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# MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SUMMER 9995



jean-marie '94

jean-marie wild



MAIZE NUMBER 45 SUMMER 9995

*MAIZE IS BY AND FOR LESBIANS*

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute articles, interviews, letters, comments, news of Lesbians on the land. Cassette taped interviews, discussions, articles, are accepted for transcription. Editing on any piece will be done only in cooperation with the author.

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute photos and illustrations. Photos may be black and white or color. Photos with good contrast print best. Illustrations need to be black pen on white paper. 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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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 state 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)

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# MAIZE

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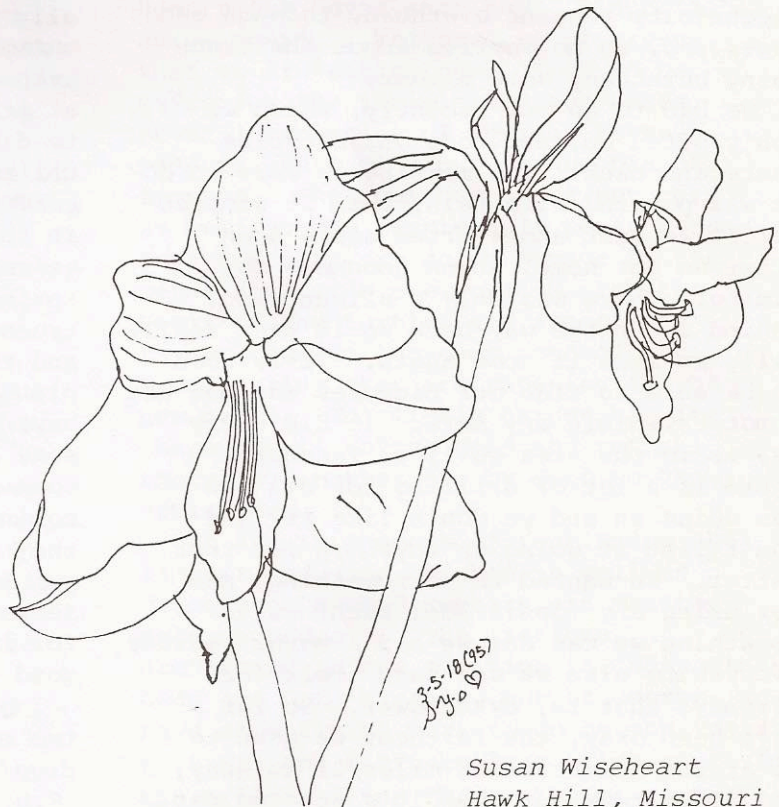
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Susan Wiseheart  
Hawk Hill, Missouri



# ON THE LAND

## URINUI

TARANAKI, AOTEAROA (NEW ZEALAND)

Kia ora, Tuesday, 30 May '95

It's a cold rainy day today so we'll write and let you know how we are going here in Aotearoa. It has been quite warm up to a few days ago, with a few occasional cool days and we wondered if winter wasn't going to come this time, but maybe will. We are both, Cilbey and Raewyn, in shorts, so it's not that cold really. Autumn(fall)/winter time here while over there you are spring/summer.

We were able to take the old glasshouse to pieces before it fell over and have shifted the site to a sunnier place, making it slightly smaller too. It's not finished yet, two walls still to put up, but almost ready to do that. All depends on the day, it's raining today so maybe tomorrow we'll get more done on it. Since we were able to get the electricity company to shift the electric lines from over our property we can use the sunny space by one of the old poles. It's better not having wires carrying 11,000 volts of electricity running overhead, through some trees too, so no worries about the trees being burnt any more either.

We had to go out recently, which we don't often do, and rode our bicycles there and back. The morning we were to do it was pouring with rain, then it stopped before we left and started again soon after we got home, thank goodness for timing. There was only a slight wind, behind us on the way back so it went really well, we made it home again. It is good to be able to ride our bicycles and not use a motor vehicle any more. It did worry us, as in the area we live, Taranaki, there is a lot of drilling for oil and gas going on and we don't like it, and don't like it going on anywhere for that matter. We wanted to do something, and not using any fossil-fuel machines is something we can do; we had a motor vehicle, everything else we use hand tools for already, that is, dyke-power. So far it's been okay, the farthest we need to go at the moment is 13 miles/21 km away, and if we take our time it's not too far.

The whole area around here is being grid-searched for oil and gas deposits lately, and we hope they never find any.

We recently celebrated being together for 12 years, and almost 10 years living here on lesbian-only land. The gardens are getting more organised, occasionally, and trees we've planted are getting established. We grew all our potatoes, we grow a sort called ngawiri--purple-skinned ones they are, so we grew them using the no-dig method completely last season. It's something we'd been working towards; getting enough mulch had been a problem as we collect it all from our land. We used dead fern fronds and grass and it worked okay, there should be enough to last us till next time. We collected the mulch beforehand gradually then when we planted the potatoes, only needed to push back the mulch, put down a greened potato, cover it with a bit of compost and push the mulch back on top. As they grew we cut grass and piled it around the tops to keep the sun off the tubers, and occasionally splashed a stinging nettle/comfrey/horsetail/seaweed tea around over them to keep off any blight. We can only get better at it, but it was a lot easier not having to dig and mound the tops up, easier to collect when ready too.

There's Koromiko and Kanono flowering in the native trees at the moment that we've noticed lately, some trees have a spring and autumn flowering. Koromiko trees are growing all around our gardens and they smell sweet too. We have been planting broadbeans, only the last lot have been picked out by the pheasants, some are growing though, and we'll plant some more soon. There's still turnips coming up, we eat the tops in salads, they are a good source of calcium. We'll put in more garlic soon, as well as the leeks. Hopefully we'll get a sunny day for it. We'll have to hope for more good timing.

Cilbey and Raewyn  
*two vegan sober separatists living on  
drug/alcohol free lesbian-only land.*  
R.D. 45, Urinui, Taranaki, Aotearoa.



## TAIGH A'GHAVAIDH

EILEAN LEODHAS, SCOTLAND

*Waxing Moon 6 March 99995*

Dear Maize,

I am impressed by the long list of Land LESY contributors in the winter edition. Wonderful. It has galvanised me into action to make my own contribution! I agree with Jae that this is the way for us to be able to give and get what we need in a much fairer way than sliding scales or barter. I do hope that the list will grow and grow.

It is still pretty wintry here in Lewis. A small blizzard of snow has just finished but not actually settling on the low ground. The hills have stayed white for a good few weeks now. One of the advantages of our position on the side of a hill is that we can see for miles--especially westwards. This morning I could see that snow coming dark grey on the western horizon a good half an hour before the first flakes arrived. Enough time to check the progress of the seedlings in the polytunnel, hang up some washing in there and get in the fuel--a small bucket of smokeless fuel and 3 buckets of peat. It is brightening now--maybe I will get out to do some gardening after all. We have managed to do alot of mulching--on our bushes and trees with cardboard, peat ash and lots of seaweed from the shore. I can feel the spring though--the days seem so long already compared to the winter's dark time. The snowdrops are so bonny and some daffodils and crocuses out too. We still have cabbage outside--the rabbits haven't found them... yet! We have refenced another section with rabbit proof wire yet they are still getting in somewhere. Last February we had a solid fuel small 'squirrel' stove installed which heats two radiators. That has made for a much cosier winter this time. Spring blessings to you all.

In separatist spirit

Dawn Susun

## SILVER CIRCLE

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI

Well, it seems like a long time since the ice storm, but vestiges still remind us like the rosette of new limbs atop so many trees that lost their tops. The Mother renews and that in itself is a sign to her daughters. We see much more sky from our south facing windows but the trees are making wonderful round tops and sprouting new limbs all along their trunks.

Like the trees the people at Silver Circle are ever in process of becoming something new. Our stainglass apprenticeship from the LNR grant has blossomed into a cottage industry that is beginning to generate some income. It's been joined by carving and flower essence cottage industries, also. The four of us here now are enjoying the peace and quiet of Silver Circle Sanctuary. The big garden honors the Devas with peas, broccoli, swiss chard, a kalidescope of greens, that we are eating now. Soon to be gifts for the table are green beans, several varieties of squash, beets, peanuts and a glorious cornucopia of flowers. The tomatoes and sweet corn as well as the purple hull peas, cucumbers and okra are doing homage to their Devas also. We are working with the Devas of the turtles and armadillos to get them to leave us some of the strawberries that are ripening in the new patch. The little garden has its share of all things good and natural including another try by Gwen to grow artichokes.

We are in process of reskinning the 13 year old dome kitchen as well as doing much needed repairs and maintenance on Dogwood. The list goes on. We are living in the addition to Cedar Place, Gwen and Gail's cabin, but of course, we have some finish work to do on the inside.

Susan and Mitru built a brick house for the mailbox after the frat rats kept steal-



ing the ones we had on the post. We'll have to see if this one makes it thru initiation at Ole Miss next fall. A neighbor passing while they were working stopped to chat and after inspecting their fine work asked, "Is there anything you girls down here can't do?" We live in a community of fine country people who have respect for our homesteading efforts. We are blessed in our relationship with our neighbors. We have our share of curious passerbys but a pack of five dogs who have all become residents by their own choice are very adamant about the boundaries of their territory.

Just now our friends, the resident arachnologists, have arrived for lunch. Both of these fine wimmin helped to build our most recent addition. One of them has just arrived to live in Mississippi. Blessed Be. So from all of us here at Silver Circle to all of you out there on wimmins' land, keep on keepin' on!

Gail Clear Night Sky

PS: After my On The Land submission, one wommon brought up her concerns that some might think we are in some way insensitive to our sisters to the south at Sister Spirit. So I decided to add this to make our stand clear on that matter.

