

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

WINTER 1993



Kiwani

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, discussions and articles 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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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

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

This issue typed and laid out by Lee Lanning, Serafina, New Mexico. Thanks to Jae Haggard and SueWillow for taping, and to Jae, SueWillow and Puck for help with mailing and other assorted chores. Printed by Presto Print, Grand Rapids, Michigan on recycled paper with soybean ink

All material © by author

Cover art by Kiwani, Whaletown, British Columbia

Send material for issue #36 by March 1, 9993
#37 by June 1, 9993

Subscription rate: \$10 for 4 issues published quarterly
MAIZE is available on tape for \$10 for 4 issues

Address all correspondence and subscriptions to:

MAIZE

P.O. BOX 130

SERAFINA, NEW MEXICO 87569

CONTENTS

SISTERS, YOU'RE A FOREMOTHER
 CULTURING LESBIANS
 COMMUNITY--WHAT DO WE REALLY WANT?
 LESBIAN LAND PATTERNS
 ONE THING I'VE LEARNED...
 ROOTS AND WINGS
 SELF PORTRAIT
 ON THE LAND
 LUNA CIRCLE FARM
 DRAGON
 HAIKU
 RAVEN'S HOLLOW
 UNTITLED POEM
 THE WOODSTOVE
 SPINSTERHAVEN
 CALIFORNIA LESBIAN LAND TRUST
 LAND AND LAND PARTNERS NEEDED
 THE STORY OF ECHINACEA AND THE TWO SPIDER BITES
 VEGETARIAN SPACE AND FOOD ALLERGIES
 ADVENTURES IN INNER SPACE
 WINTER IS FOR WEAVING
 COUNTRY CONNECTIONS
 ANNOUNCEMENTS
 ON MAIZE
 LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES

Jean Mountaingrove 4
 Nett Hart 7
 Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz 9
 Pelican Lee and Rebecca Henderson 11
 Susan Wiseheart 14
 Puck 17
 NíAódagaín 20

 Trish and Ayla 22
 Dolphin 22
 Dolphin 22,23
 Lisa 23
 Raven Astartate 23
 Linda 23
 Lida Simpson 24
 Bluejay 25
 KAJ 25
 Merril Mushroom 26
 Debby Earthdaughter 27
 Kathe Kirkbride 30
 Jae Haggard 33

 36
 37
 37
 38

ILLUSTRATIONS

Kiwani cover
 Jean Mountaingrove 3
 Tee Corinne 5,21
 Debby Earthdaughter 7,8
 Mau Blossom 9,10
 Jae Haggard 12,13,33,34,35
 zana 15
 Puck 17,18,19
 maryanne 28
 Kathe Kirkbride 31



Jean Mountaingrove
 Sunny Valley, Oregon

GOING LIKE SIXTY

SISTERS, YOU'RE A FOREMOTHER

By Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Sunny Valley, Oregon

Are you intrigued by the lives of women who previously lived on your land, or in your area? Or by the strong, independent women who pioneered on land before your own pioneering today?

As we lesbians work and sweat and learn from our doing, we are pioneers. As we meet to play and plan together we grow stronger communities. We are pioneering lesbian culture. And the women who come after us will want to know how we did it: how we lived, how we loved, how we created the country lesbian culture they have inherited, that they build upon.

Do I hear some of you thinking, as I do in moments of overwhelm, "But I am too busy living today and planning the future to take time to think about the past!"? Yet when some of us early arrivals come together to plan an event or participate in one, we will do the "I remember when... do you remember that?"

Occasionally new arrivals, and frequently the traveling guests will ask us, "Tell us how you came here. What was it like then? How did you start? How did you all meet? What did you do? When did... happen?" Then the old stories are told. My favorites include Nelly asleep under the lilac bushes, the fire at Womanshare, the pattern on the aerial map of Fly Away Home that looked like an angel, the little tarpaper shack on the hillside at Golden where I lived for 5 years, the rainbow that gave Rainbow's End its name, and Singles Summer at Cabbage Lane. All this so amazing and warm and funny to retell.

For some of you, stories of life on lesbian land don't have a long past, a few seasons, a few years. So much the better. Your memories are nearer and clearer. Here in southern Oregon we have already forgotten many details. Cabbage Lane is 20 years with us, Womanshare soon-

to-be 19, Rainbow's End is 17, OWL Farm and Fly Away Home are 16 now and Rootworks is 14! And there are many newer lesbian lands now, several more just this year.

Perhaps because of our longevity and the publishing done by lesbians in this area, women outside our network of lesbian lands have come to write about and photograph us: from Seattle for a magazine article, from Portland for a radio program, and from Washington D.C. for slide shows and an eventual book.

The effect of these women's projects was like holding up a mirror to our community, showing us to ourselves as interesting women living our lives in ways that are important to other women

A transforming moment occurred in December 1988. It is one of our "Do you remember...?" stories. NíAódagaín said, "Let's get serious about recording our stories. Let's do an archives." And Tee Corinne left for a moment and returned with a paper in hand. "Here's an article about the NorthWest Women's History Project. They're offering grants."

With that convergence of idea and resource, six of us (NíAódagaín, Akia, Sky, Bethroot, Annie Ocean and I) volunteered to do the required paperwork: write the grant proposal, file for Oregon non-profit corporation status, get a Taxpayer ID# and open a bank account to receive our grant money and pay for flyers, postage, audio tapes and supplies.

That small beginning would be enough to start except we must have a name. The morning after a brainstorming session, I came up with SO CLAP!--an acronym for "Southern Oregon Country Lesbian Archival Project". We enjoy introducing our presentations like that, and saying firmly "SO CLAP!"--then clapping our hands loudly and grinning.

After the initial period of meetings and correspondence our volunteered energies flowed back to personal priorities: the fencing project, recording the demo tape,

doing the next theater workshop, paying the bills for mother's care home, etc. etc. We got a \$200 grant and settled into a slow but steady snail's pace.

Our first presentation was to the 1989 Womansource 16th Annual Fall Gathering. Since then, whenever opportunities arise at festivals, conferences, anniversaries, several of us will make a short, humorous invitation for women to write or tape their stories and memories for our archives. A large photographic display gathered and mounted by Annie Ocean is always a center of interest.

We decided to focus our efforts initially on the first ten years-- 1972-1982, before any more is lost to memory or fades in our photo albums or on our 8mm home movie film. Tee Corinne has been telephoning early pioneers who have moved on, to interview them about their remembrances of southern-Oregon-life-back-then. She has written and compiled and photocopied this material into preliminary source booklets now stored in the archives at Rootworks.

We have also suggested that each land group save records of current life on lesbian land: flyers, letters, photographs, journals, whatever will document our herstory as we create it.

I am urging you who read this to value your life and activities, individually of course and also group-wise, community-wise. It is so important to collect and

save (in whatever ways you can) the evidence of your life. Please don't wait to develop the perfect system of organization or for a group of Virgos to join you, or a grant to finance it. (It needn't be expensive.) You can start with a box with a lid, and each January first, begin a new box. It can be that simple.

In that first box, collect everything you already have. Date each item in pencil and write all the names you can remember of everyone in the pictures. Then think of easy ways to record your daily doings: a group journal, a notebook of meeting



*Photo by Tee A. Corinne
Southern Oregon*

*Jean Mountaingrove at her celebration of 13 years
of living at Rootworks. October 1991*

notes, routine lists of errands, jobs-to-do, group photos at special events, invitations, newsletters, legal papers, drawings, letters to your group, copies of letters written. WHEN IN DOUBT, SAVE IT.

For example, I have a file folder 4" thick labeled TRAVELLERS. It contains letters since 1978 from women who have asked to visit Rootworks. I hope someone, a lesbian sociologist, perhaps, will want to survey the backgrounds, reasons, and hopes of these women who considered becoming lesbian pioneers.

Already SO CLAP! has cooperated with Professor Barbara Yates and graduate student Laverne Gagehabib in their research on our community. They are interviewing many past and present community members with special attention to including women of color. Their book will be another mirror, helping us to see and understand ourselves from a new perspective. It will also be valuable to future users of the archives and the feminist movement in general.

Your archival project could be launched at a Community Retrospective Gathering--an occasion to share flyers and photographs and your "I remember when...do you remember?" stories...to be taped, of course.

Another delightful way to gather material is to have a land anniversary party. After the potluck feast, reserve a special time for sharing memories of happenings on the land. Be sure to arrange for someone to tape the storytellers and the laughter and questions and comments. At a Womanshare reunion, a Talent Show was videotaped and played back later that evening for much merriment. A memory circle was also tape recorded, and interviews with the founding trio, Dian, Carol and Billie, and other old timers were videotaped. These recordings are treasures for our future.

Such attention to our lesbian pioneers and to the events we share strengthens our friendships with each other, builds our pride in lesbian country culture and creates traditions in which we can again and again express our appreciation of what our foremothers everywhere have given us.

I deeply appreciate the careful supportive listening and helpful suggestions of the Southern Oregon Women Writers Group in the revision of this article.

TIPS FOR SAVING OUR HERSTORY

From a letter to SO CLAP! written by Deborah Edel of the Lesbian Herstory Archives, PO Box 1258, NYC, NY 10116 (212) 874-7232. This pioneering organization deserves support from all of us. It welcomes records of your individual life and your groups.

1. Keep your scope narrow. Stay local and go deep. Go back in time but stay quite regional.
2. Work out a formal release, both in writing and on tape for any oral herstories. This is important. Neglect of it can limit what you can do, who can learn from/ listen to the work.
3. Work out a system for codes and names if women want to share intimacies they don't want public. This allows material to be available while still protected.
4. Develop a set of standard questions for the oral herstories to act as a guideline.
5. Duplicate tapes immediately.
6. Be organized about cataloguing and filing from the beginning. You might start with the subject terms in the circle of Lesbian Indexers Periodical Guide, then add your own local additions.
7. Develop a simple donation form, record book system so you'll have records of who and where the donations come from.
8. Use archival supplies: notes in pencil, nonsticky photo books, rustproof staples, acid-free folders, etc. These are available from archival supply stores.
9. Canadian Gay Archives wrote a book on how to organize an archives on a grass-roots level, yet very professional. A must to help avoid pitfalls.
10. Work slowly to avoid burnout. Don't be impatient.
11. Give things back to the community quickly through slideshows, readings, sharings. This helps generate even more material and involvement. And it shows that you aren't hiding their history from them.
12. Keep your budget small. Work with what you have. Don't have grandiose needs--just wonderful dreams! Let us know how it's going at LHA.

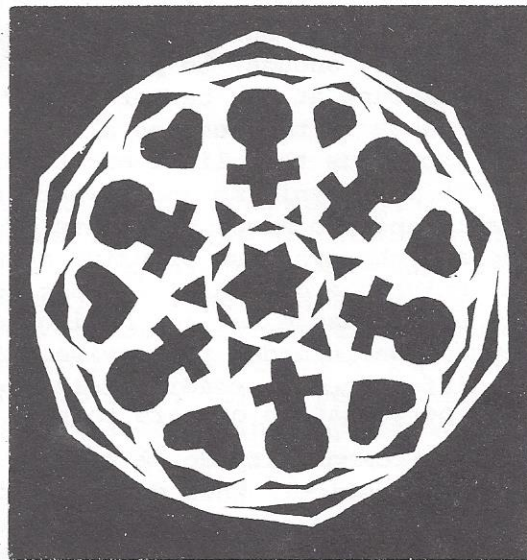
CULTURING LESBIANS

By Nett Hart
The Web
Foreston, Minnesota

The world is a funny place in 1992. I suppose there have always been lots of ways to be a Lesbian, but lately it seems the ground of common assumptions about what that means is eroding faster than the Grand Canyon into which Thelma and Louise left. It's not just the difficulty of recognizing a dyke; it's what to do with her once you know. Sometimes the recognition that we're both Lesbians is a reference point that leads no further. Because I think of my most important work as making connections with and between Lesbians, it does not serve me well to feel isolated and alienated from large numbers of dykes. Yet as I seek common cause with Lesbians I am made aware of the things that divide our energy, not the least of these being whether she actually *believes* in a Lesbian culture.

Some of the various ways we express ourselves as Lesbians are a product of differences we bring to our Lesbianism and which enrich our sense of being Lesbian: differences of race, class, age, education, ableness, self-image, size and the impact of various experiences. The Lesbian community is thankfully not homogeneous. Yet in claiming Lesbians as my community I want some values in common. How do I know how much of what I think of as my way of being Lesbian in the world is a product not of my Lesbian culture, but of my cultures of origin? How do I resist feeling values I think of as universal indicate a deficiency in their lack as when Lesbians lie, cheat, hit and steal from other Lesbians? How do I reconcile the fact that not all Lesbians feel interesting or even safe to me and what is that about anyhow?

In these days of deliberate pluralism it is easy to say there are various Lesbian cultures: land dyke culture, bar dyke culture, recovery culture, queer culture, lifestyle Lesbian culture, Lesbian parent culture, Lesbian professional culture, Lesbians of color cultures, and Lesbian Separatist culture. This is one way not to take our differences seriously. We have all been socialized in patriarchy



Debby Earthdaughter

and programmed to suppress our female liveliness and creativity. Our reclaiming takes various forms. While it is arrogant to assume the variations in how one is Lesbian are developmental along a common path, it is equally arrogant to assume a superior attitude because of unlimited tolerance for difference.

I am concerned that we are creating a community in which it is impossibly uncool to challenge one another on anything because any unity that holds us together as Lesbians had been denied. But I don't want a Lesbian culture that melts everything else into a white amerikan middle class soup, either. I want a community in which we are all empowered to challenge the assumptions each other brings. I am not willing to gloss differences or recreate the social structures of dominance and submission. We all need to confront our racism/internalized racism, classism/internalized classism, ableism/internalized ableism, ageism/internalized ageism, looksism/internalized looksism as well as the internalized misogyny and homophobia it is impossible to have escaped.

