

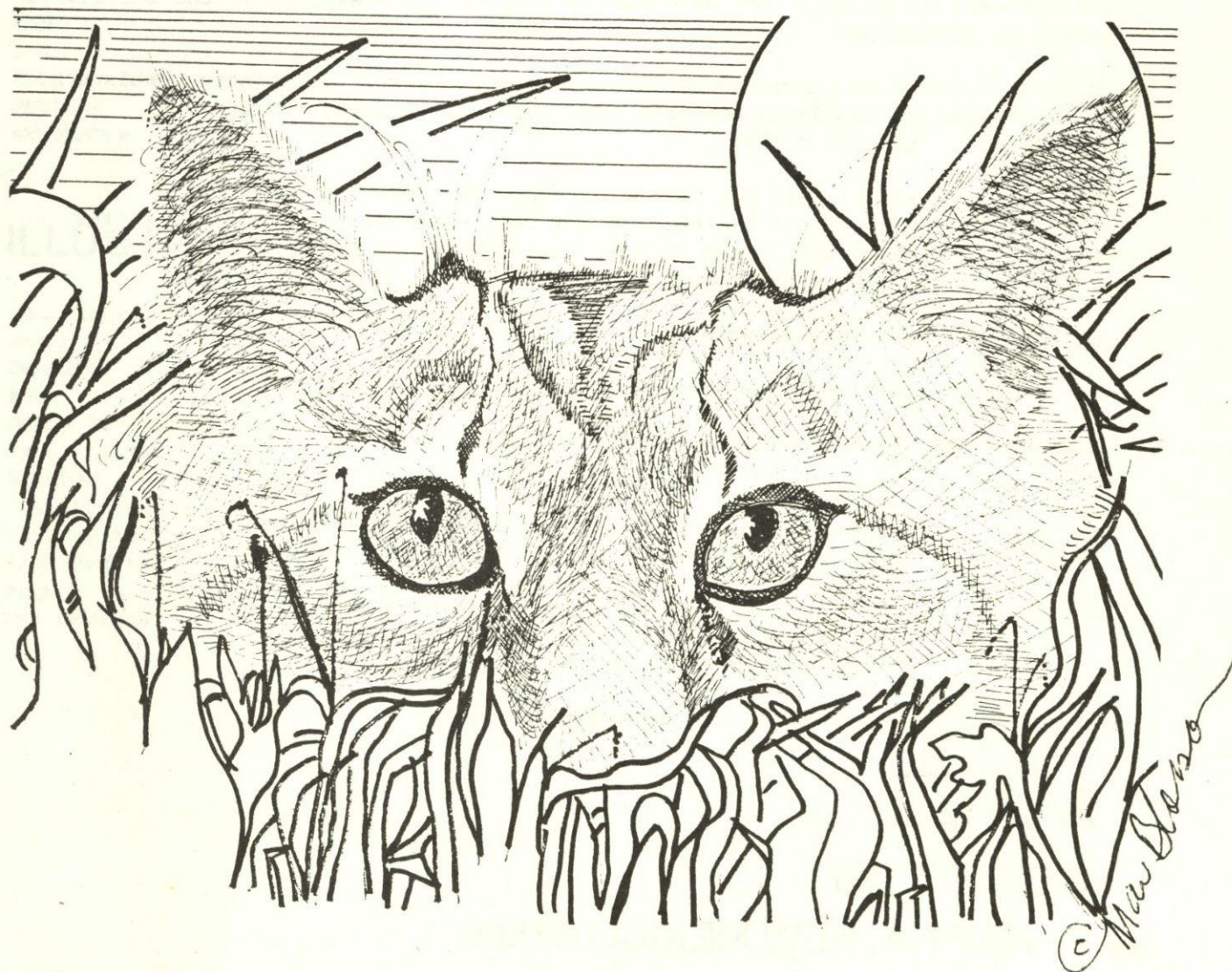
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MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

FALL 1994



Mau Blossom

MAIZE NUMBER 42 FALL 9994

MAIZE IS BY AND FOR LESBIANS

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute articles, graphics, photos, interviews, letter, 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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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

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

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

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Cover art by Mau Blossom, Doniphan, Missouri

Send material for issue #43 by December 1, 9994
#44 by March 1, 9995

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

MAIZE is mailed bulk rate, no forwarding,
no returns. Please send change of address
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Address all correspondence and subscriptions to:

MAIZE

P.O. BOX 130

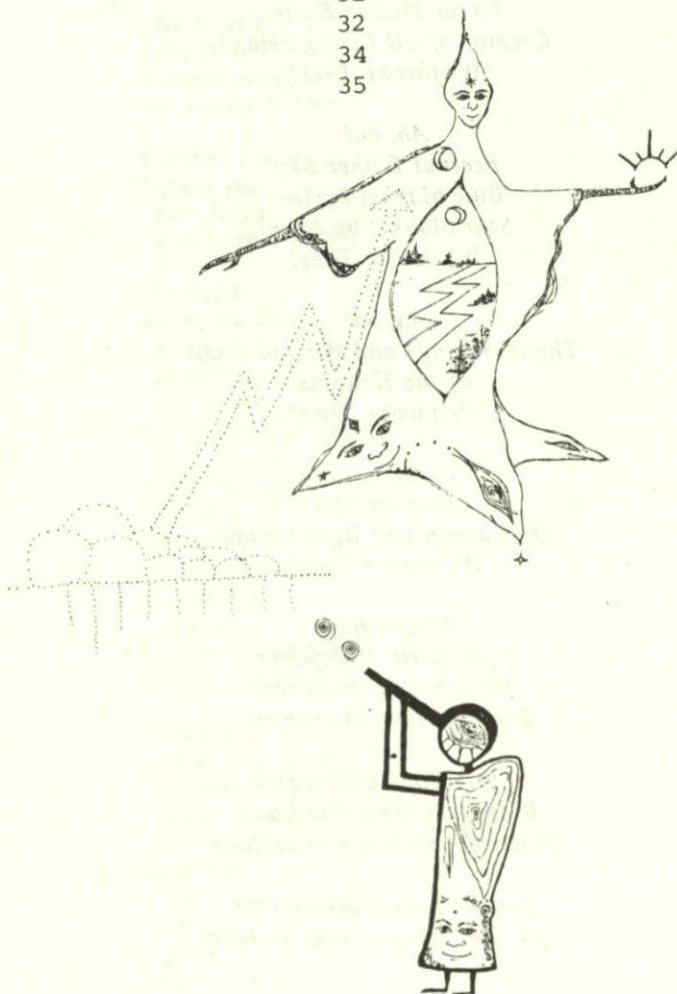
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Kiwani
Whaletown, British Columbia

INVOCATION

By Maria Christina Moroles DeColores
(Sun Hawk)
Arco Iris
Ponca, Arkansas

*Ah, ho!
Great Spirit
Keeper of all Sacred Forces
We invoke Thee!*

*Ah, ho!
Sacred Grandmother Moon
Holy night Light of Wisdom
We invoke Thee!*

*Ah, ho!
Great Mother Earth
Creator of all Living beings
We invoke Thee!*

*Ah, ho!
Eternal Father Sky
Blue blanket by Day
Star blanket by Night
We invoke Thee!*

*Ah, ho!
Thunderbeings and Winged Ones
of the Heavens
We invoke Thee!*

*Ah, ho!
Brother Sun
Of warmth and light Colors
We invoke Thee!*

*We are Here
Your Earth Daughters
We come in reverence
Hear our humble prayer*

*In this Time of Renewal
Bless this Medicine Land
That you chose us to Caretake*

*That we may Walk as One
With All Living Creatures here*

*Bless us with your Fertile Waters
That all Life
May Spring forth
From Sky, to Earth
To root, to Stem
To bud, to Blossom
To leaf, to Fruit*

*Bless your Daughters
With your Infinite Love
and Wisdom
That our Hearts
Be Renewed
For one Another
Ourselves, our Service*

*May we Walk in Beauty,
Our Red Road long
Love, Peace and Prosperity
Fall before and behind
our footsteps*

Ah, Ho!

Sun Hawk: I am a 40 year old lesbian chaman renegade. First generation Mexican American Indian (Coahuilteco Nation of Northern Old Mexico). Eldest daughter of a traditional working class Mexican family of eight. Living in a remote region of the Ozark Mountains with chosen sister, partner of 10 years, 6 year old son and all our wilderness relatives.

"I was taken out of formal schooling after the 7th grade, beginning then my intensive survival and spiritual education of life with mother earth as my main school ground and head teacher."

Founder and caretaker of Arco Iris (reclaimed native land) since 1978 rebuilding matriarchal spiritual community. "With these words of love, anger, and unending faith, I share my life, loves and visions with you."

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

"NOT SPARED"

By Maria Christina Moroles DeColores
(Sun Hawk)

"Not spared"
poverty
planned abuse (6 yrs. old)
public school,
systematic acculturation,
genocide
predestined violence

"Not spared"
child labor (12 yrs. old)
planned rape
traditional disgrace
banishment
shame

"Not spared"
forceps childbirth
scarred body
forever a reminder

"Not spared"
forced adoption
loss
anger
betrayal

"Not spared"
nervous breakdown (13 yrs. old)
rape relived
straight jacket
thorazine treatment

"Not spared"
running
homeless
hungry
scared

"Not spared"
hunted
captured
sentenced
jailed
isolation
Crime: runaway child

"Not spared"
drug abuse (15 yrs. old)
overdose
child bride
alcoholic husband

"Not spared" (17 yrs. old)
brother's violent murder
fear
anger
loss

"Not spared"
continued racism
continued classism
continued poverty

Yet, I would
"Spare you"
Any one of you
Any one of these
Atrocities

Be it within
My power
Always being
within my desire

Further I will
"spare you"
any further
unpleasant details

All I ask
when you look
at me,
at my sister,
of color,
my sister of poverty

And you think
you see
you think
you understand
or you begin
to judge
by your standards
by your experience

Remember what
you were spared
Remember some bear
these scars

And yet
I live
I love
I grow
much as you

so please
spare me

VISITING THE EASTERN WOMEN

By Shewolf
Woman's World
Madisonville, Louisiana

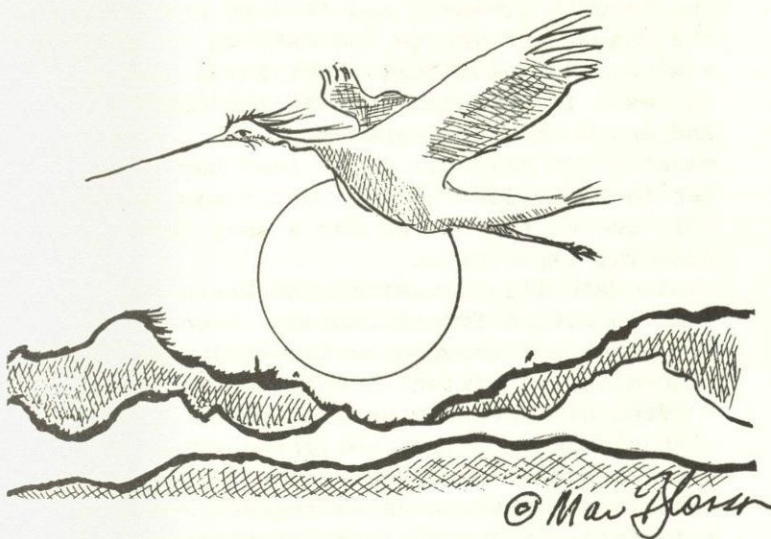
I just returned from a 5000 mile trip up East in my 1988 GMC truck with its cover over the bed and my 3 inch foam mattress in it. I visited Intouch, a great women's campground in Virginia where the Virginia Women's Music Festival is now held each year. That's the place where the truck stopped running all of a sudden right after I arrived in the middle of the 120 acres with only the caretaker there; fortunately she was a mechanic!! Terrible battery corrosion well hidden under the screw-covered terminals made it hard to diagnose quickly but we did get the matter taken care of eventually. These women have built some very fine cabins on the property as well as a grand pavilion and outdoor showers that really work well. I gave the Women on the Land Slide Show for a few women and then spent the next night at Twin Oaks, the intentional community outside of Louisa, Virginia where Juana Paz lives. She had come over for the Show and I was interested in seeing Twin Oaks, even tho the visit was of necessity a very short one. The grounds are beautiful and from what I observed the residents (male and female) are very hard working and cheerful.

While I didn't actually get to visit the land where a new community in Virginia is trying to get started, I did show some of their slides of the land. It's called Kindred Spirits Village and consists of 5 acre parcels for each Lesbian to build houses or cabins and have access to a very large lake near the Smith Mountains in south central Virginia. The land looks beautiful, full of trees and streams and rolling hills. They aren't in the Directory this year but I have brochures with information on it for anyone interested in that part of the country.

