

# MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

WINTER 9994



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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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

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# MAIZE

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Stove at Poppyseed

*Tee Corinne*

Tee Corinne  
Southern Oregon

# BUILDING CONFIDENCE

By Nett Hart  
The Web  
Foreston, Minnesota

For Blanche

My first building was an outhouse-- four poles sunk in the ground with sawmill scrap walls and a roof. It took a lot of reading and planning for the four of us building it to really believe we were building a BUILDING. When it was done it was beautiful and imperfect. But it stands to this day and receives frequent use.

The next was a rebuilding. An 8x8 well house stood unsteadily over the old pump, its roof fallen in. We tore out the rotting roof, separated the four walls at their corners and on the glide of a good snowfall skidded each wall to an edge of the yard where the next summer I would build a new masonry foundation, precut the new rafters and a loft and wait for the day five dyke friends showed up to lift the walls into place. It was almost pre-fab. By night it was done.

Then I built a lean-to on the garage to be a woodhouse. I had salvage knotty pine and added two long windows. I got teased that this was really a cabin. It was so beautiful. But the best part was learning even though I was doing this alone that I could use my body to position and anchor and nail all at the same time. I was strong and clever and crowing.

So next I put the beautiful set of eight salvage windows, 7x3 feet each, to the task of becoming a greenhouse. This was the biggest building so far and attached to the house, so somehow it seemed different from the outbuilding projects. I had a thumbnail sketch, but the task was too big for me to plan all at once. I would have to figure out how to even think about the next stage. Friends showing up found themselves holding a joist in place or a level. It took three summers to enclose the space, but it is worth every minute. Just yesterday I recorded a 45 degree difference from the outside temperature in this passive solar heated greenhouse.

This fall the barn beckoned, but at first I declined. It was too big and its construction 70 years ago violated all the rules on support. But failure to act would probably forfeit that expansive space. So I did something new. I hired two local guys to move the roof to a stable inner beam so the outside wall could be replaced and eventually reroof that third of the building. They did what I did not have the confidence to do, tear into a 32x50 foot 3 story building with a sawzall.

But they are done now. Next summer me and some Lesbian buddies are going to build a new wall, add a shed roof 50' long. We're going to create the third floor loft and repair the floor of the second. We'll build rooms on ground level and add a floor. The barn is still enormous but it is now broken into tasks I can imagine doing even if I have never done them before. The barn waited 13 years while I gained the confidence to take her on. Eventually she'll be a Lesbian studio and bunk space.

This is the part we so often forget, that large jobs are really a series of small tasks that strung together make a magnificent whole. What we need to make the whole is an understanding of the parts and their relationship to one another.

If I had not begun *somewhere* building a shelf or a step stool I would not be building now. There are no secrets about how things get done; there is only a refinement of skills and a growing log of experiences. Each small project that doesn't quite work out provides the text for how I would do it over. Each project that succeeds sets those endorphins a-bumping in the brain.

I think it is important for all women and girls to learn how to do these tasks that build confidence in our ability to be effective in the world. Building a shed does this in a way that washing the same dishes over and over does not. The more pliable to our imagination the world seems, the more we are encouraged to be present in our world and engaged.

# SUN BAKED FLOOR

By Jae Haggard  
Outland  
Serafina, New Mexico

RECIPE: Preheat day to warm and dry. Mix 15 heaping shovels of clay and 5 shovels of sand into 4 gallons of water. Adjust ingredients to thick fudge consistency and mix well. Pour mud onto dampened area. Trowel smooth and even. Repeat. Bake in sun 10-14 days or til thoroughly dry. Fill cracks. Seal and enjoy. Makes 1 floor to serve 1 or a crowd.

Clay is so common that clay floors seem an affordable and appealing option for most Dyke lands--somewhat labor intensive, but cheap, uncomplicated and kind of fun. Plus, it's durable, feels good, stores heat and is downright beautiful--looks amazingly like mortared flagstone. (See Jeanne's cover drawing.)

Here at Outland we just finished 2 small living spaces, 17-foot (interior diameter) round rooms that we call casitas--little houses. We build them as nicely, soundly and inexpensively as possible. That gets us back to clay, which this land has in abundance. We've used it 4 years now to build walls and finally are also using it for our floors too. I think any color clay will make a beautiful floor. Ours happens to be a warm red/milk chocolate. Clay other places may be gray, white, tan, brown or ... No matter your color, we Dykes here are convinced that clay floors can be a practical, homey, inexpensive, no-skills-needed option for many lands.

So, how really do you make a floor out of clay mud? And where can it be used?

Last year we experimented with a clay floor in our workshop--a once-was-a-garage shed attached to the main house. I suspect clay can be used in any structure--shed, garage, studio, house. In a post and beam, frame wall or between poured stems. You name it, anything ground level. That's the where.<sup>1</sup>

How to actually make the floor is pretty simple, with a fair amount of physical work. Most steps are obvious. What you'll need: a prepared ground surface, clay and sand (probably sifted), water, some basic tools, Dyke workcrew, a whole day, a large lunch.

That's it, enough to go-to-it. Or if you want details on what we do, read on.

Establish your finished floor height--probably the bottom of the raised threshold board under your door. Clay floors are generally about 4 inches thick. Prepare the floor area, digging or filling as needed. Be sure it's compacted. Level as best you can (or, if you don't, your floor will just be thicker and slower-to-dry in some places). Rake up and remove rocks and other lumps. Sometimes a 1 inch sand bed is spread over the dirt. We skipped this step and think it's fine.

Set up little "piles" of leveling boards or bricks. The idea is to have some way to know finished floor (f.f.) height all across the room. We set bricks leveled to f.f. height about 7 feet apart all around the room. This way when troweling the floor, one end of our 4-foot level can always rest on a leveling base, the other end on the clay being troweled. (The longer the level, the easier and more uniform your floor. A cheap metal level is plenty adequate--about \$10 at building supply places or discount houses.) Or, you can set up long 2x4 leveling guides and use an 8 foot 2x4 to scree the clay level. Pull and wiggle on top of your leveled guides, then trowel smooth. We tried this and did not like the too-conspicuous straight cracks where we removed the leveling boards from the wet mud and then filled in.

Clay, sand and water--your basics. Dig yourself or have delivered. Clay bonds with itself so is very strong when dry. Organic matter, dirt or humus do not bond. If your clay contains lots of organic matter, better experiment some first.<sup>2</sup> I expect a floor has great tolerance. Sift clay and/or sand as needed through metal lathe or ¼" screen to remove rocks and lumps. (We attached metal lathe from the lumber yard to a wheelbarrow-sized 2x4 frame.) Clay lumps can break up in the mixer if thoroughly wet. Since clay seems to disappear when added to water, make sure you have plenty.<sup>3</sup> If your clay is very rocky, you might want to try a test patch and see if you like the look and feel of it rather than doing so much sifting. Or, do the bottom half-plus of your floor

with the rocky mud, and mix and trowel a layer of smooth clay on top of it as you go. Or, do 2 separate pours--when the thicker bottom layer is dry, pour and trowel level the finish-floor-level top layer.<sup>4</sup>

The idea is a clay floor that is durable with a pleasing surface, and that cracks so it looks great and is easy to fill. Cracks? What do I mean cracks? Well, this is part of the beauty of a clay floor. As the clay dries and shrinks large cracks appear. By the time it's dry the floor looks like flagstones all laid out without mortar. Since our clay has little sand, we tried both 3:1 and 2:1 mixes (clay:sand). There seems to be lots of leeway--nice, huh? We like more clay for a harder more durable floor and to get wider cracks. Wider cracks are easier to fill and look better too.

Or, using a higher-sand mix may be easier and less sticky to work with or easier to obtain; if you're adding cement, the better the bond too. If really lucky, you have sandy clay usable as-is, as long as it clings together. (Adobe blocks are made with 60-75% sand and 25-40% clay/silt.) Rocks in the mix might be okay but may make the surface harder to trowel or look smooth when the clay dries away from the rocks. If your mix is too dry or not mixed long enough, clay chunks in the pour may drift to the surface leaving crumbly lumps. Speaking as she who did most of the troweling, it's hard to work with even though we only had a few chunklets. Probably the easiest thing is to try a sample patch with your mix and see what you think. Choose what best fits your needs. Remember, there's lots of flexibility with clay.

The Tool. We have a gas mortar mixer and I can't imagine doing all our building without it. If you can rent or borrow a mortar or cement mixer for the day, it's more than worth the cost and effort. You can of course mix by hand in a small pit, in the clay pile or in a wheelbarrow.

Tools--at least 1 wheelbarrow, 1-2 rectangular cement trowels, 2 shovels (1 pointed spade for digging), hoe, water buckets, 4-foot level (shorter awkward but possible).

Dyke crew. Always fun and more-than-helpful. Usually do a lot of everything--work, play, laugh, talk and eat. 1 mixing and at least 2 pouring, spreading and

troweling helps. Best to pour the entire floor in 1 day.<sup>4</sup> Our 240 square foot floors were a long exhausting job for 3 of us; but pleasantly Dykeageable the day we were 6.

Floor day. This is dirty work and clothes will stain. Decide who wants to do what and make arrangements to change off so no one gets too tired. The mixer-Dyke shovels a lot. Wheelbarrows are heavy so keep loads small enough to handle safely. Placing the bulk of the load to the tipping front of the barrow provides the most leverage and therefore the least weight to lift and control. If a barrow starts to tip, let it go to avoid a wrench-ed back. Dampen floor area before pouring. Inside, someone dumps. Someone shovels or hoes the thick mixture into place. Someone tamps the fudge with a hoe or trowel to remove air pockets--the more compacted the better. This is a good time to roughly level the mud, just barely above the leveling bricks. Finally, one Dyke pivots one end of the level on the leveling brick and trowels the clay batch as level and smooth as possible. This part takes a lot of bending and arm-stretching. Dipping tools, especially the trowel, in water prevents sticking. Remove the leveling bricks as you go.

As the clay dries and shrinks, it cracks--major. This is desirable. Cracks often follow wheelbarrow dumps so keep edges uneven as you go. Thus the one-day pour--to prevent an obvious artificial crack across your "flagstones".<sup>4</sup>

Drying the floor can take days or weeks depending on thickness, ventilation, humidity and heat. Do not let wet clay freeze or it will crumble. When dry it's time to mortar-in all those clay flagstones. Mix sifted clay with water til very runny. We bend "spouts" in tomato cans to pour the runny clay slip. Slip should pour easily into cracks until they are full--it takes a long time. Trowel up what spills over before it hardens. The slip will settle and shrink. When dry fill cracks again to just barely below floor level to maintain the flagstone look and feel. When dry, rub the entire floor with water (mixed with a bit of clay if it looks better). Old socks make great rubbing rags for all clay work. Be sure to gently rub the mortar joints and any other irregularities smooth. When dry you can sweep

and seal. If you can tolerate the smell, a 1:1 linseed oil:thinner mix is often used for the first 2 coats and 3 oil: 1 thinner for the third coat. Let dry/evaporate between coats. The oiled floor can then be waxed slowly by hand with a paste wax if you want. We choose to avoid the smell so use a non-toxic sealer from AFM called Penetrating Water Seal.<sup>5</sup> We would recommend more than one coat. No matter what the sealer, expect some scuffing, chafing and sweeping.

