and I wonder what kind of group process would facilitate all that. Too often, when womyn come together rifts erupt. Some participate in ways others don't like and people drop out. I've been studying the work of Bell Hooks who questions academic feminism--who's publishing the research on working class womyn and womyn of color? Are we the authorities on our own lives?

I assumed that when my daughter grew up I'd go back to school, get a degree and wind up in a Women's Studies department. Where else would my interest in studying and teaching feminism lead me? As my daughter finishes High School I'm having reservations and a keen fear of institutions. I'm glad some of us and our books are there but I want feminism to stay firmly rooted in the lesbian-feminist community, not center in universities. In her important book, *Feminist Theory; From Margin to Center*, Bell Hooks urges feminist educators to take Women's Studies out of cities and universities and bring it to rural areas and neighborhoods. I'd like to do that. Friends urge me to get credentialed. I appreciate the support for my economic survival but I'd rather clean houses. We say we don't believe that having a degree makes a person a teacher. Do we want universities to give us permission to teach feminism? All we need is interested womyn, reading material and a comfortable location. How about wherever we are? How about *Lesbian Land Feminism School and Summer Camp?* (Complete with campfire singalongs and marshmallows, of course!)



Tee Corinne
Southern Oregon

Most lesbian lands can't house more than a few people but in mild weather some of us could rough it long enough to build to address the access needs of the larger community. We have festivals that create living space for large groups short-term. What would it take to do this on a smaller scale, say 30 lesbians on a piece of land for 2 weeks? 15 lesbians for a month? What kind of group process will achieve our goals so we can fully use the resources we already have? Enough of us do fascinating, informative workshops to have a school right now, if we

could just come together. Festivals meet this need but I'd like us to develop sustainable models, on a smaller scale but ongoing, even year-round. A dozen womyn is a good sized group, big enough for a sense of community and small enough for primary relationships.

Lesbian lands have guests and visiting womyn all the time. Can we structure it so it has a specific purpose and content and so afterwards the land has something it didn't have before, a new garden put in, cabins erected, a small campground developed, library or retreat space built? I know we already do some of this. When we come together in groups greater care is needed so each womyn feels valued and respected. Some will be new to feminism, some of us won't know the first thing about gardening, agriculture, animal care and group process. Can we accept each other where we are and go from there, not grudgingly, but with genuine respect? If there are things the group can't accept, can we deal with that? I want a school or group process that deals with heavy issues--oppression and power dynamics, including those in our own community as well as recovery and major life change issues--health, addiction, birth, relationships, aging and limited mobility. If we're going to process all this stuff we need to negotiate for terms. When and under what circumstances? When do we take time out? We need a sustainable pace and ways to replenish ourselves so we don't burn out.

Good models exist for healing on a personal and interpersonal level--re-evaluation counseling, 12 step programs. The National Congress of Neighborhood Women, 249 Manhattan Ave. Brooklyn NY 11211 (212-388-6666) has a model format for Women's Leadership Support Groups. Can we adapt communication processes to lesbian groups so we can work, live and study together? I saw a video recently about battered womyn who said that verbal and emotional abuse had psychologically immobilized them. Our contact should not consist of recurring and discouraging emotional scenes. Communication and interaction affect our self-image and what we feel capable of doing.

Should we have our own schools? Degree-granting institutions? I feel fine about that but I'd also like to use

the 12 Step model of autonomous groups with no hierarchy and no commercial products. I don't want feminism to become a commodity because I don't want money and academic degrees to be what make feminist education and lesbian community building happen. Bell Hooks suggests community-based Women's Studies classes. How about free peer study groups for educational self-help, with no tuition, no required texts, and no academic background needed, just local womyn educating ourselves about ideas, events and issues and how these affect our lives and communities? How about our best libraries being on lesbian land, to keep our work in the community and bring womyn to the land to study?

June 10, 1992

Juana: I do "Womyn, Values and Community" workshops. I don't drive but live 2½ hours from D.C. and will do my workshop FREE anywhere I can get to. Anyone interested is welcome to give me a ride and can stay FREE at Twin Oaks as my guest. Write Juana c/o Twin Oaks Community, Rt. 4 Box 169, Louisa, VA 23093. (703) 894-5126 (bus.) or (703) 894-5787 (res)



*Jean Mountaingrove
Sunny Valley, Oregon*

SOMETHING SPECIAL

By Tracie Cone
Miami, Florida

*Reprinted from the Sunday Tropic magazine
section of the Miami Herald, April 5, 1992.*

This is a story about a place whose location must remain secret. You'll understand in a moment. If you are one of the minority who would be welcome there, you'll figure out how to find it. You may even know someone who knows someone who has been there.

It's a restaurant, of sorts. Not really a restaurant, because that would be illegal here inside a house at the center of this old Miami residential neighborhood. Besides, the city restaurant inspectors may not qualify to penetrate the property guarded by a short, chain-link fence, but we'll get to that in a moment, too.

Patrons call it Louise and MaryAnn's after the two women who run it. There are no signs atop the small wood frame house. In fact, the chain-link fence might make visitors feel unwelcome. But look closer: The padlock through the chain is unlocked. If you know that little fact, you're allowed to swing open the gate and walk right in. You don't need a reservation.

Louise and Mary Ann will greet you like you're an old friend, even if you've never seen them before. "Hello. Welcome. Come. Sit down. I'm Louise and this is Mary Ann."

Inside incense is burning. Lamplight is supplemented by candles. There are four small tables. Room for about 10 people, tops. Music is drifting softly through speakers; it's a cassette tape of a woman singing and strumming an acoustic guitar. Folk songs.

The menu varies. Check the blackboard for the day's meatless specials. Stir-fried Chinese vegetables and whole-grain brown rice. Seitan (a wheat paste) cooked

and flavored to look and taste like pot roast. Green salad with tahini dressing. No prices are listed--not because there aren't any. Mary and Louise's philosophy is this: Pay what you think it's worth. Just drop the money in a basket on your way out.

Mary Ann chats about the place as she brings drinks--iced Red Zinger tea, then salads and the main course. We knew one thing before we arrived--the most amazing fact about this secret homey place hidden in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. This single intriguing fact is what enticed us into tracking down the place when we live 40 miles away in a sterile, suburban neighborhood.

Never, ever has a man set foot on the couple's property. And we do mean never. Not for any reason. Not since Mary Ann and Louise bought the place over a decade ago. They are fanatical in making sure that rule is never broken. They have to be. They have something special they are trying to achieve, an alignment of their own private universe, that they don't want to disturb. To them, a man passing through the gate would be like unlike forces, say matter and anti-matter, colliding in space.

"We don't want that kind of energy here," Mary Ann tells a visitor. "This is a sanctuary. We worked hard to keep it that way."

They have established a refuge from a world ruled by men. A world, they believe, that divides women and stops them from reaching their full potential. If the phone line goes out, Mary Ann explains, they tell Southern Bell they want a female repair person. They don't care how long it takes. They will wait--months, if necessary--for a female repair person to come to their neighborhood. The first time, Southern Bell didn't believe them.

"They ignored us and sent a man. He called to us from the gate. I told him we had asked for a female. He said, 'Ya, but that could take three weeks.' 'We'll wait.'" Mary Ann replied.

It didn't take the phone company long to learn. Now dispatchers send a female pronto. The weeks the phone sits silent are weeks the utility doesn't collect money from Louise and Mary Ann.

If the plumbing goes out, the hot water heater breaks, the fuse box blows up, they'll try to find a female to fix it. Most times it's impossible. Over the years, they've learned to be pretty handy themselves.

"We've gotten very good at repairing things," says Louise. "You'd be surprised what you can do if you read enough books. You know, it's really not very hard to replace the heating element in a hot water heater. You just have to remember to drain it first."

So what, you're probably thinking now, would be the big deal if a man stepped across the boundary? What would change? Who would know the difference? Well, they would.

"There's a definite feeling to a women-only space," says Charlotte Brewer, a founder of the Women's Preservation Society in Miami and a friend of Louise and Mary Ann's. "Until it happens to you, you don't notice the feeling. You can't imagine it. You know you're safe, you're not threatened. Everything is OK. Then when you leave, it's a real culture shock."

"There are three things that divide women," says Mary Ann. "Men, meat and money."

A lot of men, and some women, are going to hate Mary Ann for saying stuff like that. They might even call them sexist.

Not so, say Mary Ann and Louise. They don't dislike men. They just prefer to be without them. Most of the patrons are gay, but you don't have to be to go there. You just have to be female and open-minded about Mary Ann and Louise's way of life. Being a feminist would help.

This is more than a place that serves food; it's a shoestring antithesis of Adios Country Club in Broward, where women are welcome only if they work on the cleaning staff. Passing through town and need a place to pitch your tent? The couple's back yard is available. Word-of-mouth sends a lot of travelers their way. Visitors show up at all hours. They're welcome at any time. But they

are especially welcome on two days each year.

Without invitation, dozens of women from all over make a pilgrimage timed to coincide with the spring and fall equinoxes. For them, the days when the sun is directly above the equator are a celebration of the connection between cycles of the Earth and cycles of life, of sexuality and spirituality. They chant and beat tomtoms, many of them bare-breasted, because that's the way nature intended it. The neighbors never complain.

Talk about your unique atmosphere.

If Mary Ann and Louise's Not-A-Restaurant sounds like it might be worth an evening out, try it.

If you can find it.

Louise and Maryanne are subscribers and contributors to MAIZE. Here's what they say about "Something Special":

Something Special, a Lesbian venture, is a private dining experience for wimmin serving vegetarian meals daily and offering "wimmin only" space with an ambiance of Lesbian culture. Hours are from noon to nine Monday through Saturday, two until seven on Sundays.

As a Lesbian venture and cottage industry, Something Special also offers raw honey, organic eggs, herbs, fruits and vegetables, raw seitan, baked goods and clothing exchange when available.

A travelling womyn's sanctuary, Something Special provides a tent site with outdoor fire ring, hot and cold water and electricity (stays limited to 3 nites, no pets). A bit of the cuntry in the city we are close to major expressways, transportation and beaches while offering peaceful surroundings in a multicultural neighborhood.

Something Special encourages wimmin sharing skills, talents and experiences by offering "An Evening With _____" each Equinox and Solstice. Something Special is committed to supporting all wimmin-only ventures to the fullest.

The past years could never have been possible without your interest and support. Thank You!

For further information please send a SASE to 7762 NW 14 Court, Miami, FL 33147-5771 or call 305-696-8826

REFLECTIONS FROM ARF

By Firehawk
Arf
Tesuque, New Mexico

Womin's land. That such places exist speaks loudly of need and purpose. Womin need safe places. Womin need communities in which to heal, grow and contribute to advances in womin's presence in our society. ARF and other womin's communities have been established in response to these needs. ARF is unique in her offerings. Her beauty and seclusion attract many womin who need refreshment of spirit. Her openness and acceptant nature allow womin of diverse needs, personalities and politics to live with enough space to pursue their paths. ARF community is an experience not only of individuals relying on themselves but also of finding common ground that often transcends personalities and politics. Members of the community learn too to be supportive of each other. This is a challenging life-style by its nature and location. We all occasionally need a hand. Our individual paths are often challenging as well. We often find encouragement from our sisters. In sharing our needs and common goals we become bonded more deeply than in gender alone. Womin living here become involved in the complexity and diversity of the community. We learn the value of preserving community and land. In many respects there is also a lot to be gained through being a part of this community.

For myself this has been so. My arrival revolved around tremendous need of a safe place, healing, peace. When I came searching the community welcomed me, reassured and accepted me--recognizing my need. ARF has been the only safe place for healing I have known. Amid changing seasons mine also flowed, from fragmentation to growth. I have drunk

of the acceptance and caring of the community and come away strengthened in my pursuit of life and self. I have been gently gifted family and friends. We have shared our experiences and our progress. With all of these elements I have been healing well beyond superficial means. I have come to feel more deeply connected with my sisters than simply as womin who share the land. We understand what motivates each of us to work for healing and change. And I have come to understand the deeper motivations of women who work to preserve and promote community.

Without this womin's community that I have become a part of, I, and others like myself, would surely have no safe place. Without womin's communities women would be hard pressed to have "forums" in which to develop alternatives to traditional societal structures. From these communities ripples spread and grow with each woman who comes, experiences, learns and then shares her experience elsewhere.

With all her variety of gifts, ARF is more than a few women and 25 acres of land. Over the course of her history she shines taller than a single self. She is a bold warrioress. Trials have shaped her, triumphs expanded her presence. She is of sun and birdsong blending with trees' webbed wings. She is of womon-growth. She flourishes with the vitality of land and womin. Many womin have created her and more will come. She will shine stronger with each one and send her light farther, adding her energy to the common goal of strengthening the lives of womin in all their paths.