Went up the road to Heathcote, outside of Maryline, Maryland, almost at the Pennsylvania border and visited with Marion, Karen, and several visitors who came over for the slide show. The old buildings there are wonderful to witness in the lush greenery of the land. A babbling brook (honest) is right in front of the main building and the temple area was on the second floor with creative decorations from previous celebrations of the Goddess. One of the residents (a real jewel of a woman) is contemplating travels around the country, possibly with her teenage daughter, not planning to return to Heathcote. One resident was planning for the arrivals of families of men, women and children who will soon live at Heathcote along with whatever Lesbian component remains or joins the group in the Fall. This, formerly women only space, is changing into a community of gentle men and women with children who will be better equipped, it seems, to take care of the many buildings and grounds that need attention. The addition of people, they believe, will help them keep up with the demands of a settlement regarding the maintaining and repairing that the present residents have had trouble keeping up with over the years. Karen is particularly interested in having more women join the community.

I drove up to New Haven, Connecticut for the night and visited with Barbara, a friend of mine who recently came to visit in New Orleans, returned for another three month job assignment and has now decided to sell her house in Connecticut and come to live here in Louisiana. We had a great time "catching up", hadn't seen her in 3 weeks, and then I took off for Provincetown, Massachusetts.

The next five days were a glorious blur with workshops, dinners, songs, dancing, and sightseeing with 139 other old dykes at the p'town Inn on the ocean. This is an annual celebration I had attended twice before over the past 5



Mau Blossom
Doniphan, Missouri

years and once again enjoyed visiting with old friends and new ones. Some were RVing women, some were avid readers of MAIZE, some were interested in building houses and furniture as I am, and the conversations never stopped. We conjured up several trips for the future, visits to various homes, and exchanged lots of information about where the lesbians are and what they are doing. Of course, all of it was in an atmosphere of pure celebration of the glories of being born-female lesbians over the age of 50!

The next week took me to Northampton, Massachusetts for scheduled visits with friends and some time to see the natives! Lesbianville, USA really deserves its title. The atmosphere is mostly one of ease with all lifestyles in the downtown business area, as well as the Unitarian Church, for sure.

I also had the opportunity to witness the Sapphonics, a Lesbian Choral Group, during their rehearsal at one of the local college buildings where they practice! Their choral director, a professional musician, has done a fabulous job with a very talented group of about 18 great voices! They were scheduled to perform again at the Northampton Lesbian Festival in late July. They had just returned from a New York performance during the Gay Games and Stonewall events.

I gave the Slide Show again in Northampton for about 35 local dykes as a closed show open only to them but arranged for by the Lunaria Bookstore by the owners. A few women traveled from out of state to see the show and so we spent lots of time after the show talking about where they could get more information besides the Directory. Here I ran out of brochures, forms for MAIZE, and everything else I had been distributing. It was wonderful to have so much interest in the Women on the Land Movement! At least three of the women are making arrangements now to travel west visiting lands along the way out to Oregon and California. Two women want to come south and get out of the cold weather and one was interested in going to Maine; wish I had more information about places in Maine to share. I'm considering a trip up there next August if I can find some lands to see along the way, especially in Northern Maine.

Eventually I made it to Kate Millet's Farm in Poukeepsie where the Women's Art Colony is located each summer. I had a wonderful visit with her and six other women working and making art there this season. We toasted the sunset on the hill, petted the visiting horses, watched the bushhog slice the grass in the field, toured some wonderful art work being done in the studios and watched the neighbors vacate one of the houses on the farm. New women were to arrive in a few days to stay in the large farm house which had been rented out for income til now. Everyone seemed to be having a good time working, playing and making art while there.

Kate has had another one of her thought provoking books published and she took time to visit with us and discuss the problems and joys of managing and financing the farm operation. The tree farm is a successful adventure after many years of hard work and learning what worked and what didn't. This women's community seems to have fitted into the larger community very well and is an integral part of the area and the people who are delighted to come each year for their beautifully shaped trees for the holidays or for landscaping. Oh, yes, and they fed me too well; much too well!

RETURNING...

I started the trip home by way of another stop at Barbara's house in New Haven and we saw the movie *Go Fish!* Ugh! Three of us struggled through it with a sound track that was even harder for old women to hear than usual and some difficult scenes about the modern dyke culture it portrays as reality! I'm glad I got to see it and it did have some interesting scenes and comments in it; great to see an all lesbian performance-story line at least!

When I left New Haven this time I drove to Bridgeport, Connecticut and looked for the Bloodroot Feminist Restaurant and Bookstore I had heard about from friends and almost didn't find it. You really have to know where it is to get there. Delightful vegetarian cuisine and a wonderful old bookstore with very different feminist posters, records and books for sale. The customers were most helpful when I looked like I had no idea of the routine so I finally got something to eat and drink and was on the way to the ferry to Long Island.

The Long Island Ferry from Bridgeport takes about an hour and costs \$27.00 for one person with a vehicle and saves driving all around the New York City area and back east if you are headed for the middle or eastern sections of the Island. I visited with another Barbara who took me for a walk in the park nearby where 4 women's softball teams were playing that evening. The next day we went with another friend to Fire Island; to the Pines and then to Cherry Grove. The scene was filled with men as well as dykes and the beach was glistening with flesh and sun tan lotions. The houses are quite unique in design and tho crowded together afford privacy with the abundance of greenery and layout. We had parked the car on Long Island and ferried over there as there are no cars allowed on Fire Island. We then took a boat taxi to Cherry Grove where the women used to hangout to find mostly men there now. There are about 6 gift shops, 4 restaurants, a post office, a grocery store and one hotel with a performance theatre. The food was great and the scenery was a delight the whole trip, not to mention, incidently, the Atlantic!

The next day I drove all day into the Shenandoah Valley for the night and it was glorious to see. The hills were ablaze with greenery and flowers while the roads were smooth and easy to travel and see the beautifully kept farms and houses. It demanded that I slow down and enjoy the landscapes so I did. This meant a 600 mile drive the next day to get to Nashville on time but it was worth it! Seeing the valley was a very calming peaceful experience.

In Nashville I visited the Parthenon Replica with a friend who has lived there for years and we enjoyed the statue of Athena, a magnificent sight looming over 40 feet off the base on the second floor of the museum. First collection I've ever seen with more dedication to women's histories-myths-goddesses than to men and male images! I also found particularly interesting the acknowledged women chariot driver!

After a few days in Nashville I drove another 594 miles home to Woman's World and to my delight found the place in great shape. Diana had taken great care of things in my absence and was washing windows when I arrived. I had a box of mail to answer but the grass was cut, the house was clean and my bed was awaiting me. After literally changing my sleeping spaces 12 times on the trip, it is good to be in one bed for a while. I am starting work on the windows on the house next week and plan to stay here for a couple of months. Well, at least til October when the OLOC (Old Lesbians Organizing for Change) steering committee meets in Houston, anyway! You see Old Dykes never die, or even fade away, we just travel to see all we can!!

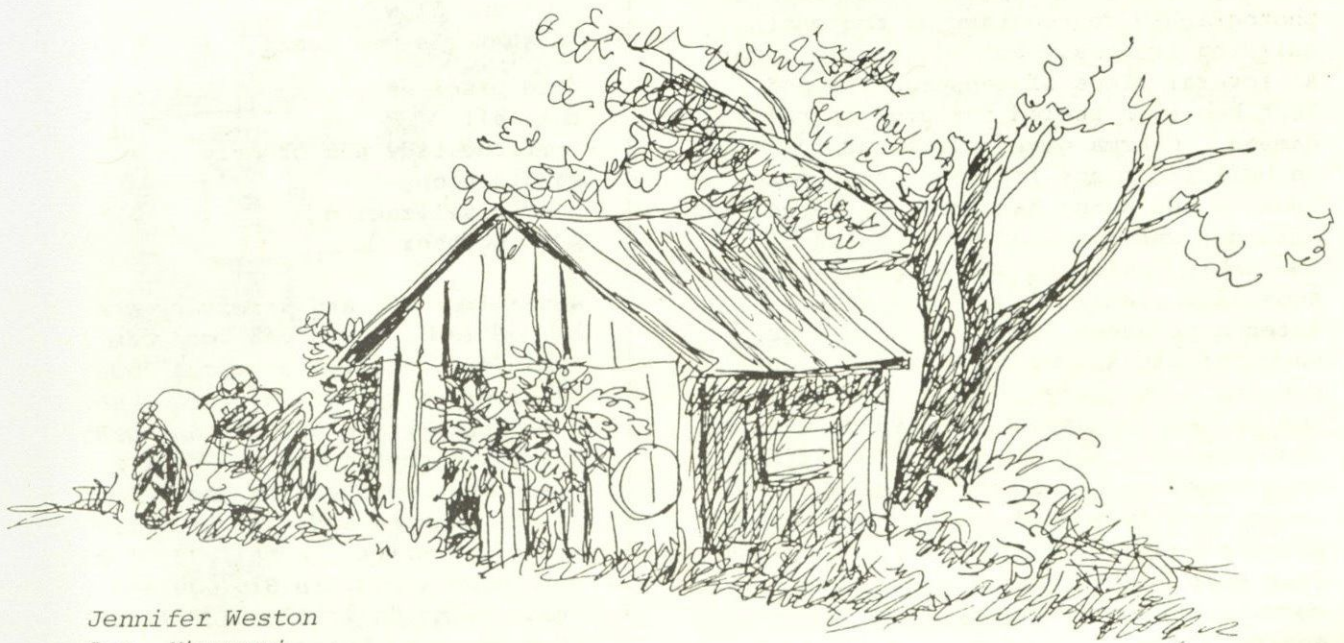
Shewolf is a crone living on forested flatland in a developing community an hour from New Orleans at PO Box 655, Madisonville, LA 70447...HOWEVER, the Directory of Women's Lands and Lesbian Communities is available from Royal T Pub. 2013 Rue Royal, New Orleans LA 70116 (\$8.50 total).

CABIN LIFE AT SBAMUH

By Diann and Marnee
Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home
Millfield, Ohio

11/93: After a long, hot, hectic summer, we moved into our cabin on the autumnal equinox, September 22, 93. Though our new 12'x16' dwelling sported only a temporary door and plastic stapled across the window wall, we carted our furniture over and took up residence. Since then we have glassed in the windows, added a small porch with sturdier steps and hung our homemade heavy-duty insulated door. It's thrilling to actually be in here; though it is tiny, it is efficiently arranged and quite cozy. Mary gave us a portable toilet as a house-warming gift, a wonderful fixture for nights and the a.m. When we get to whining about lack of space, we remind ourselves: 1) it's quick to clean; 2) we built it ourselves and 3) it is ALL PAID FOR! Small is not necessarily bad, just small. Wintering in a space this size could possibly bring new meaning to togetherness or cabin fever.

4/94: The air had only started to chill when Marnee and I wrote the above note to the Board of Directors of SBAMUH last November, but we definitely got cold weather this year--down to 26 below zero. With solid planning, careful construction, a few last minute fortifications and a bit of luck, we were comfortable most of the winter. We did miss the toastiness of our trusty old woodstove; wood heat cannot be beat. But the passive solar collection of our south-facing window wall was so efficient that we often had to turn the heaters off during the day and occasionally open the door. No-sun days were not popular. The experience of carrying water from the main house gave us a very realistic taste of the way many lesbians/womyn in other parts of the world must function. It certainly forces me to slow down and look at things differently than ever before in this busy/busy, rush/rush culture. It takes time and energy to do without running water and drains in your home, especially if you do a lot of cooking. You learn all sorts of shortcuts for conserving that resource! However, we had the benefits of electricity to heat it, as well as the convenience of a bathroom, shower, clothes washer and a



Jennifer Weston
Ava, Missouri

dryer just down the road at Jan and Mary's farmhouse. Though I am glad for this experience, we are both ready for some plumbing improvements soon.

Spring is here! Weeks of rain and mud are blossoming into lush green growth, brilliant flowers and warm breezy days. It is great to get outside; the comfy snugness of the cabin had turned to a "let us outa here" itch. We completed the raised barbeque fireplace and are looking forward to company for meals again. Marnee and I both enjoy guests, but the cabin was a bit too cramped for much entertaining. A small garden plot is tilled and sprouting. Most of our tiny nursery pines survived, but were heavily munched by hungry deer during the deep snows. Digging the holes for a pole-style storage shed has begun; equipment and tools for house construction will reside there. When the house site is marked off, we can have water brought to the site. Day to day progress feels slow; looking back, however, tells the story of steady accomplishment.

