

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE SUMMER 9993



Nett 1993

Shedding

Nett Hart

MAIZE NUMBER 37, SUMMER 9993

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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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

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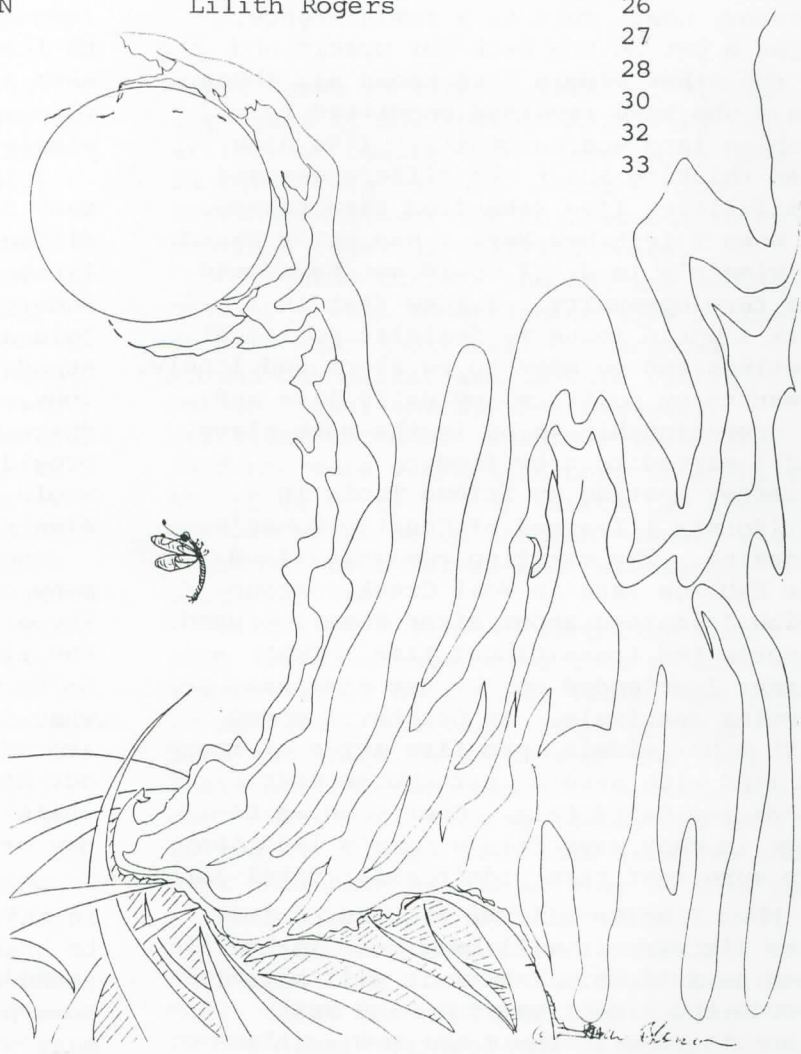
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TWENTY YEARS

A REMINISCENCE

By Raven
Santa Fe, New Mexico

A couple of issues back Jean Mountain-grove wrote of the need to record our wimmin's land herstory. It started me thinking that this is my anniversary. In July 1973 I left an unbelievably scary, self-destructive and oppressive life in New York City and went in search of living in the country in California with other wimmin. Someday when I write the details of this geographic and emotional journey it will be both my land story and my coming out story. I'm not going to write herstory now. This is a reminiscence, maybe a pat on the back for myself and all the other wimmin I've known all these years who have remained committed to lesbian land and community. I've also been thinking about the differences and similarities I've seen from then to now.

When I left New York I had never heard of wimmin's land. I would not have used the term community. I knew that in New York I would leave my feminist political meetings and go home to be alone and lonely. I wanted my politics, my daily life and my companionship to be in the same place, and I wanted to grow food.

After meeting my friend Tania in California I learned of Country Women's magazine. The existing community land was Cabbage Lane in Wolf Creek, Oregon, which I learned about after some confused, disoriented transitional time. That summer I attended one of the earliest wimmings festivals. In October I moved with other wimmin into five acres of rented land with several structures near Mendocino California. Over time we became in many ways open wimmin's land tho I'm sure that term didn't exist until later.

When I write all the stories of that time I'm sure it will be a book rather than an article. I know it will have to include the time I met Ruth and Jean Mountaingrove at the Country Wimmin's Festival. They were older wimmin, which I found exciting. I recently realized

that in 1973 Jean was probably about the age I am now. I don't feel like an older womyn 'cuz there are so many of us over 45, over 50, some over 60. Ruth and Jean and a few others were pioneers for the rest of us. Tho of course many wimmin of all ages have come along over the years, I think the face of wimmin's land has changed alot as a result of so many of us land dykes being no longer young.

I can't evaluate what's going on in other parts of the country. I can't do much travelling cuz of my low energy and the lack of disabled access on most lesbian land. Around here I see that many veteran land dykes are not on land or are struggling to live on difficult primitive land. Among many of us, tho, there is much involvement in our land trust and as much visiting as wimmin can manage.

I think economics are part of the reason many of us are not on land. It's more difficult to obtain and live on land with little money than it was 20 years ago. Some of us could have earned towards our "old age" when we were younger, but instead lived with little money, few possessions, shared resources, and in areas where there weren't many jobs. I was naive about providing for the future. I knew times would get hard, but I thot there would always be land I could live on.

Another change from the past is that many of us can't handle the unpredictability of open land. I don't think this is the rigidity of age. I think it has more to do with personal recovery, knowing what feels safe and unsafe. Many of us around here have been trying to figure out how to have intentional community while still being open to diversity and new arrivals.

We were revolutionary in many ways in those early years on land. We wanted to break down alot of emotional barriers among us. We had some great times, did some powerfully bonding rituals, and had many struggles. We had no patterns to follow and we were forging our path before so many of us looked at substance



*Cabbage Lane: Outdoor Kitchen, summer 1991
Photo by Tee A. Corinne, Southern Oregon*

abuse, and at incest and other sexual and emotional abuse. Now I feel many of us approaching community with that same sense of wanting bonding and intimacy, but with a better sense of our own limitations and boundaries. I believe striking a balance between public and private, community and personal, will be a lot of the work of my next community.

I can't live on open land cuz I need commitments around accessibility. This is an issue that will become more relevant to many of us as we age, and as more of us confront the plague of immune system disease. On open land there are too many new wimmin who don't understand how little it takes to create a situation where I'll get sick and how much it takes to make a structure accessible after animals or smoke have been in it. No one is intentionally cruel, simply unaware and uncommitted to accessibility. I need an aware committed core group and a situation where disabled dykes define our own needs.

Along with all the differences from 1973 to 1993 there are many unifying threads. For one thing there's our songs. New songs are added, travelling lesbians bring songs from other areas, but at every circle someone will sing a song passed down since the 70's and lots of us join in. Sometimes a new

womyn knows an altered version. I was intrigued in the spring MAIZE with the article on toning. In those early days in California many of us did toning together. Whatever the changes our voices remain a powerful unifying force.

Of course there's the ongoing commitment to create something outside patriarchy. We have many individual differences around our mainstream culture participation--jobs, therapy or "big world" politics. Some of us rarely leave the land and some visit land once in a while. All of us carry in our hearts the need for our own earth based lesbian focused space to be our true selves and release our wildness.

Finally I'd like to emphasize that many lesbians have woven thru my life all these years. My friend, Tania, who helped me escape New York, lives in this area and longs to be back on the land. There are too many names to mention everyone. Many have been my family the entire 20 years. Others have come in along the way. All have helped me stay on this path.

When I write my herstory I will tell all the joy, struggle, and stumbling steps that have brought us from then to now. First I need to be back in land community. But who knows? Maybe I'll write the first chapter of my book for a future MAIZE.

I REMEMBER

By Jae Haggard
Outland
Serafina, New Mexico

I don't remember just how many wimmin have been here. And, of course, it just plain doesn't matter. A bunch, many bunches. What I do remember is the way we all come together, or don't. I remember countless smiles, some tears. Dreams and directions.



Terri Alice

I don't remember how many wimmin. I remember how wonderful--giving, stretching, learning, showing. I remember how individual. No two Dykes alike, for sure.

I don't remember individual days either. Shucks, don't even remember weeks, hardly seasons. Yet, I feel in me the merging of one season into another. One group of Dykes into another. One new thought into another. I don't remember all the details yet they create this life I appreciate so much.

I don't remember the specific words spoken. Yet I remember in my heart the essence.



Rebecca Clark

I don't remember specific expressions. Yet I smile at the pictures of each Dyke in my mind's eye.

So much I don't remember. So much I don't need to remember. In fact I don't need to remember much of anything. For the spirit remains. The essence is clear.

I don't need to remember everything, to know everything. I need only remember to know that I live, to know that I love.

Jae: This piece is from an "I don't remember..." exercise at an Outland writer's circle.



Fox

Photographs by Jae Haggard

MULTICULTURAL LESBIAN LAND???

By Pelican Lee
Santa Fe, New Mexico

This tale is written for my white sisters who dream, as I do, of living on land with numbers of women of color. From what I hear and read, this is a popular dream among white lesbians.

We in New Mexico Women's Land Trust finally closed (the legal transfer of the land) on Arf in November, after three years of constant publicity, fundraising and administrative work. There was still plenty of work to do--setting up loan payments with the bank, dealing with property taxes, doing year-end financial statements, obtaining liability insurance, doing yet another newsletter to let folks know we finally did it.

Meanwhile in the background, lesbians in this area have been talking for several years about the next piece of community land. Two winters ago a group met for months talking about ideas for a land community and how to deal with various controversial issues that exist everywhere in our communities. The end result was the paper, "Ideas for a Diverse Lesbian Land Community," still available from NMWLT for \$2.00.

The idea was developed that since our lesbian communities are diverse, we could live on land together by living in various affinity groups with strong commonalities, and by focusing on work on the -isms: racism, classism, ableism, and ageism, among others. In that way, hopefully, a community would be developed that would be safe for lesbians in non-dominant groups: lesbians of color, poor and working class lesbians, disabled lesbians, old lesbians.

The group that developed these ideas was mostly white-skin privileged, mostly able-bodied, and mostly in their 30's and 40's, but with a few representatives from more oppressed groups. Class was mixed, with strong representation from poor and working class lesbians.

But the reality was that the organizers among us were already overloaded with the

work necessary to save Arf Women's Land, so the possibility of creating diverse lesbian land community was put off until later, though the idea stayed alive in the community.

In December, two NMWLT lesbians announced that they thought it was time to begin work on accessible land, and the Lesbian Natural Resources grant applications for 1993 came in the mail. We have always been aware of the inaccessibility of Arf to all but the most hardy and healthy of lesbians because of the steepness of the land, lack of utilities and lack of toxin-free buildings. There is an obvious strong need in New Mexico for community land that is accessible. So we set a date after the end-of-December holidays for a meeting of all lesbians interested in a new community land, to see what we could come up with.

We put on the flyer, "Diverse Lesbian Land?" and "Accessible Lesbian Land?" We also put "Multicultural Lesbian Land?" on the flyer because two friends from California had recently moved here, and they'd told me their dream is multicultural lesbian land, since one is a lesbian of color and one is white. We also put on the flyer the question, "Let's see if we are ready to apply for a LNR grant."