We covered much of our floors with rag rugs. Homey indeed. If you have big south windows, the exposed clay also absorbs heat for passive solar gain. Although we think a 3 inch floor is probably structurally strong enough, so much heat is sucked down into the ground that it's good to have clay 4 inches thick.

There you are. After 3-4 weeks (mostly in drying time), you have a beautiful clay floor. As grounding as only Earth can be. As pleasant as the Earth-tones that compose it. So filled with the energy of the Dykes who built it. As I write this and look at/feel the floor in this casita where I now live, all I can say is--it's downright majik.

*Jae: Needless to say, I absolutely love building both with mud and with other Dykes. It's all majik.*

1. If your floor will get wet, like a greenhouse, consider a slab with more sand and adding at least 1 part cement to 18 parts clay/sand. Asphalt emulsion (yuck) is also used to stabilize floors that will get wet. For heavier loads like a garage, you could try a much thicker slab with as much as 1:5 (cement/clay and sand). We haven't tried this, so experiment first. Straw definitely helps hold clay together and wicks to help the clay slab dry faster.
2. Your floor probably won't carry much weight so doesn't need to be real strong. It does need to stick together well. To test your soil mix: Roll in your hands a golf-ball sized ball of your dampened-all-the-way-through (but not wet) mix. Squeeze in your hand with moderate pressure. Release fingers suddenly. If ball stays together with clear finger impressions, mix is probably fine (from *Earthbuilders' Encyclopedia* by the Southwest Solar Adobe

School). Also, consider making a sample little pad or block and let dry. Does it hold together--is it firm or crumbly? If crumbly, probably either too much organic matter in your clay or too much sand. Does it gouge too easily with your fingernail? Do you like how it looks and feels? Remember, dirt is not necessarily clay.

3. Cubic feet= width x length x thickness. A 10' x 10' x 4 floor is  $10 \times 10 \times .33 = 33$  c.f.  $3' \times 3' \times 3' = 27$  c.f.=a cubic yard if you're ordering materials. Since clay seems to disappear, order at least half again if not double what you figure you need, especially if lumpy. In a circle, c.f.= radius x radius x pi (3.14) x thickness. A 10' diameter circle floor 4 inches thick is  $5 \times 5 \times 3.14 \times .33 = 25.9$  c.f. If loading myself, I figure about 6 heaping spadefuls of sand/sifted clay per cubic foot of floor space.
4. Our 5-inch thick workshop floor made with a 2 clay:1 sand mix is great. But too thick to dry in a lifetime (took several weeks in our arid climate). To hasten the drying and to only mix half the mud in 1 day, we poured 2 separate layers in each new casita. In one casita we poured 2 layers mixed 3:1--bottom layer mixed with straw about 2½ inches thick. When dry we leveled a 1½ inch no-straw layer on top. Each dried well in days and they bonded well too. In the other new casita we poured 2 layers of a 2:1 strawless mix. The lower layer was not as solid but the second layer firmed it up. Cracks in the 2:1 mix are smaller and harder to fill. Although cutting the mud in half, doing 2 layers doubled the work of tamping and troweling.

You can also choose to pour the floor in sections. We poured our workshop floor in 2 halves, weeks apart. To avoid an obvious straight joint line, try leaving an irregular, natural-looking, mostly vertical edge. And leave second joint pour slightly higher so it'll shrink to a similar level--maybe 1/8-1/4 inch. Or, at the dried joint, add clay as needed and rub a lot until no join shows.

5. AFM products are low-scent organic compound paints, sealers and adhesives. The scent disappears quickly. They have limited shelf life. They are often used in structures using nontoxic materials. AFM, 1140 Stacey Ct., Riverside CA 92507

## GOING LIKE SIXTY

# CANDLE POWER

By Jean Mountaingrove  
Rootworks  
Sunny Valley, Oregon

The turning from darkness to increasing light is barely perceptible now unless the sun is reflected from the snow-bent evergreens that fill my window views. I too reflect in my winter mood and hope that 68 years of experience may shed some light on my life. Perhaps this article will shed some light in yours.

Most of my winter daytime hours are spent in my small kitchen. When I have enjoyed breakfast, done my dishes, swept the rug and cooked enough for days, as I putter about picking up after myself, I think, "What next?"

By January it is likely I will respond, "So let's make candles." The next two months are perfect for the now-and-then, low-concentration, close-to-the-stove puttery project that I easily fit around meals, letter-writing, outhouse trips, reloading the wood rack, and rocking-chair-reading entertainment.

I haven't bought a candle in years, though candles are my nightly bedside companions. The shy Oregon winter sun doesn't charge up my solar-panel deep-cycle battery DC system much so I began dipping candles when I began living "off the grid" twenty years ago.

Now I have my own system that produces lots of funky candles. I admit they are funky so any of you verging-on-perfectionist types will hie to your public library or craft store to learn the correct way "to make lovely candles for holiday gifts and festive dinner parties."

I admire your standards and your product but I make candles to see by.

Long ago I did read a book on candle-making\* which got me started. However, since I rarely follow directions, recipes or rules--look, I've already broken the basic rule by loving women so why be impressed by the others?--I make candles my own way. Here's how I do it.

First, I gather my supplies. I have a box of wax I have saved all year. My sources are candle stubs, wax drips from my formica table top and glass covered nightstand, paraffin from homemade jam and jelly jars, beeswax from friends' beehives, cheap misshapen and broken candles from thrift stores, broken crayons--and all of these that indulgent friends bring me.

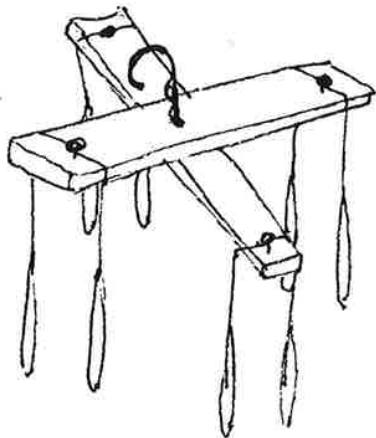
I also save cotton string which will become wicks when I soak it in a jar with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm water and 1 tablespoon salt and 2 tablespoons of borax dissolved in it. After 2-3 hours of soaking I squeeze the string and dry it for 3-4 days on the rack over the stove. Wicking can be bought at a craft store, too.

From the book I learned to use stearic acid powder which a city friend buys for me at a drug supply house. It makes candles burn more efficiently (less dripping). Optional supplies which I learned about because friends gave them to me are: coloring cubes, scented oils, and slabs of white paraffin.

I have collected old cooking pans, double boilers, gallon tin cans, tall juice cans and various sizes of narrow cans. I need a lot of these to hold the wax as it melts over hot water.



Long ago I made a wick holder so I can dip 8 candles at one time. It looks like this (see sketch #1) with 2 wooden crosspieces about 7 inches long, joined in the center by a coat hanger hook. There is a roofing nail (large head) an inch from each end to wrap the wick around.



1

*Illustrations by Jean Mountaingrove*

When I have all this together, I sort the wax into related color groups. When it melts, the colors blend and the dirt and old wicks, etc. drop to the bottom of the can and clean wax comes to the top.

Next I cut my wick/string into lengths several times longer than the depth of the can my wax is in. I wind 4 lengths around the 4 nails in my wick holder, leaving 8 ends hanging.

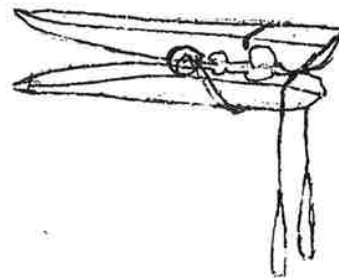
The wax colors I've chosen to start with will melt in a can within a larger can of water or in a double boiler while I prepare wicks and cover the area next to the stove with newspapers to prevent any more drips from discoloring my floor.

To melted wax I add several tablespoons of stearic acid powder. When it dissolves I try an experimental dip with the wicks. If the wax is too hot, it will run right off, if too cool it sticks in lumps. When it stays on in a thin coat I straighten each wick with a little pull at the end and cool them for a minute. Then I dip and cool again whenever I pass the stove or feel like standing there. The candles thicken as the layers build. I hang the rack from a nail in the rafters or from the rack over the stove, and sometimes (when I'm impatient) from a branch of the apple tree right outside my door.

A candy thermometer will help you judge the best temperature for dipping, or you can learn by observing the sheen of the wax and how fast it drips from the wicks. Wax must never be heated without water under it. Hot wax is like hot oil and can catch fire. This is not likely with a wood stove. Just keep a lid handy and cover the can and don't touch it if it should get too hot. If you get hot wax on your skin, as I sometimes do, put cold water on it. You can then peel it off. Remember not to pour any waxy water down your sink. It can clog your plumbing.

When my 8 candles are the thickness I want, I cool them and cut them from the rack, laying them on a flat surface. Before they completely harden, I use a warm knife to trim the bottoms flat and carve wax from the top of each to expose  $\frac{1}{2}$ "-1" of wick. These carvings go right back into the can of wax along with more stearic acid.

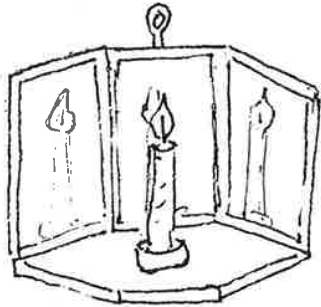
Now there will be less wax in the can because it is in the candles. I can add more wax of that color if I have it, or white paraffin, or I can pour that wax into a narrower can to increase the depth of wax and thus the length of candles. I must now unwind the extra wick length from the nails in the rack and keep on dipping and cooling, and transferring to smaller cans until I get to about 4" of wax. By this time my rack is too wide for the cans and I shift to using clothespins to hold the wicking (see sketch #2). This way I can use nearly all the wax and wicking.



2

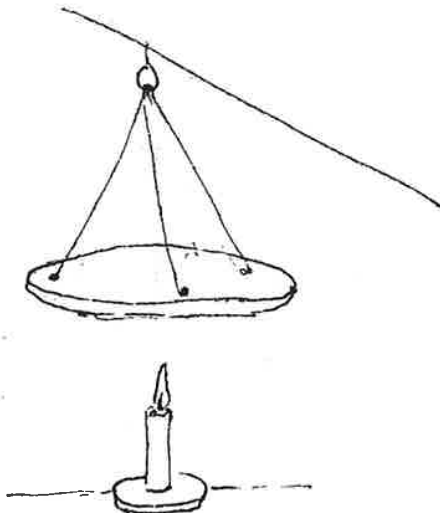
The leftover wax from each color group can be combined with the others. It will be a really ugly color. If I don't have any coloring cubes left I make ugly colored candles. After all, I can still see by them.

Now I will put all my candles away for at least a week so they will burn better when I use them. For more light to read or work by I can light several all at once. It is fun to collect candle holders from thrift stores and adapt found objects such as shells, glass insulators, metal parts, unique bottles. I have a metal wall-hanging candle holder with three mirror panels like this (see sketch #3). One candle gives much more light.



3

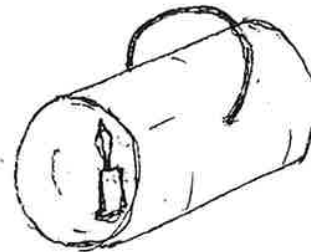
Be very careful having anything flammable near your candles. The ceiling above a burning candle, or clothing hanging near it can get very hot. A metal can lid suspended like this (see sketch #4) can protect a shelf or ceiling above a candle. A candle may fall over so don't leave a candle burning while you go out of the room. Candlewax drips on paper or cloth are permanent. Some wax can



4

be removed with paper over and under the wax and a hot iron on top of it all, but the color in the wax will remain. Glass is easiest to scrape clean so a glass or ceramic base under your candleholder will protect your furniture from any drips.