*What is happening to the wimmin at Camp Sister Spirit could happen to any wimmin's land anywhere. Our current "good will"*

with neighbors is tentative and hard earned at best. I meant what I said when I said we are "blessed". For those who don't know (and I know there are some because of a self-righteous letter in LC) the wimmin at Sister Spirit were outed to the community by someone who tampered with their mail. That could happen to any of us. It happened to us right after we moved here 13 years ago. I walked up on the mailman sitting at our mailbox leafing through a copy of *WomanSpirit*. That was after the boy down the road came down to "put the moves on" all those wimmin down there and was rebuffed. He then started a fire on the forty acres next door in an attempt to burn us out. Our support for CampSister Spirit is unfailing. Fate seems to have cast them into the roll of righting a civil rights battle for all of us. I have known Brenda and Wanda for a long time and I certainly know they did not start this war and any woman who thinks they did is naive and wills herself not to see the perilous situation we wimmin live in daily.

A good note on the above is that 6 of the 11 plaintiffs who filed the law suit against Sister Spirit have droppped out leaving only 5. My radical side scoffs even as I write at my hopes of getting just treatment from the patriarchy. But for now things are quiet on the home front on and off the land. We all know that could change in the blink of an eye.



maryanne  
florida



# MAAT DOMPIM

## THE WOMYN OF COLOR LAND PROJECT WEST VIRGINIA

As womyn-loving-womyn, we are deeply embroiled in the magical process of creating a WomynNation. As mothers and daughters to ourselves, we are constantly re-defining, re-shaping, re-creating, re-birthing culture that serves and honors our womanist, feminist, earth-loving, multi-cultural selves. Reflecting our efforts to shape the Femayle Future there are hundreds, thousands of institutions that serve the many layers of our collective needs. We have festivals, parties, communities, conferences, Womyn's Studies, womyn's clinics, womyn's businesses, and womyn's land. And now there is MAAT DOMPIM.

Maat Dompim is a non-profit Womyn of Color Retreat and Conference Center in the process of becoming. The project is named Maat Dompim because Maat is the name of the ancient African Goddess who represents balance, truth, and justice; and Dompim means "a place in the bush where the voice of the Goddess is heard." It is to be a rural complex that will be a safe, harmonious, contemplative environment for research, study, meditation and ritual, as well as workshops, conferences, seminars, and presentations.

Maat Dompim will include several areas of focus: retreat space, small conference center, ecology center, accessibility, apprenticeship programs, Institute of Ancient African Herstory, visitors and guests. Maat Dompim will help fill many needs of our nascent Womyn Nation. It will be a safe place to explore our values, politics and relationships.

### *Who is Maat Dompim For?*

Maat Dompim will be an environment that focuses on the needs of Womyn of Color. It will be a setting for Womyn of Color to safely explore, revive, perpetuate and share our respective traditional cultural values and perspectives in a place that is free from Eurocentrism and racism. However, Maat Dompim is also open to, and available for any individuals or groups who are actively anti-racist, working for positive social change.

### *Small Conferences*

Maat Dompim's small conference facilities will be available for use by Womyn of Color and any anti-racist individuals, groups and organizations. But the goals of Maat Dompim include offering more than just structures and ground. Maat Dompim will initiate (and also actively seek out Womyn of Color and their Allies who will initiate) Projects, Workshops and small conferences that focus on a variety of socially progressive issues such as community building, anti-racism, grass-roots economics, conflict resolution, Womyn's spirituality.

### *Retreats*

Maat Dompim will also actively encourage Womyn of Color and their Allies to use the quiet, nurturing environment of the Retreat facilities for study, relaxation, healing burn-out, meditation, ceremony.

### *Ecology and Education*

Our intention is to reestablish our ancient roles as traditional Earth-centered peoples in partnership with the rest of Nature. Therefore, active ecological awareness will be an integral part of all our activities. Maat Dompim will function as a rural resource center for teaching, learning ecologically beneficial, hands-on skills. We will seek out and encourage Womyn of Color and their Allies to share their expertise in such areas as solar energy, alternative buildings, energy conservation, permaculture, accessibility, construction, through workshops, apprenticeships and ongoing work projects. We will also sponsor workshops in basic country living skills for the urban woman.

### *Accessibility*

Accessibility is a Maat Dompim priority. To the best of our capabilities, we will make use of experienced accessibility consultants in all stages of planning, organizing and construction.

### *Institute of Ancient African Herstory*

Another part of the educational focus of Maat Dompim will be the Herstory of African and African-descended womyn. Through independent research and investigation, we will continue to unearth, unravel and analyze the often overlooked herstorical contributions of Black womyn. Library and study areas will be available



for herstory scholars and students and any other womyn who are interested in the study, research and dissemination of the herstory of African womyn, the interconnections and herstories of other Womyn of Color, and all herstory in general.

#### *Visitors and Guests*

Maat Dompim will offer limited short term residency for womyn doing retreats and educational projects. Also available will be camping and dorm space for participants, visitors and overnight guests.

#### *MAKING MAAT DOMPIM A REALITY*

Presently we have a working board of directors, a federal non-profit 501(c)3 status, a small grant for partial land down payment, a tiny African Herstory Library, a number of excited supporters, helpers and allies, love, determination and commitment. We are actively searching for the appropriate location for Maat Dompim. We are raising funds and gathering resources. *We invite all interested womyn to become part of this creative process.* Being a community-based organization means that we get our support directly from the community.

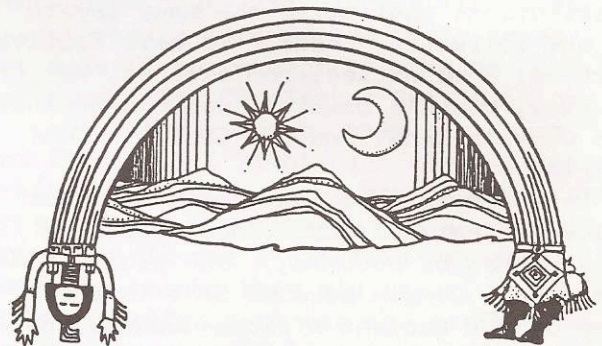
To make this Womyn of Color Land Project a reality we need donations for land search expenses, supplementary down payment, mortgage payments, African Herstory Library, building fund, operating costs, xeroxing, postage. Additional immediate needs are: grant writers, fund raisers, mailing lists, allies and advocates, fax machine, Mac LC compatible laser printer, additional memory for Mac LC. And of course we need suitable land for Maat Dompim: 80-150 affordable acres in a friendly, preferably Appalachian area that is within 1 to 2 hours of a city with substantial multi-racial and progressive womyn's population. Long range needs are for accessibility experts, solar energy consultants, plumbers, carpenters, alternative builders.

#### *Here's How You Can Help Hook This Up*

- Donate money right away
- Donate money a little later
- Pledge monthly, bimonthly or quarterly
- Raise money for Maat Dompim:
  - Do a fund raiser
  - Give a 'rent party'
  - Have a garage sale
  - Put on a dance
  - Arrange craft markets
  - Produce benefit performances

Tell other womyn about this project  
Distribute Maat Dompim literature

For additional information, to make a donation, or to be put on our mailing list, please contact Maat Dompim, the Womyn of Color Land Project, Auto Road, Auto, WV 24917 (703)992-0248(voice mail) ACHE, from the Maat Dompim Board: Blanche Jackson, Carol Bloome, and Amoja Three Rivers



## ARCO IRIS

A Network of Womyn of Colors  
on Land and in the City  
Building a Spiritual Community

## ARCO IRIS

PONCA, ARKANSAS

*Our Mission:* To preserve the earth and to promote matriarchal indigenous culture.

*Goals:* To acquire, protect, and hold land in trust for descendents of displaced indigenous people, who presently are deprived of a land base, or the support of a traditional community. Especially women and children of color.

*Objectives:* To provide environmental education and to enhance the outdoor experience for women and children in order to promote stewardship of the earth.

To foster confidence and build self-esteem through a positive wilderness experience.

To network and provide a meeting place



for traditional native elders with youth, rural and urban women.

To provide a retreat for activists of local, national and international social change organizations.

Arco Iris is located in the Ozark Mountains in rural northwest Arkansas, and is a wilderness school, gathering place, and ceremonial ground. Situated on the outskirts of the Upper Buffalo Wilderness Area, the land is rugged and breathtakingly beautiful forest. The rural *Walk in Beauty Conference Center* provides a place for a base camp.

Arco Iris is a land-holding, nonprofit, cultural, and educational organization formed to promote matriarchal indigenous culture. We serve as spiritual community and network base dedicated to the preservation and protection of the environment, and to the empowerment of women and children of color.

Arco Iris provides a place for women and children to experience and affirm a connection with nature, as well as an opportunity for spiritual growth, natural healing, and a chance to learn self-sufficiency skills, and sustainable, low impact living.

Arco Iris provides activists of Native American coalitions for social change and environmental protection a place to rest and heal from their work-related stress, while enjoying annual spiritual gatherings, or seasonal celebrations.

Arco Iris trains women through an apprenticeship program, which gives them the opportunity to live and work with skilled women, while learning various self-sufficiency skills, such as: organic gardening, animal care, carpentry, or wilderness and water skills. Apprenticeships are given the opportunity to learn leadership and organizational skills.

Arco Iris schedules a children's summer camp that provides a safe, natural environment for latch-key urban children. (Other children are welcomed too). This is a unique opportunity for them to be out of the city in a safe place, while experiencing a preserved woodland which reflects a positive image of nature, and a program which affirms their place as stewards of Creation.