Firehawk's article was first printed in the July 1992 newsletter of New Mexico Women's Land Trust. (PO Box 707, Tesuque, NM 87574)

ON THE LAND

NMWLT

TESUQUE, NEW MEXICO

The New Mexico Women's Land Trust is thrilled to announce its purchase of Arf Women's Land from the current deed-holders. When we first heard in the fall of 1989 that the deed-holders wanted to sell, the task of raising \$100,000 seemed overwhelming. Some didn't think we could do it. Not only did we have to raise all that money, we also had to organize a women's land trust, which meant dealing with patriarchal institutions and paperwork which up to that point we have tried to avoid in every possible way in our lives. But we did it!

New Mexico Women's Land Trust now has members, paperwork enough to fill a file box, and a tax exemption from the IRS. We have raised \$42,500 from individual donations and a grant from Lesbian Natural Resources, and \$58,500 in loans from concerned lesbians. We cannot thank enough all of the lesbians who have helped make this possible by contributing a few or more dollars or spreading the word or organizing fundraisers or loaning their savings. We want to thank especially Chris Champion, an Albuquerque real estatebroker, who has answered innumerable questions, given advice, and in general held our hands through this whole maze, all for free.

Our closing date--when the money actually changes hands and the paperwork is filed to buy the land--is set for September 14. Every time we have met with the title company, they have come up with more paperwork we need to get from our lenders or the deedholders or both. This is one of the most complicated transactions the title company, lawyers and real estate agent have ever dealt with--with seven deed-holders and 11 investors scattered around the country and a collective organization.

The exciting news from Arf is that a bridge has been built over the creek wash-out from last summer's flooding, re-establishing a safe path between the creek and the garden. A roofed porch has

been added to the garden house. And for the first time in a year and a half, some long-term residents are leaving Arf (Kalioaka to go to graduate school, Ainu to travel, and Sky to California). Arfians worried about how to decide who of the many candidates and long-term campers would get the vacant houses. Everyone wanted to be fair and meet everyone's needs. A solution was hatched in numerous informal conversations which was accepted by the meeting, much to everyone's delight.

So Arf Women's Land is saved, remaining in the hands of lesbians. Our monthly payments needed to repay our lenders will be high for the next five years, so donations will continue to be appreciated, as will campers and users of the land. Write for our newsletter or information and directions to the land: NMWLT, Box 707, Tesuque NM 87574.

Pelican and Rebecca

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH

TUCSON, ARIZONA

We had hoped to get our second newsletter to you before now, but the past months have been terribly busy and stressful. There are still only a few of us handling all the business of running SHE--and in this first year that has proved to be an enormous amount of work. The same ones of us also make up the land group at Saguaro Sisterland, the first SHE affiliate. So we have the operation of that land to take care of, too. Lots of problems, adjustments and repairs in this first year! Hopefully the work load will taper off after a while.

We're proud to have accomplished many difficult tasks. The budget is tight, and when we aren't getting donations of professionals' time we usually try to do the job ourselves with the aid of books from the library, advice from

other wimmin, and skill-sharing. By these means we incorporated as a land trust, bought property, set up a bookkeeping system, and filed corporate income tax. We're working on becoming tax-exempt and do have a lawyer volunteering her services on that--thanks MP!

At SaguaroLand, we moved a house and have figured out lots of things about electric, plumbing, septic and phone systems, construction of fence and ramps, roof repair, etc. Friends have helped us complete a huge number of vital projects. Hugs to all of you who helped out! And to all who sent donations--these have enabled us to pay others to do necessary work that we were physically unable to do ourselves. We've employed low-income lesbians whenever possible.

Saguaro Sisterland's first anniversary is Sept.4! SaguaroLand received two grants from Lesbian Natural Resources this spring: \$1040 toward a second septic system, and \$520 toward conducting work weekend/skills workshops. Thanks so much, wimin of LNR! Some workshop ideas are Unlearning Ablism, Basic Carpentry, Solar Hot Water Heaters, Making Chaparral Tincture, Beginning Co-Counseling, and Composting Toilets. If you live or visit in the Tucson area and want to attend any of these, send a long SASE, your phone number, and the workshops that interest you to Saguaro Sisterland, 12101 W. Calle Madero, Tucson, AZ 85743

zana

from the newsletter, SHE, PO Box 5285,
Tucson, AZ 85743

WOMAN'S WORLD

MADISONVILLE, LOUISIANA

Summer chores are here and every year the grass gets greener, it seems, and taller and faster! Fences need mending, tomatoes need picking, barn needs reorganizing, social events multiply in the area and the days fly by. The correspondence and article writing stack up and months have gone by before I realize it. If all this sounds like tough times to anyone it is because they are reading the wrong magazine or very tired from just doing the same things themselves, yes?? Seriously I love it all passionately.

So to add to the list of things that

need to be done we are cooking up a conference in May of '93 for rural lesbians to discuss community development and living on the land. It will be a weekend tenting affair and we are looking for other lesbians who have knowledge to present in workshop form and can be here for 2 or 3 days to attend most of the event. Networking and exchanging ideas will be the major focus of the event and we are hoping to introduce many styles of operation for communities. Presenters will include women who have already developed communities that are working and women who are trying out new ways of working together.

Life here is good and I am once again planning my trip out west with my truck. This time I plan to have a pop-up camper attached instead of just sleeping in the bed of the truck so I will be in high luxury!! Plan to connect with several women along the way from New Orleans to the San Francisco area and may include a dip into the San Bernadino campground area on the trip out or back. Will be visiting with a few OLOC members (Old Lesbians Organizing for Change) and a few RVing women along the way, so am really looking forward to this trip. Will be in Calif. for at least three weeks visiting intentional communities and women on land, probably as far north as Oregon. Would love to meet some more of the wonderful women who write for MAIZE if any are on my route. Will have mail forwarded to a friend's house in Paradise, California. Now I ask you, where do you go after you go to "Paradise"? (Write c/o 1313 Deodora Way, Paradise CA 95969 (916-872-5552).

Linda and Jeri's "Journey to Riverland" article was of great interest to me as it reflects many of the getting started and "wonder where the women are" questions that arise as we start out to build community. Sometimes building the tribe before the land works well and in other situations the land selection first gives the security needed for some lesbians who haven't been in a position previously to feel permanence of any kind in their lives. I believe in both approaches for solutions to different problems. I always remind myself when my problems loom bigger than life that "Every problem is a solution to a previous problem" then I deal with the new set!!

(No, I didn't accept that concept easily either.)

Also must comment on Jae Haggard's "Energy Goes" article in Spring '92. Fantastic capture of the essence of the workaday world of us rural women. Our labor of love is our life's blood pumping to the tune of nature and connecting in many ways with women all over the universe! Right on Jae!

Right now the major projects at Woman's World include getting the house painted, converting the old single garage to a woodworking shop, getting 2700 feet of fence up on the east 40 acres to keep things out, trimming the windows on the outside of the new addition, reorganizing the "stuff" in the barn (we have no animals at present) to better fit the tractor, wagon, boxes, and supplies that it is so hard to find right now when we need something. Jane is trimming the oak trees where the branches hang too far down for the tractor to pass. We furnish fire wood for city lesbians cause the winters are so mild here that some can heat their small houses that way. The satsumas (extra sweet variety of citrus that grows here) I started from seeds over 2 years ago will be ready to graft this fall so we are watching them very carefully right now during the hot summer.

Work on the directory of Lesbians' Lands is progressing well and should be completed in '93. It won't be as large as I had expected when I started it. I believe it will be very helpful to women interested in choosing places to look into when they start their searches. Wish I had had this 5 years ago when I was trying to quickly get accurate information on places to visit. During my correspondence, travels, visits, etc. with this work I have been amazed at the women and bookstores that haven't heard of MAIZE. I am beginning to believe that they have had information about the magazine but have considered it "such a small group" that it slips their minds quickly! That's OK, I'll just keep reminding them of this wonderful publication that I love. My only complaint with MAIZE is that it isn't published monthly.

Blessed Be,
Shewolf

Woman's World, PO Box 655, Madisonville LA
70447

GATHERING ROOT

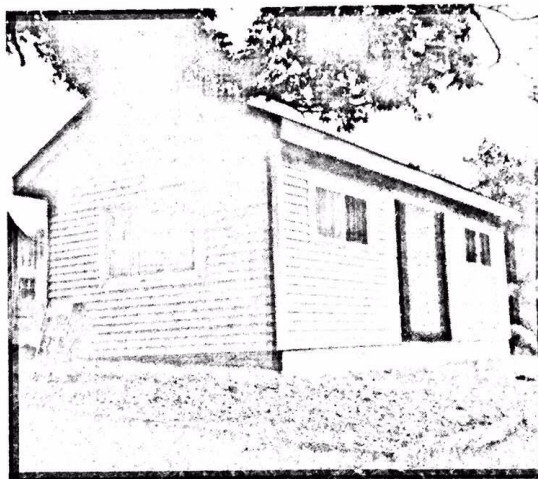


photo submitted by Jenna Weston

AVA, MISSOURI

August 25, 1992

Thanks to the Lesbian Natural Resources Grant, my new basket studio is womanifesting! I thought MAIZE readers might like to see a photo of what it looks like at present.

The building is 12' x 24', on a cement slab and is "country blue" with white trim. There's lots of recycled windows in it for natural light, and it's also wired and plumbed for cold water.

I plan to add a deck where the gravel is now on the two sides. That will expand the space for workshops and will allow for working outside too. The white double doors in back will make it wheelchair accessible, once a short entrance ramp is built.

Most of the inside still needs to be finished, so I'll be working on that in the next couple months. Can't wait to move my basket making out of my living room and into this wonderful new space!

My deepest appreciation to the Lesbian Natural Resources Fund for helping to make this dream a reality!

In connection,
Jenna

WHITE ROCKS HOMELAND

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Back to the land in April after spending the winter at Saguaro Sisterland. I finished my 8x12 structure giving me a total of 144 sq ft to live in. Not much but it seemed like a palace. I've been quite comfortable except for an overabundance of rodents. Anyone know of a way to repel them?

I'm in the process of building a structure to sweat in. I think I'm going to build a stove out of rocks from the land and use mud as mortar.

White Rocks is feeling more like home. I'm planning for my fall garden with lots of greens which have been in short supply this year and I'm excited by that. Another small addition to my structure is planned before winter.

Earth

POBox 231, Willcox, AZ 85644

SBAMUH T-SHIRTS:

Generously cut, high quality, brand name, 50% cotton, 50% poly.

Lavender: S,M,L,XL

Light Blue: 2X,4X

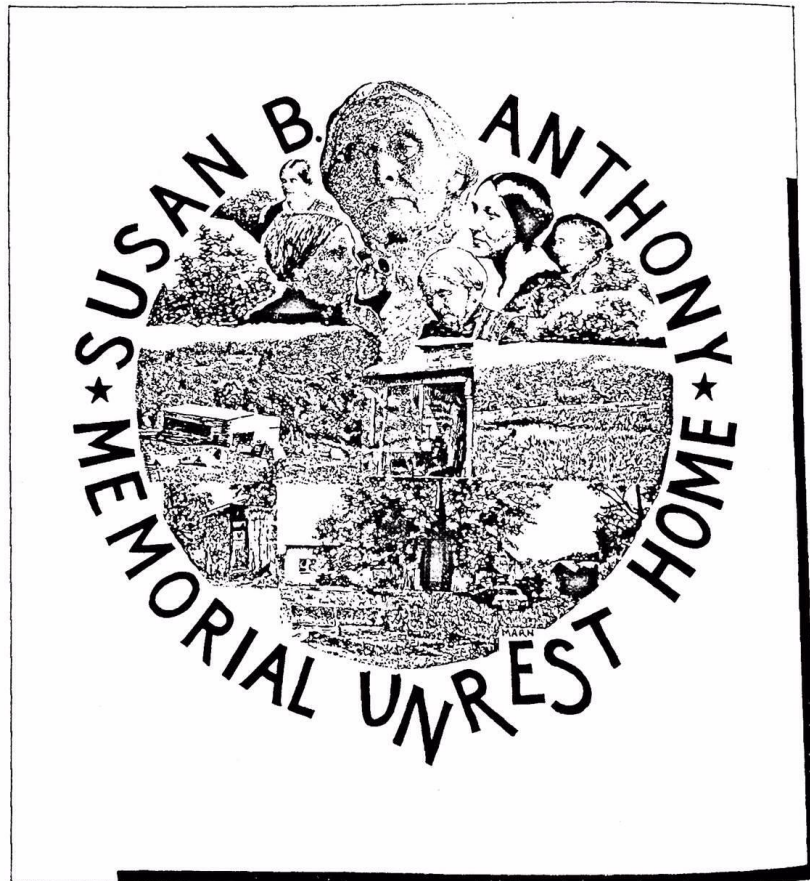
(when manufacturers make 2x and 4x shirts in lavender, we'll get them!)