Our heartfelt thank-yous go to those who helped with the cabin and move. Mary and Jan opened their home, provided the land, dug postholes, lent tools, made numerous helpful suggestions, sheathed the roof with us, and did other miscellaneous tasks. Jan mowed our "yard" for a couple years before we moved and did some roof repair. Mary took a photographic documentary of the whole building process, applied water-proofer at several steps of construction and kept her eyes peeled for wind or rain damage. Charma gave advice and ideas on building plans for cabin and house. Phoenix and Zanne hammered up the ceiling with us, water-sealed the outside of the cabin, nurtured our budding-builder egos with plenty of oohs and aahs and toted appliances. The Board gave us a warm welcome and urged us to make our housing a priority. Other campers and guests lent a hand or carried materials when needed. All our back home friends encouraged us by asking for updates and being supportive and loving when we felt discouraged or low. These are the elements that make rural lesbian and feminist community into a reality. So, thanks again.



zana
tucson, arizona

FAERIES

By Anne Hendrickson
Somerset, California

This morning
instead of
mowing the lawn
I write
searching for tiny
faeries
found giggling
between long grasses
in first light
I catch them
like fire-flies
between my palms
their momentary warmth
and glow
in summer's wet heat
more precious
than all
of the tidy and orderly
machinations
of civilization
put together

Anne: I am 43, and an expatriate of the hub of lesbian and gay activism in San Francisco. I live at about 2500 feet in the Sierran foothills, with 4 shih-tzus, a malamute-x and a Siberian Husky and Pancho, the goat-boy (rescued from the stev-pot). The solace and quiet sounds of the country and tai chi rejuvenate my tired spirit. Finally!! I have completed a B.S. in Biology and I celebrate being "a little old? lady?" in logging boots botanist.

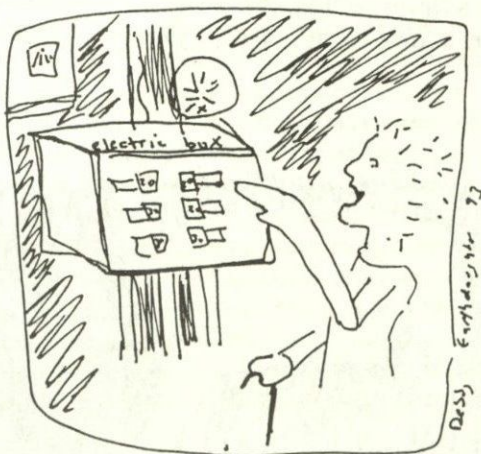
ON THE LAND

SBAMUH

SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME
MILLFIELD, OHIO

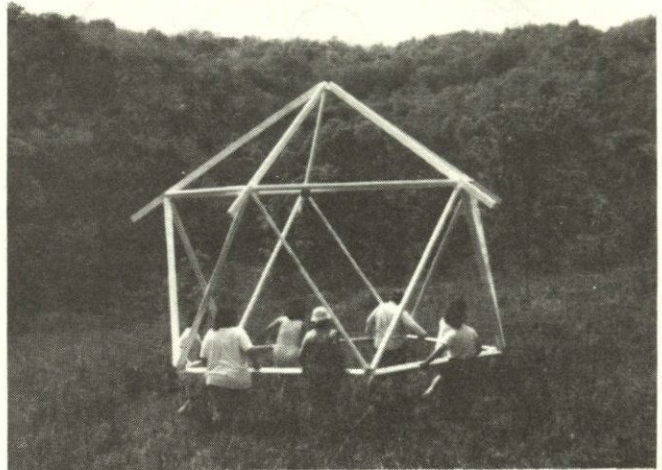
We held a successful Community Building Week July 16-24, eleven women altogether, including the four 'Bammers. Some of us worked each morning on Diann and Marnee's house doing insulation, carpentry and wiring. Our skillful teacher/supervisor was Kate Ellison from Spiral Women's Land in Kentucky. In the afternoons, we participated in discussion and education on building community led by Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz, a most dedicated feminist community builder. Participants came from Toronto, Ontario; Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio; and Kentucky.

Marnee and Diann had hired pole builders to put up the shell of their new house. That crew left on the 15th barely giving D&M a chance to catch their breath before our program began on the 16th! Their house is a sizable, lovely 2 story barn-type structure with a front porch. They will continue the construction work hoping to make the house habitable before winter snow falls.



THE EARTH THE AIR
THE FIRE THE WATER
RETURNS, RETURNS, RETURNS,
RETURNS!

Debby Earthdaughter
Tucson, Arizona



Moving the Star House frame into place
May 1992

The SBAMUH campground, serviced by Diann, Marnee and Jan, has had its most successful year with visitors from Michigan, Washington, D.C., California, West Virginia, and many places in Ohio. Groups using the facilities included Women's Outreach to Women and Pilgrim Warrior Training. The guest cabin, named the *Star House*, provides a sheltered, bug and rain proof camping experience, complete with a double bed (donated) and a gorgeous view of Crones Valley.

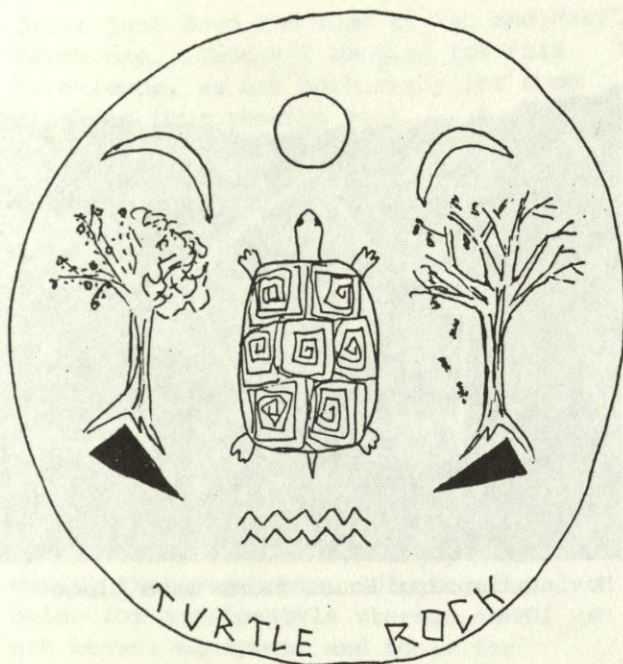
Tax exempt status still has not been granted by the IRS--18 months and holding. This is making life complicated in our attempts to transfer land ownership from Mary and Jan to SBAMUH and to receive the grant from Lesbian Natural Resources which we were awarded in spring, 1994. This money is to be used for housing and can only go to a tax-exempt entity which owns the land.

Our new brochure is in its second draft. We have received a number of inquiries and letters in response to our 1994 stepped up ad campaign in feminist and lesbian publications. It will contain up-to-date information of community growth, new housing and some clearer photographs. We eagerly await its completion.

Our gardens are very productive, new construction and farmhouse repairs are keeping us busy and we are well. Blessed be.

From the newsletter.

13423 Howard Road, Millfield Ohio 45701



TURTLE ROCK

UPPER BLACK EDDY, PENNSYLVANIA

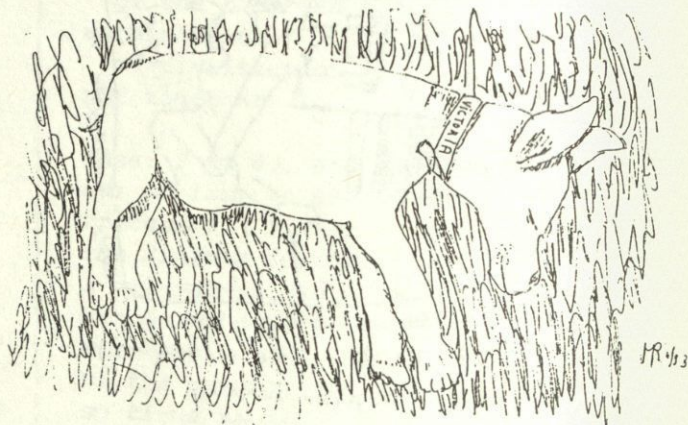
Greetings from *Turtle Rock*. We live on ten acres of land in rural Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The rocky soil, proximity to a natural phenomena called Ringing Rocks, and sharing the land with brightly-colored Eastern box turtles prompted us to name the land *Turtle Rock*. We are feminists and life partners who felt drawn to this land when seeking a new home. We recognized a need to heal and feminize this land that's been plundered and used by men for decades--perhaps centuries. We bought our home from a man who kills animals for pleasure--he even had a slaughterhouse in the garage. In the three years we've lived here, we have experienced the land's gratitude for us being here so she can heal. We've told the deer, the wild turkey and other beings that they have a safe space here now. We've smudged inside and out, communicated with nature spirits and hold this space sacred.

Yet something is still up. There is an energy here that is drawing men who hunt to cross our borders (particularly one neighbor and his guests). We ask for your help in claiming this land for womyn and our energy, once and for all. Picture *Turtle Rock*--use our shield (see

drawing) to focus on, perhaps--and visualize our land sacred, protected, life-giving--a home for all creatures who are in alignment with our energy. Ask that all those not in alignment with our purpose and our energy leave here once and for all--to find peace elsewhere. Ask that no intruders cross our boundaries. Help strengthen our boundaries. Keep our land invisible from those uninvited. Thank you for your blessings.

And we have another idea. We've wanted to create womyn's community here, yet hadn't pictured how until this situation, undesirable as it is to us, suggested a way. We ask for womyn to stay with us and establish a presence down in the woods and meadow farther from our house. Would you like to set up your tent, yurt, tipi on our land and stay awhile? We would also like your help to build a more permanent structure that would be available to womyn travelling through. Help us create womyn's space here.

Turtle Rock is on gently sloping land near the Delaware River. We have hickory-oak forest, and wildflower meadows. We also share our home with two coyotes, Raido and Isa. We are in between New York and Philadelphia, so only a bit over an hour from big city culture. Please contact us if you are drawn to *Turtle Rock*, or have any ideas to share. Blessings,
Debi Slatkin and Pamela Curtis
1755 Highview Lane
Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972



Myra Lilliane (Safuega)
Guadalajara, Mexico

PAGODA

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

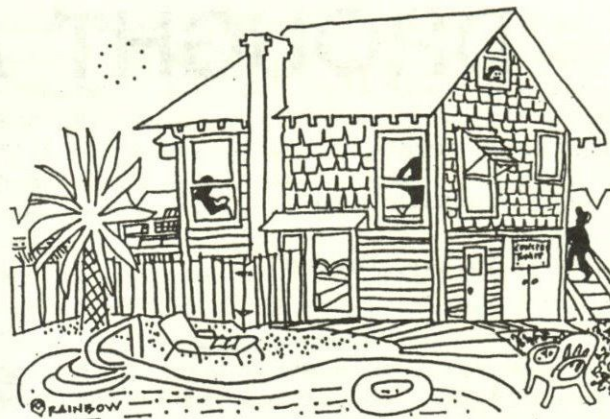
Pagoda is a spiritual, cultural center and a retreat/guest house, creating and preserving womyn-only space and Lesbian culture. The Pagoda is a place for womyn to renew our spirits and to recuperate from the onslaughts of patriarchy.

In 1992, the Pagoda celebrated her fifteenth birthday by an extensive renovation project. The Pagoda now includes a wheelchair accessible bedroom, bathroom, kitchenette and deck, just off the accessible theater and swimming pool area. The Center is still "not the Hilton" but it is a clean, comfortable five bedroom, two bath, fifty year old beach house with a swimming pool and lots of Lesbian energy, womon-only energy. It is a five minute stroll over the sand dunes to the Atlantic Ocean and the beach.

Surrounding the Pagoda is a small residential community of Lesbians. Residents and local supporters administer and maintain the Center, as our labor of love for the larger Lesbian Community. The Center supports itself by donations from womyn who stay at the Center. Some of them send a \$15 to \$45 tax-deductible donation per month to help keep this Lesbian treasure in operation. These supporters enjoy the privilege of staying at the Center for limited periods of time without an additional donation. We encourage all interested womyn to consider becoming monthly supporters of our womyn-only space. It is a painless way to save for your Florida vacation.

Pagoda's theater seats sixty-plus womyn, and is the site of most of our indoor events: circles, remembrances and celebrations, art exhibits, concerts, dances, plays, parties, readings, workshops and our famous vegie potlucks. We encourage performers, workshop organizers, filmmakers and the like to consider coming to the Pagoda.