The camp strives to create an environment much like that of an extended family

in accordance with traditional indigenous culture. Within a family structure, they are taught the power of prayer and dreams. Mothers may choose to attend the camp with their children. Crafts, farm and wilderness skills are taught by experienced teachers and native elders, in order to build self-esteem, skills in cooperation, and just for pure fun!

This is a culturally rich experience which works toward instilling interpersonal respect and the importance of individual differences and diversity. Non-violent behavior, language and play are practiced by all. Children who participate are taught to care for themselves, each other, and the environment with love and respect. We believe that continuance of life on our planet is greatly dependent on spiritual direction and guidance of our children.

Arco Iris Self-Sufficiency Camp for Women and Children was founded in 1984 by Sun Hawk (Maria Christina Moroles DeColores) and Miguela Borges DeColores. Miguela and Sun Hawk are available to conduct seminars about women on land, self-sufficiency skills, and matriarchal spirituality.

#### *Annual Goals and Projects:*

Grant writing, create fund-raising videos, train for residency and organization, spiritual gatherings, apprenticeship program, children's summer camp, Arco Iris benefit, membership drive, publish annual newsletter, youth and elders gathering.

#### *You Can Help By:*

- Becoming a member
- Volunteering to work on annual projects
- Volunteering professional services
- Organizing fund raisers in your community
- Monthly, yearly pledges
- Contributing funds or useful items
- Assist with networking
- Fund specific projects

All Arco Iris projects are funded by grants, contributions, and work by supporters and members. Arco Iris does not receive state or federal funding. Membership is open to all people interested in anti-racist work or promoting social equality and environmental protection.

For more information, please write:  
Arco Iris, H.C. 70 Box 17, Ponca, AR  
72670-9620. (501)861-5506



## OUTLAND

Carla Green  
New Mexico

Expect a night you  
can walk with joy  
instead of fear.  
Expect to be fearful, full of deep joy, laughing.  
Expect to see snakes and rabbits and chipmunks  
and naked beautiful womyn.  
Expect to cry, to grieve, to laugh and grunt.  
Expect your shit to be completely different.  
Expect dirt that feels clean and a  
quiet that gets into your bones.  
Expect time to end.  
Expect birdsong to be great entertainment.  
Expect to open up, to feel alive, to feel.  
Expect a holy sameness in the land and  
majik in the sky.  
Expect loving faces turned towards you, caring.  
Expect the best of yourself.

Carla Green  
New Mexico

these common things  
found everywhere,  
rocks, candles, love of water,  
the color purple, mauve, aqua  
weavings, plants, slogans  
in lesbian space these are common  
as rocks.  
a seam of turquoise  
that runs through our lives  
rock, water, aqua.

*Carla Green is a 48 year woman with green eyes, changing hair, still  
having adventures, passions and growth. She is an Outland visitor.*

## OUTLAND

*Susan Wiseheart visits Outland!*

"I could never live there because I  
couldn't give up \_\_\_\_\_". When I talk  
with other Lesbians about Outland, that  
is a sentence I have heard from more than  
one Dyke. For those of you unfamiliar  
with Outland, it is a Lesbian Land in  
New Mexico set up intentionally to be  
as removed from patriarchy as possible.  
The Dykes who live there agree to elimi-  
nate alcohol, drugs, caffeine, sugar,  
tobacco, weapons, violence, television,  
radio, mainstream newspapers and maga-  
zines, perfumes, butch-femme, patriarchal  
holidays, dominance, men's voices or  
music, domesticated animals and pets,  
from the land. No men are invited to  
Outland. No sadomasochism happens there.

With inherited money available as a  
resource, they purchased nearly 800 acres  
of high desert and are conducting a  
valuable experiment based on many decades  
of Lesbian theory, discussion and analysis  
about what life might be like outside  
patriarchy. They have taken as many



*Carla J. Green*

of the elements we have identified as  
feeding patriarchal dominance as possible  
and declared them GONE. Outland is a  
space free of distractions, propaganda,  
and tools that advance the cause of  
patriarchy.

To those of us living in the cities  
and rural areas, on other Lesbian lands,  
or in small towns, it can seem overwhelm-  
ing to think of "giving up" some of the  
very things we rely on to get us through.

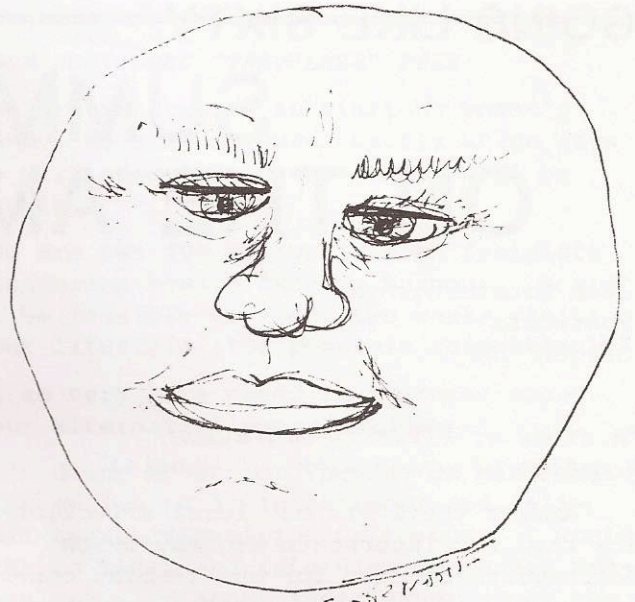


"What, live without t.v.? cigarettes? radio? my favorite men's music? candy? wine? beer? my sweet little kitty? my horse? People Magazine? a toké now and then? incense? Christmas? coffee? IMPOSSIBLE!"

When I was there for a week in December, I found out I could live that way. I did it for seven days and felt certain it would be possible for me to do it indefinitely. I missed some of the things from my life here in the Ozarks that aren't present at Outland, but I found things I wish were present.

Without the time usually spent consuming, partaking of or acting out the missing patriarchally inspired and promoted elements, I felt charged and energetic. The place is filled with resources for and information about Lesbians, and I had time to consume them. I was able to partake of pure Lesbian culture for days. I acted out by walking, singing, toning, and talking. Being without them caused me to become aware of how I often dull my senses and suppress my immune system by taking into my body some unhealthy substance or into my mind some status-quo-promoting media. I became more centered. I had no cats to pet or dogs to call. I didn't see or hear any "news" but Dyke news. I heard delicious Lesbian gossip told in the most loving and careful way. I felt respected, admired, and loved and I felt respect, admiration and love for the four other dykes there with me. I feel all those things around here too, but there, where I lived each day with the womyn in a way I never can pull off here, it felt more sustained. The feelings were similar to how I've felt at Michigan all these years except with fewer Lesbians and less patriarchy.

If I could live there, why don't I? Maybe I will someday. It is the most conscious and careful place I've ever been in regard to my health needs. No perfumes. NO toxic chemicals. A private space without woodsmoke or propane. Air-tight stoves everywhere else. No cigarette smoke or pet fur. But I feel too attached to the life I'm already living, right here in Hilldyke country, to leave it. I love the Lesbians on my land and in my neighborhood. I want to continue my daily contact with them. I love the Ozarks and Hawk Hill.



Carla J. Green

I am not ready to eliminate everything Outlanders have dispensed with. I may never be. But I know I could. I already do without many of them. I can choose to get rid of any others I want on my own, right here. It's not as easy as it is with the total support for doing so available at Outland, but just seeing it happen there makes it more possible for me to make it happen here if I want to. It gives my imagination, the vital step in making things concrete, a solid base of reality from which to leap.

Outland is more to me, though, than a potential place to live if only I could bring myself to do it the way they are doing it. It is clear that the only point of Outland is not for us all to live the way they do. It is also an energy center, a place where at least fifty Dykes a year go to renew ourselves and get a concentrated dose of one version of Dykedom at its purest. Whether or not I ever live there, I am grateful it exists and for the generosity of the Dykes there, who are tremendously supportive to Lesbian Lands everywhere.

Susan Wiseheart  
Hawk Hill, Missouri

Reprinted from *Hillydyke Family News*,  
Spring 1995, Ava, Missouri

*OUTLAND is seeking more residents--  
think about it!*



## GOING LIKE SIXTY

# SUMMERTIME ON THE AMAZON TRAIL

Jean Mountaingrove  
Rootworks  
Oregon

*"A river of birds in migration,  
A nation of women with..."* wheels!

"Amazon Trail" is our local affectionate term for Interstate Highway 5--the North-South conduit for our lesbian connections. And as summertime approaches, a growing trickle of letters from across North America and overseas reaches roadside mailboxes of women's lands in Southern Oregon--foretelling a volume of summer visitors along the Amazon Trail.

If an SASE was included, it is easy to send off a photocopied letter introducing Rootworks, adding my warm personal greeting. Yet if searching questions are asked of me, it takes a while to muster time to write reasonable answers. If the woman found Rootworks through the Directory of Intentional Communities she has included \$1, so, for a larger view of our community, I will enclose a copy of my friend NiAodagain's article, "Living Among the Muses" from the Woman of Power magazine. That done, I slip the letter I received into my bulging TRAVELERS folder--and forget it. I've learned that most often that is the last I will hear from her.

But I may get a second letter with more questions, an SASE and a probable date when she expects to arrive. Then I send a prepared map and mark that date on my kitchen calendar with a ? mark. I've noticed that our lives can change--rapidly, so I go on about my life here till she drives in.

I enjoy the first moments of welcoming. So much to take in so quickly! From my own experiences as a traveler I know how tired, uncertain, hopeful and scared one can be on arriving at the home of a stranger. Introductions and a handshake or a hug as we meet beside her car. How can we move into comfort and pleasure as quickly

as possible? I ask, "How far have you traveled today?" (to estimate her tiredness) and "When did you last eat?" (to estimate her hunger). I invite her in to sit down and we explore what she needs first: food, outhouse, a look around the land and buildings, a place to settle her things, some questions needing immediate answers?