When I first moved to the country in the early 70's, I learned to make a candle-can to light my way outdoors at night. It is made from a large can with one end removed and needs only a wire anchored on each side through nail holes for a carrying handle. (See Sketch #5) This device keeps the wind from blowing out the candle inside and directs the light where you want it. Now I use a flashlight but I don't make as many long trips in the dark as I did then.

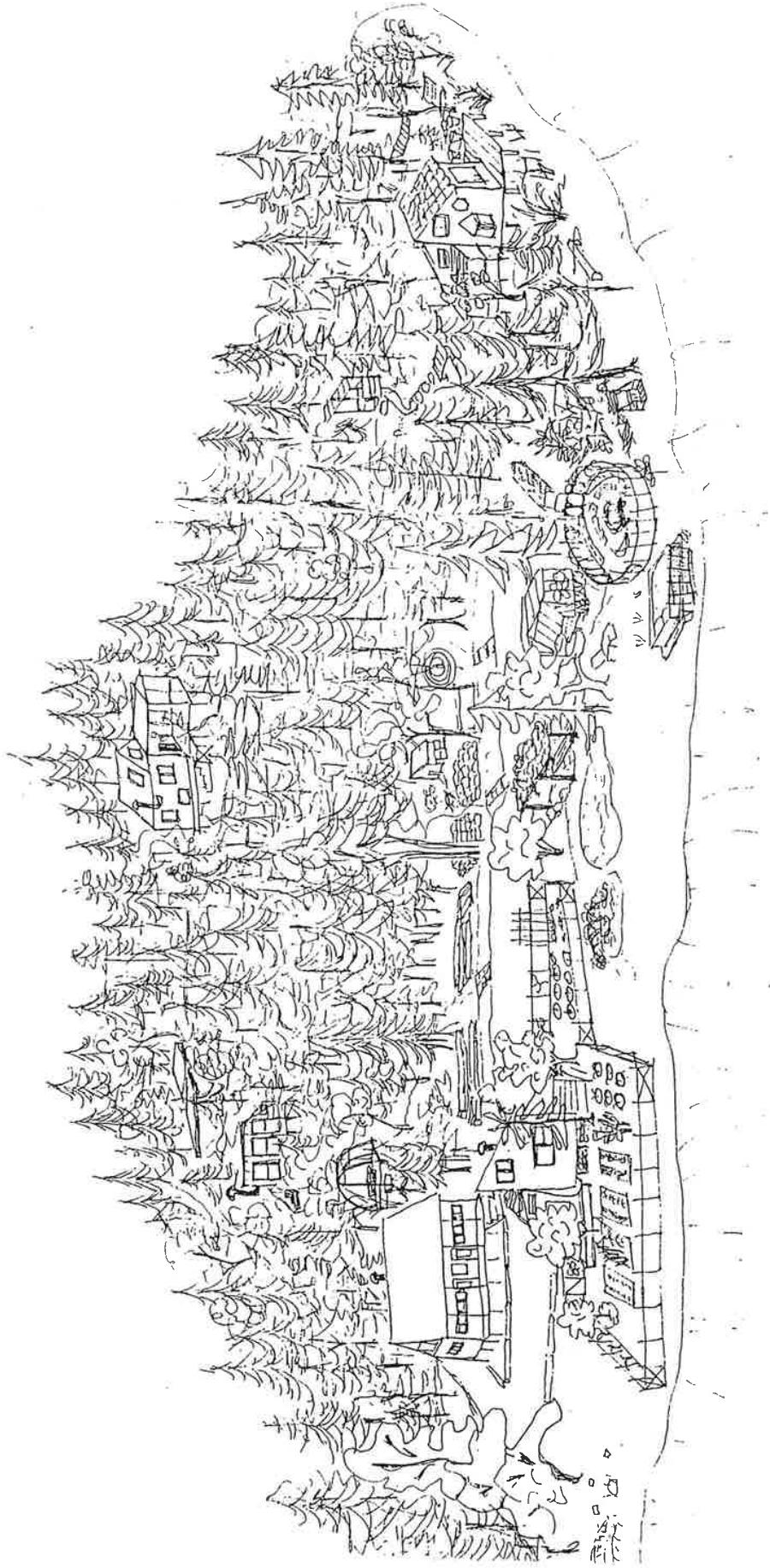


5

Yes, I do make my candles to see by, but I have found that candles are also a pleasure to talk by. After supper with friends who are visiting Rootworks, we usually push our chairs back to enjoy our full stomachs, the warm room and the mellow candlelight. The soft light from the flickering flame gives a relaxing and intimate feeling. As we leisurely talk I can play with the inevitable drips or clip off the excess burnt wick. The candle burns down. Confidences gradually come as the light dims and our faces grow shadowy. If we have more to share, I will light another. If I sense the quietness means we have said enough and are ready to let the evening end, if we seem satisfied and drowsy, I let the candle go out. The chairs shuffle in the darkness as flashlights are found. With jackets on and hugs all around, it is "Good night, sweet dreams. See you at breakfast."

Perhaps this winter these candlelight conversations will give me more than gentle illumination. Can I hope for enlightenment?

*\*The Candlemaker's Primer, by (Mrs.) K. Lomneth Chisholm, Dutton, NY, 1973.*



Jean Mountaingrove

VIEW OF ROOTWORKS

# DOE FARM AT HEART

## AN ANNUAL MEETING

By cj coventree  
Hudson, Wisconsin

© October '93

Saturday night I consider reminding everyone to be on time for the annual meeting Sunday morning, for about one second. Then I smile. A reminder won't change when the meeting starts but it might change how other womyn perceive me. In my ten years at the Daughters of the Earth (DOE) Farm, I cannot remember a single meeting starting on time. Rather, meetings start on smiles, on coffee, on granola, on big pans of food left over from a Saturday night potluck. In short, meetings start on dyke gynergy.

This meeting is no different. We have scheduled the meeting for 9:30 a.m. in two flyers and 10:30 a.m. in another. All are accurate. When Steelie yells upstairs "It's 8:40.", I lie under the covers chit-chatting with Carolyn. We scramble into our clothes and into frost covered fields of long grasses. We drink in the wild world outside before creating the wild world inside. My pant legs are soaked by the time we cross the hayfields. Soon we follow a track over the hill to an adjacent meadow. Autumn colors surround the meadow and stretch across distant ridges and valleys. We are silent with beauty. My body remembers standing on other hills miles away across an ocean and a sea. I am touched by how deeply the hills across this meadow resemble the Horns of Hittan in the Valley of Galilee. Some folks call those other hills the Holy Land. I think, this too is Holy Land.

Exactly an hour after that wake up call, I slide into the living room, coffee and a bowl of museli in one hand, a vase of blooming gladiolus in the other. Only the facilitator, Lisa, has proceeded me but everyone follows rapidly. Womyn crowd the room. I am fairly astonished that we convene the meeting at 10:00 a.m.

We begin with a financial report, imple-

menting the agenda we established yesterday at the monthly business meeting. Sylvia, the treasurer for the past two years, circulates three pages covered with figures. Everyone looks glassy-eyed at numbers in boxes. Sylvia attempts to get across the bottom line, the red bottom line. "We're \$300 in debt to a private lender and we've used approximately \$700 for operating expenses which are on loan from grant monies earmarked for other purposes. Even continuing that questionable practice, we don't have enough cash on hand to cover costs to keep the lodge open this winter."

Whoa. A somber note enfolds the womyn sitting on stools, lounging on two old couches, rocking in the overstuffed chair. I stare at the red and white glads from my garden. About then the front door opens and in comes Smokey and Marti. My heart smiles. These womyn live in a nearby valley and have long given money, labor, and wisdom to DOE. I haven't seen them for nearly a year. I miss Marti's wit and Smokey's ability to provide guitar accompaniment for nearly any song I can remember. They quietly get chairs from the kitchen as the grim financial discussion goes on.

A few minutes later the door opens again. This time it's Kathy and Sandy. "Kathy's hair has gotten so long. Sandy's face seems strong and healthy." I think this so loudly that I check to see if others have heard. Kathy and Sandy also reside in the friendly valley, Marti affectionately named Avalon. Sandy lived at DOE once upon a time and Kathy has provided lots of "technical" assistance in recent years. I'm happy to see them.

An awkwardness now creeps into the conversation. With the new arrivals, lots of womyn in the room do not know each other. Perhaps we should interrupt the more formal discussion for introductions and banter. That would be fun and warm but it would shorten the time we have to decide how to ensure DOE's survival. No one interrupts the financial report. Fortunately, the next agenda item is a circle. Each woman has a couple of minutes to say what DOE means to her now and what she wants DOE to mean in the

future. In this way we introduce ourselves to each other.

A brief silence sits on us. Then Kathy starts. DOE was a safe stepping off place for her, a place that helped her get to country living. She wants more womyn to share in DOE. When Kathy stops, womyn on either side of her glance at each other. Steelie says she's waiting to see if Sosha will be next. When Sosha begins we counter the clock. Yes this feels right. I briefly review what I have planned to say, then I focus on what Sosha is saying. DOE is her best friend, really. She lived at/with DOE all summer. Now she visits. In the near future they may live together again. With a mischievous smile she adds that DOE provides a safe place to have FUN!!!

Lisa, a visitor from Kansas, reminds us that DOE is one of the only, womyn-only public spaces in the midwest. "Yes, yes!" I think and revise what I might say. Jo, a woman from the nearest small town, describes DOE as a refuge from town bustle. This is her first meeting. She is checking us out and quietly enjoying herself. Lynn, a former Co-ordinating Council (CC) member, speaks at length about the cooperative nature of DOE. DOE is a community, a family of womyn practicing cooperative skills. I find myself nodding in agreement. In that cooperative spirit, the time keeper gently reminds Lynn of the limited time we have allotted for this go-around. Lynn pauses, then grins. Grinning spirals around the circle.

Before Smokey gets out three words, she begins to cry. She surprises herself, and many of us who know her. She cannot explain what DOE means in just a few words, but she echoes prior sentiments. She wants DOE to remain open womyn's land. Her heart rings out strong and clear. Marti then reminds us that though DOE is a place for many cultures of womyn we must try to keep our planning simple. I wonder what she means given how homogeneous we are. Sitting in the room were womyn of varying ages, varying disabilities, and varying classes and incomes. I think everyone identifies as white. Everyone has been raised in or saturated with mid-western, christian culture. The politics and culture of Lesbian Feminism permeate our assumptions. As my mind travels over these thoughts I miss some of what Marti says.



Mau Blossom  
Doniphan, Missouri

Next Carolyn talked about how important DOE was as a place to be in the wild, alone or with other womyn as she so desired. She and Sylvia have been the heart of the CC for the past two years. Carolyn moves easily here between community and solitude and deeply values that natural freedom and space. Now she stops, it is my turn. For unspoken reasons, I struggle not to cry as I describe how being at DOE unites and renews my essence. The all togetherness of lesbian, country, community, politics, and spirituality that is me is reflected and created at DOE. But I have no words about a future for DOE. I later realize this is true because I have no future for myself. I am in transition, moving inside to country with one or more of my significant others. The future is too dear and too unknown to limit with words.