I worry that the unwillingness to create autonomous Lesbian culture is not really about tolerance for differences but is instead an apathy toward changing the world, a disempowerment in the face of so huge a task, an unwillingness to do the hard work of ridding ourselves of oppress-

ion and oppressive behaviors so that we can confront oppression on a large scale, be empowered to end all oppression. I think this apathy toward Lesbian culture is about not taking ourselves and our power seriously enough to put what we know as Lesbians at the center of our knowing, cause it to question all the systems around us that limit our Lesbian being. It is a cynicism about what is changeable and who might be agents of change, and the cynicism of privilege (or the privilege of denial) of not being desperate for change, of not having to end oppression in order to survive. Some of the differences we readily tolerate mean the perpetuation of harm to some of us.

How much commonality do we need to recognize injustice? When do we recognize that we are the beneficiaries of the changes we envision and that these changes are necessary? At what point do we take Lesbian culture seriously enough to commit ourselves to its development?

The Lesbian culture to which I aspire is a community of justice and joy. All cultures develop artifacts and rituals, codes and conventions, but these are secondary to the social pact we make *to be a people*. We have created festivals, concerts, books, jewelry, videos, plays, pottery, drums, and clothes, all to celebrate a Lesbian sensibility, if not a community. But to purchase a Lesbian quilt, display dykey art and play Lesbian music requires no commitment to Lesbians. Ownership and consumption of cultural artifacts is not a culture of challenge to the status quo. I want a Lesbian culture that is more than Lesbians singing pronounless love songs on the radio. I want a culture that celebrates the female body in a way distinguishable from the way we have been objectified and alienated in patriarchy. I want Lesbian characters in books who you know are Lesbian by more than their double beds. I want a Lesbian culture that is not so easily coopted by patriarchal media and manufacturers telling us about ourselves. I want a Lesbian culture that is more than a specialty "market".

Is it scarcity mentality, as I've been told, to want Lesbians to be generating and controlling the images and artifacts we embrace as our culture? It is if all I believe Lesbian culture is about is supplying one another with Lesbian-sensi-

tive goods. But, what if I think Lesbian culture is the crack in the shell of the cosmic egg? What if I think Lesbians are doing the important work of debunking denial and apathy and coming to *know*. What if that knowing is the heartbeat of life? Then we as a Lesbian people have a way of being in the world, a reverence and respect for what is female, that Lesbians and non-Lesbians can celebrate as coming from the deep love of women for ourselves and one another.

I want a Lesbian people, a strong band of Lesbians that have a sense of ourselves as in the center of a Lesbian world, a place we have chosen to come to from all the peoples and places on Earth because nothing matches the passion of Lesbians becoming ourselves in a society that forbids woman-loving. I want a Lesbian people, set alive by freedom to end the ways we hurt one another and in figuring that out, make a culture in which exploitation is unthinkable. I want a Lesbian people who offer hope that peoples of the world can be anti-oppressive and peaceful.

My cunt shaped ceramic pin and labrys mug are important to me not as relics of Lesbian culture, but as reminders of the large dream, the active love of which we are capable as Lesbians. We are the Amazons, the Witches, the Gorgons returned. We are loving women. We are creating a Lesbian future.



Debby Earthdaughter
Tucson, Arizona

COMMUNITY—WHAT DO WE REALLY WANT?

By Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz
Louisa, Virginia

Yesterday was my 39th birthday and I didn't celebrate because I'm alone. My daughter is away at school. There are history and reasons behind that. After two years at an intentional community the question remains--what do I really want? What would I want if I had more choice? There are people here I would seek out for friendship under different circumstances and friends, allies and shared interests I don't appreciate because I feel pressured to behave. Close proximity plus personal criticism create an effective form of social control. Life is public and we internalize the judgement of others, hold back and censor ourselves--at least I do. People talk about feeling emotionally flat. On the surface is a strong ethic of giving ourselves to the community, like giving ourselves over to the will of God. Underneath is the pain and resentment of self-sacrifice and not being ourselves.

For me intentional community is a marriage of convenience. I don't pretend to be in love. I'm honest enough but basically I go along to get along, like everybody else, to survive. I was a waitress and welfare mom on the outside. I'm here for material comfort and economic security, the freedom from rent and bills. I didn't join for love and friendship, though I found both, and more. I've lived with people all my life because I felt I had to, to save money and for physical safety, too. When I got rental assistance my daughter and I lived alone. I'm not sure I ever wanted to live with anybody else. I've loved and longed for people but I'm one who nurtures myself in solitude. Going home is a journey inward for reflection, to find my center and make sense of my experiences. My impulse is to gather into myself and retreat when in pain or need or confusion, then emerge after I regain equilibrium.

I want relationships. Physical and emotional boundaries are crucial. I have a private room (so does Mary Ann, right next door) but other lives intrude in the form of romance, conversation and music coming through the floors and walls. It's not the noise or volume per se but my inability to retreat into my own world where others enter by invitation. Does that fit my lifelong dream of living on lesbian land?



Mau Blossom © 90

Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

I want a cabin in the woods with neighbors at a comfortable distance, to live near but not with other people, with bathroom privacy, to play music only I can hear, have a loud conversation, argument or sexual encounter without being overheard, to choose my relationship with the group, participating in some activities and not others, have chosen friendships that we create because we want to, not tolerate or settle for. What social arrangement facilitates this?

I want enough people on the land for real social options. I'm afraid of small group living in close quarters far from the larger lesbian and outside communities. When relationship problems start this can be hell on earth. Living near a progressive college town in a mild climate would give me the educational, cultural and social stimulation I crave. Just having my dream cabin in the woods is not enough. That's the base to build a life around. I'd like to live in the southeast U.S. (I'll go back to Puerto Rico someday but not alone.) I don't want to be isolated way out in the country surrounded by neighbors who consider us aliens or witches. Regular trips into Charlottesville and Richmond, sponsored by Twin Oaks, give me perspective and offset the insular circularity of in-group dynamics. I'd like a lesbian village, at least a dozen of us, to avoid the problems of starting too small. I'd like to build a cabin to go to when I leave here, on land trust-owned land. In the meantime I'm free to travel, have no bills



Mau Blossom

and can offer my *Womyn, Values and Community* workshop free to any interested groups I can get to. I can do other workshops, too, on a variety of multi-cultural lesbian topics.

I'm interested in the Ashville, North Carolina area and in visiting Highlander school in Tennessee. Any lesbian land nearby? It's taken me 39 years, including two at an intentional community, to figure out what I really want and why. I don't think just saying, "I want to live on the land with lesbians and grow food" is enough. I think we need to know what will work for us and everybody else.

Community--what do we really want?
July 13, 1992

Juana writes: I did 2 workshops at the Richmond Women's Festival. Responses were very encouraging (to me). No one said, "I want to live happily ever after" which is what people like me expected the first time around. The reservations were all reality-based and addressing them is our hope for the future. Womyn had concerns about money, privacy, fairness, social pressure, idealism, inexperience, ecology, self-reliance, agriculture, kids, time for art work and creativity.

Maybe communal living should start in town where each person has their separate lives and income. I think this makes more sense especially as a first group living experience. That way people can work out some boundary issues while not being totally dependent on the group. Also in town it's easier for each person to have a private support system, friends and allies outside the group as a safe outlet. In the country often the living group is it. Unlike Twin Oaks I don't think lesbians ever meant for the living group to be the whole community. I personally am a member of several large world-wide groups--lesbians, womyn, mothers, poor people, writers, people of color--and we can't all live together. We're all over the world. I don't want community defined as just living groups or even more narrowly as straight white U.S. communes with money.

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.

Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz, Twin Oaks Community, Rt. 4 Box 169, Louisa, Virginia 23093 (703) 894-5126 (bus.) (703) 894-5787 (res.)

LESBIAN LAND PATTERNS

IN WHICH SOME POOR LESBIANS CONSIDER THOUGHTS ABOUT WHO MAY OWN LAND AND THOSE WHO MAY NOT, AND HOW TO OVERCOME SOME LAND-OWNING BARRIERS

By Pelican Lee and Rebecca Henderson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

We are sitting at our kitchen table writing down the thoughts from the night. It is tricky to go to sleep if you have both just read an exciting article about Dyke Economics by Kiwani in MAIZE. (#34) We waited though, for the light of day to get our minds together on this. Kiwani speaks many things that have been on our minds for a long time. May her words continue to be heard.

We too have been poor and economically marginal all our lives, and have dreamed the dream of rural land-based lesbian community. Pelican lived in a few of the first attempts at this in the 1970's in Oregon. Rebecca grew up in a rural Quaker farming community. For some years we were able to rent rural near women's land. We planted perennials even though we knew, as renters, we might have to leave before we were ready. We considered major building projects so the place would better suit our needs, but rejected them, knowing we'd eventually have to leave. We hoped people in houses nearby would move and we could arrange for our lesbian friends to move in, so we could have more lesbian community. Then the landlord's needs dictated that we had to leave our beautiful country home. Economics forced us to relocate into town. At our kitchen table we look out our window at a shed we built in the small yard to hold our country dyke stuff, the shovels, rakes, pots, peat, nails, and tools. Now we are displaced country lesbians, still carrying and nurturing the dream of land-based lesbian community.

During the last three years we were involved in organizing the New Mexico Women's Land Trust to save Arf Women's Land. We looked beyond too, to the ways the land trust could serve more lesbians seeking to live in lesbian land communities. One thing we found was the great, great interest in this. So many shared what little they had to help save Arf. One

day we received a single dollar bill in an envelope with no return address. Little contributions from lesbians in poor circumstances did as much for our morale as the large contributions did for the project. Both were essential.

In the patriarchal world we get disconnected from each other. Everyone is trying to keep what they have. The attitude is KEEP. But whenever we've been where circumstances are hard and money is scarce the attitude is SHARE. Such a paradox! Sharing comes, we think, not just from an altruism, but from necessity. "I'll need help later so I'll help you now," or "You helped me last spring, I'll help you this fall." When there is a community, and people are together over long time, the exchange doesn't have to be instantaneous (trade or barter). Sharing happens over changing years and changing circumstances. And for community to grow we need places and/or proximity to each other. To quote Kiwani, "Land-base allows for a fundamental security, a place to grow from in strength that remains in the womyn's world."

In our land trust work we gained insights about ownership. When someone "owns" something they get the impression they can "keep it" or "sell it". But in fact and in practice, all that we have has been *given* to us by others, by family, by the earth, by Spirit, by the magical gift of having a body and mind that works. Our rightful part is not in keeping these gifts, but in being caretakers of them.

Sometimes the word "stewardship" is used when we want to use a word other than "ownership". But that word comes from Europe where the rich noble had a "steward" who looked after all his affairs, a high class servant who had delegated authority to preserve his master's estate. The concept is patriarchal, representing someone who tells everyone else what to do and collects income from the poor on the estate. This represents the worst type of "ownership". The word caretaker is a word that fits women's situation better.

It represents our inclination to pass what we are taking care of along to another.

How often it is up to us to take care of others, of things, of our own selves. When we take care of gifts we've been given we pass them on to others in as good or better shape than we found them. When we take care of things, we love and cherish them, adding our energy to their essences. When we take care of others we help, nourish and comfort them to their benefit and ours. And when we take care of ourselves we strengthen and comfort our bodies and spirits and tend to the gifts we've received.

When we think of being caretakers of land or of community space, we can avoid the KEEP versus SHARE mentality if we hold clear to the idea that we are caretakers, not owners. If there are others around us, and others to follow in our places, we have a better sense of *who* we are caretaking for. That's why land-based communities are important.

From European history come stories of the peasants being forced from the land by the loss of the commons with the rise of capitalism and industrialism. When the commons--the community land--was divided, partitioned, and fenced into private property, people lost their means

of having crops and animals. People were herded into cities to feed the industrial machine. Europeans became landless. The chain of abuse continued as capitalism, industrialism and "propertyism" were brought to this continent. And how many of us had grandmothers and greatgrandmothers who watched their children be forced to leave the land for jobs in the cities? We are the next generation of the landless. Our task is to create land for women without repeating the patterns of abusive ownership. We need to think of ourselves as caretakers, rather than private property owners, sharing responsibility for the land.

Creating land-based communities based on caretaking land for lesbians may be one of the most important things lesbians are doing. We need to learn the skills of caretaking. We need to build the commons again. We need the security of not just land in private ownership, but also of land in common ownership. We need *places* where we can live together for long times. To quote Kiwani again, "We need to 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." We need places to do this.

There are many variations of wimmin's land, from private ownership to open wimmin's lands. The creation of open wimmin's lands has been a community effort to create the commons--community owned land, and to address economic differences among lesbians. These lands are open to any woman to come to for camping, and living on when there is housing available. Presently there is Arf Women's Land in New Mexico, where one still needs to come up with \$80 a month to be there, and Owl Farm and Cabbage Lane in Oregon, lands already paid for, so without a financial requirement. There could be other open wimmin's lands in the East that we don't know about. Arf's 11 houses have been full even through the tough winters for three years now. From what we hear, Owl Farm periodically has had openings, and Cabbage Lane right now is in need of women to come live there.