I called a few lesbians who I knew were interested in a land community to tell them about the meeting, and hoped other NMWLT lesbians would extend outreach further, since I was still swamped with land trust administrative work, and couldn't do it.

Fourteen lesbians showed up for the meeting--which I found heartening--and more were mentioned as also interested, but unable to attend. We decided to go around the circle and each talk about her land ideas and dreams. Mentioned were the diverse lesbian land ideas as a good starting place, land accessible to disabled and growing old lesbians, multicultural land, and a community of lesbians doing recovery work.

Dedre spoke about being the only lesbian of color in the circle and that that was



Kiwani
Whaletown, British Columbia

unacceptable to her. She told us that she wants lesbian land that is at least 50% lesbians of color. Later it came out that some of us did not take her seriously, thought she meant it more as a goal than an immediate reality. Others started thinking about what lesbians of color they could recruit. This is not the first time we'd heard the concept of lesbian groups being at least 50% lesbians of color if they are going to be anything other than white-dominated lesbian groups.

We were all excited that we seemed to be in agreement and went on to determine how much money lesbians in the group could contribute for a down payment and for monthly payments. Although the numbers were small, we thought it was a good beginning and enough to do something modest, and chose 100 acres as a goal. We formed a land search committee to check into what was available, and a grant-writing committee to start working on a LNR application. We made up groups of 4 who would meet together to get to know each other better before our next scheduled meeting, in two weeks. We left cautiously hopeful.

The next evening, four of us were sitting around our house when Dedre

popped over. She'd just come from her first time attending the women of color group in town. She'd gone there all excited to share with lesbians of color about the land meeting. But when she told about yesterday's meeting, the other women of color were very upset that they hadn't heard about it and that it had gone on without them. They were angry that we'd used the words "Multicultural Land?" in the flyer when we didn't have a significant number of lesbians of color. And they said there was no way they were gonna join our group. Dedre also told us she was alarmed that at the land group meeting that we'd gone two-thirds around the circle before anyone mentioned wanting to live with women of color.

We white women felt terrible, hadn't known there were other lesbians of color in town that might be interested in land. In fact, we didn't know many or any of the women of color who are in the group. Many of the white women didn't even know there was a women of color group in town. But we've done enough anti-racism work to know that we'd made some serious mistakes.

First, we obviously had not done adequate outreach before our meeting. Our first step would have been to discuss outreach--what communities we wanted to inform about the meeting and how to reach them. We could have paid attention a lot more carefully to what we were doing and done it with more care. To use "multicultural" on our flyer and then not do proper outreach to lesbians of color was exploitative.

We have heard before, too, that it is not ok to form a group and set up a structure, and then invite lesbians of color to join us. That is not the proper way to do things, no matter how well intentioned. It is a racist process, to expect lesbians of color to join a group and a structure that we've set up in our white lesbian ways. It just never works that way, and we know it. The group and the structure have to be set up with lesbians of color in it from the beginning.

Even then, the question must be asked, in whose ways are we operating? Even in truly multicultural groups, things tend to be done in dominant culture ways, especially when there's stress. White lesbians have to stand back and not make

any assumptions about how things should be done. We have to give it enough time and listening.

Also, we have to take what lesbians of color say a lot more seriously. We've got to believe that what they say, they're serious about and committed to. We've heard many times from lesbians of color that they think white lesbians don't listen to them and don't hear them. This was an example of that. With a little thought, white lesbians practicing anti-racism can see that because of how racism is internalized inside of us, no matter how hard we try, we still do things in white dominant culture ways without even knowing it. To ensure that lesbians of color have sufficient power to create their own reality in a group or organization, and feel safe working with or living with white lesbians, at least 50% lesbians of color is necessary.

So we called an immediate halt to everything, calling up all the lesbians who had been at the meeting to explain. We met some resistance, but with enough time and effort of explanation, every one finally understood. The grant writing committee ended up writing a letter of apology to the lesbian of color community and made arrangements to turn the next meeting into an anti-racism workshop open to all women.

We were told that the anti-racism workshop would not patch things up like a band-aid and so we could go ahead with our project. It will not be a cure, and is not a one-time deal. It is just a step. It will not guarantee that lesbians of color will be attracted to our project. In fact, they are suspicious, asking why anti-racism work is happening so late. Our mistakes will set us back, and that will hurt. Lesbians of color will want to see that we are serious about a commitment to anti-racism work. They'll want to see consistency over time. Because of the long history of racism, including in lesbian communities, it takes time for white lesbians and lesbians of color to build trust. We'll have to find and take that time. Speeded up time supports the dominant culture. A major barrier to intercultural collaboration is time oppression. We have to put aside our agenda and trust that if we take the time, in the community we create together,



Kiwani

our needs will be met.

The anti-racism workshop was well-attended by 28 community lesbians, and many want to do on-going anti-racism work. A group of 10 is learning anti-racism facilitation skills and being a work and support group. Members of this group will be facilitating more anti-racism workshops and groups for the local lesbian community.

When the land group met again, Dedre announced that she is planting a new seed, taking the beginning steps with some other lesbians of color to start a new process in the proper way to form multicultural lesbian land which will be at least 50% lesbians of color. White lesbians need to understand that for reasons of economic oppression and racism, not many lesbians of color can financially live on land, so there's no way all of the white lesbians who might want to will be able to live on multicultural land.

Dedre's white lover told us she has used her white-skin privilege to live on lesbian land in the past, even though she's always wanted to live on land that's multicultural. She realizes now that multicultural land requires much more of a process than white lesbians have understood up to now. But she can't go back to the discomfort of living with mostly white lesbians wishing for multicultural

land, all the while knowing white lesbians can be on land at all because of our white-skin privilege. What privilege is about is who has and controls resources.

Other lesbians spoke about how much they felt that the group had allowed itself to be rushed by the March 1 LNR grant deadline, causing us to make mistakes. And that we have to face it that a land effort by white lesbians will result in land that is for mostly white lesbians, and will be done in white lesbian ways. We have to stop talking about how we want multicultural land unless there's plenty of lesbians of color as part of the process from the very beginning.

It had become clear that various ones of us had different priorities for lesbian land. Some were most interested in a multicultural land group. Some were most interested in land that would be physically accessible for disabled and aging lesbians. One wanted land where she and her partner could care for

homeless and abandoned dogs and cats. And some wanted just to live on women's land. I've been asking myself how many different priorities can be met by one land group.

Many of the lesbians of color I know have chosen as their life work to work with their own people in their own communities in the cities. Others do not want to leave the support of lesbian of color communities in the cities. So recently I've been asking if and how a white lesbian land group could be supportive to lesbians of color in the cities. This is part of a larger question of whether it is possible, and if so, how, can white women use our privilege in ways that can benefit women of color? What does that look like? Or should we be working to lessen and give up our white privilege, and what does that look like?

Pelican Lee is a land dyke temporarily living in the city.

THE LESBIANS

By Darcy Brazen
St. Johnsbury, Vermont

to when we
did not question
our own right to be

to when we
did not self-hate
or suicide

or give ourselves
away
fighting for every
scrap of dignity,
the chair or the meds or
the job or the enough to eat

to when we
knew not
terror or these
flooding tears
the layered wellsprings of sorrow
for the girlchild's
stolen and violated
body and mind

who among us
can defend the cause of family?

to when we
did not
act against
our own grain
or work at being proud

to when we
walked without trepidation into blackest night
holding high
our mullien stalk torches

and lay down together
under the starry bowl of sky,
awash in cool breezes
and each other

to when we
moved through each day
with purposeful joy
celebrating and partying
with each other
for any and every
conceivable reason
wild with self-love

*Darcy: 31 year old notheastern vermont
landed dyke metamorphosizing, still fight-
ing patriarchally implanted messages of
self-hate. I like to crawl on all fours
and howl and paw around with the 3 dogs I
live with. I have great hopes for Dyke
Love, Economy, Community, Equality. I'm
Separatist.*

ON THE LAND DIXIE'S CRYSTAL RIDGE



maryanne
miami, florida

HARMONY HILL FARM

ABUNDANCE, MINNESOTA

Dear Maize Wemoon,

Well, \$10 is a sacrifice right now. But not as big a sacrifice as being without MAIZE! You are our lifeline, encouragement, and inspiration.

Spring issue #36 is so excellent! It's exciting to hear from so many lands, and to feel the unity of vision among so many of us. Throughout herstory, lesbians have been the vanguard of change in society--the visionaries. We are among the few daring to lead the way into a new reality, a new way of being for the world, which in truth brings us full circle to a very old way of being--living in harmony with Mother Earth and all our relations. It is the only path to survival for this beautiful planet.

Our struggle to return to the very simple, natural way of living is our legacy to future generations. Others may see it as foolish or insignificant, but in fact it is the most important (and challenging!) work we could be doing.

Chop wood, carry water, feed the chickens, and tend the garden. The meek shall inherit the earth!

Breyeh FreeSoul

Harmony Hill Farm is the first project of Northern Minnesota Women's Land Trust. Please address correspondence to: NMWLT, c/o Audrey Freesol, PO Box 124, Cotton MN 55724

TROUTVILLE, VIRGINIA

Dear Womyn of MAIZE,

My name is Dixie and I'm just opening Dixie's Crystal Ridge, a getaway/campground for womyn in Southwestern Virginia. I'm looking for a few womyn that would be interested in living on my Land and helping me build 5 or 6 cabins for womyn outings-retreats-camping. At the same time maybe they can build a little cabin of their own. A love of the out of doors and a true desire to work hard so that they and others can enjoy the beautiful country. It's 50 acres with horses, dogs and cats, crystals and a pool. Womyn can write or call Dixie's Crystal Ridge, 10641 Rhodes Lane, Troutville VA 24175. Phone: 703-992-3521

In Love and Light we shall all grow

Feel the Dolphin spirit

within my heart

Let it touch your soul

And set you free.

Love,

Dixie

WHITE ROCKS HOMELAND

WILLCOX, ARIZONA

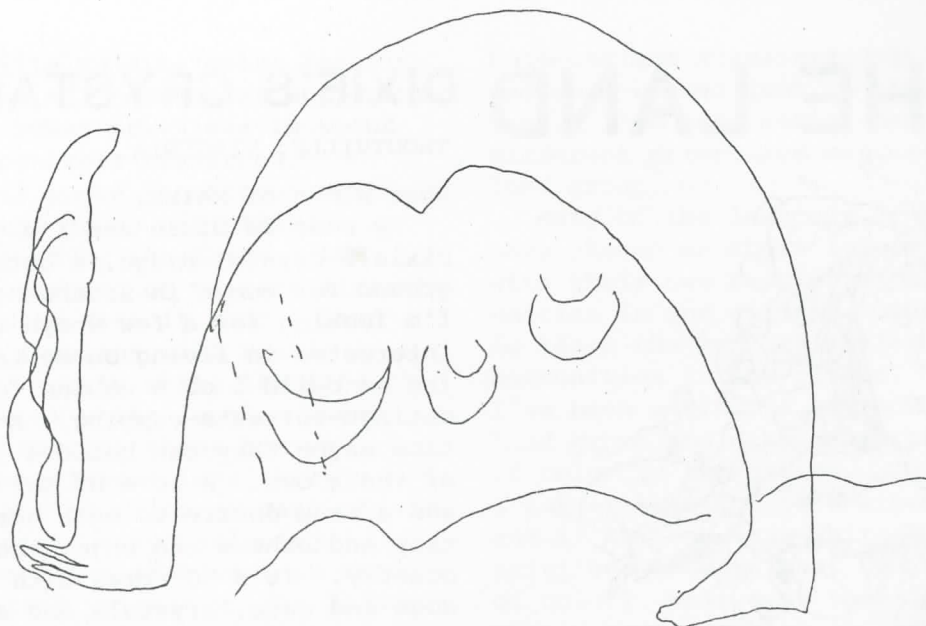
I'm back home again. I spent the winter at Saguaro Sisterland near Tucson. After cleaning up the damage done by the invading rodents, I moved back into my house. Two other women are here now so my feelings of isolation are greatly diminished.