Thank the goddess the circle continues. Jodi, the one woman currently living at DOE, quietly talks about how DOE has been a thrilling, stretching place to be and how nervous she has been in anticipation of this meeting. Will she continue to have this place to live? That question hangs in the air as Sylvia tells how DOE keeps her in touch with the vital part of her-

self that grew up in the country. She believes DOE is the groups of womyn who interact on the land. Sandy agrees with much of what has already been stated as sometimes happens when you speak after so many. She echoes the importance of womyn only space and the need for womyn to live on the land.

Catherine addresses how important having access to DOE right now is to her. She's been spending lots of time here in the last few months and that time has been a life line for her. Roberta comments on how free she feels here. She wants all womyn to experience that freedom. Aiya states simply that DOE is a place for lesbians. Steelie, the only DOE founder in this particular circle, speaks last. She describes how being involved with DOE over the last seventeen years has stretched her to be all that she can be. She expresses a lack of faith that DOE can continue with her current structure. She suggests now is the time for another radical change.

Radical change sounds fun to me but before I have a chance to dwell on that, the time keeper speaks. We follow her suggestions to circle again, quickly and briefly. Each woman tells the others what energy or resources she has for DOE in the next few months. After that round stiff bodies climb off chairs before the facilitator has a chance to suggest otherwise. She does remind us that this is not a planned "break". Some womyn go pee on the lawn, some get water from the kitchen. The late arrivals get hugs. A few minutes later I yell, "Let's go." The facilitator looks at me with what I take to be a thank-you.

We discuss DOE's future given her current financial needs, what she means to us, and what energy we have as a loose collection of individuals. We are chaos in action. Should we talk about what it means to be on the CC because Catherine and Sosha want to know and Catherine and Roberta have to leave early? Should we focus on how we are going to get through the winter? Lynn suggests we raise our hands and let the facilitator call on people so that we don't all talk at once. Is the land in trust? Can we get it in trust? Sometimes hands go up, sometimes womyn just start talking. Should we decide if we want to solicit permanent residents who will pay rent?

Should we spend time deciding what to discuss? No. Let's review the 5 year plan. What's the 5-year plan? If we had residents would we still have financial problems? Is anyone taking minutes? Yes. Perhaps residents should stay only temporarily in the lodge while they build structures elsewhere on the land. Can we consense that we never want to sell DOE? Maybe. What about subdividing parcels to individuals?

In the next hour and a half we agree that we want permanent residents again and we want the downstairs and two bedrooms of the lodge to remain open to all members. We have shared the truth about how residents come to resent cleaning up after non-residents. We review the legal and practical meanings of being a CC member. We explore having a manager whose pay would be a cut of the income she generates. This would give her an incentive to get more womyn on the land, paying land use fees and enjoying DOE's resources. We explore raising membership fees to a more stable rate that would cover our minimum expenses. I call this the Pagoda model, referring to the ocean-side lesbian land community in Florida. Will this exclude



maryanne  
miami, florida

more womyn? A billion ideas sparkle in the circle.

The facilitator has a headache when we break for lunch, but she is smiling none the less. Everyone wanders outdoors to eat, to walk, to breath the crisp air and view the brilliant dying oak leaves. Some go into the lower barn to evaluate just what needs to be done to keep the barn standing. Some label stuff in the barn with tags that say "sell this, keep this, this can be recycled, this should be taken to a dump". Next to the barn Carolyn and I eat canned veggie chili at a low table with wood stumps around it. These sit in the shell of a foundation that lies open to the sun and provides shelter from the cold October breeze. Carolyn calls it the cafe.

I struggle to calm the stirring collective energies from the meeting. I try to focus on Carolyn. We share private reactions to events of the last couple hours. I return to the house for more food. Lisa has made cabbage salad, Steelie and Lynn brought a quiche. Bread from the coop in LaCrosse came through Jodi. Sylvia made a tasty vegan loaf and someone has brought chocolate cookies. Yum.

We begin again at 2:00 just as planned. Ha! The flowers have been moved over to the window where sunlight streams through them. I sigh with beauty. The crowd has thinned, Catherine, Roberta, Kathy and Sandy have left. We elect new CC members, Smokey, Aiya, Roberta, Kathy, Sandy, and Jodi. I volunteer to become treasurer, with Jodi agreeing to make deposits. We agree to suspend production of the newsletter after a cost/benefit analysis. We brainstorm ideas for raising money. As we generate fund-raising options, Lynn writes them on big pieces of brown paper hastily taped to the wall.

Aiya and Sosha will market DOE things at a craft show in Minneapolis. They have gathered comfrey and cedar to sell. Smokey will make catnip toys for them to bring to market. Carolyn will harvest catnip around her house and get it to Smokey. Carolyn has had another batch of DOE hats made up. She and Jodi will sell hats and memberships at the Lesbian Variety Show in Madison. Sylvia will pay for another printing of DOE brochures to hand out at these events. We assume Constance will agree to correct the mistakes we

didn't catch when revising the brochure this past year. Steelie will write grants if and when we decide we want another one written. Jodi will keep track of who is networking with what organization.

In the middle of a heated discussion about whether or how to keep the lodge open this winter, Jo says she would like to rent a room here starting in November. Sylvia and I scramble to find the written agreement we negotiated with Candy last winter. Sylvia finds it and the group hurriedly negotiates a new agreement with Jo. Smokey volunteers to be her buddy. Marti says Jo is like the golden nugget, the spirit that comes along just when you think you cannot go on. We are so proud of ourselves we adjourn.

We move outside again. We pee again, we nibble at the food again. We begin to stuff clothes in bags, sweep the rooms, do the dishes. You talk to her just a minute about how good it is to see her. I need your address. Will you mail me the hats? Would you look at that leak on the chimney side of the house? Did you put your membership info in the folder? Come look at the renovated trailer. Did she get the scrapbook from you for the table at the fair? How do you spell your name? We hug and kiss her one more time. We wave goodbye.

To prolong the joy, I go to supper with Steelie, Lynn, and Jodi. We eat at the Wildflower Cafe in a town on my way home. With coffee and more food, we laugh and share our reactions to the days' events. We talk about Jodi's recent trip to other womyn's lands in the southwest. We share our pasts and dream our futures on womyn's land. Steelie and Lynn hug Jodi and me before they leave. After more coffee and more words about lesbian friends, Jodi and I hug goodbye, too. I drive through the wild night alone with the stars and the nitty gritty details hugging me home.

*DOE Farm is owned by W.W.L.C., a cooperative which includes aspects of both consumer and worker coops. Every woman who uses DOE becomes a member of the Wisconsin Womyn's Land Cooperative by pledging to support the purposes of the W.W.L.C. and by paying a nominal daily or annual membership fee. For more info send SASE to W.W.L.C., Rt.2, Box 42, Norwalk WI 54648.*

# ON THE LAND

## SILVER CIRCLE

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI

Now starting it's 12th year, Silver Circle is undergoing quite a renaissance. In addition to Gail and Gwen, now Belinda, Mitru and I are living here full time, and Susan is making regular appearances too.

For myself, it was with tremendous resistance and grief that I decided to leave the Luna Circle community. I'm certain my MAIZE landsisters can comprehend the pain of separating oneself from wimin, land, community and livelihood that had been such a constant for the past 4 years. If any woman wants to dialog personally about these issues, please write.

In the meantime, our usual land projects continue along, and we're preparing for a big vegetable-growing renaissance too. Correspondence and visitors are always welcome. Y'all come!

For Silver Circle Sanctuary,  
Ayla Heartsong  
Rt.5, Box 100, Holly Springs MS 38635

## WAXING MOON

BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Waxing Moon's Summer Womyn's Community on Red Mountain: We succeeded in living well and simply this summer. May 31st we arrived in a beautiful, gently sloping meadow by a sweet singing brook. Our first night was very exciting with big thunder and lightening bouncing back and forth between the mountains. In due time we were all set up; the tipi, the yurt, the kitchen and the wash area. Two friends arrived from Germany the end of June and took care of the camp and Waxing Moon business while we went to Vancouver to work in July. The first week in August we officially invited womyn to come and dialogue on intentional womyn's community. 10 womyn took the opportunity to spend varying amounts of time with us.

August 26-31 we went to the "Celebration of Community Conference" in Olympia, Washington. On our way to Olympia, we made a detour via the We'Moon Healing Ground

in Estacada, Oregon. It was such a pleasure connecting with this 20 year old womyn's land and her dwellers. Their hospitality was as rich and abundant as their blackberries!!!

At the conference, two presently existing womyn's communities were represented: We'moon and Womanshare from Oregon. There was another forming community like us from Idaho. Womyn from Twin Oaks community were sharing their efforts and struggles of creating womyn/lesbian space within a mixed community of 115 people. I enjoyed tremendously connecting to the wide variety of community oriented womyn. On the blue moon of august we had a spontaneous womyn's circle with close to 80 womyn. The instant power we raised will be with me for a long time.

My biggest revelation at the conference was that I'm not alone in sensing that true community living is the way of a hopeful future. It is a movement! On the whole though we are still few and far between. The industrial revolution had to destroy the sense of community in order to succeed. Capitalism's foundation is based on competition, not cooperation. Community is ancient. It is the basis for survival. Luckily some of us remember: we are all in this life together. We need to learn how to get along, just like the organs and systems of a single body work together to give life to the whole.

Cooperation, pooling resources, living and exploring our visions for a meaningful and joyous lifetime for us and those who come after. Exploring what has been gifted to us as womyn on all levels. Exploring how we can deal with our pain effectively, how we can live and relate in a non patriarchal empowering fashion. Joining with sisters for this common purpose creates the opportunities for learning and practicing this. That holds a future for me.

We took down Waxing Moon's summer camp on October 10. We felt successful in accessing this beautiful place in the high mountains in a low impact way. It was substantial in being able to host 12 womyn. As the yurt, the tipi, the outside kitchen, the wash area and the furo (simple japanese style wooden hot tub with fire underneath) were carted off, you could hardly tell we were ever there. Where will the Waxing Moon Village reappear??



In August/September 1994, a retreat:  
this is an invitation to challenge your-  
self to come to a 4-6 week womyn's retreat  
with the purpose of

- \*living communally in total isolation  
from the society, TIME OUT (i.e. no  
going to town)
- \*exploring how to live in circle
- \*applying a variety of tools (by consensus)  
to clear our emotional, physical,  
spiritual bodies to be able to challenge  
each other in supportive loving ways
- \*work with our addictions
- \*exploring non patriarchal ways of being  
and relating
- \*going through a nutritional cleanse
- \*???

...are you ready??? You need to let us  
know immediately, if you are interested,  
or possible interested, or if you have  
things to add, or if you have special needs!

We are still searching for a location,  
ie safe, isolated camping area, with good  
water. Please let us know if you know of  
one, preferably in the Kootenays, but  
anywhere in BC is possible.

FOR SALE: Moon tipis, yurts, camp kitchens,  
custom made canvas bags at very reasonable  
prices. Include SASE (or from US an  
international postal order) for price list  
Order now for spring, summer 94.