Sliding scale \$15-25

each, postage paid.

(Pay what you can afford.)

SBAMUH, 13423 Howard Rd
Millfield OH 45761



Design by Marnee Kennedy

SBAMUH

THE "RESIDENTS-IN-PROCESS" STORY

By Diann Bowman
Columbiana, Ohio

My partner Marnee and I are currently in the process of relocating to the Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home, women's land in southern Ohio. Taking our initial step toward living on lesbian land nearly eleven years ago, we didn't know the journey would be so long.

At that time we had joined excitedly with seven other local and vocal lesbians who wanted to share rural land and some aspects of our lives, but live in separate dwellings. We met monthly and collected money into a joint bank account for about a year and a half; but unfamiliar and impatient with group process, we bogged down mainly on the issue of inheritance rights, as well as guns on the land, time commitments, male children, raising animals for food, pesticide use, etc. We returned the money and parted as friends, but not without feelings of anger and frustration. Interestingly, the original group members bought (or bought into) rural land with their lover/partner within a couple years, though not all have stayed in the country (or together) since then.

In the next ten years previous to our decision to live at SBAMUH, we made several tentative inquiries there, as well as learning more about other lesbian land across the U.S. Throughout this period we eagerly read books about creating lesbian land and community, MAIZE, articles pertinent to the topic in feminist and lesbian periodicals, mailings from existing land communities, old copies of *Country Women* magazine, and alternative and mainstream press material on building, gardening and self employment. With this information we initiated frequent discussions with each other, as well as friends and acquaintances, seeking to again spark enthusiasm for a women's cooperative land and social venture in a larger group.

After several years and a few possibilities that never got past written or verbal ideas, we grew rather discouraged. But determined not to be turned around, we took a second look at our two acres and concluded that bigger is not necessarily

better. We contemplated a smaller scale project that the two of us could start with our current resources, a small women's campground and meeting place. We hoped that by welcoming women into our beautiful rural setting and our home for concerts, picnics, camp-outs and more, that their interest would grow to match ours. And to provide a future income for and from this parcel of ground, we started a (fe)mail order book business (with a small store in our house) and experimented on a limited scale with several possible cash crops and craft ideas.

As more time passed, we realized that the other women in our locale were not drawn to create the type of land-based community that we said we wanted, though the social and political communities were a focus for some of them. We also discovered that our actions implied that we wanted lesbian space mostly on our own terms and turf. The familiarity of our geographic location, all the hard work locally invested in strong loving ties with many women in our lesbian and feminist sisterhood and the few traditional family bonds were keeping us rooted here. The impetus which actually pushed us emotionally beyond those boundaries came from different sources for each of us.
Fall 1991 (to be continued)

Summer 1992:

We just returned from 3 weeks of building our cabin at SBAMUH. We finished the walls and raised the roof!!! We used a nontraditional style of wood construction and are keeping a black and white pictorial diary for a story we will write for MAIZE one day. We will be moving to SBAMUH as soon as we sell the house (that the bank owns!)

Our first fundraiser is T-shirts. Marnee designed the logo from pictures of Susan B. Anthony at different ages and from photos of the land. And she printed the shirts! The proceeds will go towards buying a golf cart to make the very rough and hilly terrain accessible to more women. (Just a first step. Other suggestions welcome.)

GETTING CLEAR AT MARICASA

By Kathe Kirkbride
Ribera, New Mexico

In the last issue of MAIZE Jae Haggard wrote "Getting Clear" and reminded me that there are now three of us at Maricasa and we had never written down the agreements that preceded Kay Young's coming to live here from Denver. Kay's process of moving here started in October of last year when B.J. (Bev) and I met Kay at a mudding at Outland. We chatted and knew that we had several interests in common; we were all woodworkers and Kay and I shared an interest in computers.

In December Kay came to housesit for us while we went and visited family. We were impressed with how she handled a couple of situations. When we returned from South Dakota, Kay expressed an interest in coming to live in New Mexico and asked if we were interested in renting space for her to live and allow her to share the shop. B.J. and I discussed the idea and wrote to Kay and said that we would be open to the idea. We also outlined what we felt was important to us. B.J. and I were not interested in living comunally but would very much like to live in a Lesbian neighborhood. This concept seemed to suit Kay also. In February Kay came down and stayed for a couple of days and we talked further. At that time we agreed that the living arrangement appeared to be suitable for all of us and Kay set June 1st as her arrival date.

Kay arrived on June 1st as planned and built a platform, installed the yurt on top of it, built a privy, and got to working in the shop in preparation for Michigan Festival. Since June 1st we have had visitors come and go, shared housesitting, shared the shop for long hours, shared projects and ideas, shared a few meals, and peacefully coexisted as neighbors.

Kay, B.J. and I have high hopes that this relationship will continue for a long time and each of us brings integrity, honesty, and reliability into the deal.

Here is our contract in its entirety as an example of what might be done to "get clear".

August 26, 1992

These are agreements that Kay Young, Kathe Kirkbride and B.J. Butler have with one another. The purpose of them is to allow the three of them to live as neighbors and co-users of a woodworking shop in a way that is good for all three of them.

1. The rent is \$60/month and includes the use of water from the well which is to be gotten from the spigot near the blacksmith's shop. The rent is due on the first of the month for that month.
2. The cost of shop space is \$0.50/hour and should be kept up to date on a monthly basis. Kay is responsible for keeping track of her shop usage time.

3. Anything that is personal property is not to be borrowed without the explicit consent of the owner. One time consent should not be construed to mean perpetual consent. If the consent for use is for whenever, then that should be stated.

4. Shop cleanup is to be shared and each person shall keep her own space in relatively clean order at all times. A major shop cleanup may be scheduled and all three will participate.

5. Kathe wants her dog, Boo, to stay at home and not wander over to Kay's space. Kay will participate in this effort. If Kay gets any pets, she will keep them at her space.

6. It would be nice if house-sitting could be arranged among us, but we should not assume that it will always be convenient. Other arrangements may have to be made.

7. We will all participate in taking care of the land. We will not cut any live trees, leave trash to blow around, drive on other than designated driving areas when possible, allow junk to accumulate, or create a fire hazard.

8. We will be careful of our relationship and nurture it so that no ill will develops. Ways that we will do this include talking about what we want and need, dis-

cussing things that are not feeling comfortable, and resolving points of disagreement rather than letting them accumulate.

9. These agreements are between Kay as a single woman and Kathe and B.J. as a couple and the owners of the land which Kay rents from them. If Kay's status as a single woman changes and she would like to have another woman live with her full-time, then this change needs to be discussed and agreed upon by Kathe and B.J. Similarly, if Kathe and B.J. would like to invite another fulltime resident, Kay must approve the decision.

10. Because Kay has made a substantial investment of time and money to put together her yurt, Kathe and B.J. will give Kay at least 2 months notice informing her that she needs to move if the need arises. If Kay decides to move, she does not need to give more than a week's notice. When and if she leaves the land, Kay will take everything with her that she brought onto the land unless other arrangements are agreed to at the time she leaves.

11. Guests are friends of any of us who live here for less than 3 weeks or people who visit regularly but maintain

their primary residence elsewhere. None of the agreements regarding the shop apply to guests. Without specific discussion among the three of us, guests are limited to brief (30 minutes or less), infrequent visits to the shop.

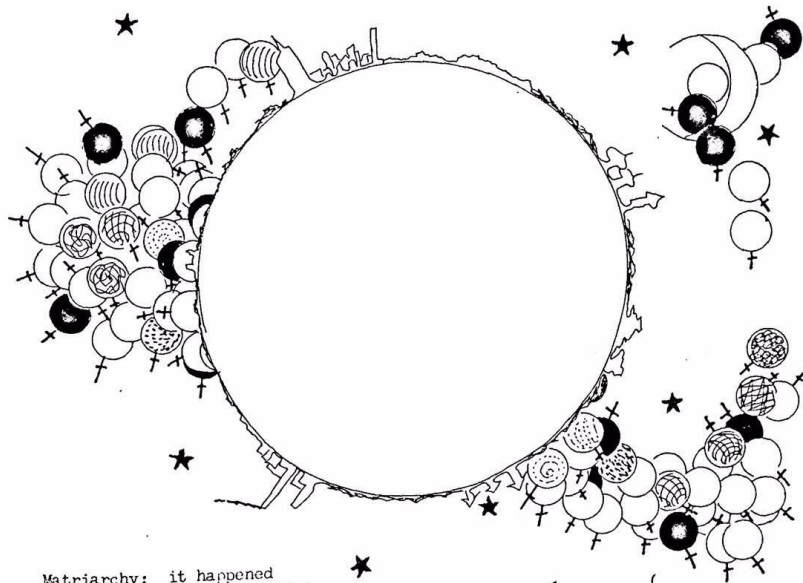
12. All three women have expressed the desire for privacy and we will all be careful of this for one another. If we have guests, we will explain that they are not to invade the space of others and that they may not be welcome to spend a lot of time in the shop.

13. It is our intent that we make this a woman only space as much as possible, but that does not mean that male guests and workers are not allowed. If a male is going to be on the land we will inform one another in advance. No male should ever be taken near to the living space of another woman without advance warning. Males may not be frequent guests who maintain a primary residence elsewhere.

14. Recreational use of intoxicants is limited to one's private living space.

15. The shop is non-smoking space.

16. These agreements apply to Kay Young only and no one should assume that they extend to anyone else.



Matriarchy: it happened before. It can happen again!

M. Blossom '70
Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

IS THERE NO BETTER WORD THAN ... WORK?

By Linda
Riverland
Beaver, Oregon

The first few lines of Lee Lanning's article, "Thoughts on Lesbian Work" (Summer 9992) struck a chord with me-- but there was a sour note in that chord-- it was inharmonious, out of tune with how I want to live on land and in community.

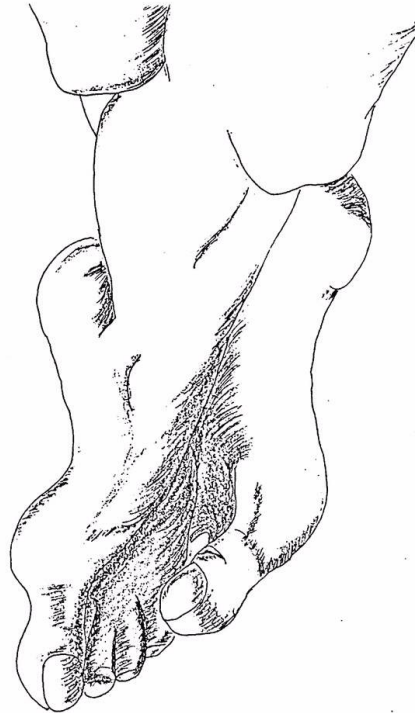
And so I began this response to the word "work" before getting very far into Lee's article. When inspiration strikes, you gotta write! Later, after completing both her article and this response, I would find we were on very similar wave lengths.

I have struggled with the word "work", especially since disengaging from patriarchy on many levels and moving to Riverland. In our intro packet, our letter refers to how "we try to balance our days between work--is there no better word for having so much fun on Lesbian land?--play, time for self, and creativity."

There's a valid assumption that if one is going to *do* lesbian land community, one is going to have to work. And it will be *hard* work--chopping wood, carrying water, tearing down, building up, digging gardens, planting gardens, watering gardens, harvesting gardens.

The fact that there is work to be done implies that one may choose to do it or not to do it--or at the very least, one can choose what work to do and when. This, of course, brings up its own set of problems in community if some choose to work more than others or if one chooses not to work at all or if someone consistently chooses the "easy" work rather than the "hard" work. I'll leave you to your own definitions--I don't think it will matter. Or if one chooses to go to town to do her laundry and considers it community work.

But what might happen if we could change the concept of "work", which, to me implies something negative--as in



Jean Mountaingrove
Sunny Valley, Oregon

"Ugh! I have to go back to work tomorrow." Or "I wish I didn't have to work. Then I could put my feet up and relax." Or "I have too much work to do." The "work" concept is surely a hold-over from patriarchy and one I choose not to continue. It's the old patriarchal either/or dichotomy: black or white, good or bad, work or play. "Step right up folks! Make your choice! You can't have both--only one for the little lady!"