I have several projects left from last year that I'm slowly working on; an addition to my structure and also a building that I can use to sweat in. The garden is producing a fair amount. This year I want to put in a few fruit trees, so I have lots of digging to do.

White Rocks is open to visitors. Anyone interested in coming should be prepared to provide everything; water, shelter, cooking implements. The road into the land is rocky with lots of ruts and hard on vehicles. When writing for information from women's lands, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Earth

POBox 231, Willcox, Arizona 85644



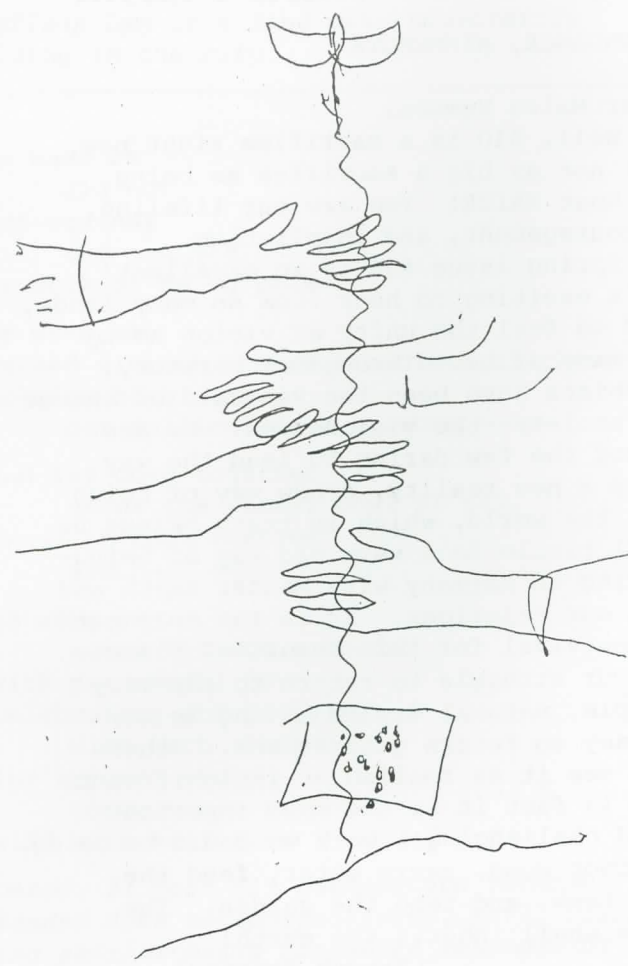
Sky Goddess

GATHERING ROOT

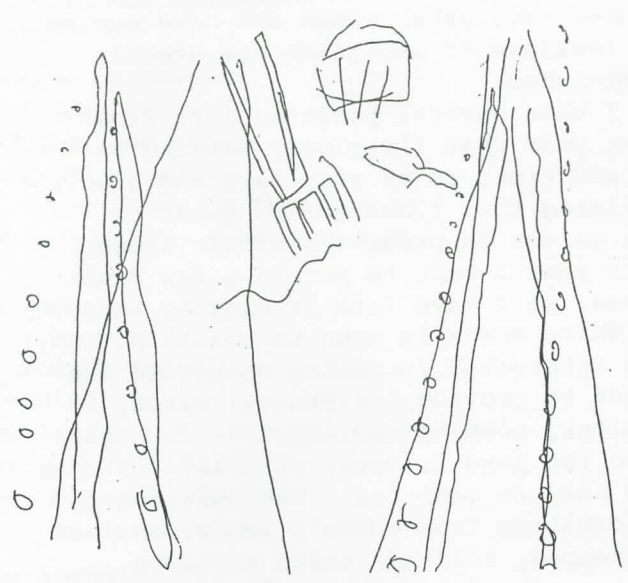
AVA, MISSOURI

I did these drawings with my eyes closed, first thing in the morning when I'd wake up. They were sort of like a visual version of my journal--I'd pick 3 images from the previous day and draw what I remembered. It was always a surprise to open my eyes and see what my hand had done in my sight's absence! I found this method of drawing to be a freeing-up thing, making me more tuned in to other creative expressions later each day.

Jennifer Weston



Blessing The Seeds



Planting Potatoes

LEZ TRY THIS

TIPS FROM LUNA CIRCLE FARM

Easy garden/field stakes: In fall, collect sunflower stalks. Remove seedheads for birds, etc. Bundle stalks and hang in dry, airy place. (garage rafters, corn crib, etc.) In spring, cut to desired lengths with a bow saw.

Easy garden row/bed marker: Use plastic coated nylon-core (not wire) clothesline. Tie into knots at desired plant spacing intervals, then cut at desired length. (We have one 100' with 12" knots, and one 100' with 18" knots). Use for laying out beds, transplanting, etc. Wind up for storage on orange plastic extension cord type reel. Very long lasting, even with lots of mud; stretches less than string.

Ayla

Guys Mills, Wisconsin



Suddenly she realized the wait was over.

Anahita 9993

Anahita

McLeansville, North Carolina

LISTEN

By Sherri

Cabbage Lane

Wolf Creek, Oregon

I listen to the wind,
The quiet patter of rain drops fall,
caressing my soul with nature's repose.

I listen to the wings,
Of tiny birds searching for spring,
the blossoming promise of sweet nectar.

I listen to the rhythm,
The silent foot steps, the petite underworld
animated by the warmth of the sun.

I listen to the calls,
of soaring hawks, the songs of butterflies,
Of leaves chiming softly in the breeze.

I listen to the dusk,
The glowing night lights, the brilliant moon,
tugging with care at faceless, sleepy eyed
beings.

I listen to Her symphony,
calling me back,
with the echoes of life.

I listen to Her voice,
waking me gently,
from this stark, hollow shell.

I listen to Her, my mother
Humming rich, tender Lullabys,
soothing away the tears.

I listen to Her, my sister
Sharing dreams, telling secrets,
whispering a magical future,

I listen to Her, my source
silencing the desecration,
from within, without,
calling me back.

Sherri: I am a recent resident at Cabbage Lane; I am also slowly recovering from ritual abuse, patriarchy or similar problems of the same ilk. I would like to thank all women who have made possible places like Cabbage Lane, where individuals such as myself can find solace, respite, healing, and hope. Thank you.

DAYBREAK

By Silver Lee Davis
Rootworks
Sunny Valley, Oregon

Until recently, shrouded in the fog of the past.
Not fully engaging in life beyond the narrow confines of fear.
Life has been lived in the hours between dusk and dawn.
Many nightmares.
Few daybreaks.
Coming out of this warped corridor of time.
 After
Hard years of therapy.
Shattering experiences in third world Guatemala.
And the divorcing of the dominant society.
Now learning how to live.
Simply.
Not easily,
but richly.
Not conventionally or conveniently,
but lightly and respectfully.
No telephone,
 no electricity,
 no bathroom.
One pot cooking.
Wood to be moved, split, stacked.
In the small confines of my nine by eleven foot cabin,
My life is expanding,
Becoming real.
Looking around I'm amazed to find that I'm a capable adult.
Detaching from the oppressive past and patriarchy.
Free to join humanity where I find virtues.
Honored to be in the southern Oregon Lesbian community.
Offering far more than the rich white man can undermine
 or understand
A world beyond the hollow pretentiousness of the glitter of gold
 or
 the shine of a white picket fence.
Country lands on which womyn live, work, play, create and love.
A nurturance of life.
A feeding of the soul.
My daybreak has come.
©1993 Silver Lee Davis
February 4, 1993, Moonhouse, Rootworks
*Silver Lee: I am a feminist, country lesbian. Recovering from
the patriarchy as well as my past. Discovering new ways of
thinking, being and living.*

DANCE AND COMMUNICATION

By Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz
Louisa, Virginia

I used to be quite a talker. I still am at times but somewhere in the 1980's I noticed women were communicating a lot but our relationships weren't that good. I don't mean lovers, but work, friendship, neighbors, general community relations. We were putting out a lot of emotion but intensity didn't turn out to be a relationship glue any more than sex had been a decade earlier. People were alienated and gave up. Disappointment with the lesbian community was a topic of conversation. Personally, I was getting by in life but not getting anywhere. I reconciled with a former partner who was highly committed to my daughter, myself and lesbian community work. We all moved to Florida. It lasted a year. At the end of the 1980's I heard myself repeating the same things I'd said in the relationship at the beginning of the decade. I got tired of spinning our wheels emotionally and having my limits interpreted as lack of commitment. I decided to move on, discussed my plans and acted without endless processing.

We lived in Puerto Rico for a year and spoke very little Spanish. I learned how to live without talking all the time. It was frustrating but it worked. When we returned to the states my voice returned slowly. It took a year and it's different now. I live in a commune where we're in public much of the time in close proximity and the communication norm is that if our behavior is a problem for others they give us feedback. I never really relax and speak freely in public. I'm always a little on my guard. The social reality is that people don't complain to each other much but it's random and conflicts do flair up and can get very personal and public and focused on a particular individual. Since it's only fair to take other people's needs into consideration I avoid them so I don't have to. I need spaces in my life to not worry about what anybody else in the world needs or thinks.

The commune provides very well for our material needs. My task was to create for myself a safe, private space to express my inner world. I picked dance and movement. It's non-verbal so people can't answer if they can't understand what I'm saying. It was a way to speak freely, in code, and without feedback. I wanted a meditation that could be developed into an art form. I can't choose not to have feelings but I can choose what I do with them. I got my feelings into my physical body and then I moved through them. I did aerobics and dance classes--jazzercise, bellydance, modern and ballet. Ballet is what stuck with me and it has seen me through some hard times. I did live classes and used workout videos, which are cheaper now.

I use video workouts to express myself through movement. For serious dance instruction I am fortunate to have a private teacher, a ballet dancer who lives here at the commune and teaches twice a week. It's a challenge and a privilege just to try to keep up with a dancer at her level. I'm an adult non-professional beginner and my technique is weak. I can't do much ballet but I can express who I am through movement. I feel flexible and extended, especially in my upper body.