Gitta

from the newsletter

Waxing Moon, RR2, S6, C20, Nelson BC V1L 5P5

## OURLAND

ESTANCIA, NEW MEXICO

Dear MAIZE,

I am writing on behalf of the community  
here at OURLAND, formerly Matrilineal  
Land Group. First, I wanted to thank you  
for the wonderful job you are doing with  
sharing the news and experience of the  
different women's land. I also wanted  
you to know that I plan to write an  
article about the building of our solar  
greenhouse (that was partially paid for  
by a Lesbian Natural Resources Grant)  
once it is complete. But my main reason  
for writing you at this time is to correct  
some misinformation that appears to be  
spreading in the lesbian community and  
particularly within the women's land  
circuit.

We have been disturbed several times  
this summer by women phoning our commu-  
nity or our friends and demanding to have  
a place on our land. Apparently women  
have heard that we are an open community  
that eagerly solicits women with male  
children. This is not true. We are a  
closed community and women can visit or  
live here by invitation only. Please  
spread the word.

Sincerely,

Ann



Annie Ocean's van with woodstove heating  
Winter 1991-92 Photo by Tee A. Corinne  
Southern Oregon

# OUTLANDISH THOUGHTS

By Lee Lanning  
Outland  
Serafina, New Mexico

*Mornings, before our usually busy days at Outland, I write down my thoughts, feelings, impressions of life here the day before--what has stirred me, what am I learning, how are we changing, where are we going?*

*And, we sometimes have "writer's group" here--a time when we exercise our writing "skills", but more, share ourselves and what a particular topic brings up for us that day. Some of these pieces are from that process.*

*All these pieces are short--because that's how I think and because that's the kind of time I often have. I'd like to make this kind of writing/sharing a regular feature in MAIZE--other Outland Dykes plan to contribute next time to "Outlandish Thoughts". And I'd love to read SPIRALing Thoughts, OWLish Thoughts, SHEful Thoughts, you name it! Bit by bit we create our Lesbian Land culture.*

Long ago, but not so far away, the wimmin scraped their homes out of the sides of the hills. We lived with the earth, in the earth. Our questions then were different from ours now--or maybe there were no questions. We lived as we knew how, wondering perhaps, "Will this clay work for my next pot?", but not wondering, "What am I doing here?" "I" and "here" being one and the same.

We rooted like trees, we settled like rocks, we moved like the birds, when we needed to. We knew what to eat--when and why were not questions then. We knew how to keep ourselves warm, never questioning our bodies abilities to warm and heal and take us where we needed to go. We knew how to love ourselves without question, others without doubt. We smiled a lot because we felt good. We knew how to feel good, how to be happy--we never questioned it. Knowledge was our birthright--we had few questions. Today we are learning what we have always known.

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I am living my deepest dreams. I am knee-deep, no up to my neck in what I long for. A place, a way, a people. Each day deeper, more irrevocably dreaming my way into new spaces, new life. Much yet to come yet not a dream of the future--a dream for now. A waking dream, a living dream. Living my deep dreams, not an end but a beginning; not a goal reached but a path followed; not tomorrow or when I feel like it, but today, whether I feel like it or not. The deep dream of earth and wimmin and life lived as it is meant to be. The deep dream of connection. The deep dream that is no longer a dream.

ooo

What are we doing here? What is the nature of our task? Our work? What are we creating at Outland?

We are learning to sleep safe at night. Safe from 'outside' interference, safe in our own group, safe with the workings of our own minds. We do not betray ourselves.

We are learning how to be together, how to 'get along', to be friends. To find peace within/among us. To find stuck places, within/among, and work through them. To move from our commonalities, not polarize over our differences. To love.

We are learning to change, to become our most spirit-full selves, our biggest, most open, most loving. To let go of habits of fear (hurt, anger, sadness, etc.)

We are learning to know wimmin's ways/lesbian ways. To let them surface from the depths of our being. To know the ways of our spirits.

ooo

We are creating the possibility, the opening, for the new. We are transitional but always moving toward the more whole, more natural Lesbian life. Each decision brings us closer, each decision is evaluated in light of the vision--where are we going, how will this help?

This is one of only a few opportunities in the world to begin to be free of patriarchal domination. We are holding a place

where something different can happen, creating the conditions where truth, spirit, self and community of Lesbians can flourish. We are careful not to be undermined by societal conditioning we bring here. We feel the necessity of staying consistently on this path, of making our actions consistent with our path. Recognizing diversions from the path as having serious consequences for our growth and connection, for the full living of our lives.

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See how different we are here, how new. How there is no such thing as plopping ourselves down here, intact. We are fluid, we are porous, amorphous. We are only now finding who we are, who we can be. The process of really living differently is life-changing, self-changing. The process of living freely opens us to deeper and deeper layers. The process of living closely with others allows us to learn who we are, who we can be, on a deeper level.

The tools, the ways, we have utilized to get to this place may no longer be relevant, tho they were essential on the path. Each a part of our learning, our moving but not perhaps of our essential Self/spirit. Ways of drawing us out, of taking us deeper. The goal is not the practice, the way, but the resultant self-knowing, self-being. We less and less identify with things outside us, or feel them necessary to our well-being. We more and more rely on ourselves; all is within.

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Perhaps the primary ingredient for living happily in community is each wommon's sense of self. Our self-love grounds us; we need to be sure of ourselves, close to ourselves, to know who we are. Then we can let others be who they are--no expression throws us, separates us from our Self. We do not need to assert ourselves beyond our natural passion \* in order to feel powerful. We know our power. We seek an easy flow of each Dyke's energy, taking care not to block each other's energy, but to join harmoniously, like merging streams.

\* Nett Hart

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Each day I attend to myself--to my body, moving energy around, not letting stuck places accumulate. To my spirit, opening to my intuitive mind, seeing what's there. To my feelings, what's going on with me, what's 'up'. To my thoughts, where are they taking me, where do I want to go. What am I creating for myself today.

I attend to other Lesbians, saying yes to what's around me, letting it in. I attend to how we are connected. To how our energies are flowing, or sticking. To what we are creating together.

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What do I expect?!

I expect magic between us, I expect love. I expect us to blossom, and to go to seed--to seed new visions, new dreams. I expect gentle interactions, full of care and respect. I expect to move in an aura of cooperation, of 'what can I do' and 'yes, let's explore that'. I expect to be amused by our weaknesses as well as our strengths--I expect to laugh heartily over any little thing. I expect ease, flow and joy in my life. I expect to put some effort into creating my life the way I envision it. I expect to live in peace and harmony. I expect peace and harmony to live in me.

I expect a group life, a group bond, a group spirit to emerge. I expect to value, to treasure, the group. I expect to move with the group, to create together our way. I expect to make the effort to enter into the group energy. I expect to open to what we are creating. I expect to offer myself in word, feeling and action to the growth and well-being of the whole. I expect the whole to live in me.

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Each is needed to make the group--it is not so much that each is required to be there, as that the group is incomplete without each of us. Dinner is not quite dinner without one of us. Consensus is not consensus if we don't all participate. We are present because it pleases us, but also because we want to form, to create this group, this larger whole that takes its life from our presence.

We are not diminished by what we create--this energy is not subtracted from our own,

but rather the group energy adds to ours-- we are enhanced. We do not make ourselves small to fit into the group, but get bigger to make room for the group within us.

ooo

We are always in community, even when we go deep within ourselves. Yes, we are the re/source for everything, all is within us, we need only bring it forth. But where did it come from? From our connections to spirit, earth and others--from community.

We often need to find balance between the outer life of community--being present to the needs of self, others and the whole-- and the inner life of the Self--being present to our own souls. Balance does not mean equal time, 3 days for community, 3 days for self.. Balance means what works for each wommon, remembering that the two, self and community, are not mutually exclusive, but rather, inseparable. We find self in community, community in self. Only within community does self-expression happen, as there need to be receivers of that expression. We need to put ourselves out there. We need to be taken in.

ooo

Living with intent. Intending to connect, to create the relationships, the community we want. It doesn't just happen--what 'just happens', if we let it, is our patriarchal conditioning, all the ways of relating/alienating that we have been socialized to expect. We too easily fall back on known, familiar behaviors. It takes all our attention to be who we know we can be, who we know we are within. We intend to be our best selves. We forgive ourselves and each other over and over when we fall back on old stuff AND we renew our intent to live in new ways. To exercise our heart muscles, our courage. To open to what's inside, to let out our goodness, our spirit, our love. No longer fearing the consequences of this most radical movement from inside out. Moving in our world from our hearts.

ooo

Talking, we say what comes to us to say: our gut feelings, our intuitive feelings, our heart feelings, our spirited thoughts, our biggest ideas. We are ex-

pansive, allowing our best to come through us. We share what we know, our truth. We fearlessly share the inside of ourselves, what we really feel, need, embrace.

Things happen when we talk: changes come without stress, rolling in, carrying us along, not tumbled, but flowing. Together we create the next step as we spark new thoughts, inspire new ways of being in each other. We come with ideas, feelings. and we come flexible, ready to join in the process without assuming, controlling, projecting the outcome. None can know what it is. We are open to change, changing our minds, changing our ways. Finding the way together.

ooo

Slowly, quietly we move, we change. From the depths of our being we bring forth what we need: direction, method. We create satisfying ways of change, of movement. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the clouds of confusion rise away, clarity shines through, we know who we are, where we are going. We are evolving our ways, organically, as needed. We are sitting with ourselves, not running, not hiding, with each other, really being there. We are waiting, silent, opening to receive. We are sharing, quietly, what meaning comes to us, what words, sounds, images. What arises within us, among us. What is real, what is present, what needs to be said, felt, sung. An atmosphere is created that is fertile, ripe--energy is abundant. We receive it, we create it. It runs in our bones, flows from our hearts. Energy moves us, we move energy, in our circles.

ooo

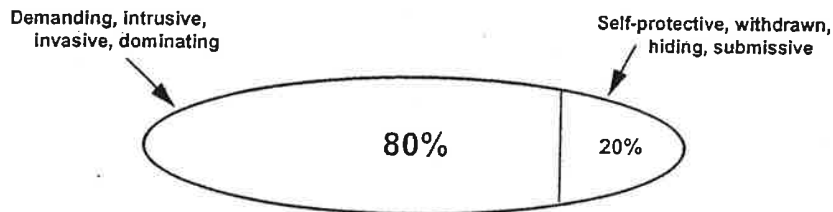
We bond with our Selves, with spirit. We hold a place in the universe of good, of grace. We radiate what good we can muster. We send out what we are learning of connection, of wonder, of sharing ourselves. Are places like this essential in the world? No matter--we are doing what we must do.

*Outland has space for more residents-- Dykes who want to live Lesbian culture, create Lesbian community. Write us for more info: POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569*

# ROOM TO MOVE

## THE LUXURY OF SPACE IN A RELATIONSHIP

*IMBALANCE invites IMBALANCE: Retreat (20%) Invites Invasion (80%) and vice versa*



By Carrie Mozena and Lula Moon  
Asheville, North Carolina

We both knew something was wrong. After only five months, the "fizz" was going out of our relationship. We'd been so in love, and then, the same issues that led to the painful breakups of our previous relationships surfaced:

*Carrie:* I felt Lula withdrawing from me in many small ways. She was saying less in conversations, not touching me as much or as warmly as before, not initiating lovemaking, even blanking out in the middle of sex. I was mystified. I found myself feeling needy around her, wanting more from her.