If I am where I want to be (on lesbian land) and I am doing what I want to be doing (living in community), how can the word "work" apply to my chosen experience? Or even be part of my vocabulary anymore?

What I *do* know is that I *care* very much about this land, Riverland--and her buildings and her animals (domesticated or free) and the wimmin who live here, as well as those who pass through, for whatever reason.

So, if I really *do* care, I will *take* care. That means I will take care of Riverland, this land, by watering the garden, cutting back the ever-aggressive blackberry vines, mowing the lawn, burning rubbish and debris, planting trees, hiking up the mountain to fix our water system.

If I really *do* care, I will *take* care of Riverland's buildings by painting the living room, setting support posts in the barn, patching a roof, insulating the cottage, painting an outdoor mural, scraping moss off the siding.

If I really *do* care, I will *take* care of Riverland's animals by filling the bird feeders, making sugar syrup for the hummingbirds, feeding the rabbits, cooking rice and meat for the dog's bland diet, giving the barn cats milk, changing the bath water for the indoor finch.

If I really *do* care, I will *take* care of Riverland's wimmin by cooking a meal, recommending a good book, massaging sore muscles, cleaning the toilet, listening to painful stories as well as joyful ones, giving hugs.

This caring can be a lot like "work" in some ways. We might get tired or smash a thumb or get our shoes all muddy. We might get scratches on our arms or smoke in our eyes. Our feet might hurt, or our backs. We might cry alot or get a headache. We might miss out on our creative time or get behind in our reading or correspondence. But to what end? Look at what we did! Look at what we accomplished because we cared enough!

We built two new buildings at Riverland. We tore down 1½. We renovated another. We spruced up the main house, making repairs here and there. We stacked firewood, laid gravel, created paths. We enlarged our garden, planted an orchard, put up harvests. We made our furred and feathered friends happy. We gained new friends.

Because this "work" concept no longer fits how we live at Riverland, we have discontinued our one-year experimental work exchange program. On one hand, the work exchange program brought Riverland a lot of visitors who might not have been able to come otherwise. And we've so often delighted in their presence and their stories.

But in many ways, the work exchange program has been a big disappointment. While we were already moving into the "care" mode, our many visitors were still responding to the "work" mode. And it showed. However each felt about work in general came through in the work they did or didn't do.

It was an unusual visitor that actually put in three hours a day of helpful, productive work. Too many others might only pick a pint or two of berries and call it a day, or sweep the kitchen floor and run off to the beach. This has been a phenomenon we still find difficult to understand. There seemed to be a definite resistance to work.

The work exchange program at Riverland, which asked visitors for three hours a day of "work" in exchange for room and board, consumed much more of our own energy and resources than when we didn't have visitors on the land--and less to show for it.

So, now, instead of a work exchange program, we ask for a contribution of \$15 a day for room and board and for the participation of each woman in the day-to-day life of the community. That might mean sitting around the table and getting acquainted--or going to the beach because it's just too hot to care about anything except cooling off the tootsies--or it might mean taking care of all those freshly picked blackberries and putting up ten batches of jam, at an average of one hour per batch, before collapsing in bed for the night. Ah, but what orgasmic pleasure to walk into the kitchen the next morning and see those 30 perfectly sealed, gleaming jars of jam ready to be put into the pantry cupboard!

When we can *really* care about the life we've chosen and the wimmin we've chosen to live it with--there's no such thing as work.

Life is good on the land, in community--because we *take* care.

EFFORT AND EASE

By Lee Lanning

Outland

Serafina, New Mexico

I'm working. I'm feeling the work is too hard, there must be an easy way. I'm sure this is too much work. As I work, I ease into the work. I am working the work, the work is working me. The work is easing up on me. I'm feeling the work is easy. This work suits me fine. I am at ease with my work.

When I am not finding a way to get into the work, to let the work into me, I am working *at* something, not *with* it. When I am feeling the work as outside myself, I resist it. Not that I mind a bit of effort--I'm a "hard" worker, but I like to "get things done" and I like to be "busy". This way of working has turned out for me to be the hard way. I am finding a flow, a way to be in tune with my work, be it creative or mundane. An ease that is not only a new relation to work, but a new way of being.

Why didn't I know this before?

I remember as a young child believing things were supposed to be easy. Perhaps children feel this way because things seem so easy for adults. As I grew, some things were easy for me, so then I felt all things I put my hand or my mind to should be easy. Since many things were not easy, I figured these were "not my thing"--I passed them by, passed them on to others more "talented". I believed I had no talent for these things, but in fact in many cases it was *will* that was lacking, effort to learn and do a thing well. Writers, artists, builders, no matter how talented or prolific, all work hard at their craft--it doesn't just happen as is often supposed. They re-write, erase, paint over and go on with effort and passion, and with luck, a certain ease, an in-tuneness with the work.

In some things I have learned the worth of sustained effort. In weaving, for example, I know I must go back, take out any mistakes, even if it means hours of reweaving. These hours are nothing compared to living for years with a glaring error in an otherwise beautiful piece.

Weaving was the first place I learned about that intense connection with my work, and experienced the ease inherent in it. Building is much the same--sometimes we can get by with something that's not quite square or straight or level, but it's usually worth it to redo it rather than living in the ramifications as they are magnified throughout the building. This takes much effort and patience when we're eager to get on with it and we want to say "It won't matter"! I'm finding that building is a craft much like weaving--when I attend to every detail with great care, putting effort into attaining the *end* I desire, it is the *means* which changes, the work itself, my relation to it. I am discovering the difference between being busy and being involved, between, "I must get this done" and "This *is* getting done". I am one with the process, and there is happiness in my work.

I have apparently been learning this for a while, but it didn't all come together for me until recently when I started to draw. Believe me I *never* thought I could or would draw anything--no talent you know. I really don't know why I even tried, but one day there I was, a small pencil and a big eraser, going at it. The big eraser is important, because one thing I am learning is that my first marks on the paper are not necessarily there to stay, and it's ok. Eventually with a lot of erasing I do end up with something I feel good about, but that's not so important, because what I'm enjoying is the process, that deep attention, that involvement; my *presence* to the task at hand.

Certain things seem to elicit this presence from me, like weaving or drawing, but I understand now that's how it can be all the time. I want that connection with all that I do, with cooking, gardening, building. I want it with things we call work, and those we call play. I want it with wimmin, and with the rest of the natural world. I want this way of being in all of my life.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

By Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Drury, Missouri

Weather more strongly influences my daily life plans. In the city, work happened the same way each day. It didn't matter whether it poured sun or rain. If there was fog, frost, or freeze, I still drove from nursing home to nursing home, hauled in projectors, pictures and films, and gave classes. We school system employees considered it a miracle if school was called off, despite living in a land of blizzards and ice storms.

Here, I might go to bed planning to get up, carry my laundry in from the line and haul dry wood to the porch, then drive to my job at Elixir Farm. There, I will cut back flower stalks we've already harvested. Instead, in the morning I find myself listening to rain spatter on the tin roof of the studio as I sit writing, listening to Joan Armatrading. It's possible I may not even be able to

get to the farm.

If I do, and it mists or rains only a little, I work in it. Depending on the time of the year, that's ideal weather for various jobs; transplanting and weeding in spring. Planting garlic in fall. Hauling anytime. When it turns into a downpour, I go inside to tackle paperwork or do computer input.

In summer I long for dark, for time to dust and read and write. Instead the gardens call for fifteen hours a day and I heed the call, often as not. I have garlic to feed, herbs to weed, flowers to tend, vegetables to harvest. In the thick fiery heat, I wear sunblock, a hat, sunglasses, and lightweight long legs and sleeves. Protected, I go out to plant, mulch and water. The second I'm done, I tear off every speck of it and sit naked on the porch watching the clouds move across the pasture. As Jo reminded me, in Michigan I worried about how to stay warm, while in the Ozarks I wonder how I will ever get cool.



zana
tucson, arizona

Even so, in winter the temperature sometimes drops to 20 below Farenheit. We held the Great Whirlow Christmas Cattle Roundup with our neighbor Helen on a late December day that required insulated coveralls. Out into the pasture we tromped, our breath puffing visible, heavy boots slowing our movements. Urging the thirsty cattle and horses across her land to ours, heading them for Reba's spring on the next farm over, we had to keep stamping our feet to feel our toes. Helen's pipes and pond were all frozen up. We had to get the animals to moving water. Who knew when the thaw would come.

The bull enjoyed the excitement. Prancing to one of the huge 10-bale hay rolls, he bashed into it with one clean light tap of his enormous head. It rolled gracefully into a gulch where it composted for a few months, till we got around to dragging some of it up for mulch. The horses disappeared for a few hours somewhere on one of the three farms, but they turned up for their grain at dinner time.

The next year, a days-long storm turned the entire bioregion into an ice skating pond full of hills and hollers for two weeks. There were days when no one ventured onto the roads. Animal caretakers had all they could do to simply reach the animals. Terri's ice fishing cleats she brought from Michigan for no apparent reason were the hit of the neighborhood.

Lorraine and I both slid our vehicles sideways on the driveway and deserted them for a few days. Another day, we headed on foot toward the trucks and cars parked on the highway, wending through the woods, where it was less slick. Even so, we slid much of the way on our butts. It was the only possible way to travel.

The long awaited fall and spring rains come strong and intense. After a day or two of water flailing the buildings and earth and soaking us through layers of plastic when we go out, streams of it rush down all the hillsides and runoffs, filling dry creeks and joining up with the river I cross on my way to two of my jobs. The swollen creek makes a wild dash toward the lake, growing larger every second, till, one morning I see the sign on the third curve: Water Over The Road. Rarely, I turn immediately and

head back to go the long way. Instead of 32 miles, today I'll travel 76. Usually I'm irresistibly drawn to see.

I head Ida, my little truck, on down the long drop to the bottom, inhaling the moisture laden air, relishing its smell. The road curves and sweeps in a steep grade. An ancient humpy mountain on the far bank is visible, clad in trees cloaked in mist, drifting. Suddenly, I burst into view of the Bryant. The bridge is entirely under roiling and racing water, frothy and swirling. A log jam the size of a chicken house is pushing at the bridge. New trees and hunks of flotsam join by the second. County Road Commission workers will be chainsawing plenty today. The air is palpable with negative ions and I can hear bird calls through the wind.

I gaze at it for long moments, filling myself with the commotion, then turn to begin the beautiful drive the long way around, across a bridge whose span is far above the highest water. Turning up the tape, I let the womyn of Sweet Honey in the Rock carry me to Carnegie Hall for a visit with African American culture. My time away from home stretches out past dark on days when the low-water bridge is out.

Yes, weather has more impact in the country. What happens each day with the winds and clouds and temperature affects every detail of my life. I am out in it more. I look forward to the wild times and relax into the calm ones.

Susan: After 48 years of city life in Michigan and more than a decade of scheming and dreaming, belonging to land groups, and supporting rural land trusts, I finally moved to the country in 1989. I live on Hawk Hill Community Land Trust, in the Missouri Ozarks, along with my girlfriend, Terri, my pals Denslow, Linda, Pat and Lorraine, and animals galore. From Hawk Hill it's a short ride by truck or horse to Gathering Root Farm, another Dyke land. I work away from Hawk Hill for many hours a week, at nearby Elixer Farm, home to supportive non-Lesbians. The wonderful Ozarks Lesbian community inspires me. I only occasionally regret leaving the city, when I feel pangs of missing both my dear friends who still live there and the racial, ethnic and cultural diversity.

GOING LIKE SIXTY

By Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Sunny Valley, Oregon

ANOTHER POTLUCK!

Almost every weekend there is some local lesbian gathering which includes a potluck. Maybe your community doesn't feature this kind of cooperative but chancy meal sharing. Out here in the Oregon mountains we live so far apart that our events often last most of the day or long into the evening. Most of us have to drive for at least one hour, and maybe two or more, so we need to sit down, or get to work at a project, and do a lot at one time. Since some of us have no telephone we are never sure who will be able to make it. The easy way to provide food for an uncertain number is to "Bring food to share."

And what shall I bring this time?

Eating is a favorite thing with me, but cooking isn't. I could bring a jar of applesauce, a bottle of sparkling cider, a bag of chips, or a quart of cottage cheese--as some of my superbusy friends will occasionally do. But I'm not a happy shopper or a canned food lover. I am a gardener and I live on a low budget.

Typically I survey my garden first. What is in season and abundant? Is it likely that a lot of others will bring it too? Is it easy for me to prepare? Will it spill or spoil during the long drive? Is it edible by most of my friends? (I can remember back when everyone ate everything, when being a vegetarian was odd, when I didn't know anyone with a food allergy. Oh well, I understand. I have become a "low salt" woman since

menopause. However, I often choose to eat widely at potlucks and risk the morning after headache that comes with too much salt.)