But it is not enough to throw together vastly different poor lesbians onto a few scattered pieces of land. Poor lesbians have many different visions and need for



Sarah Grace

Photos by Jae Haggard
Serafina, New Mexico

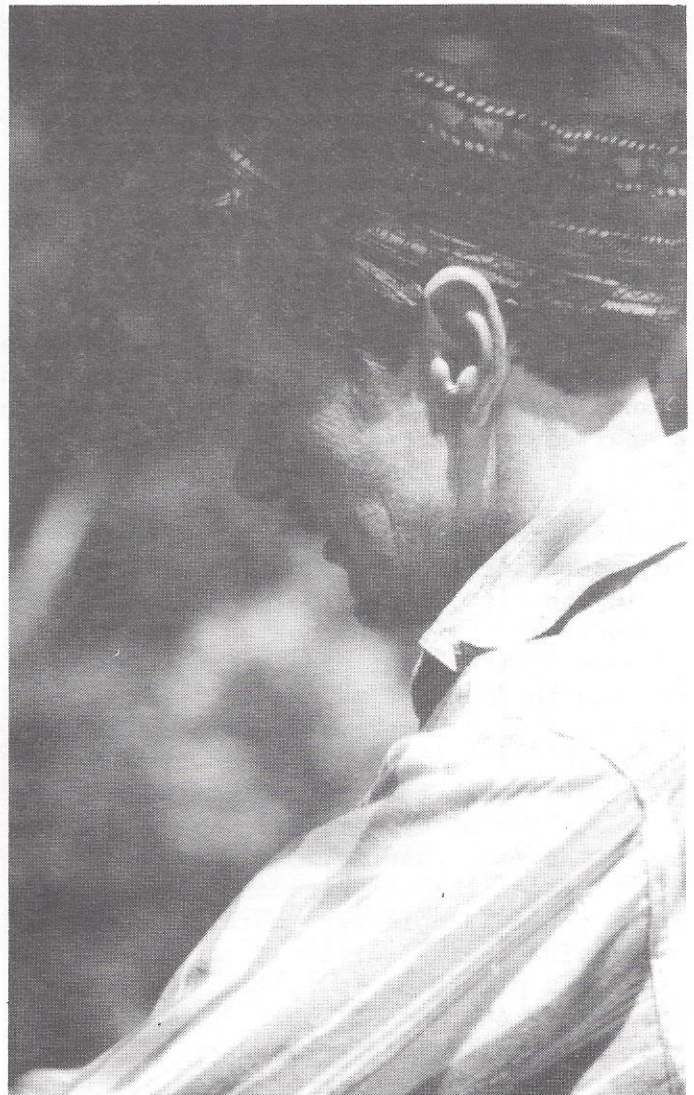
some control over their lives, and don't need the everyday insecurity of having to live with every woman who arrives at open wimmin's land. Having money enables lesbians to exclude those they don't want to live with. Poor lesbians today have only a few pieces of land available to them on which they have to live with women vastly different from themselves, or not be on wimmin's land at all.

On the other hand, we hear of lesbian couples who have bought land and have a vision of community for their land. Other lesbians come to be part of the community, but eventually leave with hopes dashed. The land-owning lesbians too become weary of the revolving door, the comings and goings. Might this be happening because the vision is held by the lesbians who bought the land, and those who come later must either fit someone else's vision or leave? We poor lesbians have visions and dreams that we don't want to leave behind in order to fit someone else's vision so that we can be on land. It seems we will never alone have the economic resources to manifest our visions, not even if many poor lesbians band together.

Some lesbians talk of dividing land, saying this part is for disabled lesbians, this for poor lesbians, this for rich lesbians to build their own homes on, this section is for lesbians of color, this section is for separatists, that one for meat-eaters. But segregation is not what a lot of us have in mind, and neither is stratification based on either economics or age.

Another option for poor lesbians is to wait for the right vision to come along which is backed up by start-up capital. That was the base of most of the heterosexual communities of the mid 1800's and today. In most of these cases there was a benevolent capitalist in the background who financed the project. This model too, is not applicable to our situation as lesbians with very diverse visions and spiritual grounds, and diverse economic states. These earlier communities often too, had a creed or set of beliefs that one needed to hold in order to join. We know from our experience that creeds tend to divide, and shared values can change with circumstances and time.

If our primary hope is to share what we have, rather than keep what we have, there



Spes Dolphin

is a possibility that we can avoid the old abusive patterns of community land ownership. Perhaps we should first build our centers of the community, the commons, and then through that, work out the diverse patterns of dwellings surrounding these centers. Some may want to live near the commons, some may live in near-by clusters or affinity groups, some may live on adjacent owned or rented land, some might be far-flung neighbors. All these can be arranged by choice and opportunity as need arises. As we build the commons we can better find out how to share our skills and gifts with each other. When we can create a place where it is possible to share all of our skills, not just those related to money, we can get away from the current limitations we have that are based on patriarchal attitudes toward land and money.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

By Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Drury, Missouri

Racism appears in unfamiliar forms, here in this country place that is further South than I have ever lived. It is different in a sparsely populated area with few visible people of color than in a large multi-cultural city. I am not used to its manifestations, the everyday displays, the unthinking acceptance and outright promotion of it.

In the city, I was isolated within my community. I was known as an anti-racist. It wasn't often that people made racist remarks in front of me. There was representation from most every racial/cultural group in the U.S. among those working hard to alleviate racism. I was blessed with a strong group of anti-racist whites allies that I helped organize. If there was outright blatant racism, someone challenged it at once. People were more careful about displaying their individual racism, though there was plenty of it, just as there was the deeply entrenched institutional racism that plagues the entire country.

Here, because people of color are so few in number and so hidden in the remote rural landscape, there is not the same challenging presence as in the Northern city where I lived for thirty two years. There isn't the vocal confrontation of racism's horrors by those who are most directly its target. In the nearest large city, yes, but not in my neighborhood.

There is more openness about racism and less support for fighting it where those of European heritage are so predominant. There are fewer allies for anti-racist work, though some are very strong, especially among dykes. And maybe I just haven't yet found others. For instance, in Arkansas, the state just south of us, there is a network of women who monitor hate crimes and who have, for decades, kept tabs on the white supremacists in order to reduce their strength. I'm sure there are women like that around here, too. I just haven't met them and don't know how to find them.

Before I moved here, I was told there were no Blacks or Indians anywhere around. They all left during the lynchings or passed through during the Trail of Tears or hunted but didn't live here in the 1800's. When I got here, I discovered there are African Americans in nearby towns and even a few on farms. I found out that the site of the first pioneer village in the area was earlier an Osage settlement. Gradually, a few light-skinned people began to reveal mixed heritage. Often, they feel it is wise not to tell of their non-European grandparents. They want to save themselves from harassment and trouble. Passing is ordinary. Or if they do tell, people act as if they are white with an odd quirk.

I've seen scattered folks of African, Cherokee, Osage, Portuguese, and Mayan descent, of Korean, Thai, Japanese, Ashkenazi Jewish, Roma and Chinese ancestry. There are many more backgrounds here than I can enumerate. Often, though, they are hidden or invisible. If I pay attention and search, I see them. It is easy to not know they are here or to dismiss their existence, because there is no large visible community.

To many who live here, racism seems removed from this place. They see only those with European heritage or only the European heritage of those with other continents or islands in their bloodlines. They think they are always among whites and that what they say and do that promotes white supremacy will be understood and even supported by everyone around them. Whether consciously, intentionally, purposefully racist or simply ignorant and accepting of the long racist history of the area and the nation, both the descendants of the European settlers whose families have been here for generations and the more recent European-heritage immigrants from hippy and back-to-the-land communities seem compacent about living far from the city turmoil. They are often unwilling to look at the meaning of the invisibility and sparcity of numbers of the people of colors who live here, the paucity of life

in a fake monoracial atmosphere.

The language of slavery still slips out often, casually. "Whose slave are you?" "I'm not your whipping girl." My neighbors have "yard jockeys" (ornamental hitching posts that are plaster statues of young African American boys dressed in slave costume, ready to have horses hitched to them) on display as decorations near their houses. One of the local Walmarts sold them last year. I complained to Walmart's national headquarters and that store isn't selling them this year, but my neighbor says her husband really wanted one of the white ones, that the black one just happened to be the one they found, and it doesn't mean anything. I haven't yet confronted my mechanic. I may never.

The closest town held a "slave auction" to raise money for a youth club and advertised it in a weekly shopper. That same town had a Ku Klux Klan rally which I heard about after the fact and to which I heard no objections except from Lesbians among ourselves.

Another nearby town where there is a small African American community suffered a cross burning in the lawn of the Black church. It happened after a funeral of a long-time highly respected resident drew in African Americans from several states and there was a visible presence of brown faces for a couple of days. At least the boys who did it were caught and punished and there was a flurry of protest from the mayor and other prominent citizens, who denied that it meant their town was racist, who claimed to abhor the act.

I came here with a fine crop of bumperstickers on my car. I was warned more than once to take the "Fight Racism" one off, if I didn't want trouble. The Klan and other white supremacist groups are active in the area, I was told. "As if they aren't in the city I came from", I responded. "I'm not living my life in fear", I announced, and kept it on.

I was encouraged by dykes who live thirty miles away and who have anti-racist sentiments on their bumper stickers. They are part of the community of their closest town. They have survived. When I traded in the car on a truck, I was happy to receive several more "Fight Racism" stickers from one of my dear womyn friends in the city, so my little truck soon sported her own.

One day in a local lumber mill, as two men loaded sheets of tin roofing onto her bed, one of them asked, "What race do you want to fight?" Then he laughed and told a story he'd heard on t.v. of discrimination toward Italian Americans. That is the only comment I've ever heard about it. Still, I'm often self-conscious about it. I'm aware of it more than I was in the city, wondering how people are reacting, even though they don't reveal anything.

I know there are undoubtedly Klansmen close by, people I see and wave at on the road. I don't know, yet, who they are. When I asked one neighbor, she said I might be surprised to find out. "It could be anyone," she said. I know I am a member of two of the groups they hate: a Lesbian, a witch.

There are many other instances where I am shocked by the way racism appears here. I am constantly being surprised by the unexpected, not like in the big Northern city where I was used to it and knew how to fight it every day from years of practice.

I do it differently here, where I see so few people in the course of my daily life and know even fewer of them. I am an outsider from the North. It will take me many years to feel a sense of belonging anywhere near to what I felt where I was raised. I will never be fully accepted,



zana
tucson, arizona

except, perhaps, by Lesbians. I am learning constantly about the culture here, so isolated in many ways, so connected to the mainstream in others. I am a newcomer to it, so I am not heard as easily as I was in territory where I lived for decades. I am looked upon as a novice Ozarker, someone who must keep quiet until I understand what life is all about in these hills. That impacts all aspects of my life, not just fighting racism, but it definitely affects how I do my anti-racism work.

My entire identity is more hidden than before I moved here. I keep my Lesbian, witch and anti-racist selves to myself more than I did in the anonymous city. I understand invisibility. I go slowly and carefully, make quiet comments, watch and listen.

When the U.S. Postal Service issued Ida B. Wells stamps for the Black Heritage series a couple of years ago, I bought up sheets of them in all the local post offices. The postmistresses were relieved because they were certain they would never sell here. Several of them didn't know who she was, so I told them how Ida, after years of fighting lynching following the Civil War, finally advocated emigration to the recently unenslaved African Americans of Memphis. Most of them left for California. The African American community in our closest big city, Springfield, did the same thing. A woman wrote a book about it called *Many Thousands Gone*, which I've been trying to find for three years. None of the local libraries in my several close-by towns owns it. There were lynchings right here in Douglas County, which is still quite openly referred to as Booger County, though no one seems to know how that nickname originated or to what it refers. I can't help but think it is a racist term.

I send out *Practicing Anti-Racism* newsletter from our trailer post office ten miles up the highway. Every day I receive mail addressed that way. I know how word travels in the area, how small the community is, despite the square miles it covers. I suspect many people know of my anti-racist activities, just because the letters I get have it written on them. I could ask the newsletter readers to be circumspect or use a code, but I don't want to.

Making alliances with as many groups as I can seems important. I expect the environmentalists, who are so strong here,

to be anti-oppression minded. I am surprised when many are not, but act as if I assume they are. After she confronted them strongly about sexism at a meeting, Pat Hight suggested we give copies of *Cultural Etiquette* to the rest of the board of the regional land trust we are on. They are all white men. Someone from Hawk Hill has to serve on that board and it's my turn. At the next meeting, we handed out copies. We said we knew they are well-intentioned, so we were sure they would want to read and learn from it.

There was a huge flap in the womyn's community about a party some womyn gave with an "Asian" theme while I was away when my mother died. The resultant dialogue and emotions brought the topic of racism screaming into the consciousness of the community. Some Lesbians held a weekend long workshop on anti-racism and fighting anti-semitism. It won't be the last one.

Similar resistance to working on our ablism and classism as there is about being anti-racist plagues the womyn's and Lesbian community. This is no different than anywhere else I've been, nor is the strong insistence on the part of a few womyn that we do the necessary growth and movement.

I am alternately encouraged and discouraged. I feel ignorant and puzzled a lot of the time, so one of my major activities around local anti-racism is educating myself. I am sensitive to mentions of race, to how the institutions operate, and to how people act. I search for allies and I find them. I don't know what lies ahead. I'm certain it won't be much like how it was in the large Northern city where I lived before. I do know it's as important as ever to keep at it.

Practicing Anti-Racism is available free from HC 73, Box 169C, Drury MO 65638-9724, Donations welcomed.

Cultural Etiquette, by Amoja Three Rivers, is available for \$5 + postage from Market Wimmin, Box 28, Indian Valley VA 24105

Susan: I am 51, presently quite able-bodied despite signs of Environmental Illness, and of mixed European descent (German and all the British Isles.) I live at Hawk Hill Community Land Trust in the Missouri Ozarks, where I am nourished by all the wonderful Ozarkian Dykes.