Because the Center is sacred womyn's space, in the heart of a Lesbian community, we have, over the years, developed certain guidelines and courtesies to help maintain the Center in ways that are comfortable for most womyn who live and visit here. No males of any age may visit the



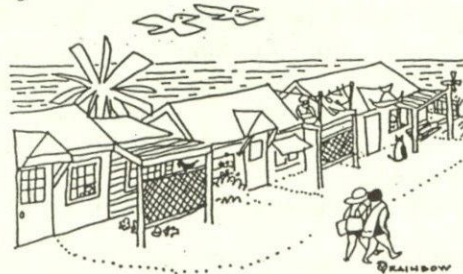
Pagoda. Guests may not cook meat, poultry or fish in the Center, nor smoke or light candles or incense. The use of alcohol is confined to the bedrooms only. We expect guests to refrain from sadomasochistic practices or displays while visiting the Pagoda and her environs, including the pool area. No pets allowed.

Pagoda's 17th Birthday Party was a huge success! Between 78 and 85 women attended. Women showed up hours before the event was supposed to start. Some women were new lesbians who had never seen a crowd of lesbians, except on TV. Others were new to the Pagoda. All of us were pleased and impressed by the women, fun-loving and pleasant. We all had a great time. The sight of all the women in the pool and on the decks was extremely gratifying to all of us who participated in the party work.

This Birthday Party was an empowering lesbian event, Lesbian Culture at its best. And after expenses, we made more than \$800 for the Pagoda. What project will be next?

Marilyn Murphy and
Lin Daniels

from the brochure and newsletter
2854 ALA Coastal Highway
St. Augustine FL 32095 904-824-2970

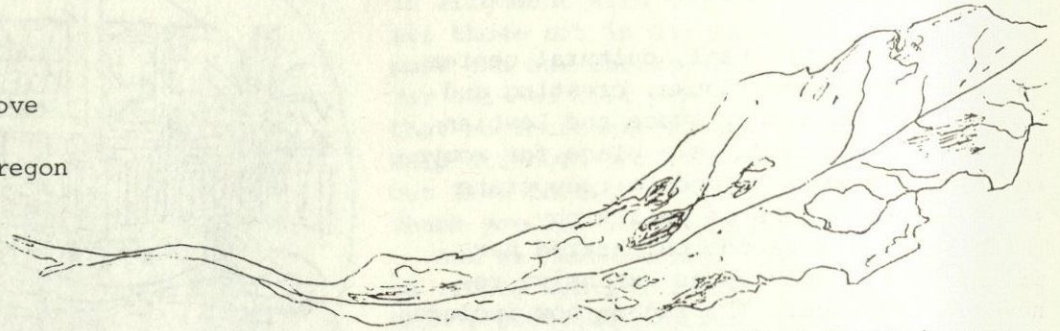


Rainbow
St. Augustine, Florida

DROUGHT AND DRYING

GOING LIKE SIXTY

By Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Sunny Valley, Oregon



Jean Mountaingrove

Ironically, for this Fall issue I decided to write about drying my garden produce, when I realized I have been preempted by Mother Nature. Outclassed on a scale only She can manage.

Nine years of below average rainfall in Southern Oregon. Notices of extreme fire danger posted a month earlier than last year. Newspapers describe the situation as "grim."

I feel as stretched and parched as the plants all around me who seem to gasp and reach deep for strength to open up to still another day of brutal heat. Eight weeks now of over 90 degree highs, and no rain. Probably no rain for another month. Can the plants and my heart take it?

I am reminded of events twenty-five years ago. I started a beekeeping project at the commune I had just joined. That first summer was fine. Learning how to work with the bees and take the honey from the hives was fun. Then, during the long cold winter, bears discovered the hives in the upper meadow and later we found broken hives and a hopeless straggle of dying bees. I gave up beekeeping. I never wanted to feel so sad again.

As I walk my routine early-morning garden check-up, I feel a similar sinking heart as I see the yellowed, withered ragged leaves and the deeply cracked earth. Then I think of the pencil-thin stream of water trickling into the reservoir on the mountainside above me. I feel hopeless.

At first I thought of triage.* I could
*a method of sorting resources to disaster victims according to a system of priorities to maximize the number of survivors.

sacrifice a few late starters. The peppers haven't even bloomed yet. Squash takes so much water...and they were still making male blossoms. Broccoli had headed and were only sending up thin sprouts. With water I could haul up in plastic jugs from my neighbors' place down the pot-holed road, I could carry enough water to the new rhododendrons and azaleas, to the row of green beans, and the three gorgeous purple columbines. I would mulch the strawberries even deeper and hope they and the raspberries and established grapes could pull through on their own. But the fruit trees! I noticed how many small green perfect pears and tiny red apples were on the ground, and how the leaves are curled even to the tree tops. I cannot water over a dozen fruit trees deeply enough to make any difference.

In the past I have relied on the Gardener's Mantra: "Next year. Next year." Always another Spring, another chance. Perhaps by next March when the rains have sunk deep and the sun is mild, I will plant seeds and plan another garden. And hope. Today I want to cry and give up.

But I will not end here. As I intended, I will briefly describe how I have usually dried fruit, vegetables and herbs in the Fall. I want to encourage you to do it because it is so easy. I remember the "click" of understanding when I picked a dried plum from a tree, bit into it, and realized Mama Nature had made a prune. Simple.

You can read a book if you like, or experiment as I did and develop your own process. If you have an oven, try it at

low heat, or make a solar dryer. But remember, for many thousands of years women dried their surplus food in the sun. No glass jars, no metal lids, no pressure canner, no electric dryers. No cost.

When I have them, I dry celery, green and hot peppers, pears, peaches, apples, grapes/raisins, strawberries, plums/prunes, kitchen herbs and herbs for teas and tinctures.

My procedure is generally...casual. Only if necessary, wash the food and pat it dry. Cut it into thin slices. The width varies with the moisture (e.g. apples 1/8 inch approximately, strawberries 1/4 inch approximately). Or dice it. Or just pick the leaves of herbs and celery from their stems.

I cut up grocery sacks and arrange the pieces/slices/leaves on the flattened sacks so they don't overlap. The food doesn't stick to the paper as it does to cloth. I just bought some non-aluminum screening for this but haven't tried it yet.

Then I put the papers, now covered with rows of food, onto a support (a tray, a plywood piece, or old window screen) and place them in direct sun for several hours to seal the surfaces quickly. If flies or bees are curious and hungry, I lay cheesecloth or a screen over the food.

Before the temperature drops, I carry the supported food to a small room with large east- and south-facing windows. I place the trays on the tables and floor and close the door. Choose the hottest room you have: an attic or barn loft is good.

By the end of the second day, I turn the slices so the damp underside is exposed to hot air. Often the fruit will stick to the paper at first; then I use a spatula. The slices will curl and be messy if I cut them too thin but drying concentrates the flavor and when they are dry they are just as sweet on my oatmeal.

Until mid-October the days are reliably hot and dry so most food dries leather hard in 3-4 days. Drying also shrinks the food so it is easier to store than fresh or canned food. I keep the dried food in paper sacks in a warm dry place for a week longer and then put it into glass jars. Since insects have access to it while food is drying, I check the jars

about every 4-6 weeks for holes (larva/moths) and mold (moisture). If I find a problem, I pick out any spoiled pieces and dry the food again briefly. I think I'll try a short frozen period in this process as I now have a small freezing compartment in my propane refrigerator.

In a usual Fall, I can some tomatoes, apples and plums. This year I'll finish eating what's still on my shelves from those hectic canning sessions last year. Maybe I'll be given some surplus from friends, or maybe I'll buy some flats of tomatoes. Several months ago I bought the pressure canner I've wanted for a long time as it was on sale, now I wonder when I'll need it. Probably not this year. Whatever, I know that I will have enough to eat this winter. It is not my stomach but my heart that will hurt.



Jean Mountaingrove

As I have driven through the outskirts of Grants Pass, noticing new streets leading up to the hills to some homesites scraped flat to bare brown dirt, I question, "Where will the water come from for these multi-bedroom, multi-bathroom, modern-kitchen-and-backyard-pool homes? Aren't we already over-extended in this semi-arid climate? Is this period of drought a warning sign?" And then, with shame, I realize that I too have over-extended. Not in household plumbing but in my gardens. I have joked that I thought I was building fences to keep OUT the deer, but now I think the fences are to keep me IN. I have been digging new beds, creeping ever closer to the fences and have even planted zinnias, iris and rhododendrons outside them. These drought years are a warning sign for me, too. Take heed, Jean!

Cycles

by Barbara Estee

easy ~ flowing ~ rhythmic

I live in cycles ~ I know the seasons ~ Earth's rhythms and my
own I live in cycles ~ I'm knowing Luna ~ (Moon)
and my body's tides I live with changes ~ I know the daylight -
I sleep and dream at night I am spiraling and
I am growing and I am breathing, singing and
living my life

Barbara Ester: I've been focusing on Lesbian music for over 20 years--a real celebration for me. *Cycles* is on a tape cassette called *SPIRALS* (see *Maize* #40 for review). Feel free to use other words, notes and rhythms. *Cycles* is a reminder to myself of my connection to Nature and the universe. (*SPIRALS* is available for \$7 postpaid from MFL, 15460 Garfield Dr., Leisure City FL 33033)

WEEDING AT DAWN

SCRAP

By Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Myrtle Creek, Oregon

Sarah, my sister, and I had worked hard for many days of her annual two week visit before we finally took a day off to just enjoy ourselves without a project to attend to. We had had a great time buliding a fine roof over my woodshed, that large space among the tall cedars and firs that shelters the dry cordwood, previously covered each year with huge sheets of torn and patched black plastic that I had to wrestle with every time I needed to bring wheelbarrow loads into the house. When the construction was finished, we got to the loading and hauling of the firewood.

Big Blue, our 3/4 ton workhorse of a truck, was already getting to be a rusty relic when my land parner and I got her as part of the purchase agreement for this land eighteen years ago. Each year we coax her to haul overfilled loads of gravel for our road from the quarry 25 miles away, slambang her way up the old logging tracks into the upper forest where we cut up the fallen dead madrones, haul the loads of leaves we rake from our mile and a quarter road, crawl in reverse down the narrow slope to my woodshed, her bed bulging with firewood, make runs to the county dump, fetch lumber and drums of kerosene from town, and generally move everything around on this land that is too big or awkward for a regular car. And each year I cross my fingers for Big Blue to see us through another year, hopefully another decade, before she might grow beyond repair and be banished to a junk yard.

This year Sarah and I loaded and unloaded Big Blue six times to move and stack a winter's supply of fuel for the big woodstove that warms my twelve-sided house. We worked well together, each loving the play of muscles and rhythm as we harded the many hundreds of pieces one to the other. Sometimes we talked

about the joys and sorrows of our childhoods, when we were ten years apart in an unhappy family (I the older sister and the middle child of three), or about our current lives with the continent between us; but often we worked in a verbal near silence, with an occasional grunt to ease a heft, or one's burst of laughter at another's wit. We worked ourselves to sweaty exhaustion day after day, rewarded by hot solar-warmed shower, the garden's abundance, pies and cookies from my oven, sweet conversation, and sound sleeping.

Then it was time for a break from playful work. We decided to take a mid-afternoon walk down our gravel road, flanked on both sides by forest thick with evergreens and some maples, chinkapins, and a few alders, with manzanita hugging the banks here and there. We walked slowly, talked gently, soothing the tender spots we each carried after the painful misunderstanding we'd had early in the visit, and the work we had done to heal from it. As blood sisters we have some sensitivities in common, both having learned some defensive strategies growing up in a family that felt more often than not like a war-zone. And as loving and self-nurturing adults we are each committed to honest and careful communication. So we walked and let defenses fall away, like the madrone leaves that blanketed the sides of the road and filled the ditches, beckoning to yet another project awaiting me in the coming weeks.

During the decades after the original homesteaders had left this hilltop and no one lived up here, the road saw infrequent use. Now and again someone apparently did drive a pickup out from town and dump a derelict kitchen appliance off the side of the road down the forested bank. Over the years some small sections of the forest became graveyards of rusting metal. Sarah and I spied one such place as we ambled. I had been wanting a closer look at these discarded parts of other

peoples' lives that I have noticed as I drive by, so we wandered down a deer path that crisscrossed the bank and poked about among the debris. I found the top of an old top-loading washing machine lying near the bottom of an even older wringer washer, as though to chronicle the advance of technology for a home-maker's relative ease. Nearby lay the bare springs of perhaps a car seat, and scattered about were metal stove doors, drawers and hinges, and pieces whose function was no longer decipherable. All were in various states of decay, some pieces still semi-intact under the thick white enamel coating, others turning to flaky rust in the process of being swallowed by the voracious earth.