Often I then show her my map of Rootworks and offer a guided tour or suggest she look around on her own. We decide on what and when we will eat and when to settle down to really get acquainted.

What a pleasure to watch my guest relax as she realizes that she is welcome, safe and free in a place without men! I don't have to mention it. I just say, "There is nothing here to be afraid of," and she smiles with relief.

Our first meal together--usually the evening one--satisfies our hunger to know each other better. Her questions are often about life at Rootworks and of the other women's lands nearby. Mine are about her travels and any news she has of my friends on other lands. When the candle burns down and our energy wanes, we decide on breakfast time and general plans for tomorrow. Then it is "Good night. Sleep well."

The second day is different. Often my new friend sleeps late and comes in shaking her head, "I don't know why I am so tired!" I can guess. She has been living on the edge of her nervous energy in the man's world, and traveling is also stressful. It sometimes takes several days of naps and early-to-bed-for-quiet-nights-sleep before she recovers her natural energy.

Gradually, as we share food and work in the gardens, her story unfolds--her issues, her dreams, her relationships, her fears...Often she tells me it is rare to be listened to at length, without hurry, without interruptions. When we have sat together talking for a long time, we may want an intermission: a visit to



my Library in the Barn(all women authors), a walk in the forest, or just to sit in the sun and pull weeds.

Yes, there is work. Not just the meal preparations and clean up, and the garden, and whatever else our skills can help with here. There is the work of adjusting to this new situation. Culture shock of a sort. She must fit her personal habits to this rustic place. Her familiar supports of TV, telephone, friends, snack foods...all are missing. And previously unused muscles assert their presence. And for me, added responsibilities to orient and support a new person in my living space. And to be flexible in my schedule and to plan work around her preferences and skills (as well as necessities and the weather!) To provide information and resources she may want: newspapers, books, addresses, maps. And to give many hours to our conversations.

I enjoy getting to know her, learning of her experiences and her views on life. I also talk--a lot! I give my opinions and tell my experiences. It is sharing, friendship, not therapy. I expect that we will be helpful to each other. I am excited when we discover "the gift you brought to me and the one you came here to receive." It feels to me like a blessing in our lives.

In addition, visitors bring variety to my life. They give me companionship, new ideas and perspective, lots of information, appreciation and sometimes continuing friendship.

My visitor can go with me to any community events during her stay. A great opportunity to meet many other land dykes and enjoy a potluck, a dance, a sing along, a play, a Circle, an art exhibit, a book signing or some of our support groups. She will have a broader idea of what this community is like.

And then, as this new friend prepares to journey on, I must bring up the awkward subject of the payment I stated in my first letter to her. Since it is necessary for me to receive this small amount to I can continue to provide for guests, I post a copy of that letter in the outhouse. Usually that reminder is sufficient, so she brings it up first.

I have learned over these twenty-plus country years to take each woman into my

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FROM ROOTWORKS "TRAVELERS" FILE:

"We are interested in visiting women's land. We are not sure exactly which days we will need lodging or where we'll be staying."

"We are two 40+ active lesbian feminists blundering toward extreme burnout. Would it be feasible to spend two weeks visiting your lifestyle (for possible relocation)?"

"I am very interested in learning about your alternative energy systems."

"I'm doing my Senior Thesis on alternative ways of living in intentional and self-sufficient communities or co-ops. I would like to visit and interview community members casually about their experience, the process of deciding to live outside the societal norm."

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heart quickly--and to freely let her go. Our parting is eased by taking photos of us together, and getting her permanent address. Often this will be her mother's address because my friend is not certain where this journey will take her...I urge her to "Come back" and she responds, "Oh yes, definitely I will." We hug for the last time, and she gets into her car.

Sometimes I am moved to sing,  
"Rainbow woman, rainbow woman,  
Go where you're going to,  
Do what you're going to do,  
For love is guiding you."  
Then as we wave good-bye, her car pulls away and disappears around the curve of trees.

I walk back to the kitchen in a new silence, clear the breakfast dishes, take the books back to the Barn Library...and wonder if she has forgotten anything: a cup, a towel, a sweater? As I putter about, I move back into my solitary routines. I often realize I am smiling at memories of the times we just shared. I appreciate the richness I gain from giving "hospitality of heart and hearth."

See Country Connections in each issue of MAIZE for a listing of women's lands which welcome visitors, and guidelines for making your visit mutually pleasant.



# DYKE CULTURE

Tamarack  
The Web  
Minnesota

I saw some dykes today, they were  
    busy changing the world  
They were working to stop rape  
They were bringing incest out from under the carpet  
They were working in battered womens shelters  
They were opening battered womens shelters  
They were opening womens centres  
They were opening womens bookstores  
They were opening womens cafes  
They were organizing womens events, writing letters,  
    forming networks, working against classism,  
    working against ageism, working against racism  
They were learning sign language,  
They were making buildings accessible,  
They were explaining feminism,  
They were explaining lesbianism,  
They were explaining separatism.  
They were re-researching lesbian heritage  
They were talking about the witches  
They were talking about the amazons.  
They were ensuring women only space  
They were ensuring lesbian only space  
They were working against poverty  
They were working in poverty.

I saw some dykes today  
They were organizing a gathering of 10,000 women,  
They were making international connections  
They were getting chem-free.  
They were taking time to know themselves,  
They were putting the physical, mental and  
    spiritual together.  
They were getting strong.  
They were bringing forward lesbian culture,  
    undoing lies we've been told.  
They were bringing forward herbal remedies,  
They were teaching ancient medicine ways,  
They were living together as witches,  
They were developing psychic powers,  
They were working to change the world,  
They were working to heal the Earth,  
They were working to heal each other,  
They were working to heal themselves.  
They were celebrating Dyke Culture.



*Marnee Kennedy  
SBAMUH, Ohio*



# LESBIAN LAND LESBIAN CULTURE

## TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS?

Viviane  
Terra  
France

Yesterday I stoked the fire and sat at the old wooden student desk in the common room and decided that this was the moment to write out the conversation which has been going on in my mind for some time now.

Sylvie had gone to look at the stars in her camping car, and Doris has disappeared into her space.

I almost thought I had gotten it all down, clear and ready to be communicated when I started seeing a light moving around in the dark in Doris' Green house next to the common room (It used to be a cheese making space, it is a beautifully arched room). Well, I thought Doris is doing her whatever. The "whatever" became more intriguing as that single light continued to move about, up and down and around like Tinkerbell. Finally, somewhere between concrete examples and the Grand Conclusion, I had to stop: what was happening in there?

A discreet knock at the windowed door. A giggle. I opened to see a frontal flashlight headdress and Doris planting asparagus seeds. I'll never know if this was the way to plant them because I was so delighted with the whole scene that I could not contain my love for such a womoon. I mean really.

Anyway, after hugs and laughing, we sat down by the wonderful wood stove and I gave her my "brilliant" article. And we talked and talked.

Last night I invited Sylvie and Doris to a potato-spinach feast and they played chess and I talked about my article. We talked some more. And I wondered whether I should send this off to you all or not.

It's a complicated thing that I see happening and yet I do see it. So I think I will send this off not just to express myself but because I'd like to know what you all think. Here goes:

I do like to go out and connect to what other womyn are doing and love to join in helping out with the bar at the Annual Lesbian Film Festival in Paris, or to be part of the ciné-club for Womyn in Dijon and over the years we've gone to gatherings in Amsterdam and London. We have received Hot Wire as well as Maize, and we circulate Lesbian novels, and Lesbia (the French Lesbian Magazine) among us.

Since 1989 we've worked on creating Womyn's Land and since 1993 we've had Terra.

Here comes the confusing part for me, so I'll try to express my feelings and perceptions as clearly as I can.

I've been disturbed by what's identified as Lesbian, and Feminist and I don't know what to do with these terms anymore.

Why?

First, Feminism. As a movement, it has never put forth the choice of womyn to live among womyn and love womyn as a basic choice open to all womyn. It continues to focus on the men-women relationship not as a choice but as the norm. So Feminism keeps relegating womyn who choose to live among womyn and love womyn to a sexual preference category, taking away the idea of choice for all womyn and basically throwing lesbians to the gay movement, where ironically womyn can at least claim to have an equal not token place.

Now about Lesbian. It seems to me that many Lesbians have indeed decided to join the gay movement since feminism didn't recognize the importance of this choice and its potential meaning for all womyn. However, as a result of wanting to belong to the gay movement, what I see expressed in much (in most) of what is now called Lesbian Culture (films, books,



events) comes across to me in the following way: the gay boys are pro-sex, we'll be pro-sex (in our language, dress, bodies). We'll celebrate penetration, use sex toys, tie ourselves down, use whips, pierce, talk about cunts, fucking and re-claim sex-roles. I am aware that this represents some and not all Lesbians, but that is what is shown and talked about as being Lesbian culture.

SO: Feminism has limited relevance to my life since it does not stand for love and life among womyn as a choice open to all womyn. AND: Lesbian is confusing for me to use in identifying myself because it does not consistently stand for the dignity and value of our selves as womyn as we define our selves to be.

Well here comes the Grand Conclusion, which is really One Big Fat Question: Does Lesbian Land/Womyn's Land have any connection with Lesbian Culture or are we moving apart?

Right now, all I can say is that Terra is a land where womyn love to live among womyn and live to love among womyn. And for myself I'm finding it hard at times to feel connected to the Lesbian Culture that I see.