I digress. I still must decide on my dish. Usually I hit upon a seasonal staple contribution to spare me the recurring dilemma of this decision. In early spring before the peas were ready, eggs were cheap and I took deviled eggs. After the strawberries and raspberries were gone and until the squash ripened, I relied on potato salad. It's easy and travels well. I can cook potatoes the day before and add the onions. I spoon in the mayonnaise just before I serve it. The PLUS is that I don't bring any home. It always gets eaten. I feel a bit rejected when my dish is passed over.

Most times our potlucks are luscious feasts. Such good cooks! I bless my friends who bake lasagna, spicy stews with mushrooms and eggplant, cream cheese layered in fruit gelatin, spinach quiche, homemade bread, herb salad dressing, blackberry pie. Ah another potluck!

Of course, the meal is not supposed to be the main event. Even I wouldn't drive an hour each way and sit in a meeting all day (or evening) just to dine scrump-tiously for one hour. Besides our scheduled purpose (which can be Writer's group, Artist and Photographers group, Equinox sing, Solstice circle, birthday celebration, or planning for a conference like Lavender Life Support or Art Camp) there is also socializing to meet newcomers, to catch up on personal news, and to do networking. I'm sure these are important ingredients wherever friends gather. They are crucial to our community where three of our land groups have no telephone.

So I pack my calendar and my lists of who to talk to about what, as carefully as I wrap my casserole in towel and plastic bag. As much as a week ahead I start collecting in a large basket the books to return, the flyers and announcements to distribute, the shirt left at my house last time...and still I sometimes forget things!

Now imagine with me that the large table is full of bowls, platters, baskets and jars. The kitchen is buzzing with talk and questions about trivets, hot pads, and serving spoons. A voice is heard (often it is mine), "Are we ready? Can we start?" Magically we line up and form a circle around the table. We eye the feast and savor the smells. We take hands and sing. One of the songs we often sing is:

Back of the bread is the flour
Back of the flour is the mill
Back of the mill is the wind and the rain
And the Mother's will.

Yum yum. Our circle moves to the table and plates are passed. As we start loading our plates and reaching across each other I usually ask, "PLEASE, can we all go the same direction?" I hate bumping into anyone with our full plates. Murmurs of pleasure and speculation about ingredients are a soft hum around me as I carefully arrange each helping so I can sample everything.

After eighteen years of potlucking I am fairly expert at plate stacking. Care and skill here means room on my plate for even more and bigger samples. I have heard a confession from another enthusiastic eater that at large affairs, like a conference, she sometimes takes two plates in case there will be no seconds. She thinks others assume the second plate is for a friend. She knows she will have enough to eat!

I also practice "Eat as I go" when the circle moves slowly, sometimes because we read the labels placed beside the dish: "No sugar" "Made with honey" "Wheatless" "Tuna in this salad." Most of our potlucks are vegetarian but meat eaters appear occasionally, most often at holidays. I heard of a time when a woman had to eat her turkey in the parking lot (just off the edge of the land), and of another when the hostess prepared

turkey and everyone else brought deserts. (That sounds like a fine holiday meal to me.)

Since I've been asking about potluck experiences, I've been told of a summer meal of all green salads. Must have been all gardeners. And I have been to a few where there was too little food to fill us. Yes, sometimes many of us are too busy or too tired to bring anything. Then it is obvious we'd like to be taken care of this meal. It isn't a problem when only one or two feel this at the same time. Personally, I think once or twice a year (that would be one or two times in 36-40 potlucks around here) doesn't impugn anyone's character. I sympathize with my sisters in those overwhelm times in our lives.

Some of the more organized among us will try to plan for a balanced menu for a really large event. Then directions/suggestions are appreciated though I find most lesbians don't like to follow directions. At those times when the food is unpacked and placed on the kitchen counter and there is no main dish, the hostess may make an emergency shift of plan and put a pot of rice on to cook while we get to the work of the day, later adding cheese or another protein complement. Long meetings are intense and energy consuming. We need all the help we can get to sustain our focus.

Once the meeting is over, some of us drift back to the table, nibbling, snacking or getting another plate and fortifying ourselves for the trip home. Someone or several someones have done the dishes while others are still standing in the kitchen gathering their pots and lids, bowls and baskets, comparing recipes, congratulating a cook on her flavoring or salad dressing, offering leftovers, making arrangements for next time.

I go over my list to be sure I can check off all my messages, errands, loans and returns. My list is done and a new one begun with plans and promises for the next time we meet.

Ah, another satisfying potluck, and the bonds of friendship have been fed, too.

© Jean Mountaingrove 1992

Jean adds: At the last potluck only two of us showed up and we both brought potato salad!

LESBIAN POTLUCK

By Wyrda Atowl
Southern Oregon

Chorus:

I went to a lesbian potluck (clap,clap)
A common social affair (Ole)
But this one turned into a nightmare
'Cause all my ex-lovers were there!

Verses:

I knew something was different the moment I arrived
With my current sweetie and organic kiwi pie.
I looked up and met 30 staring eyes,
I was surrounded by ex's with no place to hide.

I said to myself, there's nothing to fear
After all we're adults and good feminists here.
I managed to maintain my serenity,
Till I noticed them all whispering and pointing at me.

I chatted politely as I scoped out the scene:
2 and 6 were a couple, so were 8 and 13.
4, 7 and 11 were doing celibacy
And 12 "accidentally" dumped her seltzer on me.

1 and 5 were pretending they didn't know me,
While 14 was flirting outrageously.
I knew the time had arrived for a hasty retreat
When I saw my current taking notes from 3, 10 and 15.

So if you do the potluck circuit
Take heed and you'd better beware,
One day all of your past may be present
So be careful how you end your affairs.

© Wyrda Atowl



Bless this food we are about to eat...

zana
tucson, arizona

CITY DYKES ATTEND 1ST ANNUAL COUNTRY WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL

By Marcia Schwemer
Los Angeles, California

*1st Annual Country Women's Music and Fun
Festival! June 13&14, 1992
500 secluded acres of woman owned land
Camping by a creek
Delicious veggie meal Sat. eve.
Continental breakfast Sun.
Registration fee: Adults \$25-40 sliding
scale. Girls under 16, \$10
This festival is for women and girls only.
Hopland, California*

The four of us set out from Los Angeles on Thursday, June 11. We were hoping to leave by 6:30 p.m., but we pulled out at 7:08 p.m. in my 1985 low-to-the-ground Honda Civic Wagon full of our gear and the larger items like my sleeping bag from hell tied on top (my ex-lover was a truck driver and she taught me to tie down loads real well). We headed up highway 5, aka the sensory deprivation route, singing along to tapes of Chris, Meg, Margie, etc. We had packed sandwiches so that we could really book.

Our first night we were staying with friends in Oakland. They expected us to be late and were leaving a key out for us with a note as to where to find it. I hoped we would be the only ones to read it. I drove the first shift getting us out of LA. Irene had been sick so we agreed she wouldn't do a shift on the way up. Francesca took the second shift. She was getting pretty tired by 11:30 so Caryn pulled the last shift. The moon was full and the stars were beautiful. We were hoping some of the Southern

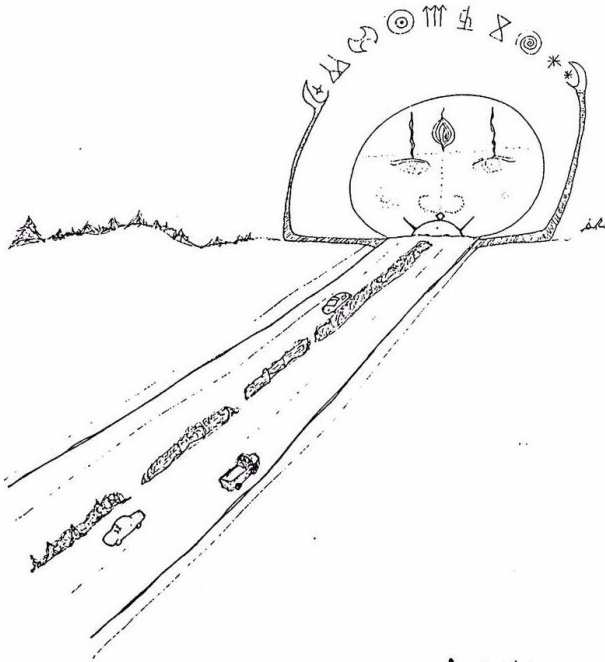
Oregon wimmin we had met on our last trip would make it to the festival.

We finally arrived in Oakland around 2:00 a.m. The last time we had flown in so our directions were from the Oakland airport. We followed them anyway. We got on the 980 which has a ramp reminiscent of Thelma and Louise. Myself having a minor fear of heights, let alone being punchy by now, I began to laugh hysterically. Fortunately, I had my stuffed mouse, Bunny, along so I just held her up in front of my face. By then everyone was laughing. Irene said I should put Bunny down as Bunny was the only one who could see to drive at that point. We ended up lost but found our way across Oakland via surface streets. Francesca asked Caryn to inch forward at one of the streets so she could see if anything looked familiar. Caryn moved forward in her seat an inch. Miraculously, I managed to understand that she meant the whole car. Of course, we went into hysterics again. We did find our friend's house with little other mishap except mistaking BART for an awfully long offramp.

The note was on the door telling us where to find the hidden key. After untying the very secure load which had not budged one iota, we tried to go in as quietly as possible. I borrowed Francesca's sleeping bag, so I didn't have to deal with mine yet. It was dark and I just climbed in through the top of the bag. Unlike mine, hers has a draw cord. This didn't stop me from getting inside and bringing Bunny in also. I said everything was fine as long as there wasn't a fire.

The following day the six of us loaded up. Micci and Marguerite have a Land-rover so we threw some of our stuff, along with Francesca and Irene, into their vehicle. We had breakfast at the Brick Hut dyke restaurant. Irene did her usual networking and got a menu for the June Mazer Lesbian Collection.

We caravanned up to Willits. A fairly uneventful drive except for a pickup spewing tree branches onto the highway (obviously he did not have a truck driver in his past). I had to run over one fairly large branch. Kind of scary but fragrant. We planned to stay in Marcella's house. We had stayed there on our way to Oregon, and we were tickled to return. We stopped at the market and the six of us did shopping by consensus. Irene had brought her coupons along. No other customers seemed to want to be in the same aisle as us.



*the goddess Asphaltia
in hwy aspect*

Kiwani
Whaletown, British Columbia

We wound down the remote dirt road (a sure sign in our previous experience of nearing Lesbian land), stopping at a scenic spot for our picnic lunch. We guessed about the womyn in the red pickup that drove past twice (probably not). On down the road to Marcella's I drove with only a mild level of country road anxiety.

We arrived safe and sound and began to transport our gear down the path, across the creek (dried up now) and up the steep hill to the house Marcella built. Although Caryn was ok about heights when in the car being out in the open was a different story. Faced with the steep hill there was energy pouring out of the small of her back at about 90 miles per hour. Being a good dyke I placed my hand over the area damming it up.

We visited with the horses and watched the bluebirds and deer through binoculars. Later we fixed our communal meal and lit the woodstove. We had burnt up a tea towel on the stove the last time we visited. After supper, I fell asleep curled up on the end of the couch. Micci and Marguerite were sleeping out in their tent. I found out the next morning that there was some question as to whether to lock the door with the inside or the outside latch (Lions and Tigers and Bears). I imagined that if we had to go out during the night we were to stand at the door and yell up the hill to be let out. Fortunately the consensus reached without me was to latch it from the inside.

I got up early and went to visit the horses. I met Patricia who had come down to feed them. She invited me up for a "hot" shower. It was well worth the hike up the hill, and I finally got to meet Falling Star.

Marcella had installed running water since our last visit. Irene came out asking me if there was a spigot outside as they weren't using the faucet, but they could hear running water. It turns out Francesca was using the peepot in the loft. I decided to clean out the wood stove. I retrieved the bucket from next to the toilet and proceeded to shovel the ashes. At some point, I realized there were still live coals. I began shoveling the ashes back into the stove, averting a second wood stove incident.

We headed down to Hopland for the festival. This would be Irene and Francesca's first womyn's music festival. We arrived at the gate. I was driving, with my usual level of country road anxiety, as we pulled onto the dirt roads of the farm. We stopped at the registration area and received the information sheet. We passed a sign reading "Pigs 1 mile" with an arrow pointing to the left. We were proceeding DOWN to the right. Caryn was reading the information to me, but she stopped after only a few sentences. I presumed it was because I was into my laughing-while-driving-on-the-precipice mode. However, she had decided to spare me the part about rattlesnakes, scorpions and black widows until later.