ROOTS AND WINGS

By Puck
Outland
Serafina, New Mexico

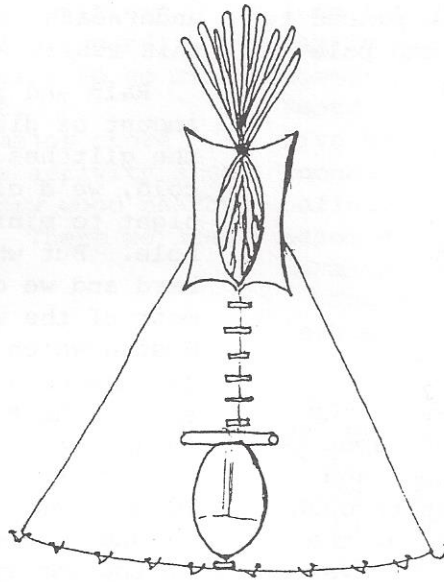
In the autumn of 1991, after a winter adobe in Santa Fe and a summer island attic off the coast of Massachusetts, my sweetie, SueWillow and I decided to try a couple of seasons in a tipi in the mountains of East Tennessee. We thought seriously of buying a 20' tipi with liner and ozan (inner ceiling) new for around \$1200, but were blessed with the opportunity to purchase a used 16 footer for a mere \$300. Ours was of Lakota design and we gratefully acknowledge the Native American Plains Indians as the inventors of the tipi in all its beautiful forms.

Because we knew only one person in the area (Boone, N.C.), we stayed with her for a couple of weeks while making numerous phone calls in search of a place to set up and live out in the tipi. There were several specific criteria which had to be fulfilled to meet our needs: somewhere up away from town, no neighboring houses in sight, a nearby water source, fairly level ground, and easy access.

A truly wonderful couple who are storytellers and their two young sons offered us the perfect place on their 25 acre farm as well as the gift of family friendship.

We also bought a car for \$600 and fixed it up for another couple of hundred. So we had home and wheels, no rent or utilities. Our only expenses were food and gas and goodies, not bad for arriving with less than \$2000 between us.

Setting the tipi itself up was one of the easier tasks involved in our transition. We thoroughly read and digested *The Indian Tipi, Its History, Construction and Use*, by Gladys and Reginald Laubin, and got reverse instructions from the people we bought it from while dismantling it at their place for the move to ours.



Illustrations by Puck

Nobody, including the book, can tell you everything, though! They say things like "Tie the poles to rack on top of car" (even lent us the rack). But those round tapered pine poles wanted to wobble off the car after every few miles, until we found out for ourselves to tie them in tight bundles of 3 or 4, then tie the bundles to the rack. Or, "Set up on the most level ground available", then finding out the hard way that if it isn't VERY level the poles don't set right, which makes the cover wrinkle, which makes the rain

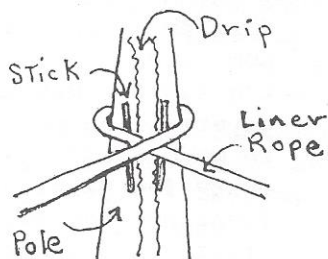
run right inside! Also if the interior ground isn't flat and level you'll slide downhill in your sleep and everything inside will want to roll or slip or tilt!

We named her *Roots and Wings* for the way she's anchored to the ground and was our home on Earth, and for the wing-like smoke flaps which signified our openness to reaching out for growth and change.

Now, winter can get pretty cold in the mountains even as far south as Tennessee, so after using a small fire for heat and cooking during the warm Fall months, we opted for a small wood stove to see us through the colder ones. We borrowed "Hestia" from our neighboring family, and she made herself right at home in the tipi.

She had a fairly short stack with a damper in it and the fire box was only big enough for 8" chunks of wood, but if we gave her lots of praise and attention she'd cook right along. We had to empty her ashes and clean the screen on the top of her stack daily so she and we could breathe freely. Adjusting the smoke flaps to point down wind helps to draw the smoke up and out. Also the draft created by the space between the cover and the liner sucks the cool outside air up and over us pulling the smoke with it on its way out the smoke hole.

Water will run down the inside of the poles all the way to the ground, and won't drip inside the tipi unless the run is interrupted by a rope or other obstacle crossing it. To prevent this we placed two little sticks between obstacle and pole to guide the water down the pole.



The other area of leakage was at the entrance way. This was a trouble spot in that the tipi cover comes together and is held with wooden sticks woven through the canvas all down the front below the smoke hole and above the door. However, this is only the place of entry and therefore clear of anything that could be harmed if wet. Still we didn't want too much moisture inside, so we rigged it so water only dripped on the pebbles at the entrance between the liner and the cover.

All of the floor (except the entrance, stove area and shower) was covered with 4 mil (heavy) plastic sheeting, then a layer of old linoleum, then pieces of carpeting. These helped to insulate and form a moisture barrier.

The shower was "solar", though we heated the water on Hestia during the winter (a teapot full to near boiling added to cold already in the bag). It was tied high between two poles behind Hestia and over more pebbles which filled and covered a tub buried in the ground.

We took hot steamy showers indoors next to the stove and the water seeped out of the tub through a drain pipe to the outside drainage ditch which surrounds the tipi close to the cover and draws away rain and melting snow runoff.

Our tipi didn't come with an ozan which is the interior ceiling that is tied to the poles (or a rope passing around them) about 6' or so above the ground. It has a large hole in the center which the smoke passes thru from below. The ozan allows the draft coming in below the cover to pass up behind the liner and over the interior central part of the tipi, keeping most of the heat in the lower living area and

improving smoke draft. It also catches any stray rain drops. We hung a couple of sheets from just above the liner out over the bed and cooking areas with lines underneath to hold them up and we feel this really helps with warmth and dryness.

Rain and snow did cause a certain amount of discomfort until we worked out the glitches. Usually, unless it's really cold, we'd close the flaps up tight at night to minimize drips through the smoke hole. But when it was raining or snowing hard and we did need a fire, we found that most of the water dropped on or around Hestia which is no problem because she sat inside a large circle of river pebbles and her heat dried everything off even as it got wet.

Our bed was a Q-size mattress over the plastic and carpet on the ground. We had flannel sheets, blankets, and a comforter on top (on really cold nights we threw our sleeping bags over all for excellent insulation). We were also blessed with the amazing gift of a huge buffalo(bison) robe from a truly wonderful lesbian friend which graced our sleeping area as well.

Most of the cooking was done with cast iron on Hestia. We had a large grill, fry pan and dutch oven and a couple of other pots. And we found out that we could cook anything, anyway, right on or in the stove. Frying, steaming, boiling, baking--from delicious camp coffee to scrumptuous cakes or pies, though it was quite a challenge trying to juggle the pots and pans on a 20"x30" surface.

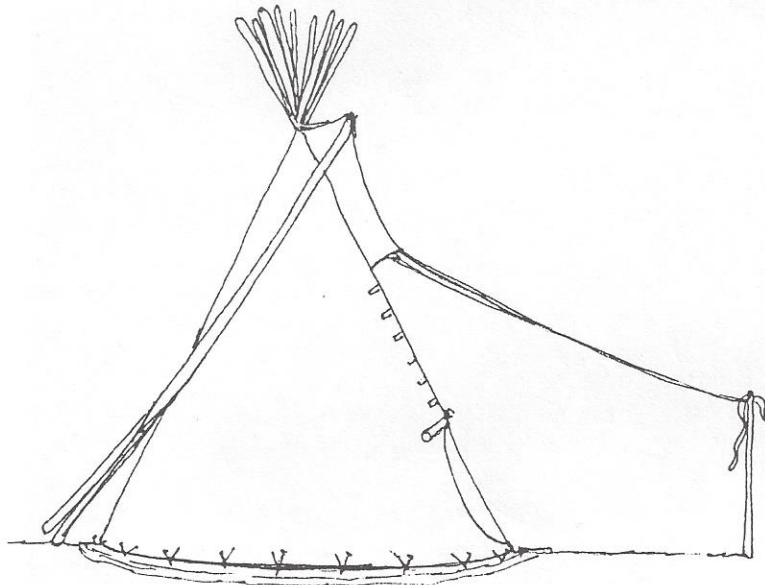
We used a large ice chest for a cooler and rotated gallon jugs of ice from the neighbors' freezer. When it melted we used it for drinking and cooking and replaced it with another frozen one. Most dry foods and fruits and vegies were stored in large airtite tins or plastic boxes.

Wash water comes from the nearby stream and of course we only used biodegradable soaps. Waste water was dumped in a 5 gallon bucket with lid which we dumped at "the throne" once a day.

The throne was your basic hole in the ground for dumping organic waste. Ours was special because it was situated in a grove of lovely supple witchhazel trees about 75' from the tipi (200' from the stream). We dug the hole 4' deep between 3 hazels, tied branches between the trunks in a triangle, wove smaller leafy branches

on 2 sides for walls and above for the roof, and set a real toilet seat on cross branches for comfort. After use we'd throw a little dirt in the hole and never had a problem with odor or bugs or critters. The throne had a fine view of a wooded hillside and it was a temptation to go sit on her just for the fun of it.

Gathering firewood was a major chore but also a rather pleasurable activity since we able to find enough down dry wood nearby to drag it to our "woodlot". There we used



a bowsaw to buck it up into the 8" pieces for Hestia. We had to split them to smaller than a 3" diameter to accomodate her small "feeder" hole. Most of what we found to burn was either tulip poplar or black locust, but we weren't choosy as any handy wood did the job of cooking a hot meal and keeping the chill off.

We had quite a few visitors over the winter, some of whom were uninvited and knew nothing of tipi etiquette--like the proper way to approach and enter the tipi. It's courteous to give a halloo from some distance away so the occupants will have a chance to adjust to the rather rare occurrence of having guests. Instead of knocking one scratches on the door cover and awaits an invitation before entering. If no one answers slip a note thru the door. If sticks are crossed over the door flap it signifies no one is home and is the same as leaving the door locked.

Most of our visitors did come inside of course and joined us for some wonderful

circles around the hearth. Even with all our stuff in there the 16' tipi could accomodate up to 9 people comfortably.

Along about mid February we came to the long thought-out conclusion that what we really wanted and needed was to live in community with wim of like mind and values. Roots and Wings had shown us that we could live happily together in a simple, earth connected setting and way, but that we definitely no longer wanted or needed to associate with the patriarchy and its devastating hierarchies.

The need for community with other lesbians had been bubbling and rising within us for years. The tipi itself became the vehicle by which our thoughts and energy rose in an ever cycling spiral, transforming feelings into ideas into words into actions. And now they burst forth with strength and purpose.

We'd been digesting and absorbing every issue of MAIZE we could get our itchy palms on, and it led us to many useful contacts. We began writing and calling land dykes in the West and Southwest, making lists, gathering info, conjuring a plan of action.

By this time we were flat broke as far as \$ go but extremely rich in possibilities. As soon as we made the decision to live our dream the money to reach it began to appear. Sue helped midwife a baby into the world, I did some outdoor work for a couple of Dyke friends, we sold Roots and Wings to our special lesbian friend who also gifted us with some extra cash.

We'd thought seriously about taking the tipi with us to lesbian land, but it would have been too much to carry on or in the car, we had the perfect buyer (she'd been with us when we'd bought it), and since it came so easily to us and treated us so well all winter, we felt it would be best to let her go and perhaps get another one after we'd resettled.

So now we had \$700, a car that would hold all we owned, and the freedom and resolve to search for and find our true home in lesbian community.

However, as is said, that's another story. Maybe next time we'll share how it is we came to be living here at Outland. Meanwhile if any of you out there have any tipi-type problems we might be able to solve together, drop me a note in care of MAIZE.

SELF PORTRAIT

By NíAódagáin
Owl Farm
Days Creek, Oregon

From my chair across the room
a woman's life displayed
I wonder, who is this woman?

I hang baskets and strawbags
dried roses at their openings
woven satchels of orange
turquoise, yellow, blue
vivid against a white wall

Nearby
a heart-shaped valentine
red with lace
a gift
my swift growing daughter

I love her like
the virgin jungle
wild country, place of birth
more wild than even I
had imagined

Frieda Kahlo
holds her parrots
cigarette in hand
looking out; eye to eye
from a painting, paper-copy

Posters, banners, placards, poses
speak my love of wimmin
sure and strong
home-grown, country wimmin
faces from the past, my past
wimmin working side by side
images of present friends
home landscapes in full season

My life consists
of many moments
each competing with the other
restriction of day, hour, minute imposes

Writer, mother, lover
sister, organizer, farmer
all struggling to be

When to let go
when to stop dreaming
how many realities can one hold
a woman's yearnings
wanting birth

Yet, unrealized desires
often dissipate
no longer do I say dancer

I love another fiercely
who plants flowers at my doorstep
gentle kisses, or strong and urgent
electric and erotic

Rare, unbroken moments
intelligent conversation
when caring for the world
takes claim over the usual:
"Do I have to wear a sweater and a hat?
I can't sleep, I had a nightmare.
Mom, I'm hungry."
Lesbian mothers/lovers live dangerously

I love myself
enough
that putting words to paper
is just as important
as the newly opened yellow lilies
my child's cough
this woman's warm back curled against

And yes, goddammit
I still hope
to weave and dance
past any age prohibited
to realize my power
amidst the chaos
to grow my own food
from the ground I tend

From my chair across the room
a woman's life displays
the answer to the question:

I am a woman
I'm proud to be.

NíAódagáin: I am a 35 year-old Taurus with an Aquarian moon juggling the worlds of mother, writer, and feminist activist. I've lived on Owl Farm, open wimmin's land, for seven years now which is an exciting, challenging, sometimes painful microcosm of wimmin living outside of mainstream patriarchal society. I love to grow flowers so that we, as wimmin, can be surrounded by beauty in a daily way.



Main House and NíAodagain's House (foreground) Owl Farm, 1991 Photo by Tee A. Corinne

ON THE LAND

Snowflakes on my sleeve
Animal tracks in the snow:
What diversity!