Well, Sylvie left this morning and will come back soon from the big city. Catherine is coming tomorrow and will catch the Spring before it blooms into Summer. And Doris has just fixed me a great hot choco-

late, and said that this feels less like a GRAND STATEMENT than part of what we do on Womyn's Land: we not only plant, build and play, we think! So what do you think?

## DYKE OTOMY



Marnee Kennedy

# LAND DYKE

## LESBIAN DESIRE AS SOCIAL ACTION

Nett Hart  
The Web  
Minnesota

I picked up a rock the other day to use as a tool. It fit in my hand as naturally as the Makita and did the job. More and more my life on the land is about using what is at hand, living within the context of the land and climate in which I am rooted. I want to talk about radical politics in the context of land dyke roots.

Most land dykes who have been politically active in an urban setting find our poli-

tics are more readily implemented on the land. The correlation between what we desire in the world and how we live on our land is high. We turn back the oppressions of people and the natural world to create sustainable relationships. Yet in the rhythm of land work, our politics are so interwoven as to be invisible.

Urban friends fail to see the connections we are making between desire and social action. They miss us at rallies and demonstrations. Often we don't even read the newspaper. They guess we "dropped out". These observations mesh neatly with



the perception of land dykes as escapist and of rural people in general as less keen and conscious. Together anti-agrarianism and sexism limit the political effectiveness of land dykes because our leadership is not recognized and we become apologetic about our lack of involvement in "the issues".

Unless you live on the land or have done so, there is no way to understand that all of our work is relevant to us, that we don't have separate jobs and personal time. Our shit jobs really are. Our real life is what we are doing all the time. Living on the land I live the possibility of evolutionary consciousness. There is so much uninterrupted time while doing tasks to think, feel, and be. My sense of the inter-relatedness of things and my sense of my own agency/effectiveness to make change has expanded and deepened my political commitments in the years I've been on the land as no other experience before. As I grow into my whole self, I grow into the world around me. Inhabiting a larger field, my perception of how change comes about expands.

I am committed to global feminism. If it's not global, it isn't feminism. I am making choices and learning to make choices that empower women, both those who are present in my life personally and those who are present in the products of their labor. I am committed to non-violence, not only at rallies where protesters may be taunted by fascists and police, but in not having any weapons on the land, not tolerating abusive interactions between wimmin, not allowing the willful harming of plants and animals, not speaking or fantasizing violence against those who hate us. I am committed to a non-exploitive relationship with the natural world, so I use reusable, non-toxic, simple products that are not linked to animal cruelty or worker misuse/abuse. I aim for no trash, nothing that cannot be reused, used for something else, or recycled. I use recycled materials and reused materials whenever possible. I garden veganically. I try to find ways that reflect a simplicity with nature rather than a trendy correctness.

I believe that dyke lives are important, that dykes are my community and future. I live on the land as a dyke primarily connected to other dykes. I make choices

about the dykes I associate with and work with at the same time working for the rights of all dykes. For me, the most important connections I make in friendships are to other dykes who have the ability and willingness to think politically.

Thinking politically means that one is always conscious of the social environment from which the situation arises. We may not have the same opinions or see a situation that same way. We may have similar assessments and act them out in our lives very differently. But with a dyke who thinks politically, every act is an informed choice. I know that what I relate, what I share of my thoughts, will be received in context, will be taken seriously, even in disagreement. They will "get it", that is, they will look for and actively make the connections. I find with politically thinking dykes that we may, on the surface, have much less in common and more ability to trust one another than is true with dykes of more similar backgrounds and lives who do not think politically. We "get" one another's lives and what the other is saying because we hear it in context rather than hearing everything ego-centrally. We recognize that everything someone says and does is not "about" us. We believe that what happens to one woman is likely to be systemic.

I trust dykes who think politically to be there, present, to have the same intent to live their politics. I don't have to explain my movement from analysis to action. I can expect they will not thwart me with justifications, excuses, denial or hysteria. We don't expect to find the context for everything else inside our own feelings, locked in past hurts. We expect to make misjudgements and to subject our actions/reactions to the same analysis as other phenomena we observe. We know because of our commitment to the whole process that we will eventually each sort it out. Putting our feelings into context is also political work. It helps stop wommon hatred/mother-sister-lover-self blame.

With dykes who think politically justice can be a goal. Otherwise we are lost in the mush of everyone "creating her own reality", "holding different values" around honesty and violence and fairness.



or might not later apply for long-term residency as part of some form of affinity collective who contracts with the trust???

Jean suggests we allow these ideas to ripen in our hearts until we meet again on March 18, 1995.

No matter how many times I witness this magic, I am still surprised every time. In an age of increased conflict, a time when more and more families are torn by violence, our communities have not been exempt. (Water in gas tank, missing tools, alienation between residents, verbal assaults, threats, for example.)

The old ideals and models for conflict resolution no longer hold us...After nearly two decades of practice and experience we are compelled to re-invent the wheel. No problem! I believe we can, we will, and we are. I see commitment, community, and hope alive and well in southern Oregon, but I am an idealist, a romantic, I could be wrong...I may not have consensus on this. I don't, however, think it's romantic to believe that as long as we are in circle, as long as we are talking, there is hope and there is the possibility of healing.

March 18, 1995

We circle again. Just six of us this time. One candle, to light our way. Letters are read from members not present, messages from others unable to attend. All with one message: to keep the land fully open. We are not a decision making body; we are just six, we discuss how we might be able to make open land work. Once again, the talking weaves around the circle, sometimes we are practical and detailed, sometimes idealistic flights of fancy are indulged in. Well, come on, this is hard work, we get to have some fun, too, don't we?

The pot-luck is small, even smaller when two women leave to eat out, but the four of us left enjoy crustless quiche, nachos, abundant greens, and the details of one woman's adventures in the northern California flood.

Thus refreshed we begin to plan what to do next. We decide (even tho we're not a decision making body), we decide we need more information from those sending us letters about what they mean by "open". We formulate a notice to put into the next OWLT newsletter (reprinted here).

An important question for me is, how unique is OWL farm? If there's nothing else like it anywhere, do we even have a right to restrict access. My heart says there should be a place somewhere, where any woman can go, can be, regardless of space, money, sanity, politics, etc... as long as she is capable of taking care of herself and following a few basic rules for safety. That's my opinion. So, if you have some ideas to add, if you live on womyn's land elsewhere, write to our P.O Box and tell us how it works or doesn't work for you. If you are reading this after the date of our next scheduled meeting, write anyway, there's always another meeting.

*My name is Maria (pronounced Moriah). I am the woman who takes care of the OWL trust mail this year. I live on 20 acres of (private) womyn's land as a renter with one land-mate, 2 dogs, 1 cat, and a variety of wilder plant and animal people. I am sending this article to MAIZE because Jae wrote to the trust and said someone should. However, this is just my point of view, I make no attempt to convey a majority experience. I have encouraged others to write about theirs, so far without success. Perhaps if Jae wrote to them...*

*AD HOC COMMITTEE to Explore the Relationship of OWLT and OWLF*

We are interested in gathering the following information:

What is the purpose of OWL Farm, as distinguished from the purpose of OWL Trust, as you understand it, as you want it to be?

What does "open womyn's land" mean to you?

a) Does it mean any womyn is welcome to live there on a "first come, first serve" basis?

b) Does it mean every womyn has equal voice in decision making from the moment they become residents?

c) Both of the above?

d) Neither of the above?

e) Use your own words.

What does consensus mean to you?

Please submit responses as soon as possible to POBox 1692, Roseburg OR 97470 (from the newsletter)



# ALTARING

Hawk Madrone  
Fly Away Home  
Southern Oregon

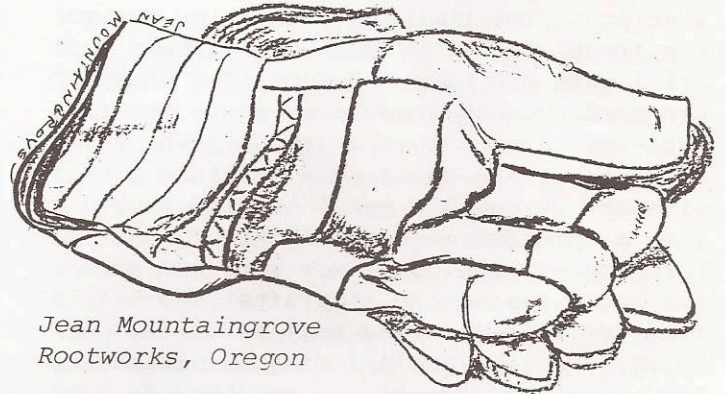
*Last midWinter a letter came from a Lesbian who was gathering material for a book she was writing about women and their altars, asking if she could visit and interview my land partner and me in early Spring. Bethroot would be away on a trip then, but I welcomed the visit, intrigued by the topic which rested in the back of my mind as I went about the seasonal work of the land.*

When we built a new wire fence around the garden in the early 80's we squared out the fence line from its former irregular shape and enclosed about 600 square feet, a much larger area than the old collapsing fence had corralled. Since then two large blackberry/fern patches as well as expanded vegetable and flower beds have enjoyed fool-proof (well, almost) protection from the deer, raccoons, and our small flock of hens. The wild vines claim a ten foot wide swath all along the bottom fence line and, near the top line, have taken over about a fifth of the total garden area. I have studied that upper bramble these many years and wished I had time and perseverance to clear it all away and plant an orchard, to add variety to our harvest from the apple trees in the old orchard down the draw, below the garden. We have tried to introduce other fruits to that orchard: a nectarine one year, a sour cherry another. But they both died, one from disease and the other from the nibbling of the deer who persisted through every barrier we erected. We gave up the thought of populating the orchard with other fruit, and I have long had my eye on that fenced-in blackberry patch at the top of the garden.