I considered performing at the last few talent shows and didn't. Whatever I did would have been a prayer for the return of an old friend I've been missing. I believe that if I dance, she'll come. She called a few days ago, after about 10 years, to thank me for the book I wrote about our lesbian of color land group in 1979. She just re-read it. We tried to remember how long it had been since we spoke. "Did you ever think it would happen again?" she asked. "Well..." I said, "I prayed." This is a message to me that I've lived a good life and my efforts are valued and remembered. My friend responded to an unspoken prayer that was articulated through dance and movement. We had a nice conversation and she invited me to a Sundance.

EDIBLE FLOWERS AS A LESBO LAND INCOME

By Teresa Berubé
Redway, California

Last summer I discovered growing flowers as I was struggling to survive as an organic farmer and newly arrived land dyke.

A local inn was advertising to buy local, organic veges and edible flowers. Not knowing quite what that meant, I consulted the "Seeds Blüm" ¹ catalog to discover an amazing bunch of flowers that womyn make soup out of in Holland, look luscious in winter salads, can be used to decorate a cake and are the main ingredients of a casserole.

Marigolds were already in abundance throughout my farm areas to discourage insects. The previous woman to garden here had planted shasta daisies. Petunias, carnations and calendula were quick to bloom and it didn't take long before the nasturtiums, pansys and goddess buttons² filled in so I could take my first boxes to the market.

We are a moon away from Spring Equinox and with all this snow piled up to our ankles, it's sometimes hard to imagine that in two months the gardens will be planted with specialty salad greens³ and shortly thereafter the flowers and basil circles will be planted.

When there are enough flowers to harvest, I'll create sample boxes to take around to restaurants, inns, caterers and bakeries to get orders for weekly delivery.

Because things worked out so well delivering flowers to the inn last fall, I have learned some important details--like 50-75 flowers go into a box⁴... the restaurant or caterers pay about \$8 for each box...large restaurants can use

dozens of boxes a week...it is relatively easy to harvest the flowers...a damp paper towel on the bottom of each box helps keep the flowers fresh and cool...boxes can be stacked in coolers for transporting them to the market on hot days...and many of these plants will grow and flower all winter if under cold frames.

Large areas of blooming annuals give a special quality to my farm and my spirit. I appreciate the flexible nature of the growing cycles so I can decide which months of the year I want to farm. It is my desire to keep this endeavor small and simple, yet other womyn could create a more expanded scene if they choose.

I'd love to hear from any womyn who are growing edible flowers and those who would like to.

1.This woman owned company provides heirloom seeds that neighbors have shared for eons simply because they taste great. Catalogs are \$3, from Idaho City Stage, Boise, Idaho 83706.

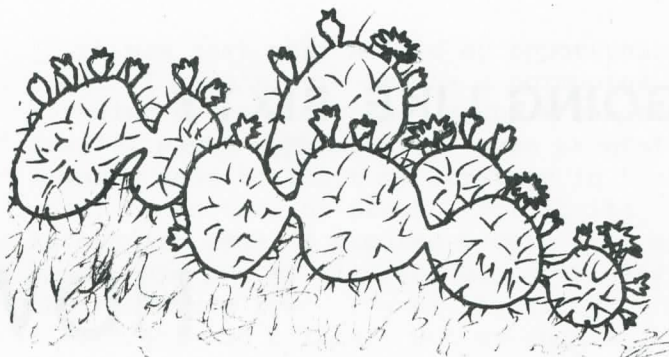
2. "Bachelor" buttons

3.Tatsoi, baby kale, beet tops, mizuna, arugula, radicchio, endive and oak leaf lettuce.

4.Boxes are ideally made of recycled cardboard with a cellulose lid (like a cake box) so the flowers can be seen. Clear plastic containers with attached lids (used in salad bars as take-out containers) also work well but with more impact on landfills and resources.

Teresa: I am thankful for being able to live on this land, for the magic of love, renewal, seeds coming to life, the ancient ones who walked here before us, songs, womyn, rain and mystery.

UTILIZING THE PRICKLY PEAR CACTUS



*Puck
Serafina, New Mexico*

By Earth
Willcox, Arizona

In Mexico, the people use the prickly pear cactus pads or leaves as a vegetable. It is cut into strips and cooked with tomatoes and various herbs and spices. They call the pads napoles. I use it as a vegetable added to my grain and beans along with onion and any other vegetables from the garden. It's easy to prepare despite the numerous stickers. If one is careful it can be painless. Last time, I skipped a step and ended up with stickers in my mouth.

The young pads are harvested in the spring. To do this, I grab the leaf with a pair of tongs and cut it at the base of the leaf with a knife. I then take it inside and singe each one over a flame. Last time, I thought that would be enough but I learned a lesson. Next, the outer edge and all the places where the stickers are are cut off, holding it with the tongs to prevent handling the pad. Then it is washed to get the remaining stickers off. I cut them into squares and steam for 10-15 minutes until the color changes to a dull green. The vegetable is mucilaginous and has a slightly acidic taste. Some people don't like this gelatinous property but I don't mind it. I had thought at some point I would like to cut it into inch wide strips and coat it with flour and fry them but I haven't tried that yet.

So that's in April and May here in Arizona. By now, the plant has flowered and there are green fruit on the plant and I have to wait until ripening time which happens in August. To harvest, again I use tongs to twist the fruit off the plant. The fruit is ripe when a little

lip of red is left behind after one is removed. When I see that, I get excited because I love fresh prickly pear juice. Unfortunately, I don't like the juice from the variety that grows here at White Rocks but fortunately, there is a different variety at Saguaro Sisterland that is delicious. I usually gather 15-20 fruit in a bowl, wash them to remove bugs and dirt and then juice them. Many people singe them and peel each one to remove the stickers. I attended a workshop where the woman blended them with a little water and then strained the juice through several layers of cheesecloth to remove the pulp and most of the stickers and then she strained it a second time through several layers of cheesecloth to remove any remaining stickers. Any porous cloth will do.

Since I live without electricity, I've come up with another method. After washing the tunas as they are called in Mexico I put several into a food mill set on top of a bowl or pan. I cut them up some, turn the handle and the juice comes out. After a while, I add more fruit. When all the fruit has been squeezed, I put it through a cloth or cheesecloth. I've found that once through is enough.

When I first started drinking the juice, I overdid it and got a little sick. I think prickly pear juice is a cleanser. So now every year I go slow, starting with about eight ounces and increasing to a pint or more.

There are claims that prickly pear fruit is good for regulating blood cholesterol and all that is needed is a little each day. I don't know this from personal experience but I do know that it feels good to use a wild fruit that is so abundant here in the Southwest.

GOING LIKE SIXTY

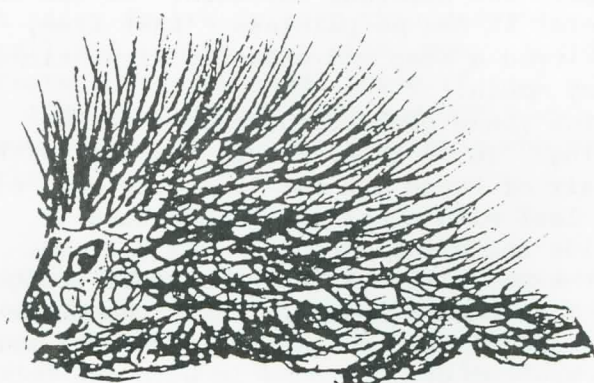
HOW TO CATCH A PORCUPINE WITH YOUR BARE HANDS

By Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Sunny Valley, Oregon

Maybe you'll never want to catch a porcupine at all, but now that I have caught your attention, I'll tell you why I want to catch porcupines and be glad to show you how I do it.

Though I intensely dislike these prickliest of creatures when they are hanging out in my garden or in my fruit trees, I wish them no harm. The forest which surrounds my home has co-existed with porcupines for eons and I have no desire to intervene in their relationship. However, I am fiercely territorial about my gardens and orchard trees.

My relationship with porcupines goes back many years, back to my earliest gardening efforts here. Before my territorial instincts were well defined. A porcupine ambled into my late fall garden one day and sampled the few dying vegetables there. I was intrigued at first acquaintance and observed her from a respectful distance over several days. She even lunched on the grasses right in front of my desk window. Once she allowed me to come up and crouch 3 feet in front of her impassive face and make friendly remarks to her.



Puck

She left--disappeared for about a week--and then suddenly returned to her previous nonchalant ways about the place. One morning I found her dead. No marks of violence, just dead in her tracks. I was puzzled and sad. I missed our respectful companionship. I buried her under a special marking stone, but extracted a few quills first--to remember her by. Two years later I dug up her bones and found with them several of her beautiful coral-colored curved front teeth. Eventually I gave bones and teeth to a friend who had chosen the porcupine as her totem.

Yes, I'm getting to the capture part but I wanted you to know that I'm not all brisk efficiency and determined practicality with porcupines.

So. When I figured out that the broken crazy-angled branches dangling from the plum tree were the aftermath of a late night plum feast by porcupines, I set to prevention. The Animal Control Officer first advised me to shoot them. I have no gun. I want no gun. I certainly don't want a dead porcupine. Then he showed me how to wire a 3 foot section of old chimney pipe around the base of my trees so the porcupines can't climb up. I added chicken wire extending from the top of the pipe to hang loosely from the lower branches of the tree. This contraption worked well on free-standing trees but the plum grows next to the grape arbor and acrobatic porcupines continued their careless demolition of plum branches.

Daily my anger and determination grew. In a late night frenzy of possessiveness and tree preservation, I grabbed the nearest long-handled implement and poked at the confident porcupine perched above me amid plums. The rake brought the porcupine tumbling through the snapping branches, PLOP to the ground at my feet. It scurried away in the darkness. I was dazed with adrenaline and excitement at this much success.

A few weeks later, it or a relative was strewing half-eaten pears on the ground outside my bedroom window. Rage filled me. My flashlight didn't even make it flinch. As I stood below it in my bare feet, it climbed higher and eyed me disdainfully. I ran for the rake. I got this porcupine down also, but I broke the rake. This victory wasn't very satisfying: a broken rake, broken branches and an escaped porcupine. No doubt a recidivist.

Next time a box would do the trick. I planned to clamp it over the stunned animal, tie the box closed and transport it to another part of the forest. Though I rehearsed this plan with narrowed eyes and set jaw, I wasn't sure a box would hold a creature who could gnaw the bark off a pine tree. Hmhh...The final part of my strategy occurred at last--an empty metal trash can!

It was next year before my opportunity came. I wasn't sure it was a porcupine ravaging my raspberries. Maybe a raccoon family, maybe opossums, or even skunks! I would need to adapt my strategy in that case, or in case of skunks--forget it! As evening came, I excused myself from my guests and put my sleeping bag down near the raspberry row. I went to get my flashlight and pillow. But my guests heard a noise and came with me to discover the predator--a fat and indifferent clump of dark quills breaking brambles in all directions.

My moment had arrived. And I had an audience! "Keep an eye on it!" I called over my shoulder as I ran for the new rake and the trash can with lid. Perhaps she felt outnumbered, for the porcupine was searching up and down the fence line as I returned. I tipped the can onto the ground, open to her backside and then hurried around to face her. She turned from me, hesitated. I pushed her with the flat of the rake and she walked into the trash can. I pulled it upright, picked up the lid and clapped it on.