By Dolphin

LUNA CIRCLE FARM

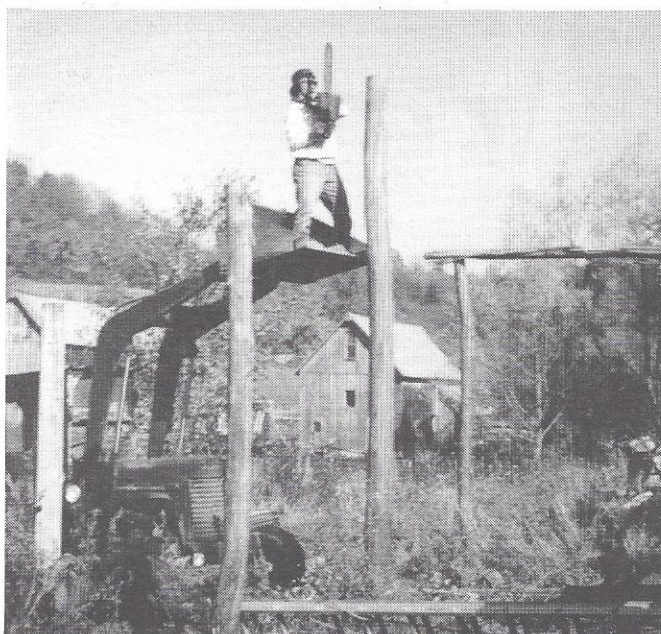
GAYS MILLS, WISCONSIN

We have had a very successful growing season this past year! We taught 3 apprentices about organic vegetable farming, with wonderful help from Lesbian Natural Resources. We are now accepting applications for our '93 apprenticeship program. We especially encourage 'wannabe-farmers' to apply.

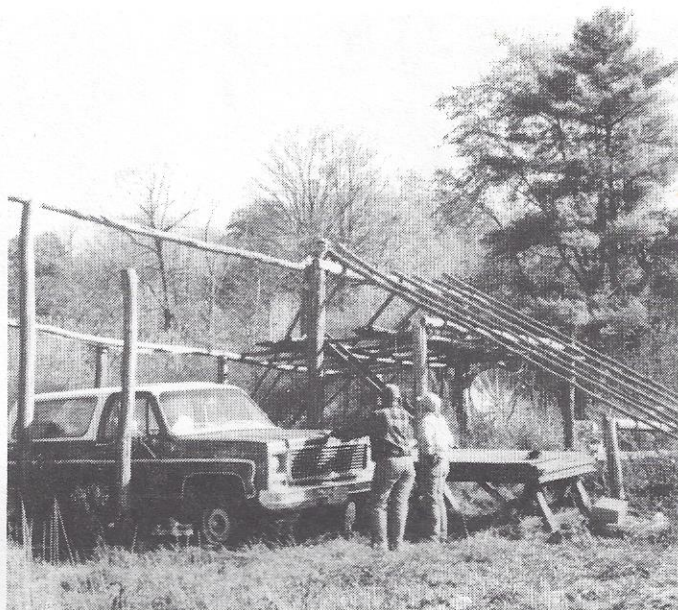
In October, we went up to Avalon Valley Farm to help raise a barn ridgepole. Ayla was lifted up in the front end loader (safer than a ladder) to cut a 'wedge' in the 18' support post. Then, using ropes and pulleys, 4 wimmin raised a very heavy ridgepole into place! Everyone had a great time!

We are getting ready to do our winter migration to Silver Circle. We will be back at our farm by Candlemas, ready to plant seeds, welcome visitors and talk much. Come visit!

Trish and Ayla



Photos submitted by Trish and Ayla



DRAGON

AVA, MISSOURI

Dear MAIZE,

How I am missing seeing MAIZE. Have been contemplating writing about separate living spaces for country-living lesbians/lovers and the advantages thereof but it hasn't come together yet. Meanwhile... I write haiku. Enclosed are some winter ones. Hope you like them.

The Dragon road hardly knows itself. Not only can the pick-ups get in and out but even little cars drive right in. The sucking quagmire that opened up last fall got its last load of rocks in June, as did two other major mud holes. Then we had it re-ditched (damage repair from stuck trucks and one well-intended county grader) and had crushed limestone laid over potential trouble spots. Many pleased thanks to Lesbian Natural Resources. We've had a very rainy fall, and so far the road is holding up well.

Peace and good roads

Dolphin

November 10, '92

Rt. 1, Box 395 Ava, Mo 65608

Walking on slick ice
Confident in new tread boots
Then
Flat on my ass.

By Dolphin

RAVEN'S HOLLOW

CAZENOVIA, WISCONSIN

Dear MAIZE,

Hi! Thanks for all the great news from land womyn. I've been going through the writing I did while I was on land for a month this summer and I came across this poem I wrote and wanted to share. I don't have a title for it but I'd be delighted if you want to include it for a MAIZE issue.

As far as the land goes ("Wimmin Only Land in Wisconsin" in the last issue) things are changing a bit. I will be moving to Madison to be closer to her and hope maybe to garden in the spring and move on to the land in the summer. I'm looking for a cheap trailer, dykes who know about well digging and dykes looking to live on land, dykes to help with tree planting in April and carpenters to build small shelters. All kinds of exchanges possible. I do massage and would barter.

I'm thinking of trying out the name "Raven's Hollow" for the land with the idea of recalling that the Raven is the messenger of the goddess. I have a vision of this land being a kind of refuge or meditation site for goddess worshipping womyn; there has always been something oddly fascinating and attractive to me about the lives of nuns. Obviously that was not suitable for me who has always been repulsed by the hypocrisy of the Christian church; but this land, like a lot of land I imagine, has a very spiritual quality. I hope that womyn like me who hear the voices of the goddess speaking to them, womyn who are senders and receivers will be attracted to it as a place to gather strength, make magic and focus, as well as a way to live one's life in balance. This is my vision.

Hope things with MAIZE are going well.

In Sisterspirit,
Lisa/Raven

415-647-3444

Ready, ripe for the fire
Old log gives off sweet smell
Burning long and hot.

By Dolphin

UNTITLED

By Raven Astartate

San Francisco, California

Deep valley cut cantelope
moon white splash through the center
fiberglass between me and the
willows whose leaves click clack
on my roof *all* night.
Back to the land for fiberglass
and sleepless nights alone?
No joy in that...yet
a slowness, a hawk call
breaks open the afternoon
and at night
a stillness so silent...
I hear the brook's
tiny night voice
hissing and tumbling out its mysteries
over rocks and squishy sand
they know the way back
back to dust
back to blackness
soaring against the heavens
back to the mother.
"Follow me" they say
and I do
tripping over my ego
vanity, a seductive mirror
life's illusion scoots after me
waiting patiently
for a moment of weakness and faltering...
But this silver brook keeps flowing
and so persistantly, my sisters, will I.

THE WOODSTOVE

By Linda

Riverland
Beaver, Oregon

hot lick flames
lick hot flames
hot flames lick my face
I peer at the fire
of your desire,
hot licks fan the flames.

SPINSTERHAVEN

ARKANSAS

November 23, 1992

Greetings from Arkansas! I am writing to the women who read MAIZE to ask those of you who already live in women's communities to spread the word about a proposed lesbian land community in northwest Arkansas. To the women who read MAIZE in search of community, I ask you to consider the opportunity we offer you here in Arkansas to be a part of the birth of a new lesbian land community.

We are a group of Arkansas women who are on the board of directors of Spinsterhaven, Inc. (For more information about Spinsterhaven, write Spinsterhaven, POBox 718, Fayetteville AR 72702). Spinsterhaven is a 501c(3) nonprofit corporation established to develop communities for older and/or disabled women. This year, Spinsterhaven received a \$13,950 grant from Lesbian Natural Resources to use as a down payment for land. This past summer, we began our land search with the intent to find 70 to 100 acres to purchase.

In the midst of this search, we looked at a 1,043 acre property in northwest Arkansas that is far more than Spinsterhaven can afford to buy alone but too beautiful to pass up. The asking price for this property is \$249,000. We on the Spinsterhaven board are hoping that women from around the nation who are in search of a land community will join us in purchasing this land. Our vision is to have a Spinsterhaven community surrounded by a larger, supportive women's community on this land.

Spinsterhaven hopes to develop a community for retired or disabled lesbians but the larger surrounding community could be and hopefully would be comprised of lesbians of all ages who want to live together on what could become the largest lesbian community yet created. Many women have many visions for this community and many more visions are welcome. This land is large enough to hold the dreams of many women.

The land is located in the Ozark Mountains of northwest Arkansas. It contains 1,043 acres of pastures, creeks, and gentle hills with easy access via a county road that cuts through a portion of the land. The land

has several creeks: the largest of which forms one of the most beautiful swimming holes I have ever seen in Arkansas. The swimming hole is the size of a large pool with deep aqua blue water. The land has several large pasture areas for farming or horses and level bench lands at higher elevations. It contains two mountain tops with spectacular views of the Ozarks.

The realtor marketing the land states that the entire parameter of the land is fenced. Other improvements include a three bedroom, one bath ranch house; an old barn; an abandoned chicken house; electricity; a water well and pump (unknown if working); and at least three ponds.

The land is about 10 miles from Huntsville, Arkansas and within an hour's drive of Fayetteville: a larger metropolitan area with a university, frequent cultural events, and a sizeable lesbian community.

Huntsville, the nearest town, has approximately 1600 people. It has a town square, a school system, a hospital, a Wal-Mart, grocery stores, hardware stores, and restaurants.

The Spinsterhaven board of directors is continuing its land search for a smaller, more affordable tract of land but many on the board are hoping that we can network with enough women to purchase this 1,043 acre tract of incredibly beautiful Goddess country for many women to enjoy and protect.

Right now, we need women who are ready to act on purchasing memberships in a non-profit land holding association that is forming to purchase the land. Title to the land will be held in the association's name. The current plan is for a membership to sell for \$5,000 and entitle the member to the exclusive use of 10 acres. Under this plan, we need to sell approximately 40 memberships to raise the money to buy this land.

We do not at this time know if the owners will finance any portion of the sales price but if they do it may be possible for some memberships to be paid out over several years.

If we are able to sell 40 memberships, this means approximately 400 acres will be developed for member residences and 643 acres will remain as undeveloped common land for the enjoyment of all members. Members will be asked to respect

certain environmental covenants such as using environmentally sound alternatives to conventional septic systems. Some areas of the land may require solar electric systems rather than extending existing electric lines throughout the property.

As of today, the land described in this article is still on the open market and could be sold to anyone at any time. If we are to have this land, we must be able to make a realistic purchase offer on the property. To do this, we need many more women to join us in buying memberships. At present we have only a few women committed to buying memberships and Spinsterhaven's interest in buying a portion of the land. We have far to go.

Even if you cannot afford to purchase a membership, please consider supporting this effort financially in any way you can. Donations to Spinsterhaven are tax deductible and can be made with the stipulation that the donation be used exclusively to purchase land.

If you have ever considered being part of a women's land community, this could be the opportunity you have been looking for. We are certainly looking for you.

For information on purchasing a land membership, please write A.L.H.A., 2119 Scott St., Little Rock, AR 72206 or call (501) 376-3609. Please send donations to Spinsterhaven to PO Box 718, Fayetteville AR 72702.

Thank you and blessed be.

Lida Simpson

CALIFORNIA

LESBIAN LAND TRUST

REDWAY, CALIFORNIA

Dear Lee and the magazine,

Greetings! The emerging California Lesbian Land Trust (CLLT or whatever) has just found 700 acres 3 hours north of SF of very good womonground we are about (at the time of this writing, Nov.) to put an offer on. By the time you read this we should be in escrow. If so, time is of the essence; we *welcome* about 10 more moneyed interests to make this thing fly, and fly it will. *Great Land*. The deal is that the Landtrust (nonprofit corporation) holds the land in common

and sells individual, personal parcels as life estates that can be sold to another lesbian, down the road. We hold some land (ponds, barns, farmland) in common but each parcel is x amount of acres, probably 10-20, that is, besides a few initial agreements, absolutely personal territory. Depending on number of members each investment, not including interest and construction, will be between \$25,000 to \$50,000 over time. Not cheap, but this is 700 acres and California and "worth it". Half of it is prime, useable. Location is good/OK: small town in 10 minutes; bigger town with large lesbian community and some employment in half an hour; 45 minutes to a really nice ocean area.

Again, if you think you might be interested in joining us, time is of the essence. The amount of money is mind boggling, but the land is also conducive to large gatherings and a campground/communal building area could be arranged for womyn on lower budgets. The land could also support a healing center, hospice or communal old lesbian home, and still allow 15 individual parcels. Women of color are welcome, really, and the six of us currently involved mean that, at least to the current best of our abilities. Call me, Bluejay, now at 707-984-8343. Mailing address is POB 1999, Redway CA 95560. We'd rather be in debt to lesbians than straight people so loans, secured by the deed itself are also an investment possibility for lesbians who otherwise might not get involved.

Bluejay

LAND AND LAND PARTNERS NEEDED
HOPLAND, CALIFORNIA

We are a group of Lesbians interested in creating an affordable dyke land/retirement community. Currently living and working in northern California, we need help answering the following question: Where can we purchase 80-250 acres of land and build what and where and as many houses as we choose, without the local/county/federal folks in our face and wallets? Our target is \$1000/acre. We are also interested in finding other Lesbian land partners, minimum \$10,000 investment. We welcome your responses either here or privately to:

KAJ
PO Box 416
Hopland CA 95449

THE STORY OF ECHINACEA AND THE TWO SPIDER BITES

By Merril Mushroom
Dowelltown, Tennessee

My favorite herb of all time is echinacea. I use it internally and externally as an anti-any-microorganism, and in the 15 years that I've been using it, it has never failed as a topical application. It has cleared up any and every infection, prevented beginning infections, and encouraged healing. I've used it on every kind of infection from pimples to necrosing staph infections, on myself and other people, and so far it has worked every time.