Because the garden is terraced on a hill, the watering of the vegetable beds eventually feeds the lower berry patch, and each year I am grateful for the fat berries I pick fresh for breakfasts and pies, and the several batches I preserve. But the upper patch gets only the water from rainfall, and summers here have tended to be very dry, so there is a paucity of berries

in a lot of space. But too much space to tackle for eradicating all those blackberry vines and ferns, or so I've always concluded when I have imagined the task.

Early last November a friend in town gave me several persimmons from her backyard tree that she planted four years ago. I'd never eaten a persimmon before, and discovered that I love the fruit. This was a variety, the Fuyu, that is not astringent, as apparently many persimmons are, not extremely sweet, but smooth and sweet enough. My happy palate prompted my mind to reconsider that bramble in the garden. Instead of envisioning the whole patch cleared out, which would take weeks of grunt work, why not clear a space big enough for just one tree?! I located a nursery about an hour from home that stocked the Fuyu, and set to work one warm February day.



Jean Mountaingrove  
Rootworks, Oregon

The canes lay in layer upon layer, the oldest spent canes lying nearest the earth where they were moist and rotting. Above that layer were brown, brittle stalks, most of which ran in a tangled confusion for many feet. And yet above those was an equally knotted mass of younger growth, the canes arcing over and under each other. With long-handled loppers I cut into this labyrinth, piled what I was able to pull free, and hauled those piles with a spading fork out of the garden to a space beneath some trees where they will metamorphose into earth. Little by little I worked to within sight of the soil laced with many year's accumulation of composted vines and fern fronds. Then I



thought I'd dig out the roots, to remove any possibility of reappearance. But once I got started with the shovel I soon learned that the prospect of eliminating the roots to their foot, or greater, depth would be a gargantuan task, for the soil was run through with roots of various states, from the pencil-thin new shoots to the aged gnarled thick snakes that must have begun their meanderings decades before I fantasized a tame orchard in the place of the wild patch. I decided to leave the soil relatively undisturbed, except for where I'd plant the tree, and just keep the area mowed. I have done this in other sections of the garden, and over time the vines no longer come up, the roots decay from lack of feeding from leaves, thereby adding their bodies to the richness of the soil, and grass soon covers the exposure.

It was a late March day when I brought the persimmon home, its tender roots in a plastic bag, the whole six-foot length of the young tree just barely fitting in a stretch from the back seat of my car to the front window. Though the weather was still cold and wet, and sometimes snowy, the nurserywoman encouraged me to get the bare-root tree into the ground. The next day, when there was a sunny hiatus, I dug with the strong old metal-handled shovel into a threaded maze of blackberry and fern roots. The going was slow and arduous as I wrested one root after another from the rain-loosened soil in a 2'x2' space. Now and again I stopped, leaned on the shovel and thankfully breathed in the warm air. Sunshine flowed all around me, pulling steam from the sodden earth, a magical interplay of earth and fire, water and air.

I added a sack of compost, then removed the soil-compost mix to about a foot's depth. Up on the lane I loaded two bags of leaves into a wheelbarrow, then gently removed the persimmon from my car and laid it on top of the bags. It was a little awkward getting all that down the hill and through the gateway between the tall cedar and fir that stand like Doric columns at the northern entrance to the garden, our vegetable-growing temple.

I set the sapling, sporting a dozen or so branch-promising buds, into the hole, and coaxed the roots to spread and settle

in the soil. Then I pulled in most of what I had spaded out, packing soil firmly around the roots and the short length of the stem that wanted to be below the surface. I watered it well, then added the rest of the soil and dumped leaves all around the base of the tree, making a 4' diameter circle of mulch, about 8 inches deep.

The nurserywoman told me to snip off the top few inches, which would begin the pattern I'll want of widening more than heightening. I explained all that to the persimmon as I did the pruning, then caressed her long thumb-thick body and sang a welcome to this land, to my life. I kissed the grey skin of the young tree several times up and down her length, lightly touched the buds, encouraging her acclimation, reaching through her dormancy to her strong spirit.

For the next couple of days there were snow flurries and temperatures around freezing; it felt more like winter than much of January had. I worried about how the new tree was doing, frequently stood at a window to gaze down the hill at her, and visited her several times to offer gentle reassurances. The top I had pruned stood in a short vase on the kitchen window-sill where I could watch the buds swell



and green. Then the next week the weather turned sunny again and I got the kale, Pak Choi, chard, mustard and spinach sowed on a day when it was warm enough to roll up my shirtsleeves.

The planting was experimental this year, inspired by a friend's report from



a permaculture gardening workshop she attended. Listening to her, I realized that all these years I have unconsciously related to the soil as merely a receptacle for seed, a receptacle that requires my tilling and addition of fertilizer--dependent upon my hard work in order to be an effective host for the seeds and plants I place there. But the workshop teacher described the soil in more womanly terms as a living organism, a being to be respected and not unduly disturbed, who is willing to include my desires in her grand scheme of self-nurturance. The soil is rich with her own life processes, and hosts insects and animals who work with her to create an environment that is already perfect for growing plants. What is important for me to add is mulch, which is to say that I must do the task that deciduous trees would do if I let them grow in my garden, where they would naturally drop their yearly treasure that controls erosion, makes a healthy environment for the earthworms, and eventually breaks down to become soil again.

As I planted the seeds for the greens it was easy to feel in the company of another being. Kneeling beside the bed, I disturbed her as little as possible after I pulled aside the winter covering of leaves to outline the rows. I tickled the top inch or so of the dark soil with my trowel, dropped the seed into the small loose irregularities, and then patted the soil over the seeds, a planting task that become a gesture of intimacy.

It was easy to feel in other company as well, as I imagined Lesbians in their gardens up and down the interstate and across the country, around the planet. I wondered where else my people were sowing seed, or would plant a fruit tree this year. Though I cherish my solitude, and love to work in the garden alone, I am happily aware of the wide circle of gardening/planting women. As the sun warmed my back and my hands patted the cool earth, I chanted a blessing to the seeds, asked for their abundant germination, and keenly felt the presence of that circle.

The weather continued in a seesaw fashion and I followed suit by reading, knitting, and doing some repairs at my workbench on the cold wet days, and working in my flower



garden near the house when the sky cleared for a few hours now and again. I carefully pinched back the mums, weeded among the lupines, thinned the congested Love-in-a-Mist seedlings coming up in the Wildbed. The last of the big daffodils and the first of the red and yellow tulips cheerfully greeted me as I made my way among the beds. The hydrangeas were bright with new foliage, the climbing rose on the hen house full of tiny promises of bloom. I lamented that the late severe frosts had killed most of the hundreds of flower buds on the wisteria; the sweet purple show would be much diminished this year. As I pulled some sorrel from the base of the pink-flowering azalea the ambrosial scent of the nearby daphne made me stop, stand tall, and breathe long and deep.

It was good, then, to pause in my pattering and sit for a spell on the cedar bench I built over ten years ago at my dogfriend Phyrste's grave, where the Michaelmas daisies were just beginning to come up. I discovered that the rose planted there among the daisies had a crippled stem, no doubt from a snowfall heavier than it was prepared to carry. I got a stick and some tape from the house and made a splint to hold the stem upright so it could mend. Over to the left of Phyrste's grave, Little Lavy lies buried beneath a Lavender plant and Lady Collie in the dahlia bed. Missy Moonshine's



grave had been marked with a large cross-section of madrone, and Black-Eyed Susans to honor her calico colors. Caius' heather has spread wide since I transplanted it here nineteen years ago, brought from the big Shepherd's grave over at the coast. I was surrounded by reminders of my animal friends, yet another of the circles in which I live.

On one of the last sunny days we were to have for several weeks, the woman authoring the book about altars came for our pre-arranged interview. She arrived as I was having lunch, so she joined me for a sandwich and some easy getting-acquainted. Eventually we took off our shoes and went into the inner circle of my round house, into the 12-foot diameter space enclosed by the posts that hold up the roof and the central loft. We settled ourselves on the rug and I talked about the specific items on my altar, about what I do with them each day, and about how my altar differs from both the concept and the reality of the altar of the church in my childhood. That altar had a sense of taboo about it; it was untouchable by the likes of me, or apparently by everyone but the minister. And it was set up above the congregation, higher than us, apart from us, presumably because GOD was higher than us, as though that separation made for the mystery and power of the altar.

How different that is from the altar in my life: a round piece of plywood covered by a large doily made by Bethroot's great aunt, and objects that I am intimate with: rocks and crystals, locks of hair from each of the animal companions buried in the flower garden, a rattle made from a stick and large round seed pods, given to me by a dear friend, a bundle of sage from eastern Oregon, a pebble left a few years ago by my mother with whom I have a sometimes strained relationship, an ornament of beadwork made by my grandmother, some pieces of madrone bark...all things which I frequently hold while I meditate. I don't relate to these "sacred" objects in a hocus-pocus way, don't imbue them with a magic that is any greater, or less, than the magic of the seasons, of growth, death, and return. My altar is a microcosm of myself, of my living, and not a static assemblage of things. As I spoke all this, it dawned on me that

altar is not only a noun but also a verb. "To altar". I altar, which is to say that I focus, that I concentrate on whatever is up (an illness, someone I want to sing heartfulness to, something I am grateful for); I give myself healing touch, speak my list of affirmations. Sometimes I do emotional release if I have a need for that, and a polished rock, a slice of petrified wood, an old wooden candlestick conjure the company of women who care about me. And whatever I do, I am always in communion with the circle of women who gather within these posts every quarter holiday, when this altar is the center for our altaring.