I found one particularly fascinating piece, about as big as the pan that catches the pie drippings in my oven. I held it up to the light filtering through the trees and saw that it was a work of beautiful rusty lace with holes dotting the entire surface, the whole piece flimsily held together by metal worked and softened by oxidation, the breath of the earth the lacemaker. I saw in it the story of ore mined from the soil, processed and worked into sheets of steel and fashioned into the panels of a cookstove, or the round barrel of a washing machine. I saw, too, a woman laboring with such tools to cook and clean for her family (or maybe with her Lesbian lover). And as surely as these implements of her trade were returning to their origins, she no doubt had by now felt the breath of death herself, and was somewhere becoming a boney lace. I felt a quiet reverence for her, and her work, and for the magnificent patience of the goddess as she takes what is discarded, what is no longer needed, and accepts it into her timeless bounty.

My sister and I studied this forest history together, enacting a playmating that we rarely shared as children, when I struggled as a Lesbian teenager against all the social and religious pressures that made me an invisible misfit. We didn't have the friendship those thirty or so years ago that we were making now, as we prowled around the rusting cast-offs from unknown homes and assumed stories like our own. We played into a

widening trust between us, learning to scrap the worn-out parts of a mutual legacy we have no need of anymore.

Our walk continued on the road and off onto side tracks where we nuzzled moss-covered logs with our fingertips and feigned grief over empty fairy cups. The afternoon grew late, so we headed back to the house, stopping at the woodshed to admire our handiwork and exchange yet another round of "thank-you" and "you're welcome".

As we passed over the short ramp that leads onto the front porch, Sarah stopped to notice the dilapidated high-top moccasins that sit in the flower beds on either side of the ramp, wanted to know what their story was. I explained that I had originally found them in a San Francisco garbage can about twenty-two years ago, around the time when she came west to see me for the first time, when she was just twenty and still clearly heterosexual, and I hadn't even yet dreamed of country living. The pair were relegated to the trash no doubt because of the worn-through hole in the softened leather sole. When I found them the uppers were still thick and sturdy, identified as buffalo hide many years later at the shoe repair shop where I had them resoled for the third and last time. The hide, line with sheep's fleece, came up high enough to cover my ankles. I spent many an Oregon winter on this land with my feet warmed by those sturdy soft wrappings.

When that third rubber sole wore through and the fleece had thinned to only a few remaining hairs, it was time to retire the moccasins. But I couldn't just cast them back into a garbage can. I wanted to honor their years of service as well as the life and death of the animals whose skin had warmed my feet. And I wanted to watch the slow process of decay and transformation, to witness the animal become the soil. So they sit as sentinels beneath the two azaleas that border the entrance to my house.

Sarah listened to my tale intently as we walked arm-in-arm, our feet passing between the weather-kneaded leather, each knowing the poignant difference between abandonment and letting go, the sweetness of growing old enough to learn love.

I LOVE SOYBEANS

By Jae Haggard
Outland
Serafina, New Mexico

It's hard to say where it comes from. Some might say intuition, others maybe unusual tastes. Or maybe it's just practical. What I know is that for whatever reasons, this Countrydyke purely and simply loves soybeans.

I crave tofu marinated in ginger, garlic and lemon. Or "breaded" with nutritional yeast, or steamed and covered with peanut sesame sauce. I relish soybeans as tempeh, marinated and wrapped in steamed collards brushed with a little toasted sesame oil. Or cooked in homemade barbeque sauce.. Or turned into mock chicken in a cold salad. Now doesn't that just make your mouth water?

Then there's soymilk. On granola, in my morning caffix, over just-out-of-the-oven apple crisp. My favorite use for soymilk though is making ice bean, which we here eat most hot afternoons.

Soybeans, only about 50¢ a pound, organically grown, even. And a pound of beans makes a whole lot of food--like a cake of tofu, a container of soymilk, plus a sizeable pan of yummy soysage. I know this because Sorren made us a batch of fresh tofu last fall (*The Farm Vegetarian Cookbook* gives all the details). Someday we'll make more of our own. Meantime we buy organic tofu for 78¢ a pound at the tofu plant in town. Soybean foods are not only inexpensive, filling and nutritious, they're also incredibly delicious--any meal or snack any time of day.

Hopefully your mouth too is now salivating for a taste of a soy goodie. Here are my favorite recipes. Before using tofu, rinse and squeeze. Store extra in water in a covered container in the fridge. Although there are bumper stickers asking, "Have you changed your tofu water today?", we generally get to it about the third day.

MARINATED TOFU/TOFU JERKY

I make this in 5# lots which gives 4 of us supper and maybe 3 sandwich lunches besides. Here's a smaller recipe to start:
*Slice 2 pounds of tofu into ¼" slabs and lay in flat baking dishes.

*Combine and pour marinade over tofu:

- ¼ cup tamari
- juice of 1 lemon or ¼ cup
- 3 large garlic cloves, pressed
- 1 Tbsp grated fresh ginger
(we freeze and grate as needed)
- 1 tsp mustard powder
- a little water to dilute, maybe ¼ cup

*Sprinkle on toasted sesame oil.

*Marinate a couple of hours, or just bake 45 minutes at 350' til both sides are browned

*For tofu jerky, bake to dryness you want

I usually serve the first meal hot out of the oven with brown rice or other cooked grains and any steamed veggie. I nibble on it cold for breakfast, or put two slices on buttered toast. It's a great in pocket bread with mustard, pickles, and sprouts (onion, horseradish, tomatoes...) It can also be cut up and added to stir fry. Extra is readily frozen. Yep, the all-purpose food.

TOFU AND ONIONS

*Saute 1 large onion and 2 cloves garlic

*Add 1# cubed tofu, a squirt of toasted sesame oil and a few squirts of tamari, frying til browned.

This is great with potatoes, stir fry, grains, or...

"BREADED" TOFU

*Slice 1# tofu into ¼" slabs.

*Melt butter to barely cover frypan.

*Pour nutritional yeast to cover butter, maybe 1/16 inch.

*Lay tofu side to side on yeast.

*Add garlic--slices, powder or pressed

*Pour thick topping of nutritional yeast

*Sprinkle with melted butter.

*Brown both sides.

*Tamari and/or lemon are yummy, too.

Making only takes maybe 20 minutes. It's incredibly good, rich though. Perfect with grains and veggies, especially broccoli. Also tasty on toast or cut into stir fry. Turns sticky in fridge.

BASIL TOFU

This is my favorite winter breakfast. I can eat a pound all by myself. Some wimmin here figure there's no accounting for taste...

*Fry ¼" slabs in 1 Tbsp hot oil or bake.

*If frying, lightly crisp bottom side.

I like to cover the pan so the tofu swells a little while the bottom crisps. Turn and season while the other side is crisping. To bake, just sprinkle with seasonings and bake about 45 min. at 350'.

*Rub on pressed garlic or sprinkle powdered garlic. Give each slice a small squirt of tamari, sprinkle with basil and toasted sesame oil. Nutritional yeast or lemon is also tasty.

I often eat this by itself. Also love it on toast or with grains or vegies. Good with any of your favorite herbs.

TOFU "EGG SALAD"

As pleasant for a sandwich as eggs ever were. Just scramble up the cake of tofu and add your favorite dressing-- mayo, mustard, garlic, horseradish, onions, pickles, salt, pepper, dill. We like the dill and horseradish a lot.

BARBEQUED

You can use a sweet Asian barbeque like this recipe, or make your own smokey western, or just simmer or bake in your favorite bottled sauce. This is good with both tempeh and tofu. We here particularly like it cold with potato salad or in sandwiches with mustard and pickles. This recipe is from *The Perennial Political Palate*, the third cookbook from the Bloodroot Collective.

*Saute 3 minced cloves garlic and ½ tsp. hot pepper flakes in 2 Tbsp. oil until softened.

*Add 1½ cup fruit-sweetened ketchup, 3 Tbsp. molasses, ½ c. vinegar, 2 Tbsp. soy sauce, 1 tsp. chili paste or tabasco, 2 Tbsp. coarse grained mustard, 1 Tbsp horseradish, 1½ tsp. dried ginger.

*Stir and bring to a boil. Add ¼c. water to dilute if necessary.

PEANUT SESAME SAUCE

This sauce is scrumptious poured over steamed tofu, noodles or rice, and any vegie. Combine and simmer ½ hour:

2 or more crushed garlic cloves
1 c. peanut butter and tahini, combined
¼ t. cayenne
juice of one lemon, or 3 Tbsp vinegar
1 T. freshly grated ginger root
1 T. or more tamari

1 T. toasted sesame oil

1 t. mustard powder

Optional: sauteed onion, bay leaf

MARINATED TEMPEH/TEMPEH FINGERS

Just like tofu, but soaks in a little more marinade. Cut into slices, about 3/8" thick, the short width of the block. Our favorite way to eat is as tempeh fingers. Great plain or wrapped--hot with potatoes or grains and vegies or equally good cold as finger food, for traveling, for sandwiches.

For wrapped fingers, while marinated tempeh bakes, steam collards with thick stem areas removed, one for each slice. (or half a large collard leaf is big enough.) Wrap each tempeh slice in a leaf lightly rubbed with toasted sesame oil. Oh but it is good.

TEMPEH MOCK CHICKEN SALAD

This recipe's from the package, and it's really good.

*Dice and steam 1 package tempeh, 10 min.

*Mix mayo, onion, celery, mustard, salt or tamari. Optional: parsley, pickle, etc.

*Add tempeh, refrigerate.

ICE BEAN OR SMOOTHIE

I've always like ice cream so am delighted with this treat. Our ice bean started out as smoothies, which we froze when there was extra. We like it even better frozen. Any flavor works. Experimenting is fun.

BASE:

The idea is to make as thick a milkshake consistency as your blender can handle. The colder it is to start, the smoother it freezes. Also, to freeze smooth some oil is necessary (no oil for smoothies) and air from high speed blending also helps. Use ice cube trays to freeze suitable ingredients in advance--apple or pear juice and soy milk (we use West-soy Original). Also freeze sliced bananas, fruit, etc. Make and taste a small batch first, and adjust your ingredients to your liking. To taste best frozen, mixture should taste a little strong.

Put maybe 2" of soymilk in blender. Add about ½ Tbsp. each real vanilla and mild-tasting vegetable oil (like safflower) per cup you are making. Add about ½ a banana and 1 or 2 juice cubes per cup. Mix. Add soymilk cubes til mixture is as



Tara Baxter
Santa Cruz, California

stiff as possible. Add more liquid soy-milk and cubes to get desired quantity. This is the base for most flavors.

FLAVORS:

Carob-almond is the "Outland Special". Really great as smoothie, ice bean or frozen into pops. To the soymilk (and oil if freezing), add 1 Tbsp. almond butter (we grind our own and make the smoothie/ice bean to clean out the blender), 2 drops of real almond flavor (no vanilla), and 1 tsp. carob powder per 2 cups. Mix and continue as with base.

Ginger is one of our favorites. Grate maybe 2 large Tbsp. ginger into a pan with about a cup of juice and about 2 Tbsp brown rice syrup (separates out if added to cold mixture) or other sweetener. Simmer to concentrate. Freeze. Makes about 4 cups ice bean. Make base, skipping banana and halving vanilla. Use ginger cubes instead of fruit juice. When done, taste and adjust. Liquid has a little bite.

Lemon is refreshing and is made like ginger, freezing a fruit juice/rice syrup

concentrate. We freeze lemon juice cubes separately so they're available for other cooking. Use more lemon and fewer soymilk cubes.

Maple or Maple-pecan is really appealing to we "sweeties". Make base, adding 1 Tbsp. maple syrup per cup. In a 4 cup batch I add a small handful of pecans that grind up with everything else. Since I like chunky bites, after taste-testing, I add some chopped pecans and mix briefly.

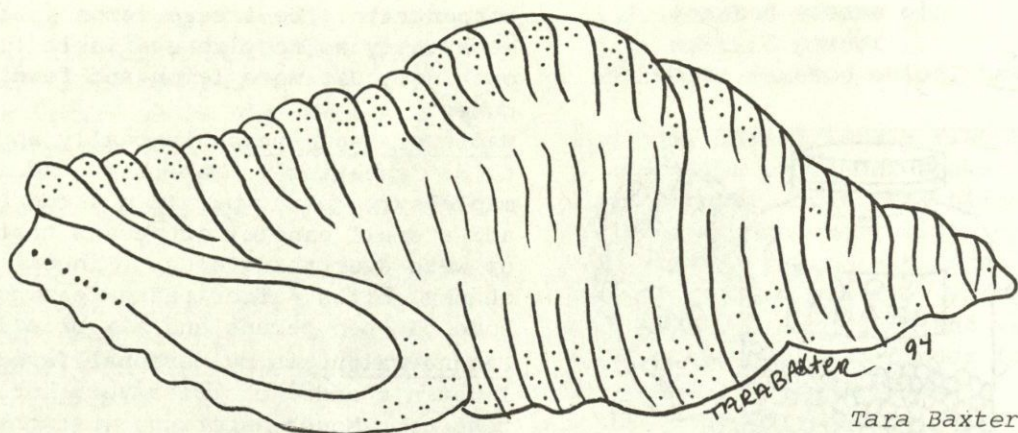
Banana-walnut is my personal favorite. I haven't added cherries yet, but I intend to. Mouth-watering, just the thought. For the base, double the banana. Grind in a small handful of walnuts. After taste-testing, I add a small handful each of chunky-chopped nuts and quartered banana slices and mix in quickly to retain the chunky texture.