I recently had the opportunity to borrow Stephen Foster's book on echinacea and read it eagerly. It's an excellent reference and compiles information from studies, papers, and general usages worldwide. One of the interesting bits of information was that echinacea had been used to treat snakebite. So when a friend was bitten on the leg by a brown recluse spider and did not want to go for conventional medical treatment which often involves cutting out the entire area, we decided to treat the bite, at least for a while, with echinacea, since brown recluse venom is similar to snake venom in its effects on tissue.

We applied a poultice of powdered echinacea root mixed with olive oil and a little water and covered it. The next day the bite looked significantly better. (My friend had discovered it the morning after she'd been bitten, and the area was about the size of a Certs mint, purplish, and beginning to open up in the middle already.) She kept the poultice on for a few days and the wound kept improving, so she left the poultice off overnight. By the morning, the wound had gotten much worse, more open, and more purple.

This time the poultice went on and stayed on. We checked the bite every time we changed the dressing (once a day). The purple area did not spread any further. The hole in the center closed with very

soft flesh. This center then became hard, and one day 2 little fang holes opened up and oozed very slightly for a day, then healed over. After a few weeks, the bite was healed with firm, healthy flesh, although it remained purple. Still, a purple spot is better than a hole. We stopped the treatment, and everything remained fine.

Recently, my son was bitten on the shoulderblade by a brown recluse. He was away at school, and I didn't know he'd been bitten until he came home for the weekend several days later. He'd been given an antibiotic cream to use at school with instructions to go back to the clinic if a hole opened up. There was a dark area the size of a quarter on his shoulderblade with blisters in the center that were just starting to open. I immediately applied an echinacea poultice and sent him back with instructions to keep the paste on the bite and change the dressing every day.

When he came home the following weekend, the dark area had shrunk to the size of a dime, and there was one pinhead-sized hole in the middle. And by the weekend after that, the bite was healed.

Regular medical treatment of brown recluse bites is very drastic and often involves cutting away the entire affected area of flesh. There used to be a physician at Vanderbilt Hospital about 70 miles from here who'd developed an effective antivenin. It was a specific interest of his, and he bought brown recluses from the kids here to use in making it. When he left Vanderbilt, that was the end of the availability of brown recluse antivenin. (Pharmaceutical companies are not interested in manufacturing this because there isn't enough demand for it to make it financially worth their time.)

P.S. I'd be interested in hearing from any of y'all you have used echinacea root powder on snakebites or spider bites.

VEGETARIAN SPACE AND FOOD ALLERGIES

By Debby Earthdaughter
Saguaroland
Tucson, Arizona

Transcribed from cassette tape.

I became a vegetarian when I was 18. For me it came a lot out of environmental consciousness and also around world hunger. My basic reason was I wanted to eat lower on the food chain and that way fewer people would go hungry with also having less destruction of wild places. It was an important thing for me to decide to do. And I continued in that.

When I was 25 I started having a lot of health problems. I had had a lot of allergy and health problems as a small kid but had gotten to the point as an adult, I'm sure it was my lack of disability consciousness, where I just thought of myself as normal even though I had a fair amount of allergies.

But when I was 25 things got really hard. I had looked into different ways of healing and I wanted to try an anti-candida diet. What I did is do a strict way that I think is not so usual now. For the first month you couldn't have any kind of starches, beans. All it was was meats, vegetables, oils and yogurt. For me yogurt, because of dairy allergies, I couldn't do very much of so I needed some way to get some protein. I couldn't have nuts either because of mold. So for that month I decided I would eat some fish even though that's not something I'd been doing before. That was hard but I figured I needed, I really wanted, to give my body a chance around the candida. When the month was over I started adding foods back in according to this strict program that I knew about then, having grains and beans again so I didn't need the fish anymore.

I continued having fatigue, sinus problems, bladder and gynecological problems. I continued doing anti-yeast eating at least off and on over time. I would crave meat but I didn't eat it. For me, I think it's because being a vegetarian was important to me, who I was, part of my politics, part of doing something that

seemed real and concrete everyday, of just how I am in the world. I think another factor in that for me around the craving meat, not eating it, is being pretty disconnected from my body. I think one result of being an abuse survivor for me is that on the one hand I was really in touch with my body. It was really important for me to exercise and feel like I had a strong body. I had a lot of stuff around physical fitness. But in another way I was really disconnected, living a lot in my head, how I thought I should live and how much I should exercise, what I should eat versus listening to my body if my body's craving meat or my body's saying we don't need to run this many miles or we don't need to do aerobics today.

About three or four years ago my fatigue increased so much and I also started developing chemical sensitivities and at that time my food allergies got a lot worse. I'd already been dealing with knowing some food allergies and avoiding some foods but this was really a lot more intense. I did things about eliminating foods but it was hard. With food allergies you often become most allergic to what you eat most. For 10 years I'd been a vegetarian eating grains and beans and nuts so I couldn't just eliminate everything I was severely allergic to without radically changing how I ate. I started doing food rotations then. With food rotation the idea is, if you have a lot of food allergies, and many people who've developed chemical sensitivities have a lot of food allergies too, the idea seems to be that you've gotten toxed out by environmental toxins. That's affected all the ways our bodies function and we can't digest things so well anymore so then there's undigested food residues that we become allergic to. It's often really tied into developing the chemical sensitivities. Anything we're exposed to all the time we get allergic to so there's no even completely safe food. There's no food that I could eat every day or every other day and not become allergic to. When I started doing the rotations, I started eating meat which I hadn't done

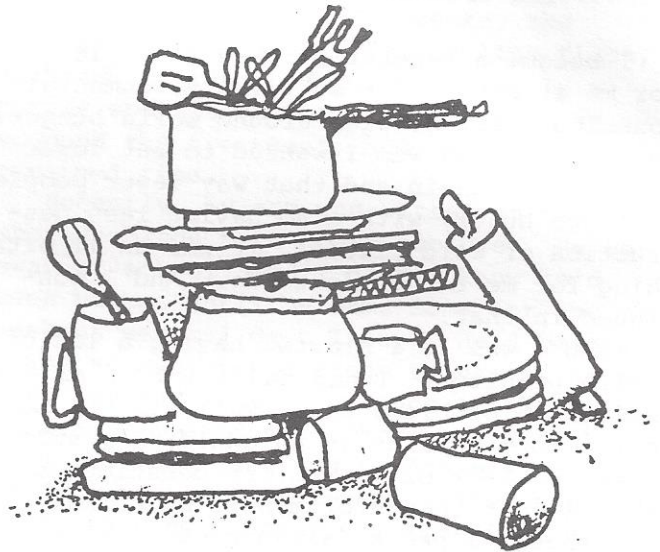
for over 10 years. I did it because I needed the protein if I couldn't be having beans a lot and I couldn't have nuts or seeds much because of mold and also because I needed foods I wasn't as reactive to. Meats are things I'm the least reactive to now because they're what I haven't eaten at all for over 10 years.

It made me go through a lot of thinking about stuff. For me the rotation eating is what can allow me to survive and function at the level I do which is often barely survival, other times having the energy to do some thinking or writing or drawing. The food rotation is hard in other ways. I did the strictest food rotation I've ever done last winter which is that you eat one food in a meal and you don't eat that food again or anything in its family for at least four days. Later in the day you eat another meal or two that are again completely different foods. On my income I couldn't get enough meat or vegetables to really get myself full in a meal, to hold me to the next meal. So I ended up being hungry all the time and that just wasn't good. It made me just feel really deprived and bulimic, like I was dieting again like I had done for so many years. So now I do what's a less effective rotation in terms of having food reactions, but it's what I can do financially. I have these foods and eat them all day long but then not eat them again for four days.

One of the things that's hard for me around being a meat eater is just having to re-examine how I am in the world because I'd made this conscious decision when I was 18 to not eat meat. I think part of what's hard too, if someone knows I eat meat now, I think that sometimes they're working on the assumption that if I'm eating meat, I must have no consciousness about food, no politics about food, that I'm just like a McDonald's addict or something. I have a lot of consciousness about food and about wanting to live to make the least hard impact on the earth and putting out the most contribution I can.

One thing that's come out of it is for me thinking a lot more about politics of food. I didn't really do it out of the meat is murder perspective. Like I said it was more about eating lower on the food chain. Later I also became more aware of the factory farming things, about

how animals are treated. This whole thing of deciding to eat meat as a way to help my health and have enough food to eat has made me think more about the plants too, about what relation I'm in to things that I eat. How plants are grown by agri-business is just as out of sync as factory farming is. It's made me question--



*maryanne
miami, florida*

when I say I don't want to eat something, is it easier for me to think of killing something because it's further removed from me in how related we are as species or looks less like me? Like when I had first done the anti-candida it was easier for me to eat fish than meat. That's partly because I grew up fishing as a kid and it was one of the few actual good things I got from my family. I felt like my family fished in a respectful way. It was out of a need for food, not a trophy kind of way. It felt as respectful as gardening vegetables for food and really being conscious of not wasting and not causing more harm than necessary. So I had that perspective on fish, where I never have personally killed mammals. And I think also there's the thing that a fish isn't a mammal so it's less like me so it's easier to distance myself from its pain

if that's what I want to do. Plants are even further removed from me so it's even easier for me to distance myself from what it is to kill the plant.

I think the optimal harmony place I've come to is that, if I could, how I'd want to live is on wild foods that were gathered or hunted so things are living their life and then when I need to eat meat it's not worse to kill a deer to eat out of my own survival on the planet than it is to kill corn by harvesting it, or apples. The primary thing then would be what relation I'm in, that I'm honoring the plants and animals that I would need to eat, taking only what I need and not being wasteful, and giving back to the earth in all the ways I can.

Right now almost everything I eat comes from some kind of store. I'm eating a little bit of garden stuff that my lover is being able to garden and a little bit of wild harvested stuff, some plants around here. So I feel like it's living with a lot of contradiction just in order to keep living, trying to get to the place I want to be. I am conscious of wanting to be in a respectful place with all the plants and animals I eat and being really conscious of what all's gone on to get this food here to me. And seeing myself as part of that link, that I'll be compost some day and that I'll be part of feeding back something to other plants and animals, that I'll eat what I need, no more no less and give back as I can in a sustainable way.

As someone living with a lot of chemical sensitivities there's a lot of places that are inaccessible to me, that I can't go because of chemicals. Even if sometimes there might be an accessible event, I can't get there because of having fatigue and having carpal tunnel syndrome now, wrist pain, so not being able to drive there. In Arizona I don't have money for personal care assistants so I can't pay for somebody to take me somewhere either. There's another place that's inaccessible because if there's vegetarian only space or a vegetarian only event around food, I can't live in a space like that and visiting it brings up problems too. So I'm writing this a lot to put out my process around this as a way towards dialogue about how some of us with different needs can co-exist respectfully and build community

respectfully. Some vegetarian women don't want to be around meat at all and may feel that it's morally wrong to kill animals. Then there's also women with a lot of food allergies who need to eat meat in order to keep living and functioning so that it's a disability issue as well.

I think for me there's other feelings that come up if there's a vegetarian potluck or something, then what I do, out of respect, is basically not eat because if I need to eat during that time I would just sit somewhere else and eat what I need to eat if it has meat in it. The way I need to do the rotation because of limited money, one pot of food for the whole day, is often going to have some animal product in there. There's hard things for me about the feelings it brings up from my class background of at times going hungry. To be in that situation again where there's people who get to eat and I don't get to eat and it's not just because I don't have money to buy food but it ties into some of the same feelings. Also, I've done a lot of dieting, a self-imposed kind of starvation, not out of just money, but out of wanting to be thin. I'm not fat by standards of some fat liberation things, like women who are 200 pounds or more experience a whole level of fat oppression beyond what I experience, but just as someone who's a size 16 or 18, there's all the stuff I internalized around what you're supposed to be and all the dieting and bulimia I did, it's hard again to be in a situation of not eating when others get to eat.

Well, that's all for now. I'd be interested in talking or writing more about how we can learn to work across differences while we're being really conscious about how we're living in many different ways, including eating. This article was done by me making a cassette tape since I'm not able to do writing by hand or computer now, so anyone interested in talking or writing more about it could write to me. I may be able to send a tape back given energy and money. My address is 12101 W. Calle Madero, Tucson AZ 85743.

Debby Earthdaughter lives on Saguaroland, land for women with disabilities and their allies, which just celebrated its first year anniversary. Saguaroland is part of SHE Land Trust.

ADVENTURES IN INNER SPACE

By Kathe Kirkbride
Maricasa
Ribera, New Mexico

Picture a middle-aged woman plopped down on an unnamed planet and what she might encounter in the way of new experiences. This was the image of me as I arrived in Ojo Caliente, New Mexico in the Fall of 1990. I was 3 days away from Southern California, a career in the aerospace industry, and the indentured life most of us are conditioned to lead. I was open to new ideas but figured they would probably be just an extension of something I had always known. How can you imagine something for which you have no referent?

I stayed near the Simple Life Health Center where two women practiced what seemed, to my tethered mind, to be hocus-pocus medicine. Patients were given vile concoctions of herbs and received some kind of laying-on-of-hands therapy that was way beyond my comprehension. They didn't look like witches, but I had to put them into some kind of experiential box. I tentatively labeled them as potentially benign sorceresses. The problem was my lack of experience which gave me relatively few boxes for people. I hadn't yet discovered the concept of amorphous boxes that just expand and contract as we get used to the idea of non-definition until the boxes just fade away when they are no longer needed.

The herbalist and potion maker, Jean, seemed to be a mostly normal sort who was very hospitable. The woman with the magician's touch, Madeleine, presented as a gruff eccentric who was mostly unaware of my presence. Her salt and pepper hair which stuck up in funny places and her strong accent triggered memories of Bella Lugosi movies. She usually appeared deep in serious thought. Not wanting to be the object of any of Madeleine's negative thoughts (who knows, she may have been casting spells), I stayed clear of her space.