After my visitor left I ambled among the flower beds, sang a cheering hello to the persimmon, spoke encouragement to the vegetable seeds swelling in their wet berths, and thought more about my spiritual practice in its country Lesbian context. I understood that the altering I do daily in the inner circle of the house is similar to what I do with plants and soil: it feels the same to focus on the candle flame as to contemplate the earth's moisture rising to the sun, the same to hold a crystal and call healing to a friend as to splint a rose branch. I meditate on rooting out the enmity in my life, and I pull roots from their moorings. I touch a pressure point on my body, and I pat soil over seeds, wrap my fingers around the new young tree. I affirm my becoming who I want to be, and I transform a bramble into an orchard.

Winter persisted into April. I got the pots seeded for the coldframe on the deck but did little further outdoor work. I continued to muse about altars and altaring until one day, after watering the coldframe, I stood a long while on the deck and considered the gardens, the old lower orchard, the snow lingering on the distant ridges, the huge white clouds, and understood the immensity, the mystery and power, of the altar that is the Earth itself. On this altar I am an active sacred object. In the myriad details of my daily living, I manifest the goddess speaking her affirmations. Whether my heart sings in the area enclosed by rafter-holding posts, or the garden fence, or the ridge-caressing sky, or the expanding boundaries of my philosophy, I am held and defined by concentric circles of altaring.



# GARDENING WITH THE DEVAS

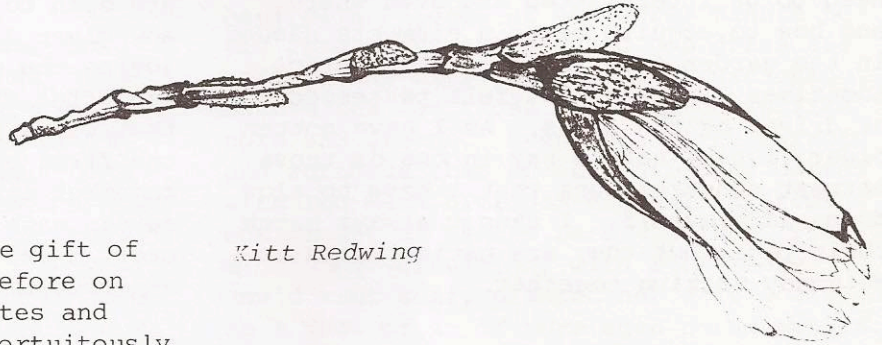
## A SACRED ACT OF COOPERATION

Gail Clear Night Sky  
Silver Circle Sanctuary  
Mississippi

Gwen and I had been given the gift of knowledge of devas the summer before on a trip that began with *Womonwrites* and continued to Florida where we fortuitously came upon a copy of Machaelle Small Wright's book, *Perelandra Garden Workbook*. My struggle to conquer my fears and open to the concept of cooperating with the devas was recounted in *MAIZE*, Summer 1990. Sometime between then and now in a conversation with Lee she mentioned that she wished I'd write more about my experiences with the devas. "But knowing how way leads on to way..." I never got around to it till one afternoon I was sitting in a boring meeting in Jackson, Ms. and decided to outline a follow-up article. That outline lived in my portfolio until today. Looking at the old article which was largely anecdotal, I realize how much more "how to" this one will be. So be forewarned.

Gardening with the devas requires a shift in mind set from control to cooperation. Creating and dedicating a "Sanctuary", a place free from human intrusion, is a first step in expressing the shift. Preparation for my ritual is an important step. An energy clearing ritual to remove the pollution of violence done by humans in the area, smudging and calling the directions are also part of that. I believe that every womoon will be led to know what she needs to include in her ritual of cooperation with the devas so know that I share this information just as a sample not as a rule of any sort.

The dedication ritual can also be a cooperative effort in which you acknowledge the plant spirits, the earth spirit (Great Mother), the life spirit in all making all a part of each other and the whole. My rituals include some form of acknowledgement of the work of the Devas, the spirit or intelligence, of the plants



*Kitt Redwing*

as partners in the "growing" experience as well as the acknowledgement of my spiritual exploration for my place in the natural plan of the Mother.

Some essentials that I believe any participant in such a cooperative venture must have are first a reverence for the cycles of life, for the gifts of the Mother, for beauty, for the food from the earth, for the hope that comes with participating in that process. Because the central theme of gardening with the Devas is always Balance, a commitment to organic or natural methods is also essential, replacing the notions of control and eradication with the notion of Balance! Don't go in the garden with murder on your mind!

One of the most beautiful parts of the cooperative process of gardening with the Devas for me is the planning. Whether one's gardening experience is container or subsistence, meditation is a wondrous part of the cooperative experience. Envisioning the garden is an important part of the process of planning the garden. But remember this is a cooperative process. In meditation sometimes the most important thing one can do is wait. Wait for the spirits' in-put. Transform the urge to control into patience. Wait for insights and trust the timing. This is not to say that we have no part. For we can provide information as part of this cooperative venture, such as a moon calendar locating which signs/days are good for planting, weeding, watering, etc. Be open and ready.

As we honor the cycle of life involved in the gardening experience, we establish a pattern of meditative states (morning/evening garden work or sitting) in which



we salute the devas, talk with them in earnest, honor their existence on an on-going basis. As the gardening cycle goes on I get "notions" of where and how much organic fertilizer to add, what flowers need to be interplanted and even where and how to acquire certain elements needed in the garden from rocks to cover crops. Sometimes I have almost felt possessed or driven by the devas. As I have gotten older, I have had to say in one of those earnest conversations that I have to slow down, pace myself. I cannot always match their pace, but they are patient with me. We enjoy working together.

One of the most beautiful gifts they have given me aside from the garden itself is the gift of others open to this mystical method of gardening. There are four of us now here at Silver Circle Sanctuary who are open to this cooperative process. On any given day that all four of us are enjoying the gardening process together any wonderful experience might emerge. One that comes to mind is this year before the first breaking of ground, we joined together in a toning just inside the garden gate. It was a beautiful way to start a beautiful and ever mystical experience.

## DESERT VISION

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

*Ah, Ho!  
Desert Spirit  
Today, you let me see  
Your Beauty and your Strength*

*Enduring as the desert rock trees  
your smell  
Of cedar and sage breeze  
Clear as a desert sky  
Fierce as the desert sun  
Cold as the desert night  
Always  
I must remember thee  
For thee and I are one*

Sun Hawk: I am a 40 year old lesbian chaman renegade. First generation Mexican American Indian (Coahuilateco 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.

## NATIVE WOMOON

Maria Christina Moroles DeColores  
(Sun Hawk)

*I am only  
A humble medium*

*Between my  
Mother Earth  
and Father Sky  
I walk*

*Only a Womoon  
Child  
Second to Nature*

*I stand  
Between Black and White  
In this  
My brown skin  
Never as pronounced*

*As a Native Womoon  
It is my  
Mother Land  
I humbly obey  
For I am  
the Daughter of  
My Great Mother Earth*



# HIGH AND DRY

Jae Haggard  
Outland  
New Mexico

Ahhh. I hear a sweet and insistent voice calling me. "Jae-ae, Jae-ae. Are you coming, Jae-ae?" No question who it is. Every sunrise Garden beckons and I respond with unbridled enthusiasm. This is the second year that our primary focus has not been a new building, which means our second year of prioritizing the garden. I'm downright thrilled. We've done some experimenting (really, who can resist, no matter how busy?) every year and a lot last year as we adjust to high elevation gardening in an intense-sun-semi-arid climate. Gardens in Minnesota were never like this!

So, this morning our Outland garden is an appealing topic. The considerations for gardening here: cold far-into-spring soil and 60 degree summer nights, so germination is difficult and heat-lovers like squash start tentatively; intense sun turns every plant into a short desert-survivor with tiny leaves and equally small fruit; clay and limited moisture creates a highly alkaline soil prone to salt build-up and bound nutrients; 14 inches of annual precipitation in snow and august rainy-season cloudbursts means consistent water is an ongoing opportunity for Landykely creative genius; every year we have at least one BIG hailstorm; always there are hungry and thirsty rabbits, wood rats, gophers, grasshoppers, flea beetles and you know the rest. Heck, gardening here is an expression of determination, faith, and creativity--an ongoing exercise in observation and acceptance and appreciation too.

Here's an overview of what we've noticed/learned/evolved in our 6 years of "high desert" gardens.

## SOIL

Remember that black stuff that crumbles in your hands? Here it is indeed just a memory. With heavy clay (the red is most beautiful) we're learning to add more organic matter than we thought possible, to say nothing of finding adequate mulch--we hardly have weeds, much less grasses. There's no such thing as too much mulch.

Nancy "Horsewomon" is our local Dyke with the most shit in her life. So we haul pickup loads of her horse manure to dig into every new bed, to top dress all beds in the fall, and to make luscious manure tea for those nitrogen-users like corn and greens. Even roots like carrots and rutabaga that sprout full-body beards with too much nitrogen can take a tremendous amount of manure here. A dyke friend at higher elevation, with rock where you'd want soil, planted her entire garden in a foot or so of pure aged horse manure. After we saw some of her harvest, we started hauling a whole lot more of Nancy's treasure. We'd prefer to have a vegan garden, but for now we feel lucky for the wonders of the manure.

Other organic soil additives--lots of peat moss which is acidic and helps lower our ph; sprinklings of also-acidic sulfur (but toxic in quantity); liberal rock phosphate, greensand and ironite dug into new beds with kelp, compost and worm castings added as we seed or transplant. We top-dress with these amendments too. I've been looking for dolomite lime for a nice calcium boost since learning it has a neutral ph. In a couple more years the soil will hold enough of most of these nutrients so we'll add only periodically.