*Lula:* From the moment Carrie left her toothbrush at my house without asking first, I felt invaded. I tried to convince myself that I was just being petty since I had left a toothbrush at her house--but I had asked permission first. I felt overwhelmed by her invasion of my personal space and by her often demanding much more of my attention than I felt comfortable giving. I began spacing out to get relief from her intense energy.

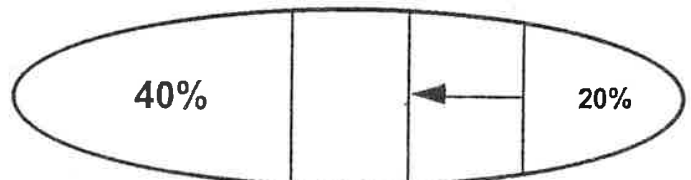
We wanted to understand and shift these dynamics. We both attended classes with Loy Young at the Relationship Training Center, so we sought her help. By applying the relationship tools she's developed, we are succeeding in freeing ourselves from our old destructive patterns.

Here is a basic concept that we use daily: Any two people relating to each other share 100% of energy space. We had

been polarizing into 20% (self-protective, withdrawn) and 80% (demanding, intrusive) energy positions. If neglected, this imbalance would have led us to more frustrating conflict.

To resolve these extremes, we each agree to occupy 40% of the total energy space between us. This leaves 20% for room in which we can move and negotiate without crowding each other. Going to 40% is a different challenge for both of us.

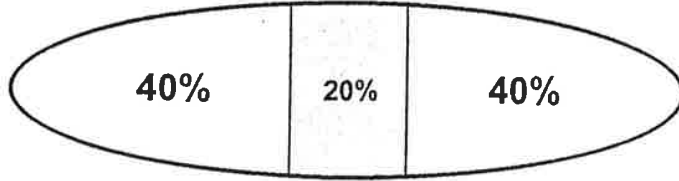
### A SOLUTION TO IMBALANCE



*Carrie:* I am learning to reduce the energy I project in speaking, touching, and looking at Lula. At first, this took a lot of effort, but now it's easier. To make this change, it helps me to remember that I am essentially precious and whole by myself. I also coax and encourage Lula to come up to 40% by tenderly inviting her to be present when I sense her emotional absence.

*Lula:* I feel safer and less like Carrie is trying to conquer me, I am more willing to claim my 40% share of the energy. This requires that I quit spacing out and focus on being present mentally and emotionally while conversing and lovemaking. And when Carrie savors whatever attention I'm comfortable giving her, without demanding more, I respond to her with an open heart.

## BALANCE



Maintaining one's energy at 40% in any relationship (with a lover, co-worker, family, or community) is a simple, effective way to assure safety (no one person dominates or disappears), and to invite reciprocity. It helps to be with someone who is aware of this dynamic of space and is willing to meet you with 40% energy, but this is not essential. When one person makes a shift to a position of balanced personal power, the other feels it and responds. Every step in this "40% dance" builds unity and a more vibrant, joyful relationship.

Carrie has been teaching relationship skills in groups for over 18 years, focusing on developing community, shared leadership, trust, and open communication. She is a former Outward Bound Instructor. Currently she is a team development trainer, a mediator for personnel conflicts, and an organizational change consultant to schools and businesses, as a member of the Blue Ridge Consulting Group, Inc.

Lula is a writer and a skilled electronics technician/bicycle mechanic who uses her intuition to diagnose and repair equipment. She served with Take Back the Night, YWCA, NOW, and the Girl Scouts as an organizer and volunteer. After an especially painful relationship, she found helpful tools to transform her life at the Relationship Training Center. Lula now shares these relationship wholeness tools with other lesbians.

Carrie and Lula are a lesbian couple who met in a RTC course. They are successfully applying Loy Young's relationship tools in their continually growing co-creative life.

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## POEM

By Sina Anahita  
Bold Moon Farm  
McLeansville, North Carolina

Winter's dawn  
reveals you nestled among my limbs.

Early sunlight  
cavorts on the snugness of walls you built.

Lover's urgency  
fulfills herself panting between us.

Later, midday  
joy bubbles and I throw back my head and  
laugh,  
guffaws bellydeep, hearty,  
parallel to come-sounds shared with you.



Kitt Redwing  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

# ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

## SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

By Susan Wiseheart  
Hawk Hill  
Drury, Missouri

It is more important than ever to learn alternative ways to heal myself and other dykes.

I was raised in a middle class family. We routinely went to the doctor, dentist, and optometrist. I was trained to believe in western medicine. When I lived in the city, I worked for a public school system with "excellent" insurance benefits. It covered prescriptions and most costs of eyeglasses and eye exams, necessary hospitalizations, dentistry and office calls to allopaths and chiropractors.

When my son (yes, some separatists do have sons), then 17, went into treatment for drug and alcohol addiction, my insurance paid the entire \$10,000 bill. I was well aware of the privilege this represented, as I saw plenty of young people in the course of my work who needed treatment as desperately as he did and would never get it. In the city, when I fell on an icy step and fractured a vertebrae, I paid a fraction of the costs of an ambulance and further treatment.

If I was uneasy about something going on with my body or emotions, I tried as much as I could think of to do on my own or with help from my friends, who aided me in doing psychic healing, massaged me, listened to me, and suggested or gave me various remedies.

Even before I came out twenty years ago, I began investigating as many alternative ways of healing as I could find out about. I was one of the earliest members of our first local food coop and paid attention to nutrition and supplementing, buying organically raised food whenever possible. Along with other lesbians in my community, once I was out, I worked with magical tools: crystals and pendulums, stones, candles, feathers, shells, colors, visualizations, herbs, tarot, I Ching, runes and healing circles. I was massaged regularly over a period of years. Thirteen years ago,

with much difficulty, I quit smoking cigarettes. I took relaxation training and stress reduction workshops. I swam laps in the Y.W.C.A. pool until the chlorine got to be too much. I walked and played ball and skied and canoed. I tried to stay healthy and, when ill, to heal myself alone or with the help of my pals.

If I reached a point of fear strong enough, though, I always had the possibility of going to an internal medicine specialist for diagnosis and not having to worry about the costs. I did that a few times, with fairly good results. My insurance paid for all the tests and I only did what she told me to do if it felt right and seemed to help. I also went to her for yearly pap smears and, just before I left, a baseline mammogram. She recommended I get tetanus and pneumonia vaccines before I went to live on a farm, so I did.

My insurance paid the fees, when I needed her, of a talented chiropractor who was thorough, efficient and helpful and a dyke from my own community.

Besides that, I went to therapy for my emotional growth several times. Again, my insurance paid most of the costs and I was always glad I went, because I learned things that helped me feel better. In addition, I attended twelve-step programs for as long as I could stomach the cigarette smoke, christianity and homophobia.

Since I left Michigan, the new republican governor, whom many say could win a contest for meanest man on earth, has proposed cutting health insurance for the bulk of public school employees in the state. Nevertheless, when I moved here, I was used to 48 years, my entire life, of being covered either by an insurance program or medicaid.

After I arrived in the country, I found a wealth of womyn healers. I've worked with an acupuncturist (there are two but I've only been to one of them so far), a massage therapist who lives right up the hill, a Rolfer who visited long enough to give a full series of treatments at very low cost, a warm and reasonably

priced chiropractor, and a pair of dykes who are trained in allopathic medicine, can order the usual medical tests, but who are holistic healers who use many alternative methods in their practice. There's a doctor of homeopathy who spends time in the area and is generous with her knowledge. And if we need her, there's an experienced lesbian emergency medical technician right up the road.

I benefit from the skill and wisdom of each of them and feel fortunate to have access to them. I have also spent a huge portion of my income on health care, dentistry and eye glasses since I got here. That includes the supplement program I use to alleviate menopausal symptoms and stay healthy, the tinctures and homeopathic remedies, flower essences, and other potions recommended by my healing helpers,

as well as the office visits to and direct treatments from them. It includes the traditional therapy sessions I went to after my parents died and while I was struggling with an unhealthy work situation. I have no insurance now that will pay for any tests or office visits, medications or healing aids. The only insurance I have is the preventive care I take.

I am aging and, at 52, feeling it. My eyes, teeth and gall bladder are not in very good shape. My tendons crack when I move. I am often stiff and sore. I do more physical labor than I ever did in the city and have injured myself several times. I'm past menopause, so I can expect, "experts" say, to have less protection against heart disease, to be more prone to all sorts of problems, and to be more



*Healing Massage*

*Drawings with my eyes closed*

*Jennifer Weston  
Ava, Missouri*



likely to develop serious malfunctions. I am more susceptible every day to illness from odors, wood smoke and chemicals. The prognosis is for declining health, despite my desires and intentions.

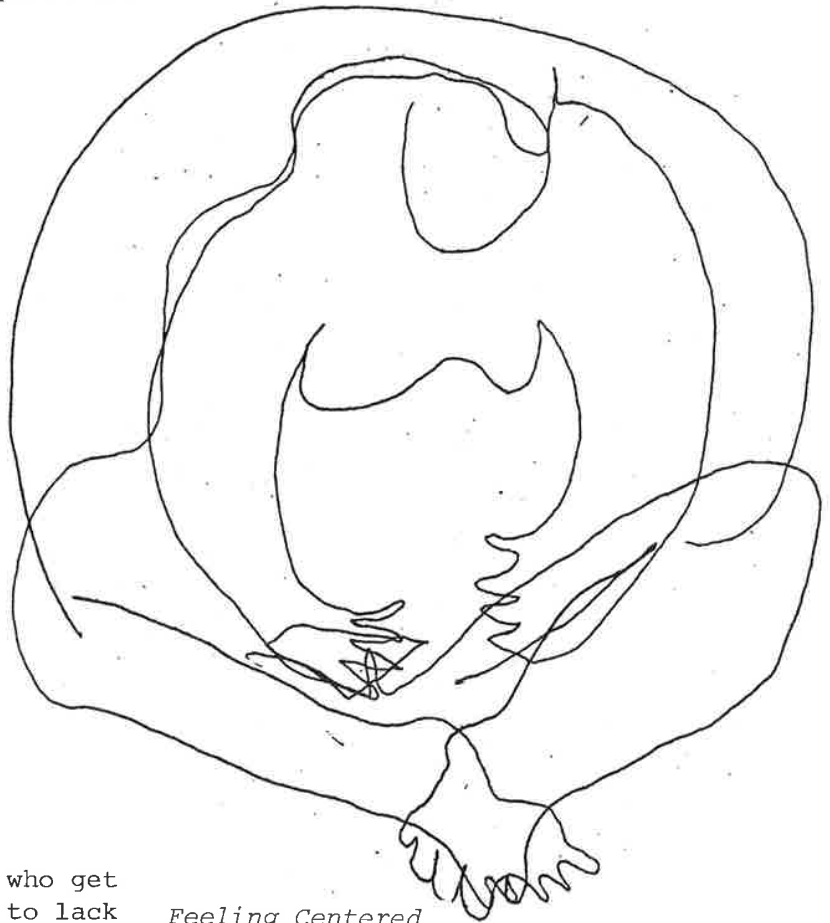
To counter the grim predictions, I tell myself regularly that "perfect health is the natural state of my being," that I am strong, and that everything in my various bodies (physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual) is working as it is supposed to.