After several days there in Ojo, I was surprised when Madeleine asked me if I

would like to go with her up onto the mesa that evening to gather sage and discover why the local extension of the Rockies was called the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) Mountains. I was familiar with sage as a spice and didn't figure that she was into mayhem, so I accepted. When I mentioned to Jean that I had been asked to do this, she expressed surprise as this sage gathering was usually a solitary occupation for Madeleine.

As we drove down the road toward our destination, I was handed a dented metal funnel with a piece of aged surgical tubing slipped over the end of the funnel outlet. My imagination conceived of various weird uses for this contrivance before Madeleine explained that she was very hard of hearing in her right ear and, if I cared to talk to her as she drove, I would need to speak into the surgical tubing as she held the funnel to her ear. My lack of experience speaking into surgical tubing caused our conversation to be somewhat stilted as we proceeded rather recklessly down the highway. Unbeknownst to me, this hearing aid was only the harbinger of other contraptions to come.

We rumbled and bumped up a dirt track and then off into the brush and cactus to come to a halt in a very lonely spot as the sun set to our backs. The lovely colors of the western slopes of the mountains and the sky around them changed from oranges to reds and finally to a beautiful pale lavender traced with pinks. Night was approaching and we still had to gather the sage.

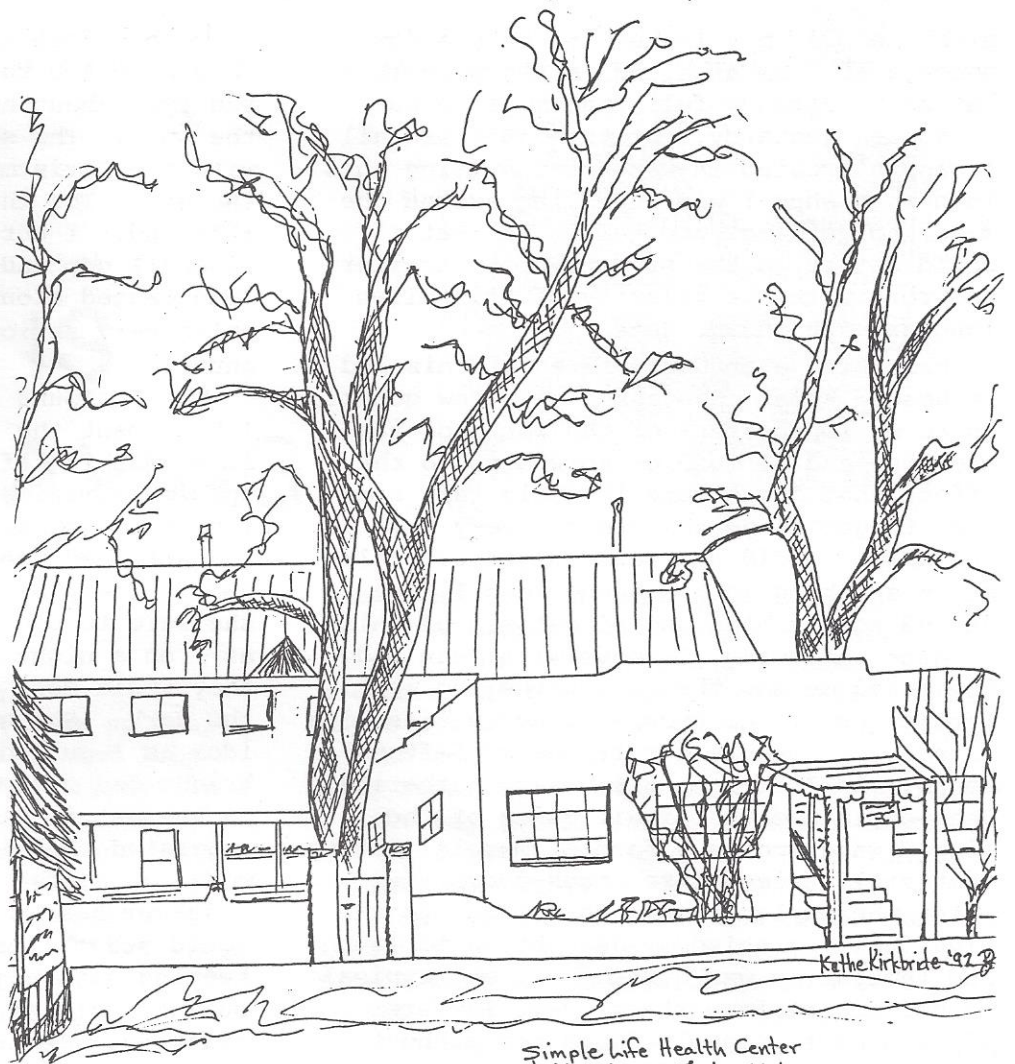
Madeleine went from bush to bush plucking a clump here and there. After each little bunch, she crossed her middle finger over the index finger of her right hand, waggled her crossed fingers up and down, and recited some sort of incantation that apparently helped her to ascertain whether she should pick any more from that particular bush. When it was somehow determined that she had collected enough, she reached into a bag and started sprinkling something around on the desert floor. It turned out to be birdseed and she explained to me that she was giving something back in exchange for

what she had taken. That was a new idea for me, but certainly seemed like a pleasant alternative to just taking.

It was now quite dark and getting chilly. Being out in the desert in the moonless night alone would have sent me scurrying for the car, but I did have my pride to preserve and so I did not give Madeleine

any indication of my discomfort. We ambled back toward the car and instead of getting in, she reached for something in the back seat. Madeleine pulled out two baseball caps and started to explain something to me about a workshop she had taken in Taos where she learned a way to increase one's night vision. I didn't grasp much of what she was saying but realized that we were not finished up on the mesa and I was expected to put on the hat she held in her hand.

The caps each had a piece of wire about 8 inches long clamped to the bill. The wire stuck straight out forward from the cap and had a wooden bead on the end. The point of the exercise was to walk in the dark with our eyes focused on the bead at the end of the wire instead of on the ground. This training of the peripheral



Simple Life Health Center
& Madeleine Goulard's home.
Ojo Caliente, New Mexico

Kathe Kirkbride

vision increased your night vision or something like that. In the little light that was left I could see how silly my sage gathering friend looked and I was very glad that no one else was around to see how foolish I appeared.

Madeleine took all of this very seriously and I was certainly not going to be caught giggling at anything this very earnest and intimidating woman did. The two of us stumbled and tripped over cactus and rocks for quite some time as she occasionally muttered something about whether I was beginning to detect any improvement in my night vision. My eyes had to cross in order to see the bead at the end of the wire and besides, without my bifocals, that wasn't a distance I could truly focus on anyway. Madeleine suggested that I take off my glasses and maybe that

might help. That lasted for only a few moments as I am as blind as the proverbial bat and I already felt that my life was in enough jeopardy. At this juncture all I was interested in was not insulting this loon with whom I was stumbling around the mesa and getting home safely so that I could retire to the privacy of my trailer and roar with the hilarity of this alien land and its inhabitants.

Madeleine eventually tired of this and we headed home. She asked me a few questions as to my impressions of the worth of the exercise and I mumbled something to the effect that I was sure it would take some time to get to be able to see very well in the dark. I did not tend to get too talkative speaking into a funnel and I just wanted to get home and digest all of this.

After arriving, I spoke with Jean and she asked me how the sage gathering went. I told her of the evening's activities with care to not insult her friend of fifteen years. As I recounted the sage gathering, Jean explained the significance of the finger wagging as a form of muscle testing that still seemed like hocus-pocus even after the explanation. When I got to the night walking episode, Jean began to laugh and thought it was quite funny and typical of her eccentric partner. Her laughter allowed me to finally laugh too without fear that I may be offending someone.

The next day Jean went to work at the Health Center with Madeleine and asked her how the evening had gone. Madeleine commented that I was the most boring person that had crawled out from under a city. She also felt that I was totally humorless in spite of the comedy of the situation of wandering around a desert in the pitch dark with a goofy looking hat on my head. It was her impression that I was terribly serious and she had not dared to giggle at the situation. Jean did not tell her that I had thought that it was quite hysterical myself and that I had been protecting her feelings.

After work Jean told me what Madeleine had said and I decided it was time for some mechanical inventiveness on my part. Jean helped me hang up some coat hanger wire a small wooden bead, a 2 inch diameter red Christmas ornament, and a small bell. I made three alternative attachments for Madeleine's night walking hat. The first consisted of the small bead on a wire that

stuck out from the bill of the cap and then made a U turn back to end up between the eyes about an inch from the bridge of the nose. The second had an 8 inch wire with the Christmas ornament dangling from the end. The third had the small bell attached. I put them all in a bag with a baseball cap and went looking for Madeleine. Jean tagged along after we both practiced being very serious so as to forestall any chuckles.

When I found Madeleine I told her that I had spent the night thinking of her night walking efforts and that I had come up with some ideas that might interest her. I pulled a baseball cap out of the bag and attached the wire with the U turn and bead. I explained very seriously that if she were to ever take anyone as nearsighted as I on a night walk again, that perhaps they would more easily see this bead in the dark. She gravely thanked me for the idea as I pulled out the wire with the bright red ornament on it. I attached it to her hat in place of the other and suggested that if the closer bead didn't work for nearsighted friends that perhaps a larger bead might be more visible. I could see that she was having a hard time keeping a straight face at all of this, but her valiant efforts kept her face from cracking. Jean was having difficulty breathing as she watched this exchange and stifled her inclination to laugh. As I pulled the wire with the bell on it out of the bag and fastened it to her cap, I could see that this one had her perplexed. I proposed that if she were to fasten it alternately on the left and then the right side of the cap she could practice directional listening that might help her to improve her hearing. She nodded her head in understanding of the idea but, at the jingle of the bell, she couldn't hold it together any longer.

She burst out laughing and, between guffaws, she apologized for laughing at my ideas until she realized that I was hysterical too and that the joke was on her. From then on I was not nearly as daunted by this stern and eccentric woman. We both realized how we had misunderstood one another. Humor once again was a common thread among women and, though I still hadn't figured out all of the strange things I had seen, I felt much less like I had landed on Mars.

WINTER IS FOR WEAVING

By Jae Haggard
Outland
Serafina, New Mexico

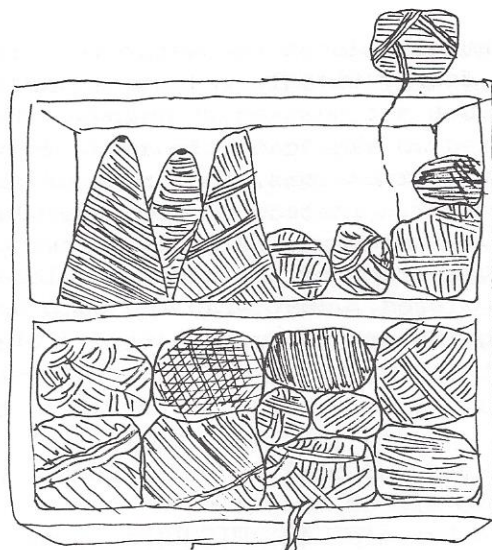
Illustrations by Jae Haggard

Juncos and bluebirds, a lone spoonbill on the pond. Frosty mornings and long-dead juniper cut and stacked, ready for countless cozy fires in the woodstove. Straw over water pipes, drains and young grape vines. Sun low on the horizon and supper at dark. Yep, all the signs of another season as the introspective weeks around solstice are finally here.

I feel it in my bones and spirit too. Time to slow down, find the quiet tasks. Opportunity to focus more on creativity in whatever form that takes. For me, every winter I get out my little loom and weave--the joy of the intense colors of the embroidery floss and so-soft pearl cotton I mostly use. Perks me up just to look at or touch them. Weaving evenings, weavings, give me enormous pleasure.

As much as I love the colors, I like how simple it is to weave. No fancy equipment or tools needed, just interest and a few threads of your choice. You can even weave in or tie on shells, rocks or feathers.

Yarn. I pick up natural fiber threads wherever I can--flea markets, rummage sales, thrift shops, on sale at craft stores and weaver's shops. I mostly use cotton with occasional rayon or wool. I have a little loom and do small projects so tend to get fine yarns (number 3 or 5 pearl cotton). Of course, anything will do, in any combination of color or material or thick-thin that sparks your fancy. One thing about weaving--there are only rights

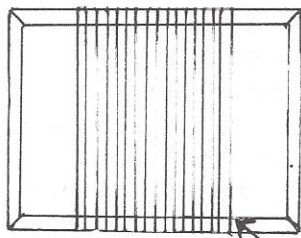


according to your taste, no wrongs.

For a loom I use a couple of different things. One is wood picture frames I picked up at a discount store 2/\$5. One maybe 8"x10" and the other about 12"x16". On the smaller one I finger weave miniature rugs for rocks or such. On the larger I make rag (small strips of extra cloth) mug rugs and larger cloths. If I want to make something bigger yet, I can get out four pieces of 2"x2" and screw them together to make a square frame. The size I want my weaving tells me how long to make the 2x2's. Pretty basic.

Putting the yarn on the frame is called warping. On the picture frames I use a utility knife to slightly groove the wood every 1/8 inch for thicker yarn and every 1/16 for thinner yarn. I wrap my chosen warp yarn around and around the entire frame, each time going into a groove until I have the width I want the weaving to be. Then I add another 1/2-1 inch to allow for the inevitable drawing in of the fibers as I weave. By going around the entire frame, I end up with a warp on the front of the frame and another on the back, so I can actually do two weavings if I want. How's that for efficiency! The warp should be a fiber strong enough not to break when you give it a tug. I've ruined some nice weavings using a warp color that did not go with my other chosen colors. I figured at first I was just practicing so it wouldn't matter. It does. It's not nearly as much fun to work with if the colors don't match, and when the project is finished, it's not very usable if they clash. And yes, you just might want to save, use or gift even that first weaving.