Vanilla is tasty by itself, with fruit or other toppings, or on other desserts. Make base doubling vanilla.

Fruit ice bean is almost a sorbet. Instead of soymilk cubes, add frozen fruit slices. Something flavorful like apricot works best. For milder fruits like peach or melon (yes, vanilla-melon is reminiscent of cantalope with a scoop of vanilla ice cream), cut back on everything and use more fruit.

Obviously, any flavors work--and taste just dandy. Half the fun is experimenting and combining favorite ingredients. I like to make several batches of various flavors at a time. Saves on clean-up. I freeze in tiny containers, popsicle molds, yogurt containers, and even pints. Any size works, but we like individual serving sizes.

Well, there they are. Jae's favorite soy foods. I love every one of them, and eat them day after day all year round. We alternate cooking suppers here, so tofu taste-treat-delights (am I biased?) are likely to appear on the table on my nights, ice bean daily. We have about 50 visitors a year--reactions vary from good-sport-try-it to copies of recipes joining other travel collectibles. My tofu passion is the source of much good-natured teasing. Most wimmin who don't usually eat vegetarian are pleasantly surprised by how wonderful these foods are. Well, all this writing is making me hungry. Bet you can guess where I'm headed.



Tara Baxter

ASSATEAGUE EQUINOX

By Susan Sojourner
Lebanon, Oregon

i...

lunch break at the ranger station
i dump two panier-loads of small logs onto the
sand at the end of the boardwalk over the dunes

after work, at dusk, i change to shorts and
slosh in the dark blue surf varied shades of blue water
white rolling breakers
white cloudy blue sandy-streaked sky

i walk wet to thighs
too cool of air to swim

walk talking to the Darkness not yet there, saying
Come, bring your dark Truths here!

many shaped shells--white purple blue black yellow
quahogs coquinas mussels clams scallops limpets--
call out from roll to be picked up, examined

i carry the treasures to the pile of logs
get my leftover lunch food and
sit on the wood, eating.

ii...

the beach becomes deserted of people
shore and fisherbirds swoop
searching for insects, diving for fish

in the darkening, half moon
i build a fire structure
on a crest perhaps 25 feet from the incoming tide

after one-and-a-half books of matches
it feels fitting on this night of increasing Darkness
that the celebration be without fire and i be all alone
in the very same Darkness i had so eagerly called

Air in the form of wind was surely with me
--blowing out all the matches
and Water dominated all that was heard and
seen and smelled and felt
the Earth was the incredible sand everywhere--
not the most stable base, but there--supporting me
Fire was not to come.

iii...

i sat and walked and called and sang

then i biked home in the four miles of dark

i couldn't see but heard birds and deer and horses along the path

naomi my roommate had matches and a car

our housemate across the hall joined us

we returned to the ocean

her sound, the sight of her, the feel, her smell

the ocean

i as a surrogate kissed for jes in kentucky

danced with for loret

played with oh played with for me

and naomi knew to dig a pit in the sand

to get the logs out of the wind

and the three of us slowly built a roaring fire

under the black sky with many many stars

and a yellow-white half moon

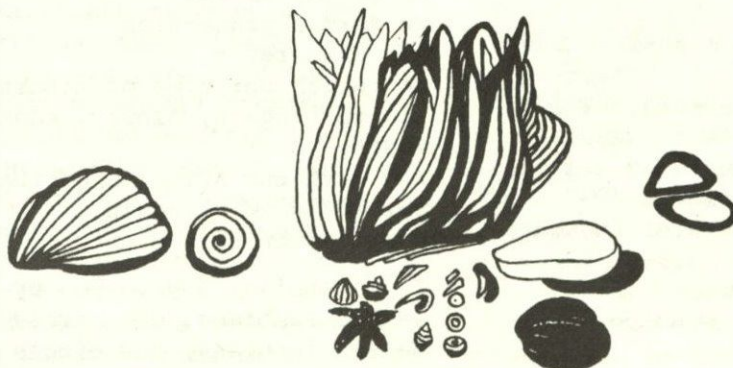
and beyond our flaming orange, the blackness surrounded us

reminding me how the Darkness calls to be explored and

key answers must be found in the Black above

out beyond the white breakers

inside our hearts.



Kitt Redwing

GETTING READY

By Tamarack
North Plantagenet, Ontario

Winter Solstice 9993
Day of caos

Nights begin to crackle with the cold,
Frost sparkles in the moonlight,
Blanket of magic over the earth.
The outside work is done,
The earth is resting
As I prepare for Winter Solstice.

And as the day approaches
I look forward to my time of hibernation
As I clean out my home
And throw out the bits and pieces,
Untangling my life
Getting ready for when
I slow to a stop.
Like the frogs in the pond
Like a bear
I rest and catch up with myself.

And on the day I turn to psychic matters
The work we do as lesbians on these days
I cleanse myself, I fast
Take hot baths with lavender
Drink ginger tea
Become quiet and empty
Breathe in fresh air mixed with starlight
Making room for my energy to grow.

And then I meet with like minded lesbian
sisters,
We laugh, embrace and celebrate our love
And then protect our circle as we enter
An evening that is separate from all men--
And in the darkness we begin to form a web
of thought

Reaching distances
Connecting with the others
That we know are circling likewise,
To concentrate our power
Rebalancing the energy of womyn
Restrengthening our energy as lesbians

Rekindling our culture
Protected for the moment by this magic
Our moment on the day of caos--
To be outside of all we usually do
In battling the violence.

And on this night we form a psychic web
Of peace and strength
And a return
To Amazon times
To times of womyn standing strong,
Standing fed, and safe, and warm
In all of our voluptuous beauty
Connected with each other
Our lesbian passion free to soar,
The web growing stronger
Humming with our desire.
As we spiral our thought into the darkest
night,

We from the North
Spread our wings to the east and west
Joining hands as we turn
Our song to the south
Welcoming back the light
Symbol of our hopes
Reaching far enough to greet
Our southern sisters
As they thank the light for all she does
A heartbeat of lesbian passion
Across time and space.
As we meet for our ideals to become real
We become as one
We form a protection
And then return
To relish our time of hibernation
To start again, slowly, magestically,
Rested
And with the strength of the light
Returning to us again
Starting on this night.

I am lesbian, I give you my hand
We are lesbians, our circle is forming
We are lesbians, our circle is powerful
We are lesbians, our circle has always been
Eternal.

A COTTON TALE

By Jeanne Wallace
Santa Cruz, California

The recent introduction of organic cotton got me wondering what exactly is done to cotton. The cotton industry has promoted an image of cotton as pure, soft, natural, and clean. What we don't realize is that conventional cotton is a far cry from this image. This article presents the realities of conventional cotton farming and processing, and then offers up organic cotton and other fiber alternatives. A resource list for organic cotton products follows.

TOXIC COTTON

Cotton farming is one of the most intensive users of agricultural chemicals. Although cotton occupies only 3 percent of the world's farmland, it accounts for 25 percent of the world's use of pesticides and fertilizers. (Cotton accounts for 60% of all pesticide use in India.) In the United States, nearly 800 million pounds of pesticides are dumped on cotton crops every year.

The pesticides used on cotton crops are among the most hazardous in the world: because cotton is not a food crop, it is not subject to the same regulations that food is. Hazardous pesticides that have been banned or are restricted in the U.S. are commonly exported to other countries where they are used heavily on cotton. This pesticide-laden cotton then returns to the United States in imported textiles.

Pesticide use begins with cotton seeds, which are coated with fungicides before planting. The soil is then treated with fungicides and synthetic petroleum-based fertilizers. Many farmers even go so far as to "sterilize" their fields with fumigants, such as aldicarb (a ground-water contaminant) or methyl bromide (an ozone eater more potent than CFC's).

Throughout the growing season, herbicides and insecticides are sprayed heavily to kill weeds and insects. A cotton crop gets bombarded with as many as a dozen doses of pesticides over the course of a summer. These insecticides are severely poisonous: they penetrate the skin, lungs, and eyes and then attack the nervous system. One insecticide, *parathion*, is

so acutely toxic that one teaspoon *spilled on the skin* can be fatal.

In addition to pesticides, fertilizers and growth hormones are applied frequently. These water-soluble fertilizers leach out of soils and wash downstream where they destroy the delicate balance of pond and lake ecologies by super-fertilizing the algae and poisoning fish.

Defoliants are the final stage of the growing process. They are used to remove the plant leaves, which are said to stain the cotton or leave flecks in it during processing. The defoliants used include paraquat and arsenic acid. Paraquat--sold under more than 23 brand names--is recognized as one of the most environmentally damaging and toxic insecticides.

Paraquat enters the body both through inhalation and skin contact. Ingestion of as little as one teaspoon can be fatal. In California's San Joaquin Valley, 6 million pounds of defoliants are sprayed aerially each fall to prepare cotton for harvest. During this 45-day autumn spraying, there is a dramatic increase in illnesses and widespread reports of fatigue, eye irritation, rhinitis, throat irritation, nausea, and diarrhea.

Cotton farming has a devastating effect on the earth. The chemical residues of cotton farming are so toxic that at least 5 years of careful mulching, composting, and crop rotation are required before earthworms will return to the soil. Without this careful nurturing, these soils remain dead soils.

Once harvested, the cotton is doused with rodenticides and fungicides for storage. Textile manufacturing involves the application of even more chemicals. Conventionally processed cotton is commonly treated with detergents, formaldehyde, chlorine bleach, and resins to whiten it, reduce shrinkage, and prevent curling. Next come fabric finishes, including formaldehyde, and crease-resistant finishes. Petroleum-based oils may be applied to keep dust and static under control. Many cotton products are also treated with flame retardants to comply with federal laws.

The dying of cotton is particularly toxic. Across the world 700,000 tons

of chemical dyes are used on cotton annually. Because cotton, of all fibers, is particularly resistant to dying, most of this dye--up to 80 percent--finds its way down factory drains and into our ground water.

Cotton: it has surrounded our lives, from our clothing to our bed linen. We are exposed to chemical pollutants remaining in the fabric and to environmental poisons resulting from its growth. Cancer, Chronic Fatigue, and Environmental Illness are widespread in our lesbian communities. It's time to choose a healthier cotton.

ORGANIC COTTON

Organic farming of cotton was considered almost impossible just 10 years ago; today it is a rapidly growing area of organic farming. In 1994, nearly 25,000 acres of organic cotton will be grown, the majority in Texas and California. (This is out of a total of 17 million acres of United States cotton production.

Cotton that is certified organic must be grown in a field that has not been treated with inorganic chemicals for at least three years.

Planting time is carefully synchronized with the weather so that untreated seeds will sprout quickly. Compost, manure and organic mineral and plant fertilizers are used. Cover crops are planted to feed the soil. Crop rotation prevents disease and pest build-up in the soil, and allows nutrients to be replenished.

"Trap" crops--usually food crops chosen because insects prefer them--may be interplanted with the cotton. Beneficial insects are introduced to help in pest control. Wildlife habitats are encouraged to attract natural predators.

At the end of the season, organic cotton growers wait for a frost to naturally defoliate the plants.

Cotton that is organically-grown still risks being contaminated at the mill. Organic certification programs for cotton processing facilities were recently introduced. As a result, fabric, clothing, bedding, and home products made from organically grown and processed cotton are increasingly available (see resource list). Also on the market are so-called "green cottons": these have been grown conventionally but are only minimally processed.

Organic and green processing of cotton

rely on hydrogen peroxide to whiten the fabric, eliminating the use of chlorine bleach. Often the fabric is simply left in its natural color. In place of formaldehyde to limit shrinkage, the cotton is washed to pre-shrink it. Starch may be used instead of polyvinyl acetate, the conventional anti-curling agent. Enzyme washes replace conventional softeners and fading agents.

Natural dyes are used instead of chemical ones. Because they are less light-fast and wash-resistant, natural dyes have been used in conjunction with toxic metal fixatives (called mordants) such as chrome, copper, tin, and zinc. New developments, however, now allow the use of only small quantities of aluminum and iron with natural dyes.