Together, porcupine and trash can don't weigh much. It was easy to carry it off to find a rope to tie handles and lid securely together. When that was done, adrenaline subsiding, I relished my victory. And on this occasion I had the sweet reward of an audience to be impressed by my fearlessness and efficiency.

When you do this, remember I developed this method on maybe 8-10 porcupines before I could do it so quickly and all by myself. When you have the chance to demonstrate it before an audience, enjoy your chance to be a heroine.

The next morning is soon enough to plan the deportation and release. I plan to drive at least 5 miles before I unload the trash can. Sometimes when I tip the can gently on the ground, the befuddled porcupine is reluctant to leave her temporary cage. tipped a little more, she will scurry quickly into the forest, where, without benefit of my plums, pears, apples or raspberries, forest and porcupine can continue to work out their own terms for a longterm relationship.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

By Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Drury, Missouri

The second time Terri and I drove to the Ozarks from Michigan to visit Jo and Jenna, in 1988, we got to Gentryville after dark. We weren't that certain where we had to turn off 95 to get to Gathering Root. We'd only been in the area for two other days in our life prior to this and everything was strange and unknown. The drive took about 14 hours and we'd done it in one fell swoop, something we vowed never to do again after that trip and we haven't. We were tired and bleary-eyed, anxious to arrive at the farm, where we knew there'd be a pot of something simmering on the stove and Jo and Jenna to greet us.

Following Jo's excellent directions, we'd so far made good time and not once gone astray, so I peered at the list of highways and turns and read it off to Terri as she drove. We passed the Gentryville store, a square building set at the intersection, painted camouflage by its former soldier owner, and began watching for the first road to the right. When it came, we took it. At once it didn't seem exactly as we remembered, but we persevered. It had been a year since we'd been there and Mary was at the wheel on our first visit. We drove along the bumps and twists, eager to be there and thrilled to be in the country rather than the city. On we traveled, as the dirt road narrowed and we grew apprehensive. Eventually, we approached a farm house, definitely not Gathering Root. A dog snarled and raced at the car in a frenzy of barking.

Hastily, in a shiver of fear, we turned around and retraced our way back to 95, where we went further and found what was clearly the right road, bigger,

more road-like, with a green numbered sign indicating its status. That was the one! We dipped and curved till we came to the big mailbox with their names painted on it. Up the driveway we crawled, careful of the undercarriage on the rocks and slope. At last we were there. Full of excitement at reaching our destination, we told Jo and Jenna the story of our wrong turn, explaining why we were a bit later than any of us expected. "You're lucky you didn't get shot." Jo remarked.

Since then, we've found it is customary here to beep when you drive up to a friend or neighbor's house. It gives them warning that you are there and a chance to decide whether or not to accept visitors. If they don't want to, they don't respond to the toot and you go away. Some people really do get out their guns when someone arrives unexpectedly.

One day I stopped to deliver cookies to a woman active in one of the volunteer fire departments in our neighborhood. There was going to be a fund-raising sale in one of the nearby towns. I forgot about beeping first and nearly scared her out of her skin when I rang the doorbell. I don't know what she imagined, but I had clearly goofed badly by not beeping.

It is very difficult for me to do it, though, because I still hear all those messages I got from my parents and my friends' parents in the city about how impolite it is to sit on the street and toot when you go to someone's house to pick them up. "Get out of the car and go up to the door." I was instructed. "Never just beep your horn."

Susan: I live at Hawk Hill Community Land Trust in the Missouri Ozarks, where I am nourished by all the wonderful Ozarkian Dykes.

A TELEPHONE SYSTEM FOR REMOTE LOCATIONS

By Miguela de Colores

Arco Iris

Ponca, Arkansas

After spending a year caretaking a place that had a telephone, and enjoying the ease of communication it gives, as well as the lifeline it can be towards sustaining bonds between loved ones, we decided that we wanted a telephone. This was no simple task however, since we live three miles off the power-line grid. We had inquired some years before of the telephone company, and were told that it would cost about \$10,000.00 to put in a buried cable up to our home. Since this is totally outrageous for our economics, we did not pursue the project. At the time, having a phone didn't seem so necessary; on the contrary, it was nice not to have one. But as years passed and needs changed, we often wished for something easier than the ½ hour drive to the pay phone with a pocket full of quarters, hoping that the persyn we needed to reach would be available. It was also next to impossible to sell anything or to run a business. But after 10 years without a phone, we were ready to appreciate the luxury so many take for granted. It was obvious that we would have to find an alternative to the traditional installation however, because of the cost. My partner and I talked about it and she took up the task of finding a way for us to have a telephone.

Since our house is not totally wired throughout, and we have a 12 volt system set up, we had excess power to tap into. Sun Hawk called an advertiser in *Home Power Magazine* (a grass roots publication for folks living off the grid) and she was referred to a man in California named Nat Childs. He is the inventor of a long range cordless phone system which we purchased over a year ago, that we are very pleased with. If any of you live up to 10 miles line-of-site (maybe a little more) from any existing phone service, and you can find both a co-operative neighbor, and telephone company, this is the way you can have

a phone in your home.

Our "Nat Phone" cost us \$875.00; the price included the following:

- a modified Southwestern Bell Freedom phone
- 2 tuned 6 element radio antennas
- 100 feet of coaxial cable
- full instructions
- access to Nat's assistance by phone
- 1 year warranty

We also chose to purchase a "black box" from Nat. This option enables the user to hook up to 4 extensions (maximum distance 1500 ft. from box) and to have an answering machine in your house. A computer or a fax machine can be used with this option also.

black box: \$435.00

The black box is expensive, but there is another good reason for the extra expense, besides the use of the options. The modified handset, is in itself an expensive piece of equipment; if you drop or damage it, you can be at a loss. The black box enables you to attach a different "handset" to it; you can then buy a cheaper phone, connect it to the black box, and put the wear on it. We recommend the additional purchase for saving money and interrupted service in the long run. You can get used to having a phone quickly!

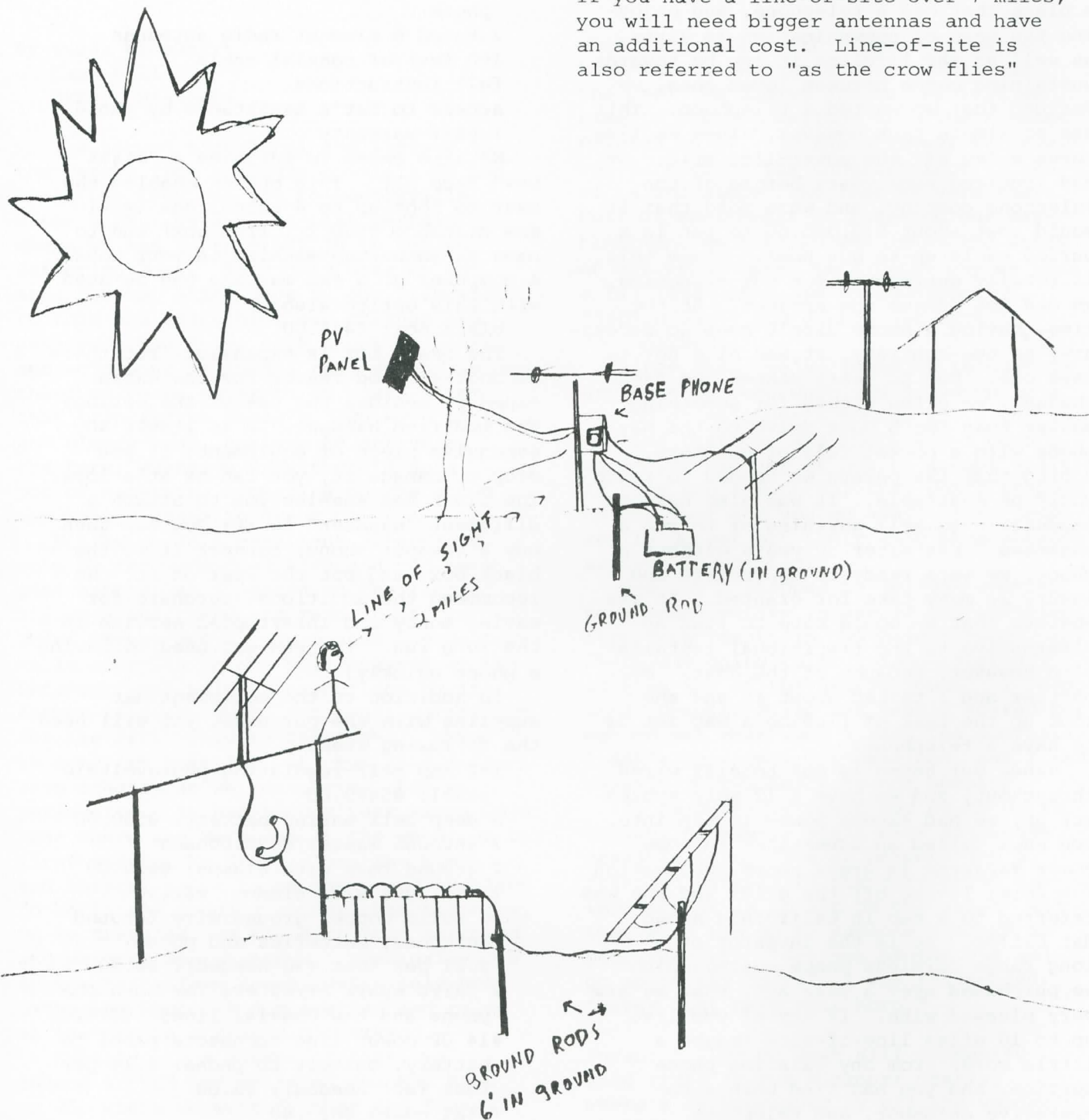
In addition to the equipment Nat supplies with the purchase, you will need the following items:

- 1-2 amp self-regulating photovoltaic panel: @\$479.00
- a deep cell marine battery: @\$60.00
- 2 antenna masts: @\$30.00each
- 2 ground rods with clamps: @\$20.00
- 1 doz. guy wire clamps: @\$2.50
- #6 solid copper ground wire (ground antennas, batteries and phone
\$.21 per foot (30' needed): \$6.30
- 2 pairs spark arresters for both the phone and the coaxial lines: @\$25.00
- #14 UF power line (connects panel to battery, battery to phone) \$.14 per foot (40' needed): \$5.60
- Total cost: \$623.40
- Total system cost: \$1933.40

Nat recommends a 2 amp panel to power phone at both ends. Since we had a 12 volt system set up at home already, we only needed to power the base station. We bought two used 1 amp panels for \$86.00 a piece, which saved us over two hundred fifty dollars. Used panels are often available through distributors. If one desires she can also run the base station with ac power, by having the electric

company install a meter at the base and paying a monthly electric bill for the service. We chose to make our own electricity. If you don't have electricity at either end of your system, double the cost of the panel and battery, since you will need one of each on both ends.