What else about the warp? It needs to be fairly tightly wrapped around the frame but not so that it twangs. The ends are tied so they can't loosen. No matter what the dimensions, the frame of 2"x2"s is similar. Instead of grooves, place small nails every 1/8 inch, sticking up from the front of the upper and lower frame pieces. Just wrap the warp up and down going around every nail and tie it off at the width of your weaving.



TINY NOTCHES OR NAILS

LOOM MADE FROM PICTURE
FRAME OR 2"x2"s.

- WRAP WARP COMPLETELY
AROUND FRAME USING SCORED
NOTCHES TO HOLD WARP IN PLACE.

-OR-

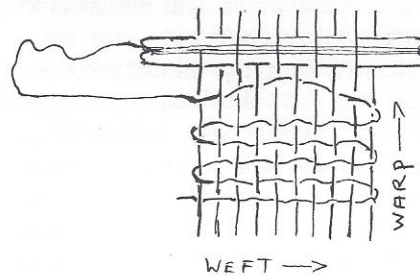
• WRAP WARP OVER NAILS
STICKING UP FROM FRONT OF
UPPER & LOWER 2"x2" FRAME.

You've decided on your size, colors and yarn, and you have a frame looking like a many-stringed instrument--you're ready to actually weave. To weave, use your fingers or a shuttle (a thin small board or stick with the weft wrapped around it) to weave a horizontal strand of fiber (the weft) up over the first vertical warp thread, down under the second, over the third, and so on. I like to use a blunt-nosed kids' needle with a large thread hole for a shuttle. Long darning needles work too. Use anything that will hold or pull a length of yarn that feels comfortable and accessible to you.

Start by taking some scraps of cloth or yarn thicker than your planned weft. These are your filler at the bottom of the warp. I use a couple of graduations

in size from thick to thin until I get down to my actual weft thickness. Fill in 5 or 6 rows at the bottom. This will be your fringe when done, so be sure to leave enough length to tie knots to secure the finished weaving. It takes more to tie knots than you'd think so leave plenty.

As you weave in these filler lengths, you'll notice the warp pulling together slightly. That's fine. You want it to happen now, not later in the actual weaving. The basic sign of a good weaving is even edges, which you get by wrapping your weft strand around the outside warp string closely but not drawing it in. Then arc the weft up as you weave it across to the other edge. It actually looks like a disc with a flat bottom and a rounded top. This arc becomes your new top woven line as you pull the yarn arc down as tight as you want it to the already woven rows. (Each row is called a pick.) This is called "beating" the warp. Beat by using your fingers, a comb, fork, or anything that works for you to pull/push from top to bottom of the weaving. I like beating my arced weft with my shuttle. As I insert my shuttle to draw the next pick row through the warp, I use my shuttle to draw down the previously arced weft pick, then finish pulling it through leaving the new arc in place.



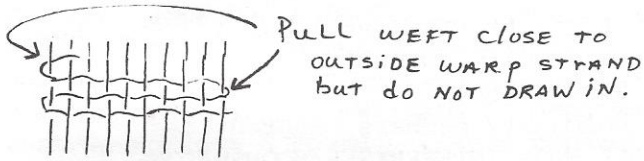
SHUTTLE:

NOTCHED WOOD WITH WEFT
WRAPPED AROUND OR
NEEDLE OR FINGERS. USE
TO PUSH WEFT THREADS
THROUGH WARP.

WEAVE ALTERNATE ROWS:

OVER, UNDER, ETC.
UNDER, OVER, ETC.

Use shuttle, fingers or
• COMB TO "BEAT" OR PUSH
WEFT DOWN FIRMLY TO THE
TOP ROW OF THE WEAVING.



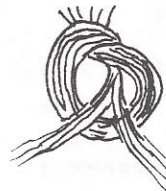
The idea is to fill in between the warp strands without pulling the edges in because there's too little weft or bubbling out between the warp strands because there's too much. You can leave more space between picks so the warp shows more, called warp-faced. You can have an equal amount of warp and weft showing, called balanced. Or, you can pack the weft in really tight covering the warp completely, called weft-faced. It's pretty basic and you get the knack of it after experimenting a while. Every yarn size weaves some different and the effect is unique each time you wind a warp with strands further apart or closer together. Part of the fun is playing with it all to get different effects and find out how it all works.

Another pretty easy and fun idea is to make your weaving a colored "picture". I do this by contouring, building up extra strands of some colors in some places. (Contouring takes a lot more weft thread in the arc to avoid pulling in.) For instance, I'm putting in some blues to give the impression of a pond. I weave across only part way with blue, using a warp strand near the middle as if it were the edge, wrapping my weft around it and returning. I can stagger the edges or I can make vertical lines in the weaving this way. I fill in the empty spaces I've left with other colors. A fun way to make a landscapey weaving. Again, playing with weaving is the key to learning and finding what you like.

Well, there it is. The basics of weaving in one quick country Dyke lesson. Weaving books can show you more techniques or how to get more sophisticated. Me, I like the simple. Even the loom I use to weave beautiful sashes is only 12 inches wide. I like it because I can weave sitting with it on my lap, like the frame looms.

Makes it easy on the back, always a consideration for me. I like my loom too because it has two harnesses. Harnesses lift every other strand of warp all at the same time so I can push my shuttle with the weft yarn on it through the "shed" without having to tediously weave over and under every strand. You can make a simple harness for your frame loom too. Check out a weaving book for instructions. It's easy.

Time to finish off the weaving still on your frame loom. Be sure to stop weaving a good 5 inches from the top edge of the warp so there's room to tie off. Cut the warp off the frame, top and bottom. Take out the filler at the bottom. To tie off your weaving to keep it from unraveling, take adjoining strands of the warp and tie them together with an overhand knot tight against the fabric of the weaving. Using a needle to pull the knot tight against is helpful. You can do just two strands at a time or you can take small groupings together. Whatever looks best to you for each weaving. When both ends are tied off you can comb the fringes even and smooth and cut them off to the length you want.



Overhand KNOT

Take a few warp strands, form a loop with them & draw the ends through the loop. While the knot is still loose, you can pull it tight up against the last weft pick by pulling the halves against the knot as shown. OR, pull around a needle.

Magic. One weaving treasure ready to go to your altar, to gift, or to sell at your next LanDyke Crafts and Creations booth.

Weaving, integral to the lives of Lesbians and wimmin everywhere, always. Weaving, creating fabrics of pleasure and practicality. Weaving, a perfect activity for those inclement winter days and cozy winter evenings by the fire.

Happy solstice season of short days. Happy weaving season of long evenings.

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

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 everything 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.

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

COVENTREE, Chris of Coventree, Troy ME,
04987
camping, visitors, apprentices,
community members

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, PO Box 130, Serafina, NM 87569
Remote Lesbian Community seeking residents
committed to self-sufficient living
based in Lesbian culture and spirit.
We welcome a variety of Dykes including
old dykes, Dykes with disabilities,
Dykes of color and Dykes without money.
Write for info on becoming part of our
community.

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

RAVEN'S HOLLOW, Cazenovia, Wisconsin
contact Lisa: 415-647-3444
camping on unimproved land
partners wanted

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TWO VERY ABLE AND EXPERIENCED horse/working women looking for women's community/ranch position/innkeeper/or working farm. Prefer west of Mississippi. Willing to negotiate work/wages/room & board. Please contact Linda, 41 Mitchell St., New Britain, CT 06053. (203)225-2098 before 9:30 E.S.T.

4th LESBIAN BIZARRE, March 19-22, at Something Special, 7762 NW 14 Ct. Miami FL 33147

OZARK PROPERTY FOR SALE: 55 acres of mostly wooded, tho some is clear and level to build, in Arkansas. There are several springs for water and electricity is nearby. The property has good roads leading to it and is close to Fayetteville (University of Arkansas) and near several womyn's communities too. It's peaceful, secluded, and beautiful. Call (312) 267-9121 for more information.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SIX OF CUPS, A Circle of Stories, by Erika B. Makino. Illustrated by the author. Earth Books, POBox 740, Redwood Valley CA 95470. \$8.50 Storytelling from Erika's life, stories spanning 40 years of travel and experience.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU, A Guide for Learning More About Yourself and Others, by Anna Van Evera. Getting to Know You, PO Box 37, Big Springs, WV 26137. \$10 includes shipping and handling. 388 questions to pose to yourself, your land mates, your lovers. Thought provoking and humorous.

WILD WOMEN: Crusaders, Curmudgeons and Completely Corsetless Ladies in the Otherwise Virtuous Victorian Era, by Autumn Stephens. Conari Press, \$12.95 Stories of our independent foremothers., short and entertaining.

LIVING THE DREAM, A Documentary Study of Twin Oaks Community, by Ingrid Komar. Twin Oaks Community, Rt. 4 Box 169, Louisa VA 23093. \$8.95 + 1.50 p&h. Detailed description of what goes on at Twin Oaks, a mixed community of over 70 people.

WYRDA ATOWL, author of "Lesbian Potluck" in the last issue of MAIZE, plans to release a tape of her work in 1993. For further information contact Wyrda c/o MAIZE.

WOMEN OVER 54: Check out the ad for the Thanks Be To Grandmother Winifred Foundation in this issue!

TINA MINKOWITZ: Miriam, Donna and Suzy don't know how to get in touch with you. Could you please call any one of us. It's Important.

LIVE RENT FREE ON WOMYN'S LAND. Part-time caretakers wanted for all or part of the camping season (May-October) at Daughters of the Earth (DOE) Farm. Tell us about yourself: your abilities and your needs. Wisconsin Womyn's Land Cooperative, Rt 2, Box 42, Norwalk WI 54648 (608) 269-5301

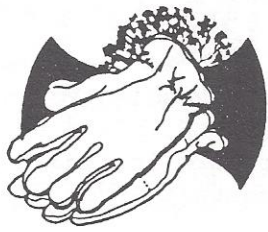
ON MAIZE

This issue has reached you through the wonders of the postal service's bulk mailing system. We finally got enough subscriptions to make this possible. By lowering our postage rates, we are able to avert a price increase, even though the last three issues of MAIZE have been considerably bigger. So the reasonable \$10 per year lives on!

We're also offering great deals on back issues--real cheap for the issues we have loads of, and reasonable for others. A few issues we are out of, but can send xerox copies (almost as good as the original) for the cover price, \$3.50. We don't have an index, but can send you copies of all the tables of contents if you want to pick and choose which issues to order. (Please send SASE for contents of back issues.) See ad page 39 for prices.

How about sending an article or letter, a drawing or news of your land for the next issue??

Warmly,
Lee



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.

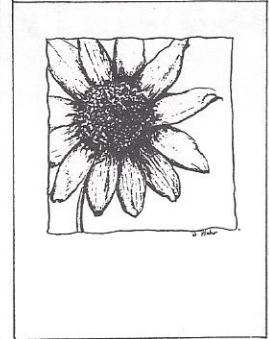
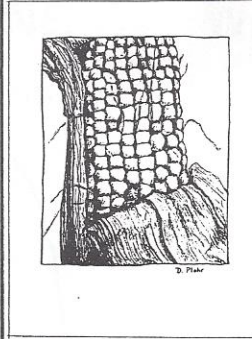


Rachel Winifred Upjohn Light
(1880-1929)

ARE YOU OVER 54? The Thanks Be To Grandmother Winifred Foundation gives grants to individual women over 54 to enable them to create, and manifest into reality, ideas and concepts that will improve the lives of women.

The purpose of limiting beneficiaries to individuals over 54 is to encourage older women—a segment of the population generally ignored, forgotten, and considered invisible—to have courage and confidence in their ability to gift the common weal with their knowledge and wisdom. Grants are given to develop and implement a project, program, or policy that empowers and enriches one or more aspects of the cultural, economic, educational, ethnic, mental, physical, professional, racial, sexual, social, and spiritual well-being of women. Write TBGWF/MZ, P. O. Box 1449, Wainscott, N.Y. 11975.

Add a touch of country to all your correspondence...with notecards...



Carefully printed on environmentally sound, 100% recycled paper, these notecards measure 4 1/4 X 5 1/2 and come blank inside, perfect for your special message.

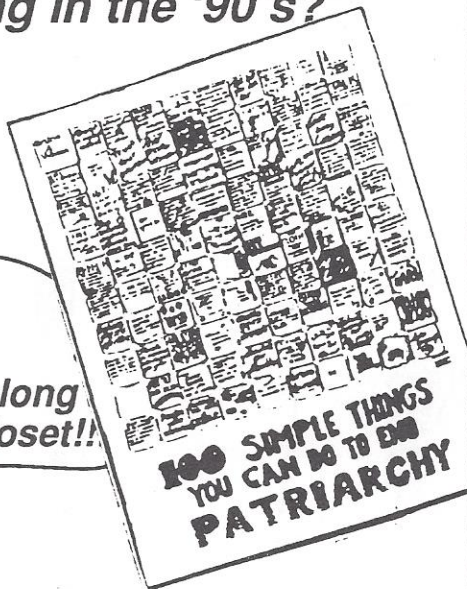
...\$8.00 for a package of 8 different designs.

Please send \$8.00 + \$3.00 shipping for each package ordered to:

Deborah Plohr
Code M.
P.O. Box 18161
Pittsburgh, PA 15236

...Or send SASE for catalog.

What is your refrigerator wearing in the '90's?



Your politics don't belong in the closet!!

a poster by Nett Hart

\$5 each includes shipping in a sturdy tube
Word Weavers, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408-0742

MAIZE

BACK ISSUES

4 issues/\$2.00 or 13/\$6:

#2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 21, 23, 24, 25

4 issues/\$8.00 or 13/\$24.00

#4, 5, 11, 14, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30

\$3.50 each (xeroxed)

#1, 6, 7, 12, 31, 32

4 issues/\$10

#33 to present

All prices include postage.

MAIZE PO Box 130, Serafina NM 87569

\$3.50

NUMBER 35

MAISE
JACK BROWN