An exciting new development is a cotton that grows naturally colored. Sally Fox, an entomologist, first encountered naturally colored cotton in the 1980's. Natural colors had been bred out of modern cotton because the colored fibers were too short and weak for mechanical textile manufacturing. Sally cross-bred colored cotton with the longer stranded, stronger modern varieties. The result, FoxFibre, is a naturally colored cotton, requiring no bleaching or dying. It is currently available in three shades of brown and two shades of green. The natural color gets darker with washing rather than fading. (Sally Fox is committed to organic cotton production. FoxFibre is now available in clothing, bedding, and fabrics--see resource list.)

Organic cotton can cost three or four times as much as conventional cotton, but when you consider conventional cotton's toxic effects on our environment and our health, organic cotton is worth the price. Asking for, and purchasing organic cotton products will help keep organic cotton fields growing and expanding.

ALTERNATIVES

For me, organic cotton is the first step in a journey towards fibers we as lesbians on land can produce ourselves, in ways that are healthy and safe for us and our lands, and not exploitative of animals. If we desire to take on this work, growing, spinning and weaving our own fabrics will put us a step closer to sustainability. In addition to growing our own cotton, there are many other plant

sources of fiber.

Flax, commonly known as linen, is one of the oldest textile fibers. It is made from the stem of the flax plant. The fibers lie in bundles just under the outer bark. First the stalks are soaked in water and allowed to partially rot, so that the fibers will separate. Next the stems are rinsed and dried and the woody outer husk is broken off. Finally the fibers are combed and are ready for spinning and weaving. Incidentally, the seeds of this plant are healthy eating and can be pressed into an oil of many uses.

Ramie is a tall perennial shrub of the nettle family that requires a hot, humid climate. (It can be grown in the Everglades and Gulf Coast regions of the U.S.) It is fast-growing and can be harvested as frequently as every 60 days. The fibers are very strong, even when wet, and are resistant to rotting and mildew. The

bark and woody portion of the plant stem must be removed to reveal the fibers.

Coir is made from the fibers between the outer shell and the husk of the coconut. The fibers are removed by soaking the husk in salt water for several months. The result is a very stiff, wiry textured, cinnamon-brown fiber excellent for use in rugs. (Sri Lanka is currently producing coir fiber.)

Pina is obtained from the leaves of the pineapple plant. The fibers, which are split or pulled from the leaf, are soft, lustrous, and white. It is used to produce lightweight sheer fabrics that are fairly stiff. It is commonly used to make mats, bags, and table linens.

Other possible plant sources for fiber include rush (the stems of marsh plants), corn husks and stems, seagrass, and a wide variety of other grasses. Let your imagination guide you!

Janice Corp.
19488 Route 46
Budd Lake, NJ 0778288
(800) JANICES

Dona Designs
825 Northlake Drive
Richardson, TX 75080
pillows, futons, furnishings

Heart of Vermont
P.O. Box 183
Sharon, VT 05065
(802) 763-2720
(800) 639-4123
*mattresses, futons, pillows,
percale & flannel sheets, com-
forters, shower curtains*

Organic Interiors
8 College Avenue
Nanuet, NY 10954
(914) 623-2114
bedding, home linens

Bright Futures Futon
3120 Central Ave. SE
Albuquerque, NM 87106
(505) 268-97388

Maggie's Organic Cotton
P.O. Box 2138
Ann Arbor, MI 48106-2178
(313) 761-7190
clothing

Wearable Integrity
1725 Berkeley St.
Santa Monica, CA 90404
(310) 449-8606
clothing

EcoSport
92 Kansas St.
S. Hackensack, NJ 07601
(800) 486-4326
clothing, fabrics

Cotton Threads Clothing
Dept GA, Route 2, Box 90
Hallettsville, TX 77964
(409) 562-2153
clothing to XL and plus sizes

Make A Difference
P.O. Box 4057
Burlington, VT 05407
(802) 425-3214
clothing

Reflections
Route 2, Box 24P40
Dept AG294
Trinity, TX 75862
(409) 594-5196
clothing

Red River
P.O. Box 130
Serafina, NM 87569
menstrual pads

Coyuchi
PO Box 845
Point Reyes Station, CA 94956
fabrics

Ocarnia Textiles
16-G Cliff St.
New London, CT 06320
(203) 437-8189
*small weaving mill using 70-
year-old looms*

Vreseis, Ltd
PO box 3892
Santa Susana, CA 93093
(805) 522-5381
fabrics

The Cotton Place
PO Box 59721D
Dallas, TX 75229
(214) 243-4149
bedding, clothing, fabrics, yarn

(Judith) Jantz Design
PO Box 3071
Santa Rosa, CA 95402
(800) 365-6563
futons, pillows, bed linens

Organic Cottons
104 Clearfield Lane IC
Coatesville, PA 19320
(215) 383-7774
clothing, sheets, towels

LETTERS

Dear Sisters of MAIZE,

I would like to know how our lesbian sisters on lesbian land care for our sisters who die, if they are able to escape male hands in the process of giving the body back to Earth. Have we lesbians created our own way to care for the dead body of our sisters? Can we escape the patriarchal funeral enterprises? Can the body be put directly to Earth? Have the Seps or womyn on the land found the way to reappropriate this process?

TRACES

cp 337, succ. de Lorimier
Montreal, Quebec Canada H2H 2N6

Editors Note:

Shortly after receiving this letter, I found the book, *Caring for Your Own Dead*, by Lisa Carlson. (\$12.95+2.00p&h from Upper Access Pub, POBox 457, Hinesburg VT 05461). It is mostly about funeral arrangements and cremation, but has some information on burial as well. It contains regulations for each state--write MAIZE for this info for your state if you can't buy the whole book.

Dear MAIZE,

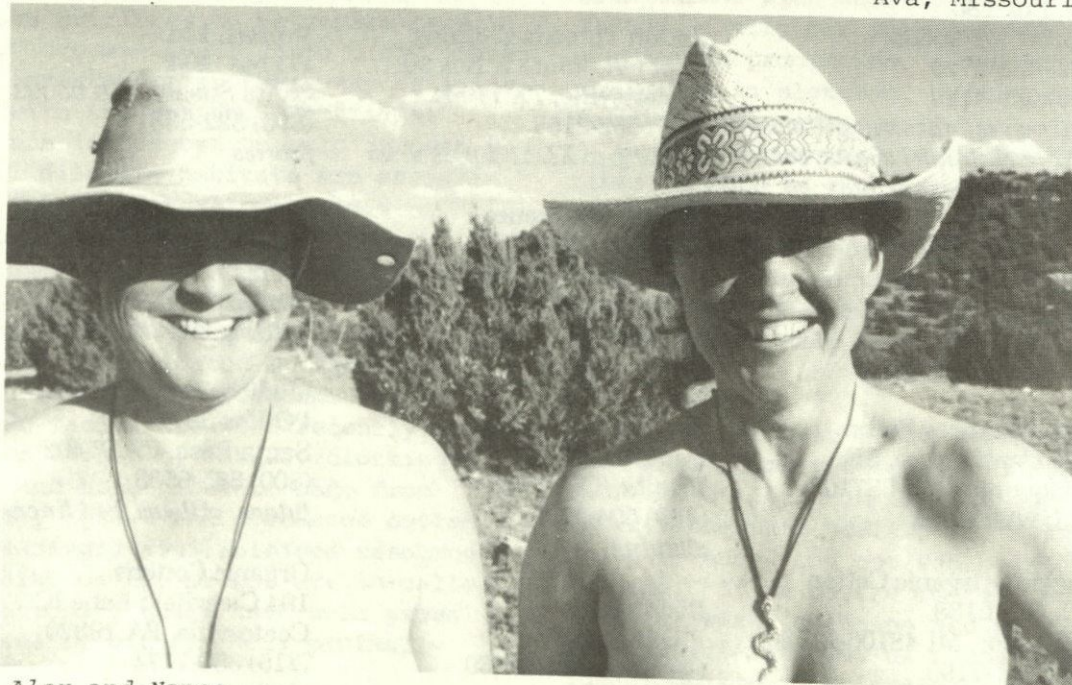
I just finished reading Jae's article on "Land LESY" and am appreciative of all the work she did to pull together ideas and examples from so many different sources. She made some great points--Brava!

The Land LESY listing in MAIZE is exciting--I want to be part of it. I find that most of what I have to offer and request falls under the category of "services" rather than "goods".

The article on WomanShare/Billie Miracle was startling to read at first, for me, because of its academic language, so different from the usual MAIZE writings--but after reading it, I was glad you published it because it had a lot of good information in it and helped provide some historical/herstorical context for what so many of us are doing on our Lesbian Lands.

MAIZE just keeps getting better and better. I've meant to write and say that for many issues now and to comment on articles that particularly touched me. I know how important feedback is, and yet I seldom take the time to give it! Hopefully the Land LESY feature will begin a trend toward more connecting between MAIZE readers, both inside and outside of its pages.

Jennifer Weston
Ava, Missouri



Alex and Nance

Photo by Puck

Dear MAIZE Readers, August 29, 1994

Hi. In July I was at the Community Building event at Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home in Ohio. In one of our sessions we asked, "What do we want the larger lesbian community to know about lesbian lands?" Some of us wanted more outreach. A womyn suggested an article in Ms. magazine and there were reservations from those who thought it was too mainstream. We seemed to agree that once a womyn gets to lesbian land we want her to know about the other lands that exist.

I live on a commune of 100 men and womyn. When I got back there was a public notice that *Communities* magazine's next issue will be on Passages and movements. (*Communities Magazine* is not a womyn's magazine. I'm not sure how many lesbians it reaches. It's straight, white, men and womyn on communes.) I quickly wrote an article on the Lesbian Land Movement and sent it to the magazine and also did a mailing to all 50 lands listed in Shewolf's new directory. As of today over a dozen lands have responded. Many useful suggestions were made for changes and most respondents felt okay with some aspects of the article but there was enough opposition to stop and discuss it among ourselves--so far 5 womyn on 2 lands. So my question is--what do we want to do about outreach? I'd like to propose a one page flyer about lesbian land that lists contact info for any group that wants to be listed, and (hopefully) MAIZE, Seeds, Lesbian Natural Resources, Lesbian Land Anthology, Lesbian Land Culture Book, to be distributed at lesbian lands and in the lesbian community. Please write MAIZE with your thoughts so everyone can participate.

Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz

Dear MAIZE,

Very happy and delighted with your magazine. So amazed and pleased to discover an incredible international network of idealistic practical encouragement for breaking out of Babylon.

I'm the type of person who read Sonia Johnson's books over and over but had no one to discuss them with. I profoundly agree with your editorial policy to focus of free women creating our own

world. I agree with most of Sonia's views, including that it is a trap and distraction to fight for gay civil rights.

I don't believe in using guns or violence, only protecting ourselves and the future of our culture with spiritual intelligence. To do that, a certain healthy respect for reality seems to be in order, like checking out which way the wind blows.

I'm very happy if large numbers of women are able to be free and wild, and give little thought to Babylon. But once in a while some knowledge of it, experience of it or information about it, can help me in my process of demystification. My recent research on the topic of brainwashing by the medical industry led me into the incredible story of the childhood vaccination program. One recent book called *Vaccination, Social Violence and Criminality: The Medical Assault on the American Brain* by Harris Coulter is a real eye opener! He says that DPT especially has caused vast neurological damage, starting on the second generation now. Five doses of DPT per child was widespread in the 50's and almost universal by the 60's. This is an erudite book, not at all wacko nonsense. He says that for some reason--probably related to myelin on nerves--boys have suffered 5 times more brain damage than girls, typically causing them to be hyperactive, low IQ, and pathologically aggressive. His other book, *A Shot in the Dark*, describes how the conflicts of interest (between government, pharmaceutical companies and the medical doctors) function to create and maintain the conspiracy of silence about this.

I think women should be aware of the nature of the medical system and the fascist potential for social control and loss of free choice in any "universal" (read mandatory) nationalized health insurance. The true health crisis in Amerika is that people are dying from too many drugs etc, not that they need access to more pills and chemotherapy.

I'm interested in what others have to say about the issue of whether it is necessary to "look back" to Babylon, for the purposes of self-protection.

Cheers,

Teresa, Eugene, Oregon

LAND LESY

Land LESY (Lesbian Economic System) is now a regular MAIZE listing for Dykes on the land or reading MAIZE. LESY includes anything we want to give, offer or pass along to each other, as well as specific things that we need. Everything is Dyke to Dyke, for our personal use (not to sell or give to someone else.)

LESY is not money-based: no buy/sell, no barter/exchange. No Dyke needs to offer something in order to accept something and visa versa. LESY works when we give what we have to offer (no sacrifice) and when we accept as much as we need or want. We each find our own balance in giving and receiving.

With each response to an offering or request, the Lesbians decide between themselves the details of the transfer--how, when, how many or how long, who pays for gas or shipping or materials, etc. We will create our Land LESY as we use it. Yes, use it, that's what it's for!