We estimated that we were less than 2 miles line-of-site from the phone pole where we would set up our base station. If you have a line-of-site over 7 miles, you will need bigger antennas and have an additional cost. Line-of-site is also referred to "as the crow flies"



We are not electricians, but we were able to do our own installation. I have done splicing however, and connected simple circuits in our home, as well as the basic hook-up of our solar panels and battery array. I stayed at the house to hook up the home system (referred to as the handset) and SunHawk went up to the base site with a friend to set up that end. Previously, we had gotten permission from a neighbor to have the phone company erect a pole $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from his home. It was put in a cow field on his property. Here, the phone company will install a pole that far from an existing service at the regular installation charge. It was not hard to talk either the telephone company or our neighbor into this; they were all very curious about our unique system. I had built a box with a padlock hasp in which to hang the phone on the pole. The telephone technician had attached a "biscuit" inside and put power to it. (The biscuit is the plastic jack that one usually has installed in a house in order to plug a phone in.) A woman has to be at each end of the system, because the antennas have to be facing each other. This is done by listening to the static on both ends as the antenna is turned, and waiting for the most clarity to occur.

The job took most of the day, although we spent more time later working out the bugs. Like many facets of alternative lifestyle do, it took a lot of determination to complete. A mast had to be attached to the house (in order to erect the antenna), and put in the ground at the base station. We made the mast for our roof out of 2" galvanized pipe, but for the base, we bought an adjustable mast in order to get it higher above the ground after the antenna was on it. Ground rods have to be driven into the ground at least 6 feet deep. Spark arrestors are attached to protect the system from a lightning strike; a strike can cause damage even if it is not direct. This happened to us, before we had attached arrestors. Luckily, the damage was minimal, and it was repaired only for the cost of shipping.

At the base, we dug a hole in which to put the battery. We had an old aquarium; we put it in the hole, put the battery in

it, packed it with styrofoam bubbles for insulation and covered it. If you do something like this it will protect your battery from the cold, but the cover must have a vent for the battery to breathe.

All in all it was worth the trouble; it is something unique to be proud of, and it's a great conversation piece! (Pun intended). We have been totally satisfied with this system. We pay a monthly phone bill, (oh well!) but have better and clearer service than some of our neighbors, without the party-line. The biggest draw-back is that if there is a malfunction we have to send the phone to California to have it repaired. Granted, when you are this far away from the manufacturer of something like this, he can't come over to fix it. We have had to send it off a few times; each time we sent it insured by priority mail. Nat repaired it and sent it right back; he has always been cooperative. We usually have it back, repaired, within five days. It has been operating a long time now without any problems; everything seems to be worked out.

We would recommend this system to anyone, and hope that this information might be useful to some of the more remote Lez-lands out there. No damage is done in the installation, no trees bulldozed or earth churned up. With the exception of a high long distance phone bill, it has definitely enhanced our lives, and proved to be an asset.

SUPPLIERS LISTED IN THIS ARTICLE:

Nat Childs

Child's Play, 665 Redwood Dr,
Garberville, CA 95440 (707)923-2934

Michael Fuchs

Surplus PV panels ($\frac{1}{2}$ price of new)
6331 Glade Ave, Unit H202
Woodland, CA

Real Goods

(all kinds of 12 volt gadgets & equipment)
966 Mazzoni St, Ukiah, CA 95482-3471
(800) 762-7325

Home Power Magazine

POBox 130, Horn Brook, CA 96044-0130
(916)475-3179

Windy Dankoff (woman PV specialist)

POBox 548, Santa Cruz, NM 87567
(505) 351-2100

ANOTHER OUTPOST

By Jae Haggard
Outland
Serafina, New Mexico

Nitty gritty country life revolves around a few basics. Among them growing/getting the food that nourishes us and using/disposing of the "waste". From what I've seen and heard I think there must be as many approaches to shitters as there are lands. Another example of how clever and ingenious we Dykes are.

Here at Outland we have several kinds of shitters. One, Lua's Loo, is a big round deep hole she dug by the main house. Carol's Can (a clue to she who built it) is a large one-seater box over the hole. No walls and wondrously expansive views, along with air drying on windy days.

At our living spaces and tent sites, we dig shallow holes (ground is incredibly hard here when dry) and put one-hole boxes over them. We cover the old holes, dig new ones and move the box every few weeks as the holes fill up. These outdoor holes work well, but we'd like to use the precious wastes.

Finally this year we had the time and energy to build our own composters--4 of them. Well, composting toilet is a rather grand name for the 5-gallon buckets we use. Yet they are working great for us. Near the building sites and garden we have a movable 4x4 foot roofed shelter with a walled back and half-walled sides--sheltered yet nice views. We use a 5-gallon bucket under a homemade seat. Bucket is emptied into a 55 gallon drum. There are 3 other "composters", in the main house and in our two double casitas (little houses).

Last fall we added a 6x8 room onto the main house off the back porch. We named this combination outhouse/composter the Outpost, after the Outpost at the Web in Minnesota. (Details in Maize #14. Thanks Nett and Lee.) It's roomy and wheelchair accessible. It has tongue and groove pine walls, red brick floor, propanel tin roof, a big opening window and half-glass 36 inch door. Makes it delightfully light and airy. Walls are decked out with the usual Dyke finery--treasures, weavings, drawings, words...

Center stage in this light, airy room is a 2-hole pine box with a hinged lid. A bucket sits under each hole--one for pee, the other for pee and shit. Tin flashing screwed to the front of both holes and the back of the shit hole assures accuracy. We keep a bucket of either fine wood shavings or peat moss for the bottom of the shit bucket and to layer over droppings. We put used t.p. in the shit bucket for more carbon--high nitrogen shit takes a lot of carbon to compost best. Sometimes we pee into a bucket of sawdust. Pee breaks down the sawdust and the combination enriches our compost pile.

Whoever's on bucket duty decides when to empty the buckets according to her schedule and how heavy a bucket she wants to move. Pee goes onto a bed we're preparing for an asparagus patch or to the garden. (Mix at least 4 parts water to 1 part pee if using on live plants or trees.) Shit goes into a 55 gallon drum with a removable lid. We put a layer of straw or fine wood chips in every time we dump the bucket--adds carbon and air space too. When the barrel's full we bolt the cover ring on and we'll let it sit for several months in the sun, rolling it around every now and then til it composts. We read that partially filled drums with screened air vents aerate the compost better--composts faster and less smelly that way. Jenna tells us the Dykes at Gathering Root just close up the barrels and let them sit for a year before spreading it on the hay field--no rolling or air vents, and it works just dandy. When composted we'll spread ours around the fruit trees.

Back to the Outpost. The box is well secured to the wall. Lids are tight fitting and cracks caulked to limit flies. We sanded the tongue-and-groove boards real well, for obvious reasons. We used a length of 4-inch drain pipe (because we had some extra--3" would work too) to place a vent in the box behind the sitter-holes and up through the roof. A 3-inch or so screened hole in the box side encourages air movement up the vent. We think a vent is essential to eliminate odors. It's actually working real well.

No smell in the Outpost and distinct odor at the top of the vent when we're working up on the roof. We also put a hook and eye on each side of the box to secure the hinged lid tight to the box--keeps out bugs and prevents warping. Then there's the sitter hole lids. After we had the top made, we cut the holes out with a jig-saw using a 45 degree bevel cut, widest at the top. (Made a cardboard pattern from the hole in a toilet lid.) This cut-out makes a lid that's easy to lift and replace. The bevel also makes for a self-sealing lid as it settles into place. The splashguard tin flashing (about 8 inches wide and long enough to slip *inside* the bucket) screws to the underside edge of the hole in the hinged



Photo by Jae Haggard

box cover. We made a right angle bend in the flashing about 1 inch down, snipped this 1 inch strip into tabs 1-2" wide. Then we bent the flashing to the contour of the hole and attached it with short screws in some of the tabs.

Since one of our primary concerns is accessibility, we try to design everything we build to meet wheelchair needs. In the Outpost we placed commercial 24 inch grab bars on each side of the box, well screwed into the wall so real solid. For wheelchairs, the open space between walls and box needs to be a full 5 feet by 5 feet. 36 inch wide door is preferable but 32 inch works. Height of box for transferring from a wheelchair should be 18-20 inches. Height of grab bars should be 33 inches above the floor. If you have a sink, bottom needs to be 29 inches above the floor so wheelchair can slide under. Any outlets and light switches need to be at reachable levels. Same with faucets, mirrors, t.p. and such. (Write me if you want a copy of the accessibility specs Shemaya sent us.)

We've only used our buckets fall, winter and spring so far, so not a complete story yet. We got a little smell one foggy day when the outdoor air was particularly heavy. Maybe in a real humid climate a rotating vent would be needed (the kind the wind turns to suck air out). We're just now into fly season but figure having all cracks sealed and tight lids should discourage them. And emptying the buckets frequently means they can't start a breeding cycle in them.

What else? Oh, we put screen and a plain vent cover on top of the vent pipe to keep out bugs and rains. Our box is free standing with no bottom. A floor would make it even more bug-proof without having to caulk. And of course you could build it right into side or rear walls. The biggest things are to make it real sturdy for wheelchair transfer and big enough to sit comfortably. The wood can be sealed with mineral oil (scentless petroleum) or linseed oil (smelly flax oil), or just left.

Really not much to it. Takes maybe the better part of a day to make a box and there's little upkeep. Now, that I like. I might also add, now that our shit work is done, we're on to other projects...

Jae: Can hardly believe I first moved to land 20 years ago. I continue to learn and still feel like in so many ways I'm just beginning.

THE SENSUALIST AT WORK IN THE GARDEN

By Lilith Rogers
Sebastopol, California

Slipping by hand into my soft leather work glove
I think of this evening and how I'll be slipping my hand
into your soft warm vulva.

Pulling my heavy machine onto my shoulder
I think of how good the lively weight of your sleek body
will feel sliding slowly over me.

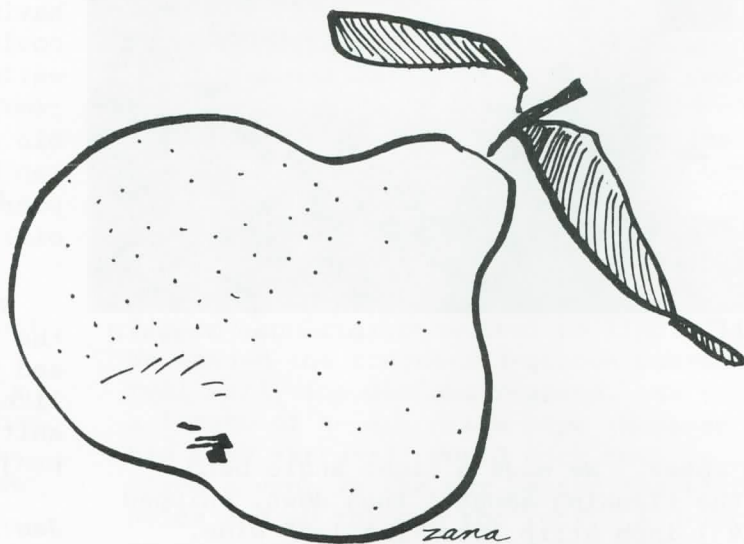
Feeling the hot sun on my back
I think of how exciting the heat of your breath
will be on my neck, by breast, my stomach.