We were met at the parking area by a womyn named Helen in a pickup, who shuttled us to our campsite. We picked the Bay Grove. We set up camp and had our lunch. By then we could hear that Judy Fjell and Crystal Reeves had started performing. We grabbed our chairs and headed up the hillside. They were to perform in the afternoon and the evening. It was a great show including tunes like *A Middle Aged Body (With Teenage Emotions)*, *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, which a few wimmin did slap leather to, *Scars on the Land* and *Living on Dreams*. Linda, the Mistress of Ceremonies, did a fantastic job of making announcements and scaring us further with the warnings regarding various varmints. She also did a particularly funny stint about safe sex later in the day.

We had wandered over to peruse the crafts area, when we happened upon a pickup truck (of course) full of wimmin and girls going over to see the newborn piglets. We jumped aboard, and as appropriately noted by Caryn, went on an "E" ride to the pig farm. Wimmin were hanging off the back and had to jump off and push when we bottomed out in the creekbed. Those standing inside ducked for low branches and were generally bounced around while screaming with fear and delight.

We made it back in time for a delicious spaghetti dinner and more of Judy Fjell and Crystal Reeves followed by channeling by Jo Madrid. Jo took as many questions as possible before succumbing to the cold.

Questions were about everything from, Will I stay with my lover, my current employer, my current residence, to the potential recovery of the Feminist Women's Health Center which suffered a recent bombing. By then it was pretty nippy and we headed for the fire down at the creekbed for drumming under the full moon. Wimmin were encouraged to bring their percussion instruments (wimmin were more than willing to share) or just their hands and join in. With the bright moonlight we made it back to our campsite barely needing the flashlight.

The next morning after breakfast, Judy invited everyone to join in a music circle. We still had a long drive to Los Angeles so we could only stay for a few songs. We broke camp and Francesca ventured down the road bare breasted (her first taste of that kind of freedom) and procured a womyn with a pickup to shuttle us and our gear to the parking lot. Caryn bravely drove us off the land and down the highway.

We made our way down 101 through the Bay area (over an incredibly long, high bridge) and onto highway 5 once more. Irene drove the second shift, me the third. We stopped only to change drivers until we neared the Grapevine where we planned to eat. We had the choice of Denny's or Country Kitchen. After some deliberation Francesca made a U turn and we went to the Country Kitchen. By now we were in the punchy realm again. Irene forgot we had changed to the Country Kitchen and assumed the waitress worked at both restaurants and had just forgotten to change to her Denny's uniform. Fortunately, she recognized reality before she clued in the waitress.

We got back on highway 5 and Caryn began to notice that the moon was changing. Not trusting ourselves at this point (maybe the moon was only full in Northern California) we reserved judgement as to just what was happening. Lo and behold the Goddess entertained us with a lunar eclipse for the rest of the trip.

We made it back to Los Angeles safe and sound, looking forward to the 2nd Annual Country Womyn's Music Festival around June 13, 1993. Hope to see some Oregon wimmin there next year.

ADOBE HOUSE

By Elaine Mikels (aka Elana Freedom)
Santa Fe, New Mexico

*Elaine's article first appeared in
Country Women, January, 1974.*

When I went to New Mexico in the winter of '69, it was solely to visit a long-haired niece of mine whose young wisdom I felt I needed on the head-changing journey I had been taking for the past two years. The last thing I imagined I would do was end up buying a farm where I would later build my own house. But one event led to another and I developed a taste for the countryside and became inspired by the self-reliant spirit of a woman of my own age who was farming and building her own structure.

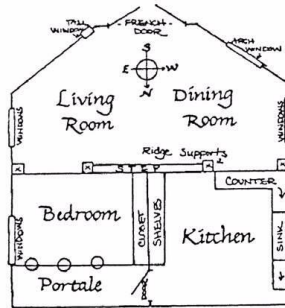
The farm I bought had 7½ acres of land, a funky old adobe house with six little rooms, and an old barnyard. The house felt strange to me at first with its irregular one foot thick walls and funny shaped doorways and windows whose feeling contrasted with the linoleum covered floors, the wallpaper and wall board ceilings. I felt somewhat like an archaeologist pulling up five or six layers of linoleum to discover a beautiful, grey, aging floor; tearing down wall board to find hand hewn vigas (beams) on the ceiling, and scraping layers of wallpaper from the old adobe walls. My own private dig took me back in time before the plastic age. Here I was, discovering organic materials that had been covered up by the Spanish who had used them. I, the ex-urbanite, valued returning to the land and to a vibrant and alive structure which I knew would someday go back into the earth from whence it came, without polluting the land.

The house was very dark and some of the walls needed remudding. I didn't feel very competent at knocking out bricks for larger windows, or mudding walls and so I hired a Spanish neighbor of mine. My 48 years of living in the city and being a woman crippled me from trying out tasks that had always been in a male's domain. The women's movement hadn't reached me in Taos yet and so I had to struggle for many months, being dependent on men before doing things on my own.

When I started playing around with the idea of building my own house I thought I had better practice first on something of a more modest nature. So I decided to build a chicken house and bought myself 300 adobe bricks. I had a back hoe dig into the side of a slope so that I needed to construct only one wall of bricks, as the other three walls could be lined with a dry wall of rocks. Adobe bricks are made from adobe mud and straw, in forms of two or three bricks at a time, and dried in the sun. They are sufficiently hard to build with, but of course not as durable as fired bricks or cement blocks. I learned to mortar with mud, placing in windows and door frames and making a roof with vigas and boards. With this experience, I was ready to start my own house, but then decided to wait through the winter as one can't build with adobe in the wintertime because the mortar would freeze when wet and crumble when it dried out. The following spring and summer were spent in farming so that I didn't break ground for my house until after the harvest. By that time I had young men and women living and working with me on the farm and they helped me on and off with the building of my house.

The site I picked for my house was on the other side of my barnyard, further from the highway than the one I was living in, close to the irrigation ditch with its willows and near a very large silver poplar tree. By this time I had become very familiar with this spot, getting to know it during the various seasons and also the hours of the day. After two years I had learned a great deal by getting ideas and profiting from the mistakes of neighbors who had built their own homes.

I knew nothing about drawing up architectural plans, so I began by drawing a rectangle representing a 24x30 foot structure, and modifying it to suit my needs and my artistic sense. I decided to narrow my bedroom on the north side to allow for a portale, or porch, for my firewood. I gave a rounded effect to the south wall by angling it in three parts. I placed my bedroom on the east side so I could watch the sun come up and also be able to keep my eyes on the goats in the barnyard. On the west side I wanted the dining area and



the kitchen in order to catch the fantastic desert sunsets. Two large french doors were planned in the middle of the south wall to allow for the sunshine to come in during the winter months. This was also the side I wanted for a patio overlooking the ditch and willows and the valley of Arroyo Hondo. The north side had no windows, except for three wine bottle portholes. This solid wall allowed for extra protection from those northern cold winds. Another method for creating better insulation from the winter cold and summer heat was to dig the house several feet into the ground. My plan was to have it 2 to 3 feet deep but the ground turned out to be so hard and rocky that I gave up hand digging after 1½ feet. Since the house was on a slight slope, I fudged a little and instead of making the floor level I made it split level. Actually it turned out to be a good plan as my fireplace and woodstove was on the lower level in the living-dining area and the kitchen and bedroom on the upper level could be thus very efficiently heated. I decided that all my inside walls would be made of rough lumber and be functional in nature. So I had a full wall between the kitchen and bedroom which had cupboards and a closet while the walls between the upper and lower level were waist high with counters and bookcases. This allowed for a good balance between open and closed spaces. I might mention that unlike a wooden frame house, it is more difficult to attach cupboards and shelves to an adobe wall, so wooden inside walls was not a bad idea. Two by fours have to be placed in the adobe walls at the time of building for the support of shelves.

I built the foundation of cement and rocks 1½ feet deep and a foot above the ground in order to protect the house from

being washed away during the summer flash floods. Discovering that adobe bricks had become almost twice as expensive since the time I had built my chicken house and feeling that making my own would be a tremendous task, I decided to use a method that a friend of mine used in building her weaving workshop. This was the utilization of forms, which I learned later was the old Spanish way of building before they started using bricks. I borrowed my friend's two three foot forms and constructed a five and a seven foot form which could be taken apart by using hooks and eyes. They were all 1 foot high and 1 foot wide. They were placed on the foundation and filled with a mixture of adobe and straw. The amount of straw, which was chopped up into two inch lengths, was just enough to give the adobe body; the mixture was just wet enough that it would stick to your fingers. To avoid having to mix so much mud and to do my bit for ecology, I placed rows of cans in between two inches of mud in each form. The cans were not squashed as the air space is supposed to be excellent insulation.

On a warm day, the wooden forms could be lifted off a half hour after the mud had been placed in them. By the time a row around the entire house had been completed, the mud was hard enough to take on the next row. As in laying ordinary bricks, the seams of an adobe wall are scattered. At the place where a door or window was going to be, the frame for it was put in. Pieces of wood were nailed to the outside of the frames which would be embedded in the adobe wall to hold the frames in place. Lintels, which are 3 to 4 inch boards, are placed over the doors and windows, resting on the walls with a foot or so overlap to protect the frames from the weight of the remaining adobe bricks. I placed additional lintels in the walls where I might at some later date knock out the wall for entrance to additional rooms. Framing is not absolutely necessary for doors and windows, which makes working with adobe so flexible; without frames, however, it is harder to make doors airtight and for windows the glass is embedded in the mud for stationary use only. I let myself go and deviated from using window frames by making a small arch window and placing whole gallon almaden wine bottles in

the bedroom and half gallons in the living-dining room walls. Another great joy in working with it is that without a great deal of talent one can sculpture little shelves in the walls and make all shapes and sizes of windows. Building a fireplace with adobe bricks is always a fun thing to do and allows one to be as creative as you want in design. Two women friends of mine built one in the corner of the living room, piling bricks onto bricks, making a free form shape. I finished it off by giving it a smooth mud surface. Another distinctive feature in building adobe structures is the ease with which additional rooms, doors and windows can be added. When the walls were completed, a cap which is a board one inch thick and as wide as the wall was placed on the walls where the vigas would be laid. This allows for an equal distribution of the weight of the vigas.

I had decided on constructing a pitch roof, one inch slant to every foot, rather than the usual Spanish flat roof with fire walls and canales. It just seemed simpler and I felt more secure having sufficient pitch for run-off of rain and melting snow. I bought vigas which were nicely dried and weathered gray rather than cutting down my own, as I hadn't had experience working with a chain saw and didn't feel sure of myself using one. I needed 20 vigas placed one and a half feet apart; 10 each running from the north and the south wall, meeting side by side on a center beam. This beam, 10x10 inches, lay the width of the house supported by the east and west wall and four 10x10 uprights which were about 9 feet tall. The vigas were spiked to the center beam and held in place on the outside walls with adobe bricks. The roof had one inch boards of various lengths and widths which were nailed to the vigas. Over them were placed two layers of celo for insulation and then a layer of tar and roofing paper. The roof had a one foot overhang to protect the adobe walls from being washed away in the rain.

I had planned to make adobe floors, which are saturated by linseed oil but moving into the house made it difficult because the floors couldn't be used until linseed oil and kerosene had been applied several times and allowed to dry between

each application. The answer to my floor problem came when a man arrived one day with a truckload of local flagstone to sell. We laid the flagstone on three inches of cement in the living-dining area after having tried laying them in the kitchen using adobe and linseed as the base. The latter method hadn't worked for us because we hadn't put on enough applications of linseed oil and hadn't let it dry sufficiently before using it. We never did get around to finishing the bedroom floor.

The last step in construction of an adobe house is to plaster the walls with mud to give a smooth effect. The outside plaster could have a portion of cement in it to make it more resistant to the rain.

The building of my house took over six months to complete. I had started in September but could only work until the end of October because of the cold. I did make the mistake of not covering my last row of bricks with plastic sheets to keep them from the rain. As a result they were wet when the first freeze came and when I resumed my building the next spring, I found that they had frozen and were crumbling apart. So a whole row of bricks had to be demolished. I also discovered that I had not made one window low enough to catch the sunset while sitting down and therefore I pulled out the window frame and demolished several rows of bricks in order to lower the frame. I couldn't believe how hard these bricks were. It took a sledge hammer and chisel and plenty of muscle power.