What can you offer or request? Seeds, craft items or materials, tools of any kind, produce, clothes, books, skills, information, equipment or vehicles, and anything else.

Viviane, from Terra, in France, offers a french twist to LESY, A-lesy or Allez-y, which means, "go ahead, help yourself"!

TERRA, Chateau Gres, 21440 Poiseul La Grange, St. Seine L'Abbaye, France
Offers: *A true fairy tale on cassette "The Curious Princess", by Viviane and Doris

THE WEB, Nett Hart, POBox 8742, Mpls. MN 55408

Offers: *comfrey salve
*seeds

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569
Offers: *any size or style of Red River Menstrual Pads, postage paid (for your personal use)
*any back issues of MAIZE that we still have copies of, postage paid
*information on building: adobe, round, non-toxic



Boa's Pot Tee Corinne
So. Oregon

*seeds: corn (Inca, multicolor, sweet), green beans (pole and bush), kale, rutabaga, spinach, dill, basil, feverfew, calendula, cosmos, parsley, marigold (large and small), New Mexico chili (mild), horseradish root (to plant or to eat)

*seeds for desert or dry farming: dill, marigold, New Mexico Sunflower, desert four o'clock, bush morning glory (these last 3 are wild here)

Requests: *organic seeds (not hybrid) anyone have golden bantam corn?

*old cotton shirts, sheets, fabric for quilts and rag rugs (we'll pay postage)

FOX, POBox 4723, Albuquerque NM 87196
Offers: *I have inherited some rock cutting and jewelry making equipment (circa 1978) which I would like to give to a dyke or dykes who will use them and couldn't afford to buy them.

ZANA, 12101 w. calle madero, tucson AZ 85743

Offers: *book of my poetry and art, herbivomon (send 6x9" self-addressed envelope with \$1.05 postage)

Requests: *organic bay leaves
*home-canned organic grape leaves

JENNIFER WESTON, Gathering Root Farm,
Rt.5, Box 934, Ava MO 65608
417-683-3610

Offers: *Instruction in Basketry, Drawing,
and Horsemanship

*Emotional support for dyke incest
survivors,

*some of my own vegetarian recipes
(featuring garden produce, etc.)

*organically grown garlic

*basket "seconds"

Requests: *Carpentry and Plumbing assist-
ance

*tree pruning and trimming

*eucalyptus pods and palm tree flower
stalks (to use in my baskets)

JUANA MARIA GONZALEZ PAZ, Twin Oaks,
Rt.4 Box 169, Louisa VA 23093
703-894-5126

Offers: *About 50 copies left of my book

The La Luz Journal, true story of a
lesbian of color land group in Calif-
ornia circa 1978 that I want to go to
people seriously interested in and
committed to lesbian land

*about 8 copies of a 1983 book about
Twin Oaks the straight commune I live
at, that explains how it works

*Lesbian Community Development: Planning,
Education and Retreat Programs. I can
work with groups to help design an
educational self-help or study group
geared to your interests. (see announce-
ment section for details)

*I accumulate assorted reading material
on womyn, ecology, community and educa-
tion that I'd like to pass on.

Requests: *help in planning more formal
community-based education programs,
even just discussing ideas

*transportation to lesbian lands or
retreat spaces. I don't drive but I
can pay for gas.

*a retreat, preferably on lesbian land
half to a day's drive (I'm off hwy 64
halfway between Charlottesville and
Richmond, VA, 2½ hours from DC) with
people interested in my lesbian
community development workshop ideas.

I'd like to talk one-on-one without
responsibility for a formal program,
not seeking fun or entertainment,
just peace and quiet (I live in a
commune.) I can help with chores
and provide some food but I can't
pay money.

I AM (NOT) LATE

BECAUSE I STOPPED TO TAKE FLIGHT
WITH A BALD EAGLE

By María
Roseburg, Oregon

The sun danced off
Hawk's head.
It's white!
I thought.

I watched her
Glide on the air
Wings outspread,

Circling.

The sun danced off
Her head
Again! I
Saw white.

I watched her,
(Stopping the car,
Engine off, blinkers on)
Entranced.

The sun danced off
Her white crown
As we circled
Gliding on the air

Wings outspread.

My name is Diane Maria; I am called María.
(pronounced Moriah). I am a pagan lesbian
grandmother living on the land in Southern
Oregon with my dog Amber, and my cat Sidney.
I work as a Social Worker because it is
what I do, and I write (some say with a
knife rather than a pen) because I must.
The audience I write for are the women
Clarissa Pinkola Estes writes about: Wild
women, wannabe wild women, daughters, and
Grandmother. I also write for the South-
ern Oregon Women Writer's Group, Gourmet
Eating Society and Chorus without whom
I would still be mute.

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
- BOLD MOON FARM, 5780 Plowfield Rd, McLeansville NC 27301 (910) 375-3764
Seeking farm partner(s) to help create self-sufficient, lesbian life on land. Beautiful and secluded land is near city, job opportunities, lesbian community. Camping also available to traveling womyn. Write or call for details.
- CABBAGE LANE, POBox 2145, Roseburg OR 97470
- CAMP SISTER SPIRIT, POBox 12, Ovett MS 39464
- COVENTREE, Chris of Coventree, Troy ME 04987
camping, visitors, apprentices, community members
- DIXIE'S CRYSTAL RIDGE, 10641 Rhode's Lane, Troutville VA 24175 (703) 992-3521
residents, builders
- DOE FARM/Wisconsin Women's Land Cooperative, Rt2, Box 150, Norwalk WI 54648
camping, lodging, memberships, summer work
- FULL CIRCLE FARM, Rt.1, Box 427, SilkHope/Liberty Rd, Siler City NC 27344
seeking community members, apprentices
- FULL MOON ENTERPRISES/MOONSHADOW
PO Box 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/Huntington Open Women's Land, POBox 53, Huntington VT 05462
(802) 434-DYKE
Open to all women and children
- INTOUCH, Rt.2, Box 1096, Kent's Store, VA 23084
camping and events center
- 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 disabilities, Dykes of color and Dykes without money. Write for info on becoming part of our intentional community.
- OWL FARM/Oregon Women's Land Trust, Box 1692, Roseburg OR 97470
open land
- OWL HOLLOW, c/o 25650 Vanderburg Lane, Arlee MT 59821 (406) 726-3662
- RAINBOW'S END, 886 Raven Lane, Roseburg, OR 97470 phone: 673-7649
We welcome visitors.
- RAVEN'S HOLLOW, POBox 41, Cazenovia WI 53924 (608) 767-3075 or (608) 983-2715
Visitors welcome
Looking for residents/partners interested 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
6-8pmCST. 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
- SKY RANCH, C4, Site 20, RR2, Burns Lake, British Columbia, V0J 1E0 Canada
(604) 694-3738
Women's Land Trust, seeking members

SPINSTERHAVEN, POBox 718, Fayetteville,
AR 72702

SPINSTERVALE, c/o Sunshine Goldstream,
Box 429, Coombs, British Columbia,
VOR 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

SWIFTWATERS, Rt. 3, Dahlonga GA 30533
Riverfront campground or bed and breakfast

TERRA, Chateau Gres, Poiseul La Grange,
21440 St. Seine L'Abbaye, France

TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview Lane, Upper
Black Eddy PA 18972
Camping and guest room for woman
travelling through. Companion animals
welcome outside only. We love company.

WE'MOON, 37010 SE Snuffin, Estacada OR
97023 phone:630-3628
Wimmin-only rural intentional community,
35 miles southeast of Portland, OR is
seeking new members who are very inter-
ested in living and participating in
the work and play of community life.
Beautiful land, 52 acres, large organic
garden. We use consensus decision-
making, and celebrate the cycles of the
Earth. We currently have two spaces
available. Drug and alcohol free.



Jean Mountaingrove

WHITE ROCKS HOMELAND, POBox 231, Willcox
AZ 85644

Rugged high desert country. Very rough
road to get to land. No water or elect.
Campers are welcome and need to provide
all necessities.

WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport
OH 43164

Seeking community members

WOMAN'S WORLD, Shewolf, POBox 655,
Madisonville LA 70447

Work exchange for landwomen, builders,
and gardeners to improve rural living
and construction skills, about one hour
from New Orleans. Developing community
with land ownership as well as community
land ownership of women-only space.
Please try to write for invitation to
visit and for rural living experiences
at least two months in advance.

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM c/o Kate Millet,
295 Bowery, NYC, NY 10003
summer: writers and artists work exchange
spring & fall: landwomen and builders
work exchange

WOMLAND, POBox 55, Troy ME 04987

TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REVIEWS

MY WALDEN: TALES FROM DEAD COW GULCH
By Susan Baumgartner
Illustrated by Claudia McGehee
Crossing Press, 1992

My Walden is the story of a woman's journey into a country life. Turning her back on the frantic rush of modern society, Susan Baumgartner moves to a small, secluded cabin in the wooded hills of Northern Idaho. Her intent is "to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach."

Written and illustrated in a tone that is warm, simple, genuine, and filled with a quiet beauty, the book takes you through the daily discoveries of her solitary life. She tells tales of slugs, ticks, crows, outhouses, improvised tools, raging wind storms, laughter, silence and solitude. Every event leads to an illumination. Each illumination bespeaks a wisdom gained from a life immersed in the context of nature. With each chapter comes the unfolding of her deepest, truest self.

The book is filled with many insights, among them: "I want to live in the state of the verb 'to be'. I want to exist, to be, to experience, to observe...In the state of the verb 'to be' it's okay to plop down on the ground and get lost in the ballet of moving clouds overhead. It's okay to waste an extra hour in bed, not sleeping, but just drifting in and out of consciousness. It's okay to spend a morning really looking at a tree, studying all its colors, the texture of its bark, the powerful surge of it against your body when it sways in the wind...It takes a lot of work just to be. You must overcome guilt and years of conditioning. You must face emotions like sadness and disappointment and confusion and despair. You must suddenly become accountable for your life."

My Walden is an enchanting read; don't miss it.

Jeanne Wallace

LESBIAN NATION: ONE NATION AMONG MANY
Cassette tape by Sunny McHale SkyeDancer
Hummingbird Music 1991
POBox 15121, Portland, OR 97215

Many songs on this tape were inspired by wimmin's land in Southern Oregon: familiar scenes, like a traveling woman with a heart of gold settles in the woods, or a hummingbird interrupts Sunny's log stacking and inspires a song. The title song, "Lesbian Nation" sends us these words: "I hear the songs we are singing/I listen to the words we speak/I feel the love we keep bringing/And the power of the joy makes me strong."

Her tunes are melodic and catchy, she even has a dance tune, "Waterwheel Romance" with the refrain, "I am just a country Lesbian, And you look so country to me!" That's my favorite.

Sunny also has an instrumental tape *Heart Exposure*, which is delightful. Mostly piano and guitar with a bit of synthesizer. Good listening on both tapes.

Lee Lanning



zana
tucson, arizona

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LESBIAN CIRCLE SONGS AND POWER CHANTS

One hour tape; Owl Farm benefit. \$10ppd
POBox 133, Days Creek Or 97429

WE' MOON LAND has a new 20 foot yurt available for rent for your workshops, retreats, or personal celebrations. Drug & alcohol free, wimmin-only space in beautiful rural setting near Portland, Oregon. 37010 SE Snuffin, Estacada OR 97023. 630-3628

LAVENDER L.E.A.F., Lesbian Emergency Action Fund for lesbians in San Francisco or Alameda Counties needs funds. Contribute to Po Box 20921 Oakland CA 94620

LESBIAN COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT: Planning, Education and Retreat Programs designed with participants by community thinker Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz to create a community of support around our needs, values and visions. *What are we trying to create and what do we need to do that?* Education and community develop as we create something that didn't exist before through sustained focus and effort--an enhanced appreciation, interest, ability or understanding. This approach involves a willingness to move quickly from problems to solutions relying on ourselves as key resources. We create a community of support as we develop our creative intelligence for innovation and enhance our ability to think, plan, decide and act with others. We won't necessarily solve all the problems but we can work cooperatively and move forward together.

My services are free to the community. My *Womyn, Values and Community* workshop offers a starting point, with short readings aloud on what womyn have in common, our creative intelligence, lesbian land and values and meaning. My basic text is the book *Lesbian Ethics; Toward New Value* By Sarah Hoagland. Contact Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz c/o Twin Oaks Commune, Rt.4, Box 169, Louisa VA 23093 (703)894-5126

SHEWOLF'S DIRECTORY OF WIMMIN'S LANDS and Lesbian Communities 1994-95. Info on 50 different settlements in the U.S. Send \$8.50 check or money order to Royal T Pub., 2013 Rue Royal, New Orleans 70116

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