I walk regularly and do yoga and Tai Chi. We raise much of our own food organically, and have access to both an aware health food store and a lively buying coop where we can get what we don't raise, if we can afford it. The air and water here are about as clean as anywhere on earth. All us dykes talk to each other regularly about the states of our health, giving and taking advice and assistance. I discovered I can often hum away pain, so on my long drives over the creek to work, I sometimes vocalize at the top of my lungs.

Still, there are times when I feel uncertain if I am doing all I can to keep myself healthy and when I see other dykes in the community struggling with health problems that sap their energy, frighten them, mystify them, or threaten their lives. There are lesbians with disability who get little or no help from healers due to lack of money. Few of us have insurance and the median income is definitely below poverty. It comes up nearly every day, the inability to get treatment we think would help because we can't afford it. Not just from the allopaths, but from our alternative crew as well.

In this widespread community, we are paying attention to talk of national health care and wonder if we'll ever actually carry one of those cards and if we'll want to use it, anyway. Will it be only for allopathic medicine? What if we don't choose that method? Will it pay our alternative womyn for their work?

In the meantime, we do what we can to get help when we need it, yet we are often stymied by lack of money. We wait too long, we put it off. Our teeth rot or break. We stay stiff or in pain. We don't get regular check-ups. I read a news story of how old people must choose between medication and food and know that many of us in my community make the same choice, old or not.



*Feeling Centered*

To help ourselves, we read and pay attention and share information. We grow and collect as many herbs as we can and learn to make our own tinctures. We encourage each other to know our bodies, to eat well, to breathe. We give each other rubs and advice, and do what we can to educate ourselves in as many alternatives as possible, especially the ones that don't cost much. We want things to change, for it all to be easier. We burn candles and pray. We hug each other and hope for the best.

# FOOD, FOOD, AND MORE FOOD

By Raven

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Over the years there have been many articles in MAIZE about food. We've read about vegetarianism, meat eating, gardening, harvesting, preserving, shared recipes, discussed wild foods and other topics. Of course we should be discussing food in a lesbian country magazine. The closer we get to our relationship with the earth, the more our lives are involved with what we eat. It's not necessary to live in the country to have this food-mother earth connection, we can buy fresh vegetables in season or grow sprouts or a pot of chives on the window sill or find other small reminders that food doesn't originate on supermarket shelves.

There's one topic I haven't seen much of and I think it's important to us as lesbians. In united statesian culture and I'm sure in other parts of the world there's a huge connection between food and emotions, lifestyle and economics. I know I eat for comfort, sometimes eating food I'm allergic to cuz at that moment I just can't help it.

I'd like to hear more from MAIZE readers about what food means to us emotionally, philosophically, spiritually. What are our contradictions between what we believe and what we eat. What compromises do we make becuz of economics?

I've met alot of dykes who are vegetarians for political as well as health reasons who don't care about eating organic, or who use alot of coffee and sugar, tho these products have been one of the reasons for the colonization of many third world countries. It's not my intent to criticize or judge. Working a job makes it hard to avoid sugar and coffee as does the general addictiveness of our culture. What lesbians out there are using

coffee or sugar as a way to get thru the daily pressure even tho they'd rather not consume them? How many lesbians can't afford to eat organic food?

Why am I interested in dicussing these topics? In all aspects of our lives there are ideals, realities and the compromises we make between them. Many of us find areas where we insist on being "pure" and others where we don't care or aren't able to worry about it right now. For instance, I'm philosophically vegan but eat fish and organic poultry cuz my health requires these foods, and quite frankly I've been enjoying them. But I don't eat tropical food products--coffee, sugar, pineapple, commercial bananas--for political as well as health reasons. Most of us want to distance from patriarchy, but some things feel realistic and others don't fit in our lives or don't work at certain times. We all also have differing ideas of what it means to distance from patriarchy. Of course many of us are healing from eating disorders resulting from abuse and oppression. Maybe some dykes don't worry about food at all, just buy what looks good and what they have time and energy to prepare. Spending alot of time and energy on food can be a creative outlet or an eating disorder or some of both.

In other words I would like to hear more about food and the realities of our lives and whatit all means to us as radical country dykes. I want to know where we really are in our lives and where we are trying to go. In earth based tribal cultures food was survival and formed much of the center of life. In our culture food is so much more as well as less. If we choose we can spend very little time on what we eat. I don't particularly want to return to a way of life where the elements determine whether I'll have enuf

to eat thru the winter or at any time. I'm tired of supporting big business natural food supermarkets and also grateful for the huge selection of organic food in my area. What are our present realities, where are we trying to go and how do we remove our food consumption from patriarchy and capitalism and still have what we need for physical health and emotional comfort? How can poor wimmin eat healthy food? Can we make what we eat an important focus of our lives and still leave time to pursue our creativity, economic realities, social lives and personal recovery?

We live in a time when with food as well as many other things it's not realistic to return to the pre-technology ways of our tribal foremothers and it is not healthy or appealing to have the bulk of our diets consist of fast foods and chemicals. I have limited energy so I'm trying to find a balance by eating healthy foods that are simply prepared. Sometimes I resort to canned beans or frozen fish patties. I try not to forget fresh veggies.

I'd love to hear from other MAIZE readers about all these questions and any others about our relationship to food in our fast moving times.

## FOOD COMBINING: DAY 5



Debby Earthdaughter  
Tucson, Arizona

# "NO, I DON'T DO PATRIARCHAL HOLIDAYS"

By Debby Earthdaughter  
Saguaroland  
Tucson, Arizona

Recently my lover and I planned a dinner to celebrate a Jewish holiday. She's Jewish. I'm not. I was the one with the task of contacting the women we wanted to invite. My lover is the only adult on our land who is not from a white christian background. So we invited some Jewish women from town. And some gentile women from land. One of the gentile women said, "No, I don't do patriarchal holidays." I felt a little stung, even though this wasn't even my culture. I know what celebrating some of the Jewish holidays means to my lover and to other Jewish friends.

When I first discovered paganism, I felt some of this same "no patriarchal holiday" stuff. With my new fervor, I didn't understand why a Jewish woman in my circle still went to temple sometimes.

But whether I call myself christian or pagan, I'm still from the majority culture. Even if I don't celebrate the christian holidays and find stuff offensive from a pagan feminist perspective, they're still the stuff of my culture. I have that privilege, that ease of being included in the dominant culture.

For many Jewish women, Jewish culture is a refuge from the anti-Semitism of life in white culture. The "alternate" culture of lesbian land and lesbian goddess culture in the cities are still usually european-dominated cultures full of anti-semitism and racism.

In this country, church (what religion is that?) and state aren't really separate. Christian holidays are the official holidays. Being christian is the assumed norm usually.



zana

The U.S. "founders" were christians. High government officials are christians. I think being in the norm, being the determining group, carries over a lot into land life. Christian-origin women are still feeling it's OK to judge a culture without knowing anything about it. Still thinking the white way is the way. Again it's the holy way, the pure way, but it's just put in different terms. Now other cultures can be written off as more patriarchal, their celebrations of course more patriarchal than pure white lesbian culture. That sure gives us white women a good excuse! Don't have to do the hard work of having to learn about racism and multi-cultural living.

Women celebrating Jewish culture in any form are working to reclaim their culture from thousands of years of oppression. Some celebrate Jewish culture in its more traditional forms, discovering the richness of traditions that have been suppressed. Some are changing forms to be more inclusive, more woman-oriented. Some are searching for pagan roots in Jewish culture.

The Middle Eastern (middle of where? east of who?) cultures contain their own richness in goddesses and nature spirits and nature-based celebrations. As an outsider, I see many things in Jewish culture that look pagan to me--from lunar based calendars to holidays that retain more of a nature-basis than christian holidays seem to. Jewish lesbians are rediscovering and creating their own feminist traditions from their own culture. So it's making a big assumption that if someone asks you to a Jewish lesbian celebration, that this means it's a patriarchal event.

As a gentile, I find many reasons to go to Jewish events if invited. It's just fun to enjoy and celebrate with friends. It's interesting to learn about different cultures. And I want to celebrate my Jewish friends in their work of creating Jewish feminist culture. This seems especially important on land and in areas with few Jews. Ideally Jewish women would have a lot of Jewish women to talk to and work with. But if not, if I learn about Jewish culture, then I can understand more and be a better ally.

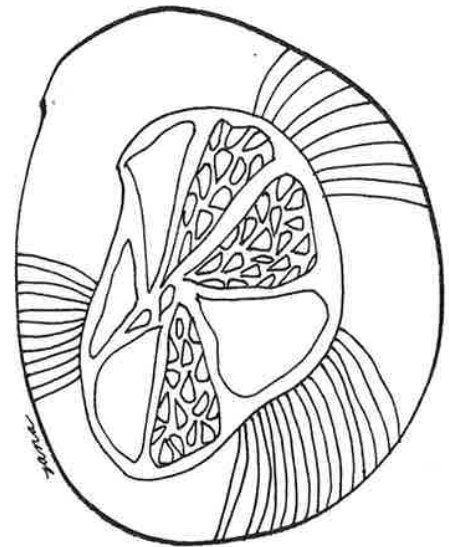
For that reason, I feel like it's valuable to read books and go to events even if they're not from a feminist perspective. I don't regret any of the "patriarchal" events I've been to--traditional Shabbat dinners with Orthodox Jews, a Native American pow-wow, Chinese New Year Celebrations, an African-Caribbean-American street fair, a Cinco de Mayo celebration. I'm grateful to all these people sharing their culture.

I don't like everything I've seen--some of it seems women-hating to me. But that's not for me to criticize. Women from the culture do that without the baggage of racism. There's plenty of woman-hating in my own culture to work on! But knowledge does make me a better ally for women from cultures different from my

own. The more I know of the traditional and feminist traditions of their cultures, the better I am for them to talk to. And to help myself and other whites unlearn our layers of racism.

Seeing how another culture does something differently helps me examine my own culture too. Then I'm less locked into "this is the way it is." I was fortunate in my more able-bodied days to work on a kibbutz in Israel. There I saw there were different ways to do everyday household things I took for granted. Like instead of having two sheets on a bed and a blanket, you'd have one sheet and a washable cover for a quilt. You washed the floor with a rag around a squeegee, then squeegeed the water out the door. Milk came in plastic bags instead of hard containers. These things made me realize there were *many* workable ways of doing even the simplest things in life. And that perspective seems very useful to me when we are working to invent a whole way of life as lesbian feminists. I'm trying to be more careful about not just appropriating stuff I like from other cultures. But I like the way I learn not to take anything for granted as "the way".

So anyone who turned down dinner during Hanukah, you missed some yummy potato pancakes with applesauce!



zana  
tucson, arizona

# LETTERS

Dear MAIZE readers--

Lesbian mothers and daughters: Wanted! Needed! & Desired! I am a lesbian mother with 3 daughters and a partner. We are looking for family--to share with, to play with, to be a part of. I, as a mother, am also very interested in finding a creative school environment for my daughters that fosters their self-esteem, and not destroys it like the public school system does. We live in the country in Montana and feel quite isolated. There are many lesbians here, but very few known with children, and very few known with interest in building a strong, supportive community of womyn.

After a summer spent traveling the upper Northwest 2 years ago, I was disappointed with the response of lesbians on land. The girls and I contacted several lesbian lands in hopes of sharing and making some connections, only one (thank you, Riverland) allowed us to even stop.

In order for us to move forward as womyn, mothers and daughters, we need womyn's community--family. We would love to hear from you--to gain support and to continue our personal growth as womyn.