The cost of materials for sand, cement, wood and roofing came to about \$300. I tried to install my own electrical system but chickened out when I discovered that I didn't know what I was doing and realized the consequences of a fire if mistakes were made. So for \$200, I had electricity installed with plugs galore in every section of the house. I didn't install running water, but to do so at a later date created no problem. One merely had to chisel out holes, put in pipes and cover them up again with mud. This is what is so beautiful about building an adobe house. I never even thought about precise measurements, plumbing walls, blueprints or anything else of a technical nature. What comes from the earth is simple; only civilization makes things complicated.

MOBY GRAPE

By Merrill Mushroom
Dowelltown, Tennessee

Q: What's purple and swims in the ocean?

A: Moby Grape

---joke from the 50's

I love my garden. I love to work in it. Little by little, I expand it, extend it, add new plants, change the arrangements. Seven years ago, someone gave me a handful of muscadine grape starts. I planted them carefully and made temporary posts and wire trellis (which are still there after six years, posts now permanently leaning). All I knew about grapes was that they could get some diseases and they needed to be pruned.

The person who gave me the grapes also told me not to expect any grapes the first year, and I didn't; but I was eager to see what happened the second year. Sure enough, there were a few little bunches of muscadines, but for some reason, they turned grey and dusty and then shriveled into nasty things. I knew they had some disease or condition, and I intended to look it up at the library or call the county agent, but the time went on, and always I intended to do this but never seemed to get to it.

I decided to prune the grapes. To me, that meant cutting everything back to the main stems. I did. The main stems looked healthy. The following year there grew lush tangles of grape vines which climbed all over the trellises and bore onesingle small cluster of grapes. Period!

Well, I thought, I remember something about every two years--I think maybe that was when the grapes got fruit. Or maybe it was how often to prune. Oh well, I shrugged to myself, I really must check into how to do grapes--get to the library or ask someone or something. Wish I could remember who gave me the starts...That year, I left the grapes alone and did not prune.

The following spring the grapevines grew bounteous again, covered with tiny



Merrill Mushroom

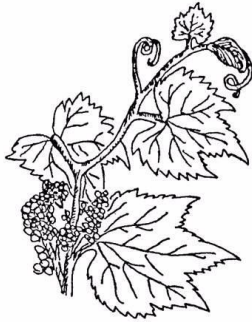
fuzzy blossoms, and that fall I had a nice harvest of muscadines. I decided not to prune again and see what happened, since I still had not had the chance to go to the library or ask someone.

That year the grape leaves got scaly and then turned brown and shriveled. They never quite dried up, but neither did they ever get their health back, and there were no grapes that year. So again I pruned, cut the whole thing right back down to the main stems which, by now, were 5 years old and thick, woody and healthy.

The next spring I again got bounteous grapevines and no grapes. I began to ask everyone I knew about grapes in hopes that someone might educate me. Helpful friends made helpful suggestions, but no one really KNEW. Not too many folks around here grow grapes.

"You need to prune them," many people said.

"Yeah," I agreed, "but how?"



Most of these folks merely shrugged. I went to the library--a small-town, one room branch 10 miles from home--the next closest branch was 35 miles away. There were 2 books specifically on berries and grapes and chapters on grapes in several other books. Many explained different ways to train grapes to trellises, but none explained how to prune the vines.

Then, last summer, a neighbor came to the rescue by bringing me a book--an old, beautiful turn-of-the-century book on pruning trees, berries, and three chapters devoted to grapes, illustrated with beautiful pen and ink diagrams to go with the text which explained in detail how to prune the grapevines. I read and re-read these chapters, took notes, and finally thought I understood what to do but wasn't sure if once I actually got off the page and into the field, in front of the grapevines in reality, that any of this would make sense.

Finally, gathering all my courage, I took the book, my notes, and a pair of shears down to the muscadines. There, I examined the tangle of dried vines sans leaves interwoven with horizontal wire and tried to consider that in terms of what I had learned from the book. Slowly the information began to sort itself out:

Grapes grow at the bottom of new shoots that grow along the length of the previous year's canes. Shoots that grow directly out of the main stem won't produce grapes--which was what happened the years that I cut off all the canes. The fruiting shoots may grow to be very long, but grapes will be produced only down near the last year's cane. In the autumn after the leaves fall off, each of these shoots (having now matured to cane-hood) will produce buds along its length which will become the following

year's fruiting shoots. The reason for pruning is to thin the plant by cutting it back. Grapes can be pruned any time after the first hard freeze in autumn through the winter (appx. Nov.-Feb). Since we were having April weather in January this past winter, I decided that would be a good time to prune my grapevines:

1. I trimmed back the ends of all the vines to about 6-8 feet from the stem, pulling the pieces loose from the wire, until I had a mass of canes that I could work with.
2. I cut away all but 4-5 of the canes from each main stem leaving the canes that were nearest to the main stem. I loosely fastened these to the wire closest to each with a twist-tie.
3. I noticed the little buds along the length of each cane. These would grow into the fruiting shoots. I cut each cane back from the end so that there were 5-10 buds left, depending on how they grew and how healthy they looked. If the cane forked or branched into 2 canes, I cut below that part. Then I fastened each cane along the lowest trellis wire so that the new shoots would grow straight up. (There are many ways to train grapes to grow, and most grape books explain how to do this).

That was all there was to it.

I could hardly wait until spring to see what happened--I was not altogether confident that I'd done this correctly. Sure enough, exactly the way the book had foretold, new little shoots emerged along the length of each of the canes, and in the lower axils of the shoots were tiny clusters of grape blossoms. If nothing unforeseen happens, I'm looking forward to a crop of muscadines this fall.



MAIL ORDER PROJECT AND COUNTRY STORE

By Rebecca Clark
Labrys
Honor, Michigan

An open letter to the wmin who responded to Rebecca's article in the spring issue of MAIZE:

Dear wimmin of the lesbostore collective,

I have been on slow simmer all summer over this store project. Close to stuck at times. But everything is clear again, and I'm ready to move along.

First of all I congratulate each one if you for sending your energy to this project by way of your letters, postcard, land reports and store ideas. So far that has been the most exciting part about this project.

But there is more. Here are my new ideas. She has wings and needs our immediate attention. Fasten your seat-belts.

Mail order. Or femail order if you prefer has come to the forefront of this project. This is what I envision. The catalog will be divided into sections, *household items *health care items *gift items *cloth items *food items. The land groups will choose a category that they may feel they have skills already in place to create items or are willing to get skills in a particular category just because it sounds enjoyable. Before I get too far ahead in concept let me list some of the items that have been dreamed up for each category so you can better understand how this will work.

Household: cutting boards, wooden bowls, chopsticks, wooden spoons, dish drainers, pottery, bird feeders and houses, night lights, glassware, brooms, mops, refrigerator magnets, pot holders, homemade sponges and scrubbies, lamps, rugs, placemats, tablecloths, napkins, dish-towels, switchplate covers, rubber stamps, baskets

Health Care: herbal tinctures, teas and salves, soaps and shampoos, tooth-

paste, deoderant, lip balm, creams, brushes and combs, towels, menstrual pads and sponges, loofas

Gift Items: jewelry, cards, stationery, dog and cat items (natural flea stuff, beds, collars etc.), altar items, candles, rattles

Cloth Items: clothing, sweaters, hats, scarves, mitts, shoes and boots, tote bags, quilts, linens, woven goods, slippers, lingerie, extra sized clothing, cushions, seat covers

Food Items: chocolates, jams and jellies, chutneys, fancy cookies, breads, pasta, granola, herbs, spices, cookbooks, dried beans with recipe

Political Section: Political buttons, tees, magazines, books, etc.

I've been working on this list for a few weeks and feel it's pretty complete but if I've glaringly left something out let's get it on the list. This list is a dream list. Things that I think a lot of dykes would consider buying from other dykes. We will incorporate our art into our everyday needs, the cutting boards could have labrys' carved around its border, the chocolates packaged in a tastefully erotic lesbo manner, and so forth. We will try not to compete with mega business and produce clone-type goods. We all know that would be uncreative and boring work. To get started we can probably create a third of this list for our first catalog.

Now for the organization. The success of this project lies with the land groups. So do you wim on the land think this is a good idea? Do you see an area you are excited about? Do you have the means to boot up for a project of this dimension? I've already heard from a couple of land groups that I feel would fit in nicely. Spiraland in Kentucky. Jes, Obi, AJ, Kate, you would seem to have the gift items nearly complete. Have you experimented with making paper yet? How about candles, or altar items? If you were unable to fill all the needs in the gift items we

could find another land group to help. Spiraland would cover refrigerator magnets, rattles, cards, coloring book, cedar bags for closets and drawers, jewelry. Anything else? Then there is zana from Saguaro in Arizona, they do cloth items, one-of-a-kind embroidery, woven sit-upons, and cloth dolls. Would you be interested in making other items on the cloth list? Cathe Hope from iris herbals in New Mexico could take care of herbal remedies in health care, any land group interested in making combs or brushes, anyone growing loofas or making sponges? Where is the land group that makes their own toothpaste and soap? Kathe and Bev, Jae told me you make wooden things, cutting boards, bowls or spoons by any chance? Maryanne and Louise from something special in Miami, Florida could grandly take care of food items. Even the cookbook. I think we should definitely find a way to preserve seitan for shipping. Paula Mariedaughter from St. Paul, Arkansas knows her herbs, can you help out with food or health care? Missouri dykes garlic? Garlic baskets? Outland will do the menstrual pads, any other item on the health care list? Labrys will be overwhelmed with getting this project in the air, but bird houses and feeders we can make if no other land group wants it. This is basically everyone I've heard from so far. There are a lot more items we need to complete our catalog of fine, homemade land-lesbian goods.

What will it take for this project to appeal to land groups? There will be some initial cost in getting production up before the catalog hits the market. There may even be training time involved if a land group takes on items they have never made. What else?

Let me tell you my dream for the catalog itself. That alone will be a cultural artifact. Don't ask how I'm going to pay for this, all I can say is that this project is more or less on its own, and it will happen and the money will fall into place, watch. The Catalog: Will be organized by category. Each category will be divided by the number of land groups participating in that particular category. In all instances there will be something written about the land group and pictures of their goods being made that will serve as advertising

for that particular item plus introduce the wim making the product or piece of art. In that same section there may be included a tip from that land group and on anything from the care of this particular product, to how the product was inspired to a funny story about making this item to a recipe to any lesbian lore. This catalog will be a survival manual in lesbian economy. It will be simple in design, I want color, and brilliant in narrative. It will feature a baby dyke starter kit, which will be an item from each category that we are sure of as far as production goes and will allow all lesbians to sample our goods for say under \$20. This is the beginning of a fruitful relationship with a good customer. Also each catalog will feature one wild woomoon's work. I envision 2 mailings a year, with a lot of help from the goddess babe!

Timewise we need to start work now. The first catalog should be out the first week of August 1993. Then we'll aim for a spring 94 and Autumn 94 catalog with updated products and more tidbits



Photo submitted by Rebecca Clark

from the Landykes. It would be ideal for all interested to be able to meet for a long weekend to get working. However that won't happen, at least not at this point. What might work is a meeting later into the project. Nell and I are making plans to travel to New Mexico in March. We want to visit friends, Nell wants to paint, I want to meet Jae and check out Outland, plus visit other land groups enroute. Yes Jo and Jenna and Terri and Susan and Denslow and Linda we'll see you on our way west! Most of the work will be done through the femail and telephone. We are probably looking at the first of May to have products named and photographed so we can write and lay out May and June, off to the printer in July, out in August, in time for Michigan.

There is more to say but I think I'll wait to hear some feedback. I really

want comments advice suggestions etc. Oh, by the way, I have not given up on the store in fact it is almost enclosed, a few more windows to go. The femail order just took over as the means to success for this project. I'll distribute through the store and will set it up as a way to organize the shipping end of things. However the store will not make us self-sufficient, the femail will.

These are the new revised visions of Rebecca. I'm in love with this project and I'm willing to figure out any obstacles to making this work. Details of how we'll set it up as a business are yet unclear. I'm waiting patiently for my business spirit guide to visit. She'll be crystal clear and no doubt answer a lot of questions that we all have.

Rebecca Clark, Rt. 1, Box 257, Honor MI 49640

SHE FUNDRAISING TABLE

The Tucson Wommin's Community has a Third Friday Coffeehouse. It's a cheap, non-alcoholic, fun way to socialize, dance and check out the girls! One wommin, Fran, is whose volunteer energy puts and holds it all together. This is Tucson's only ongoing wimmin-only event, and between 75-100 wimin enjoy it each month. Located in the Unitarian Church, there's a large wheelchair accessible main room, with smaller meeting rooms for wimin to hang out in. Decaf, herbal tea, water and snacks are available with a pay as you can donation bowl on the counter.