Watching the weeds dance over the soft earth
as my string trimmer cuts them loose from their roots
I think of how our hands and lips and tongues will dance
over one another in your cozy bed.

Nibbling at the tangy wild radishes & sweet juicy blackberries
I wade through as I work I think of how I'll bury my face
in the tart sweet taste of your juicy cunt.

Looking up, I see my boss waving to me
pulling me away from you and back to the reality
of weed-cutting in her apple orchard on this hot August morning.

Until tonight, my sweet.



zana
tucson, arizona

REVIEWS

CHILDLESS BY CHOICE

Irene Reti, editor

1992 8.95 + 1.50 p&h

HerBooks, POBox 7467, Santa Cruz CA 95061

This feminist anthology edited by Irene Reti of HerBooks explores the ways and the whys of wimmin who have consciously decided not to become/be mothers.

Nineteen wimmin from diverse herstories show us in poem, short story, narrative, and essay that "childlessness" is ignored, uncategorized, ostrasized by today's society, but that the choice to not "bear and raise" children can be an extraordinary means of opening oneself to creativity and empowerment. This choice can be a way of fulfilling one's own dreams, accessing one's own inner spaces, birthing, raising one's Self.

An excellent read for childless wimmin seeking identification and support in a world that virtually denies their existence.

And perfect for any mother who has friends or lovers who aren't!

Puck



Dried Pear Dykes

*Debby Earthdaughter
Tucson, Arizona*



UNLEASHING FEMINISM

Critiquing Lesbian Sadomasochism in the
Gay 90's: A Collection of Radical
Feminist Writings

Irene Reti, editor

1993 \$8.95 + 1.50 p&h

HerBooks, POBox 7467, Santa Cruz CA 95061

This book is a diverse collection of writings from 7 radical Lesbians. Essays by D.A. Clarke, Jamie Lee Evans, Irene Reti, and Kathy Miriam. Short stories by Anna Livia and Sharon Lim Hing and a poem by Pat Parker are all brought together "in the spirit of hope, and earnest plea for a revitalized, powerful feminism..."

Pat Parker's "Bar Conversation" raises the question, "Is this why we did it?" as she addresses the Lesbian movement of the 60's and 70's regarding s/m of Lesbians today.

Kathy Miriam's essay, "From Rage to All the Rage", traces theory and political development of Lesbian feminism and Lesbian sadomasochism from the 70's to the 90's. Irene Reti's powerful piece, "Remember the Fire, Lesbian Sadomasochism in a Post Nazi Holocaust World", shows the parallels of s/m in concentration camps and in Lesbian s/m today.

Our Lesbian courage and sensibilities are truly what is called for in reading, discussing and working through the issues s/m raises. *Unleashing Feminism* is a good place to begin.

SueWillow





Lesbian Natural Resources

POBox 8742 · Minneapolis MN 55408 -0742

Land Development Grants 9993

For community held lands incorporated as non-profits for Lesbians/wimmin

Cabbage Lane	mortgage payment	\$5000
Ozark Land Holding Association	community house repair and water project	\$4600
Spiral	resident exploring membership cabin	\$4000
Womanshare	community bathroom/utility & storage space	\$5000
<i>contingent grants</i>		
Arco Iris	land purchase	\$12,000
Gathering Tribes	multipurpose building	\$2000
Many Sisters Mountain Community	down payment	\$15,000

Community Development Grants 9993

For Lesbians and Lesbian communities

Amazon Acres	road to campground/festival site	\$1400
Cave Springs	accessible, passive solar workshop	\$1875
Cross Creek - Phoenix	community bath house	\$2000
Cross Creek - Red Star	cottage industry-bead and massage studio	\$790
Cross Creek- Deerwoman	apprenticeship	\$1200
Cross Creek- Laurie Mecham	cottage industry-bead and repair studio	\$1200
Cross Creek- Pat Hennon	community garden water and tools	\$1200
Dragon	photo studio for cottage industry	\$500
Gathering Root- Jackie Demeter	veterinary homeopathy cottage industry	\$1400
Hawk Hill- Terri Bussey	cottage industry- wool products	\$1300
Hawk's Grove	community menstrual lodge	\$1000
Indigo	community art store	\$1700
Labrys - S>E>E>D>S>	catalogue of land dyke made products	\$1600
Lesbian Healing Centre	accessibility for Lesbians with disabilities	\$1700
Luna Circle	apprenticeship	\$600
Matrilineal Land Group	passive solar greenhouse	\$1700
New Amazonia	campground & retreat multipurpose building	\$1800
Northern Minnesota Womyn's Land Trust	accessible camping for festival & visitors	\$1000
Ozark Land Holding Assn.- Bebe Wood	studio for cottage industry	\$1600
Ozark Land Holding Assn.- Cedar	studio for cottage industry	\$1600
Parthia Dykewoods	Project Breakthrough	\$750
Red Mountain	cottage industry- leather work	\$1260
Riverland	ramp and dormitory	\$2000
Saguaro Sisterland	accessibility for Lesbians with disabilities	\$2000
Silver Circle	glass studio for cottage industry	\$1875
Sweet Haven	accessibility for Lesbians with disabilities	\$1600
Tema	community kitchen and sleeping space	\$1875
Viraga	wilderness healing retreat	\$1875
Womyn's Grapevine	community networking newsletter	\$2000

The Funding Committee of Lesbian Natural Resources is delighted to announce the land communities awarded funding for our second year of grants. In all, 36 communities received a total of \$90,000.00 for projects under this year's grant guidelines. The grants were made in two categories: **Lesbian Land Development Grants** for non-profit incorporated community land and **Lesbian Community Development Grants** for both non-profit and privately held or leased Lesbian land.

Lesbian Land Development Grants: Land purchase, Housing, Development

Guidelines:

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

Lesbian Community Development Grants: Accessibility, Apprenticeship, Economic self-sufficiency, Workshops, Country Skills, Network, Community Building Events, Training.

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

Funding Priorities

- Communities in which a large number of Lesbians reside
- Communities in which a large number of Lesbians are involved as visitors, work weekend and event participants
- Lesbians who would not otherwise be able to live on land for financial reasons
- Lesbians adversely affected by racism, classism, ableism, ageism
- Communities which are ecologically responsible in the use of the land and other natural resources
- Communities working toward economic self-sufficiency
- Communities which have not been funded before

We were fortunate to have this year an experienced and thoughtful committee of three land dykes to make the funding decisions. Serving a one-year term, they carefully read each grant application and tried to determine the nature of the project and purpose for each one, then met as a committee in April for a few intense days of determining the grants, coming together from different experiences, geographical regions and perspectives. They determined eligibility according to the guidelines and clarified for land communities who were not eligible the reasons and the steps that would be necessary for that community to qualify in future years. For those who qualified, they then weighed at length the various funding priorities and how they were addressed by each application to determine a priority of applications to fund. Finally they allocated money according to these priorities and to the limit of available funds. The committee funded community oriented projects to a greater degree.

The goal of Lesbian Natural Resources is to encourage the sharing of resources in the Lesbian Community so as to encourage autonomous non-patriarchal Lesbian community on land. We recognize the value of land experience and skills as well as money in the materializing of visionary Lesbian community. We encourage Lesbians in North America to participate by applying for grants for projects in your community, encouraging other Lesbian communities to do so, sharing skills you have developed living on land and in self sustaining cottage industry, and by making and encouraging others to make contributions of money for next years' grants.

Lesbian Natural Resources is able to receive tax-deductible contributions. If you would like to receive more information about making a donation, please write. If you would like to apply for 1994 grants, applications will be available in December, but you can be added to the mailing list at any time by writing.

The Funding Committee: Sunlight, Etas, Lynn Hicks
Administrator: Nett Hart

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

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

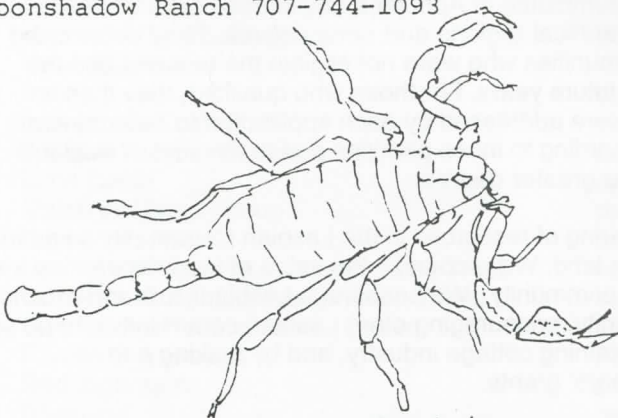
camping, visitors, apprentices,
community members

DIXIE'S CRYSTAL RIDGE, 10641 Rhode's Lane,
Troutville, VA 24175 703-992-3521
Residents, builders.

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

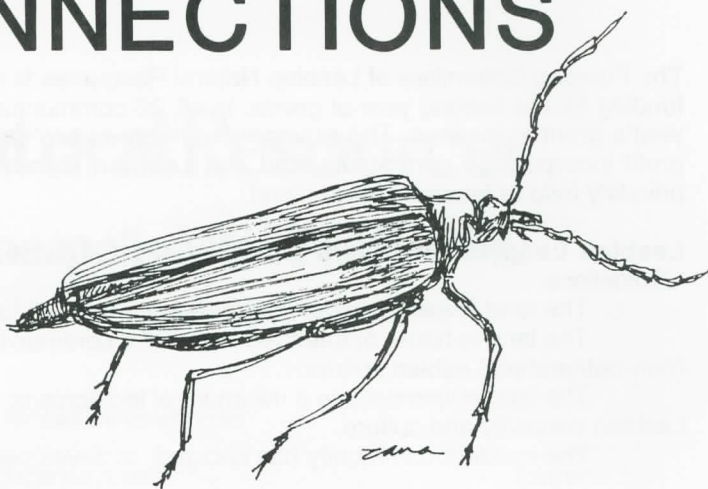


Jean Mountaingrove
Sunny Valley, Oregon

HARMONY HILL FARM, Northern Minnesota
Women's Land Trust, c/o Audrey Freesol,
POBox 124, Cotton, MN 55724

HOWL, POBox 242, Winooski VT 05404

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



palo verde beetle

zana
tucson, arizona

NORTHERN MINNESOTA: Barbara Hodges,
1403 Savage Rd., Cook MN 55723
218-666-3114

Come share work and friendship in
Northern Minnesota. Visitors welcome.
Very primitive camping. Also welcome
are kids that don't scream (alot) and
dogs that don't bark (alot).

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

RAINBOW'S END, 886 Raven Lane, Roseburg,
OR 97470 ph. 673-7649

We welcome visitors.

RAVEN'S HOLLOW, Box 533 RR 2, Cazenovia
WI 53924 608-249-8248

Visitors welcome

Looking for residents/partners interested
in self-sustaining woman-centered living.

RIVERLAND, PO Box 156, Beaver OR 97108

Lesbian art retreat, community members
Write for more info on either.