In hopes of a better womyn's world,

Jane (39)  
Becky (41)  
Anna (12)  
Vanessa (9)  
Jessi B. (6)

19550 6-mile Rd. Huson, MT 59846  
406-626-5919

Dear MAIZE,

I live in Santa Cruz, California. I co-own and run a lesbian-centered women's book-cafe called Herland. Before starting this venture, I ran a small organic farm in a nearby rural community. Although my two years as a farmer were incredibly happy, healthy years, I did not own the land, and I did not work with lesbians. So I took my nest egg and started Herland 1) because the lesbian community desperately needed a meeting place and 2) because I hoped to meet the land dykes of my dreams.

As you probably know, land prices are high out here. Yet, I cannot bring myself to leave this area. There is so much magic happening here, and I am spiritually connected to this part of the planet. So here I sit with a thriving business (worth about 30K) and a 35,000 nest egg. My plan is to buy a small plot of undeveloped land in the Santa Cruz mountains (where the growing season is 350 days/year!) and slowly develop it into a self sufficient organic farm where I, my partner, and a few other dykes live. I would also like it to double as a dyke retreat/farming school. Any Santa Cruz Dykes out there interested in joining?

The "Michigan" article in your fall issue encouraged women to join existing lesbian land projects rather than starting their own. I'm wondering, "Why?" I feel the more the better. Even though we struggle we are spreading the idea and example of living in harmony with mama earth to more women. Then as more of us come ready to go back to the land, more places will be available for us to join.

Herland Book-Cafe  
902 Center St., Santa Cruz CA 95060  
(408) 42-Women

MAIZE:

I just moved to New Mexico 2 months ago to run a rural health clinic in the "3 corners"--Texas, NM, Oklahoma--and it's mighty lonely out here on the prairie! I know I can't be the only one living alone out in the country. I would love for somebody to write, call or come visit. I have a very large place with lots of room for guests, perfect for entertaining. I'd like to make contact with women to go out to dinner or dancing or skiing or whatever! I can come to Santa Fe or Taos or Raton or Albuquerque if I plan ahead. (or Amarillo or Lubbock).

Also, I need another nurse at the small hospital here. If anyone is interested in a very challenging job that includes medicine, surgery, ob, and emergency room, with competitive salary and lots of responsibility, call me and check it out.

Lesbians in New Mexico or the TX/OK panhandles--call me! I'll meet you for dinner or a nite out.

Nancy Mitchell  
Rt. 1 Box 24, Clayton NM 88415  
505- 374-9109

Dear MAIZE,

Last year we had an ad in *Lesbian Connection* which said something like "Old Dykes Home? Progressive Diverse Community? 2 lesbians will be traveling through U.S. in 1993 and would like to talk with others..." We got several responses.

As for us, we bought an RV and have now travelled through parts of Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona, visiting alternative and women's communities that we learned of through the CoHousing Company in Berkeley and the Directory of Intentional Communities (which is available in most bookstores). Through the organization RVing Women we learned of The Pueblo, the RV park they just bought in Apache Junction, Arizona, and are writing you from there. We next go on to New Mexico and Mexico. In the spring we're planning to teach English as a Second Language abroad, probably in Taiwan or Korea. As you can see, our interest in finding a new home is taking a back seat to our desire to travel for a while.

The Pueblo is an interesting place and we thought you might want to know about it. Any member of RVing Women (which is a women-only, but not lesbian-only, organization) can visit (for \$15/night or \$85 per week--you must have a vehicle you can sleep in unless one of their rental trailers is available, which is additional) or buy a space (if available; there are over 200 lots and about 40 unsold as of now). The shared facilities include a community center with a pool, hot tubs, exercise room, meeting rooms, and a recreation area which now has shuffleboard and horseshoes but which they plan to develop further. There are lots of group activities available. They've only owned the place for a month, and it's already quite nice with big plans for further development afoot. It's fun to visit and for some women is definitely the here-and-now answer to an Old Dykes Home. The median age appears to be about 60. For info, call RVing Women, 602-982-7247. Membership is \$39/year for single, \$44 for two-person household if both want to be listed in the members directory. Address is 201 E. Southern Ave, Apache Junction AZ 95219.

Jesse Meredith & Sara Tuttle  
PO Box 909, Fairfax CA 94978

Dear MAIZE,

I am actively looking to dramatically change my life--the exact 'hows' are vague but I have a few ideas. Firstly, let me say that I am 46, white, middle class in education/background, radical feminist, lesbian, single, no children, no drugs, no smoking, not completely vegetarian but hoping...Also, I'm French-Canadian by birth and heritage, therefore somewhat by culture as well.

I grew up on a small heterosexual farm on the Gaspé Coast, a town called St. Charles de Caplan, and while I was born into that 'het' world and do not now live in or by its tenets, I did love (as I do now) the farming, the earth, the seasons, the self-sufficiency, the fishing, harvesting, the toil, the soil, the constancy of mother nature--the unpredictability of nature--getting dirty, milking the cows, goats; in fact all that that life offered--including and most unfortunately, the incest, child abuse and rape that goes hand-in-hand with patriarchy.

I want to sell my properties, take my jewellery business with me onto lesbian-feminist land where I can be compatible with other lesbians. I want a long growing season, warm weather, preferably an ocean and some communal living/working spaces.

This may or may not already exist, in some degree or other--if not, I'd be mighty interested in starting some kind of land/trust which would satisfy my needs and give me a "quality of life" befitting my talents and temperament.

I want to connect with lesbians of like-mind/politics and kindred spirit. I would dearly love to do 'work-exchanges' and/or 'cabin-sit' or whatever visitings could be arranged such that I can become more acquainted with possibilities...

I am also looking to work as a 'crafty' or staffer at 6-7 festivals this summer, again. Last year I attended five. I want only to do women's and lesbian festivals.

Feel free to contact me for more information and questions, etc.

In sisterspirit and friendship,  
Kristine Furlough

900 Arkansas St. Lawrence KS 66044

# 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  
Open land; 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 Coop-  
erative, Rt.2, Box 42, Norwalk WI 54648  
camping, lodging, memberships  
summer work

FULL CIRCLE FARM, c/o Lynn Hicks, 1005  
Burch Ave. Durham NC 27701  
community members, apprentices

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

camping  
Moonshadow Ranch 707-744-1093

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

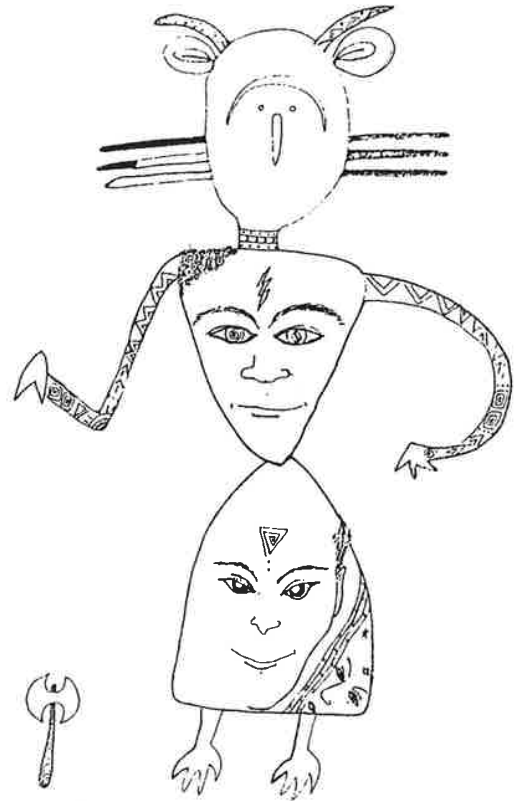
HOWL, POBox 242, Winooski VT 05404

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

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, POBox 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 dis-  
abilities, Dykes of color and Dykes  
without money. Write for info on  
becoming part of our community.



*Kiwani*

*Whaletown, British Columbia*

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

RAINBOW'S END, 886 Raven Lane, Roseburg,  
OR 97470 phone: 673-7649  
We welcome visitors.

RAVEN'S HOLLOW, Box 533 RR2, Cazenovia,  
WI 53924 608-249-8248  
visitors welcome

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

RIVERLAND, POBox 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 and camping, \$5/day includes  
meals.

SILVER CIRCLE SANCTUARY, Rt.5 Box 100,  
Holly Springs MS 38635 601-564-2715  
6-8pm CST One hour from Memphis TN  
camping, visitors, apprentices



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, RR2, Burns Lake  
 British Columbia, V0J 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  
 HC 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, POBox 655, Madisonville  
 LA 70447  
 work exchange, construction school

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM, c/o Kate Millet,  
 295 Bowery, NYC, NY 10003  
 writers and artists work exchange, summer  
 landwomen and 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 everything 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.



*Rootworks: Double Seater Outhouse Fall 1992  
 Photo by Tee A. Corinne Southern Oregon*



# Lesbian Natural Resources

POBox 8742 · Minneapolis MN 55408 -0742

## ***Announces a third 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.. This fund is made possible by contributions from the Lesbian community.*

***Forms are available December 1.  
Applications are due March 1.  
Decisions will be announced May 1.***

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## LESBIAN LAND CULTURE ANTHOLOGY:

Call for materials by the publisher of *Lesbian Land*. Learning to live sustainably with the land and each other, Land Dykes live a vanguard culture. What and how are you doing? Send material by Aug. 1, 1994. SASE for guidelines. Word Weavers, POBox 8742, Mpls MN 55408

## GATHERING SUPPORT FOR A WOMYN'S LAND

in southern Arizona. 40 acres of mountain, rugged back country, yet accessible by 2 wheel drive vehicles. 30 acres is flat and can be wheelchair accessible. There is a well. Owners are asking \$25,000. Please help make this dream come true! Land will be owned by SHE Land Trust. Write Kymba Gold, HC 2 Box 3469, Willcox AZ 85643

**CARPENTERS:** I am presently taking a basic vo.tec. carpentry course. I would like an opportunity to work with women in carpentry this summer. I am also interested in being an apprentice to a woman carpenter. Please write or call: Barbara Hodges, 1403 Savage Rd. Cook MN 55723. 218-666-3114

**SEPARATIST CONNECTION:** New newsletter for networking, support and dialogue among separatists. First issue free. Seps only. 212 B Simpson St. Carrboro NC 27510

**INTERNATIONAL GUIDE TO PERIODICALS OF INTEREST TO FEMINISTS, LESBIANS AND GAY MEN.** Over 400 listed! \$9 ppd to Tsunami Records, POBox 42282, Tucson AZ 85733

## BOOKS AND TAPES RECEIVED:

*Trees Call for What They Need*, by Melissa Kwasny, 1993, Spinters Ink, POBox 300170, Mpls. MN 55403-5170. \$9.95 + 1.50p&h

Well-written novel about three women in a small midwestern town. Loss of the small family farm, spiritualism, working class factory life, some lesbian content.

*Sex for Breakfast*, Cassette tape by Anne Seale, Box 56, Webster NY 14580 \$12 ppd.

"Frankly lesbian" humorous songs touching on sex, politics, spelling. Fun listening, 'up' music.

## ♀ loving We'Moon



Celebrate the Cycles with We'Moon '94: a multicultural, astrological moon calendar and appointment book interwoven with art and writings through the 13 Moons.

5 1/4" x 8", 216 pages, recycled paper. \$13 + \$2 p&h.



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