Occasionally local wimmin set up a table and sell their wares. About 9 months ago we decided it was a perfect place to set up a fundraising table, hopefully making a little money and also do a bit of PR work too! We've assembled an odd assortment of wimmin-made items, from cassette tapes to dolls which grace our table. In keeping with our commitment of class accessibility we don't price the items. Instead we have a sign asking each wommin to assess her financial resources, think about the time and energy it took to create the item, and remember we are trying to fundraise. We

go on to encourage her to give as much as she can, but to also realize she has a right to have the item even if she can't give anything. We tell her if she is having difficulty figuring out how much to donate, the contact wommin will be happy to discuss the process with her. It's kinda like a sliding scale without the scale! As we expected, it freaks many wimmin out, but they are getting used to the idea, and we are given between \$5-35 each month. At least one wommin asks for help with the process each month. Many others read the information, and turn away without the item they were admiring. However, several of these same wimmin have returned the next month and with success, go home with their new prize!

We plan to continue with the table, and our "pricing" technique. Of course, we would love it if you would send us some of your creations, whatever they may be. If at all possible attach a short note about yourself, materials used, and the amount of time and energy it took to create your gift, so that the wommin who would like to acquire it can have a better idea of what went into bringing it to her.

Alien Nation
from the newsletter, SHE PO Box 5285,
Tucson, AZ 85743

LETTERS

Hi everybody!

Just thought I'd write a letter with assorted news...Since it's not strictly about EIDER these days, "On The Land" didn't seem to be the spot for it. Though the good news is I am finally living in the woods again! Hooray! The wheelchair accessible, nontoxic trailer is finally built and I moved in about a month ago(middle of may). It's not time to move back to the southwest yet, but it IS becoming more possible. For now I'm still getting my life pulled together--the disability thing is pretty intense, (reclining electric wheelchair, minimal hand use, ei continues) and the northeast is being a good place for things like finding equipment, ways to use it, how to carry on with life in this different pattern.

In the meantime, EIDER is still there (in southern Utah) and open to womyn interested in nontoxic dyke space being on the land. No one has been living there for quite a while now, but the possibility is always open. Womyn who are interested in spending time at EIDER can contact me about how to get to it, what the land is like, etc.

On the topic of networking among dykes with ei(environmental illness), The Lavender Mask newsletter really is going to have another issue, and will hopefully get on a more regular schedule. One of my big projects in the past year has been getting (through Voc Rehab) a voice activated computer. It's finally here and I'm learning how to use it, which means I am finally able to put words on paper again, with very little assistance. Hooray! So both myself and the projects I've had going will hopefully be much more on the map in the next while.

That's about it for major news. Lots of love to all the womyn I've been out of touch with--I'd love to hear from you. These days I can write back without all the dictating and transcribing, which makes me MUCH more likely to do it!

Love,

Shemaya Mountain Laurel

POBox 191, Shutesbury, MA 01072
413-367-9873

By Shemaya Mountain Laurel
Shutesbury, Massachusetts

waterless
changed
my lizard skin sheds
in patches

I meet the world
in calico
light and dark
patched

oh
for a lizard body
gleaming
in the sun
sleek and agile

darting
under trees

Shemaya: woods dyke, surviving elegantly

Dear Wimmin,

I would like to share with you how much I cherished receiving and reading MAIZE while living in this large, isolating city of Toronto, Canada. After travelling and living in Australia for almost 3 years connecting with cuntry and city Aussie dykes and re-connecting with my own vital spirit, I have felt a void and incongruence with lesbians in Toronto.

It has been your/our fabulous magazine with her superb, informative articles and creative drawings by many dedicated dykes that have helped me to nuture my vision... of immigrating to OZ with my partner and live in the country between the hills and the sea(in South OZ) with our friends.

We plan to leave Toronto in a few months so I will not be renewing my subscription. Finally, I would like to thank everyone at MAIZE and contributors for continuing to spin our web and spiritually strengthening me.

In Lesbian Sisterhood,
Kigyom

Hi

090292

A lot has happened here in N. Miami and Dade County as a result of the Hurricane--Miami and Dade County as a patristic system is operatin as expected--the Lesbian communities have single-ly and join-ly come to-gather to do what we must and can do to help ourselves--our love ones--our Lesbian sisters--our friends. This desire to help ourselves and others lead us to act and here is what is now happening. 1) Something Special, a Lesbian Venture, creates Lesbian Free Food Bank for Lesbians unable to buy immediate foods. 2) N conjunction with dykes from Broward and Dade county, S. Miami, N. Miami, Miami Beach, Las Salamandras, our place natural foods eatery and errands, Something Special, collects and distributes foods and goods to Lesbian sisters and others n homestead, goulds, perrine, west perrine, leisure city, florida city, richmond heights and n small portions of N. Miami. 3) The Lesbian Herrricane Relief Fund (ALV) is started with the earth-shakin cerebrations of danielle n san diego, and with a great deal of joy i (Louise) would like U to know we have \$225.00 n promise. *Please send no monie.* A promise to give when the needs become apparent. The average promise is \$5.00. 4) Immediate stress alleviated--conversation by phone and face-to-face when possible. 5) Pat at Errands donates errand time for pick-up and delivery of hurricane related errands. 6) Amani @ Our Place offers food relief to mothers on subsidies. 7) Bonnie and Nancy Sun owners of Mermaid n Fort Lauderdale offer free housing to Lesbians left without homes due to hurricane.

Well as you can see all of our lives have been incredibly changed by the Mother cleaning her bowels (and i Louise humbly thank you)--and now we must work to continue livin and lovin. All this is happening now and will be for a while. Let us hear from u. Special special thanks to all Lesbians and women. Special special special thanks to angelica, amy, amice, bairbre, barbara, connie, coleen, cessie, carolyn, carol, donna, debra, erin, lilly, maura, mary m, mary s, sharon, the Blood-root collective, joanne--

Love N a dyke-ly fashion,
F.Louise and maryanne

for Something Special (ALV)

MAIZE:

I would like to be in contact with Lesbians familiar with the coming earth changes, and/or the channeled Jean Foster books, and/or the book, "Mary's Message to the World" by Anne Kirkwood. This is super information. The new age is on our doorstep. The earth is preparing itself for a growth of consciousness. In the next five to eight years much of life on earth will be chaotic. There will be many earthquakes, violent weather patterns, volcanoes and such. It will culminate as the earth turns on her axis and changes positions in the universe. There is nothing to fear because it is a change for the better. Between now and then it is important for us to return to our spiritual values. Include in your daily routine, prayer, meditation, pure food, and positive thought. As a living and feeling entity whose spirit is propelled by the Goddess, the earth has to rid itself of the parasites and the lies. I am a Goddess loving spiritualist who wants to live by the laws of nature. I say it is time for Matriarchy! Ask yourself what you don't like about the present system, then supplant those dislikes with positive Truth. This is the time for Lesbians to team up with the power of the Goddess and know that She is your Partner. She wants what is right for you and for the earth. We must set in motion the Tender Truths of Matriarchy. Have no doubt in Her Power and Her Strength alive within you. This is the time to keep unity within our community. Lesbians have always been one step ahead and this is a time for leaders. Trust your higher Selves and team up with Her love, Her Greatness, and Her Abundance. We can do it! Team Up!

For more information or just to connect about all this contact me:

Janet Wampler
211 E. State St.
North Judson IN 46366

For books and newsletters try these:

Mary's Message to the World By Anne Kirkwood
Mary channels her words about the future and the coming earth changes
Team Up, Box 1115, Warrensburg MO 64093
Jean Foster's channeling
Matrix Institute, RR1 Box 391, Westmoreland, NH 03467
Monthly newsletter
documenting the earth's changes

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

ADOBELAND, 12150 W. Calle Seneca,
Tucson, AZ 85743
camping

AMAZON ACRES, HC 66, Box 64A,
Witter, AR 72776
visitors, primitive camping, 240 acres
ARCO IRIS, HC 70, Box 17, Ponca AR
72670-9620

ARF/New Mexico Women's Land Trust
POBox 707, Tesuque NM 87574
camping

CABBAGE LANE, POBox 143, Wolf Creek,
OR 97497

DOE FARM/ Wisconsin Women's Land
Cooperative, Rt.2, Box 42,
Norwalk, WI 54648
camping, lodging, memberships
summer work

FULL CIRCLE FARM, Rt.1 Box 427 Silk Hope,
Siler City, NC 27344
919-742-5959

community members, apprentices

FULL MOON ENTERPRISES/MOONSHADOW
POBox 416, Hopland CA 95449
707-744-1648

camping
Moonshadow Ranch 707-744-1093
HOWL, POBox 242, Winooski VT 05404

LUNA CIRCLE FARM, Rt.1, Box 1200,
Soldier's Grove, WI 54655
visitors, apprentices

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina, NM 87569
Remote Lesbian Spirit Community seeking
residents committed to self-sufficient
living based in Lesbian culture.

OWL FARM/ Oregon Women's Land Trust
Box 1692, Roseburg, OR 97470

RIVERLAND, POBox 156, Beaver OR 97108

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH (SHE)
Box 5285, Tucson AZ 85703
Saguaro Sisterland, 12101 W. Calle
Madero, Tucson AZ 85743
White Rocks Homeland, POBox 231,
Willcox, AZ 85644

SPIRALAND/ Spiral Wimmin's Land Trust
H.C. 72, Box 94-A, Monticello KY 42633
visitors, work exchange

SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME
13423 Howard Rd, Millfield OH 45761
community members, camping

WIMMIN ONLY LAND, Cazenovia, Wisconsin
contact Lisa: 415-647-3444
camping on unimproved land
partners wanted

WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport,
OH 43164
seeking community members.

WOMAN'S WORLD, PO Box 655, Madisonville,
LA 70447

work exchange, construction school
WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM, c/o Kate Millet,
295 Bowery, NYC, NY 10003

writers & artists work exchange, summer
landswomen & builders work exchange,
spring and fall

WOMLAND, POBox 55, Troy ME 04987

Tips for visitors to Lesbian Land:

The visitor calls or writes in advance
and arrives somewhere near when she said
she would. (include sase if writing)

She comes prepared to care for herself
totally, or makes specific arrangements
with the land.

She doesn't presume anything; she
asks what is appropriate in the way of
food, money, pets, phone use, scents,
smoking, chemical use and anything else
that affects the wimmin on the land.

She respects the land, leaving every-
thing the way she found it.

She comes willing and ready to enter
into the life of the land, to pitch in
on work projects as well as cooking and
dishes, unless other arrangements have
been made.

She communicates what she is seeking
from the wimmin on the land and what
she has to offer.

She knows that Lesbians on the land
are not likely to have more resources
than she--no more time, energy, love,
strength, money.

She respects the life the land dykes
are creating, living as they do during
the visit.



Lesbian Natural Resources

POBox 8742 · Minneapolis MN 55408 -0742

Announces a second cycle of grants

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 nonpatriarchal 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.

Grants will also be made to make housing spaces accessible, train Lesbians in rural skills, develop economic self-sufficiency on the land, hold community events 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 would like help with, write for grant guidelines and simple application forms.

Forms are available December 1.

Applications are due March 1.

Decisions will be announced May 1.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LESBIAN COMMUNITY ready for work exchange women and students to enroll in construction school. Apply with a letter about yourself and your schedule to Shewolf, at Woman's World, POBox 655, Madisonville LA 70447

COUNTRY DYKES, two-spirited First Nation's women, farm lesbians, fishing dykes, small town gals--we want to hear from you. Looking for your pictures, short stories, recipes, poems, autobiographies, cartoons, pet stories, planting secrets, coming out stories, etc. for our book on rural lesbians in Canada. During the long cold winter get those pens moving! R.U.R.A.L. PO Box 401, Arnprior, Ontario K7S 3L9

RED RIVER, 100% cotton menstrual pads handmade for you by land Dykes. Ecological, healthy, economical. Write for brochure: Red River, PO Box 130, Serafina NM 87569

MAIZE now available on cassette tape, beginning with #33, Summer 9992. Subscriptions \$10, same as print copies.

WE'MOON 93: GAIA RHYTHMS FOR WOMYN

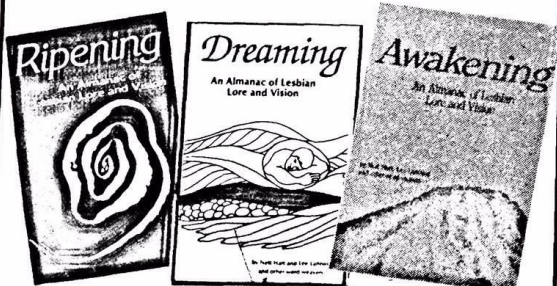
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