ROOTWORKS, 2000 King Mountain Trail,
Sunny Valley, OR 97497

Women and girl children. No dogs.

Cabins & camping, \$5/day includes meals

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

SKY RANCH, C4, Site 20, RR 2, Burns Lake,
British Columbia, VOJ 1E0 Canada
(606) 694-3738

Women's Land Trust, seeking members

SPINSTERVALE, c/o Sunshine Goldstream,
Box 429, Coombs, BC V0R 1M0 Canada
604-248-8809

Any travelling woman is welcome to stop
by Spinstervale on Vancouver Island, BC.
We have a few small cabins (\$5 nite/person)
and camping is always available. Work
exchange, too, by arrangement. Herbs,
goats, gardening.

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

TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND

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

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

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

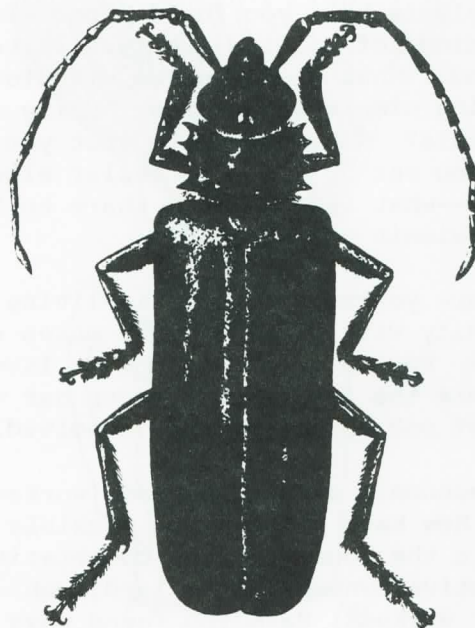
She respects the land, leaving every-
thing the way she found it. She takes
her garbage with her.

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.



*Shoney Sien
Santa Cruz, California*

ON MAIZE

Communication creates community.

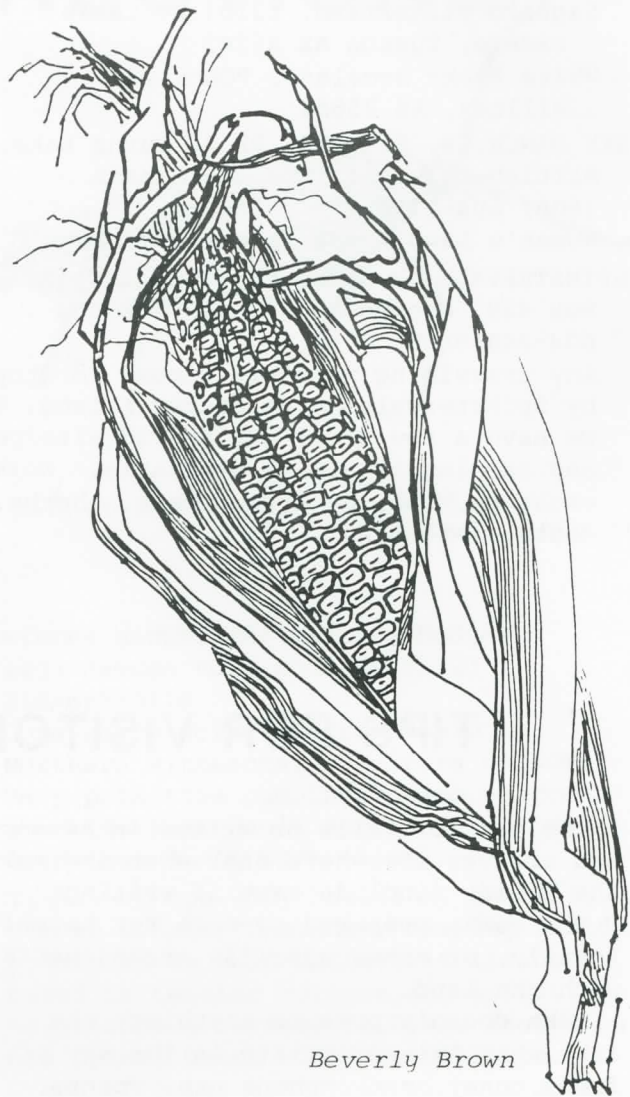
MAIZE is a connecting link for our community: Lesbians on the land. Our concerns, our discoveries make the magazine. Here we can share our practical knowledge, our political and ethical decisions, our spiritual power, our personal lives.

We love full length articles, and we also need bits of news and information from Land Dykes. We are curious about each other--what would you like to know from other country wimmin? What do you want them to know about you? Write it or tape it, alone or with a group. Here is a sampling of questions you may want to address--and make up your own!

What are you doing? What particular projects are in the works? What skills or information do you need? What have you learned that you could share? Do you find a particular gardening system to be of value? Do you have tips for growing particular plants, trees? What experiences have you had with healing? What plants have you found beneficial? What kinds of healing are facilitated on land? What tips can you give for building simple structures? Using found materials? Making do with what you have? Have you set up a simple solar electric system--what info can you share to help other wimmin get started?

What are your experiences in living in community with wimmin? What makes community? How do we choose who we live with? What are the issues your group has worked hardest on? How were they resolved?

What economic strategies have worked for you? How have you made it possible to live in the country? Has cooperative/collective ownership (of land, vehicles, tools) worked? Have you found ways to share money? Which land ownership structures are working? What about "land trusts"? What are the best sources of info for wimmin just beginning the process? What "cash crops" or "home industry" have you tried?



Beverly Brown

What does it mean to you personally to live on land? Why are you there? Is it political for you? Spiritual? Healing? How?

How do you get a diversity of lesbians in your life? Do you include wimmin of different races, ages, classes, abilities, etc. in your community? Why or why not?

What are your wildest dreams about the future of Lesbians on the land? How are your dreams affecting how you live now?

Lee

Let's try the Seed Exchange again! Send announcements of what seeds you have available or those you are looking for by Sept.1.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

AFTER 30 YEARS WITH YOU, I'm looking forward to another 30. I love you very much. Happy Anniversary! July 12th, 9993. from F. Louise Griffin to Maryanne Powers

TWENTY YEARS OF WOMYN'S LAND! You are invited to celebrate with us at *WE'MOON HEALING GROUND*, August 8, 93, 10am-10pm. Wemoon coming from afar are invited to come the day before for a lesbian land communities gathering and celebration on Saturday and into the night--bring food, camping gear, etc. for your needs, as well as stories, songs, photos, friends, memories, visions, lessons learned for a sharing circle about our experiences on this and other womyn's lands over the past twenty years. RSVP: 37010 SE Snuffin Rd., Estacada OR 97023. ph: 630-7848

AND, any lesbians who are going to the International Communities gathering in Evergreen, Washington, Aug. 26-29, are welcome to stop by We'Moon Healing Ground on the way for a lesbian land communities gathering place, the 3 days before (M-W). Or come for our 20th anniversary on the 8th and spend some time on Oregon Womyn's lands first. We would like to do a lesbian lands workshop at the Evergreen conference, and tenting area, and would like to network with other lesbians interested in doing that.

SAGUARO SISTERLAND needs funds for a wheelchair accessible EI safe bathhouse. Saguaroland is the first homeland of Sister Homelands on Earth (SHE) Land Trust and is land for disabled dykes and our allies. Building EI safe increases the cost of labor and materials. Also needed are dykes to plan the structure and do construction in the fall. Contact Saguaroland, 12101 W. Calle Madero, Tucson, AZ 85743

RAVEN, frequent contributor to *MAIZE*, needs donations for health care and housing. She has been very sick for the past two years and has large monthly medical costs. She has gone into debt to obtain secure, EI safe housing. \$2000 will enable her to make ends meet. Donations of any amount will be appreciated. Raven, PO Box 15582, Santa Fe NM 87506

AUSTRALIA: National Lesbian Conference and Festival in Perth, October 15-18, '93. For info write PO Box 985, Freemantle W.A. 6160 Australia

NEW WOMEN, NEW EARTH: A residential living and learning semester on a 300 acre farm in southwest Ohio. Jan. 25-May 18, 1994. \$2600-3000. Grailville, 932 O'Bannonville Rd, Loveland OH 45140. 513-683-2340

IMPRINTING OUR IMAGE, An International Anthology by Women with Disabilities. Edited by Diane Driedger and Susan Gray Gynergy Books, POBox 2023, Charlottetown PEI, Canada, C1A 7N7



Kathe Kirkbride
Ribera, New Mexico

SEEDS

(Sustainable Economic Environment for Dykes)

from the land



Cher Fisher

A country store and mail order catalog full of interesting items made by lesbians living on the land

STORE LOCATED AT LABRYS WILDERNESS RESORT



mill for

- pottery
- glass
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- menstrual pads
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Crafts come from wimmin living in the

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----- SIGN-UP TO RECEIVE CATALOG -----
WILL BE READY LATE SUMMER

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FILL OUT AND RETURN TO SEEDS, RT1 Box 257, HONOR MI 49640
OR CONTACT REBECCA CLARK (616) 882-5994

MAIZE

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

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\$3.50 each (xeroxed)

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All prices include postage.

MAIZE PO Box 130, Serafina NM 87569



Six of Cups A Circle of Stories

Erika B. Makino



"These stories are like polished stones set in a necklace. Each shines individually; linked together they encircle a woman's life..."



"The exquisite detail with which she pulls us into her fictional process dissolves lines between writer and reader and makes us one with the characters who emerge in personal and collective searches for truth."



- Annette White-Parks, Ph.D.
Professor of English
University of Wisconsin

Earth Books 160 p. \$8.50, illustrated, 0-92915105-4



FIFTH ANNUAL ELDERFLOWER WOMENSPRIT FESTIVAL AUGUST 19-22 1993

The festival site is in the Mendocino Woodlands. Registration includes vegetarian dinners, prepared by a professional cook.

Campfires, plant walks, arts and crafts, natural healing, movement, psychic skills, open air market, discussions, women's rituals, and relaxation. All programs are led by festival participants. Anyone may offer a workshop. Participation in all activities is voluntary.

All women and girls age eleven to seventeen are welcome. Girls younger than fifteen must come with an adult. One section of the camp is a Clean and Sober area. Each registrant is asked to volunteer two hours assisting with the festival. Registration fees \$120-\$165 for women and \$70-\$110 for girls. For more information call 916-558-0607 or write Elderflower, P.O. Box 31627, San Francisco, CA 94131.

RED RIVER

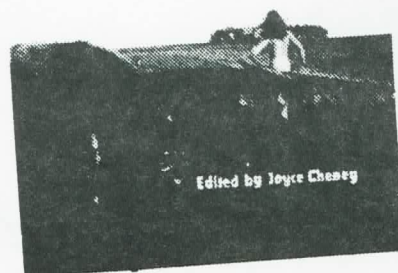


The original washable 100% cotton pads handmade by womyn for womyn since 1982. An economical, ecological, healthful alternative.

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LESBIAN LAND

Lesbians from
thirty Lesbian
Lands tell
their stories.



184 pages • 150 illus.

• 8½ x 11 **\$15**
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Box 8742
Mpls., MN 55408**

\$3.50

NUMBER 37