High-ph clay binds nutrients so our primary consideration is to get organic materials into the soil to make nutrients available and bring the ph closer to neutral. I've learned to concentrate on getting a lot of organic matter into a few beds rather than spreading it thin--healthier plants and bigger yields (two of my favorite things).

Besides lots of decaying straw mulch, we have gathered pails of pine needles for beds like potatoes that require acidic soil--a pail about as noticeable as a teaspoon of butter on a huge bowl of popcorn, but we try. We of course make as much compost as we can and are awed by the modesty of the pile. If we could just find a Nancy Compostwomon...

## PLANTING

In the midwest I learned to garden in raised beds. Here the extra soil warmth would be downright dandy but raised beds



dry out much too fast. Instead, we plant in trenches and lowered beds--much of the garden looks like an enlarged waffle. This format collects hose or rain water, slows evaporation, and helps block wind for young seedlings. We plant greater numbers than I am used to since everything tends to be so much smaller in this climate. We've also learned to leave plants closer together to better shade the ground and each other. Lush is not a common adjective here.

#### WATER

Always a huge question. A few basics. First, seeds take vigilant watering to stay moist. As plants grow, it's essential to deep water less often to encourage deep roots. Mulching well as soon as the soil is warmed is basic--we add again and again all summer. Plants can get by on less water than imagined if deep-watered and well-mulched. At the same time, the quantities of water they require shows me how limited my imagination has been. Intense sun, miniscule humidity and regular winds have enormous thirsts--bigger than a Dyke's during a long day of bed digging without a water bottle. Of course sprinkling of any kind is pretty worthless and creates a severe case of ecological-guilt. Wet leaves also scald in our sun. Even within the lowered bed, we plant in small trenches to consolidate water around the roots. With wand, hose or soaker hose, we try to direct water directly to the root systems and to encourage deep roots. Also, shallow watering causes salt build-up in the clay, so thorough water-flushing is essential.

Our goal is to collect as much rain water as possible to become water self-sufficient for garden and fruit trees. We can currently store over 7000 gallons and are adding more tanks. Thanks to Nancy "Barrelwomon, we use 55 gallon used plastic drums--two under the drainspout to every 10 foot gutter section at each building. Shutoffs hold the water in the barrels for tree use--we plant a few fruit trees by each building. Open, they drain to a 5000 gallon used above-ground "swimming pool" by the garden (they can be super cheap used). Hoses siphon and gravity feed the water to the garden beds (we're going to replace the hoses with pvc pipe soon). The pool has a poly cover to prevent dead critters and evaporation. This system

really works capital G Great.  
(See inset for drain details.)

By the way, we scrounge for used barrels that contained non-toxic materials. Nurse Nance (when not playing horse) gets empty kidney dialysis saline-solution barrels. Creameries are another good source, or places that use drums of water-soluble glues like Elmers.

#### SHADE

Our temperatures are delightfully moderate but oh do we have sun, which I really like--understatement after coming from overcast Minnesota winters. With such direct sun here in northern New Mexico, as much as possible we wear hats and long lightweight white pants and shirts during the summer. It's no wonder the grasses and wildflowers growing in the shade are twice the size of sunbathing sisters. We figure if it's true for the wild plants it must be even more true for sensitive garden varieties. So we playfully experiment with all kinds of shade. We sew fiberglass screen box covers to fit over milk crates which then set over plants. We use 4x8 patio door screens supported over plants. We hang sheets from fences or even just drape them over beds. Last year I teepeed sheets from a fence over spinach beds and wet them down whenever I went by the garden. We ate spinach salads (yes indeedy, big leaf even) til mid-August. Needless to say, I was more than impressed. We staple metal screening into cones and hats of all sizes to go over transplants. They're great--they need to be much bigger than the plant for easy use, and we "staple" them into the ground with stiff wire "U's".

Last year we built a 12x16 shade ramada with a translucent Fiberglass roof--mostly leftover and recycled materials. We planted greens and brassicas under it. Well, those plants were wonders indeed--we gazed with dykely delight at our picture-book garden. We were so impressed that first thing this spring we built a 16x25 second shade ramada with green shade-cloth on top to both shade and let the rain through. (Since this was written we have found that our shade cloth seemed to be actually burning the small transplants! We covered the whole thing with sheets! Don't know if we'd recommend shade-cloth.)



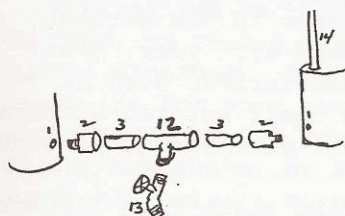
An unexpected ramada bonus. We don't begin to understand it, but uncovered plants under the solid-roofed ramada frosted many days later than the rest of the garden. Also, any kind of screens, coverings, or roofing helps break the big winds and greatly diminishes the pounding rains and devastating hails we get every year. Spring and fall we sew plastic covers for the crates and use them as mini-green-

houses or coldframes.

This year we'll turn the small ramada into a giant cold-frame holding the late-summer planting of collards, kale, chard and spinach that we'll eat all winter. Yum!

#### PLANTS

Our soil is br-r-r cold, and stays cold late. Except for cold-endurers like onions or potatoes or short-season growers like beans, it helps enormously to use trans-



Joined barrels to save water, drain with hose or drain to a large storage tank.

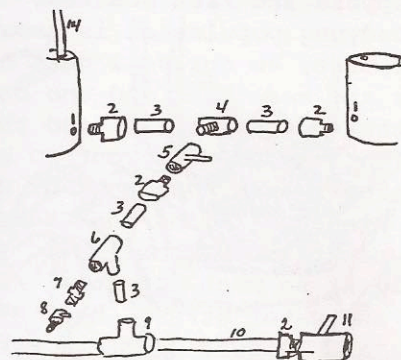
#### JOINED BARRELS

(to save water, drain with hose or drain to a large storage tank.)

This is a low-pressure drain so precision is not important. Get cheap or used parts and any parts you can figure out to save steps or money. We run a downspout for each 10' gutter and join 2 or more barrels under each for greater capacity. Our used nontoxic materials plastic barrels are connected with 3/4" pvc which runs into a 1 1/2" pvc drain going to our storage tank. We add hose outlets to direct water to trees or other areas. Main drain line: runs close to barrels--get lines underground as close as possible.

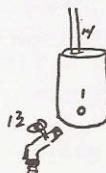
#### TOOLS/SUPPLIES

1. 2 wrenches to firmly screw hose to pipe adaptor into tee. Hacksaw. Drill and 1" spade bit for barrel holes.
2. Plumbing dope (better than teflon tape), pvc primer and pvc cement. Sand all surfaces that will connect before priming. Spread glue around both surfaces. Slightly twist as you join glued pieces.
3. Plumbers 'Goop' to securely join/seal adaptors into barrels. Use disposable gloves to smooth.
4. Parts for as many barrels as you intend to join. Pre-screw or glue as many as possible to avoid straining barrel join. Get help to gently push one barrel (with attached adaptor and pipe #2-3) into tee #4 (parts #2, 3, 4, 5 and 2 again already attached).



#### ASSEMBLY

1. 1" hole to fit 3/4" pvc adaptor drilled about 2" above barrel bottom (some water stabilizes). Level barrels and mark holes directly across from each other.
2. "Male" threaded adaptor with short pipe screwed tight to barrel. Put plenty of Plumber's Goop on threads and smooth Goop around joint.
3. pvc pieces are about 2" long.
4. Tee with "male" threaded outlet to screw into shutoff (ball valve easiest).
5. Shutoff allows saving water in barrels.
6. Tee with "female" threaded end (if you want hose connection).
7. Pipe to hose brass connector.
8. Hose shutoff.
9. Regular tee. If your drain #10 is bigger than line from barrels, adapt.
10. Main drain line to storage tank.
11. Main drain shutoff after last barrel to save all water at building.
12. Tee with "female" threads for faucet.
13. Faucet.
14. Downspout--cut and squeeze into barrel. Plumbers metal strapping screws to secure spout to barrel. Screen in gutter over downspout stops debris.



One easy-does-it barrel to save water or drain with hose.



plants rather than direct-seed. We are saving more of our own seed so getting varieties used to our climate. We plant under plastic and row cover to help warm the soil--our corn just germinated in 6 days even after an endlessly cold spring. Even presoaked, lots of seeds simply can't germinate unless we wait til late or pre-warm the soil. (Maybe next year we'll try more pre-sprouting.) Row covers also help with insects--we have a vibrant population of grasshoppers and flea beetles. Our bird and ladybug population is growing too! Of course, as our soil gets better, our plants are healthier and the bugs lose a lot of their interest. I read that a healthy plant tastes different to bugs--they only really are nourished by under-nourished plants. I find that totally amazing, and it sure seems true. Here where there is so much potential wind, hail, sun and water stress, healthy plants are essential. Bigger nibblers are kept at bay by the chicken wire that surrounds our ever-enlarging garden (do gardens always take on a life of their own?)

Again, as soon as the soil is warm enough and the plants big enough, we mulch heavily. Mostly we use straw that we buy (the same stuff that was 65¢ a bale in Minnesota is \$3.25 here. Ouch!) We definitely need a more local mulching material. Sparse pickings here.

#### WINTER GROWING

For the first time, last year we intentionally overwintered beds of kale, collards, chard and spinach. The results were amazing. Under the unenclosed ramada, two kinds each of well-mulched kale and collards as well as green chard produced greens all winter. Red chard in an open bed covered with plastic did just as well and collards totally uncovered thrived. To this very last-of-May day, we're eating scrumptious salads daily from those same plants. Just as the spring plantings are approaching eating size, the old plants are bolting so will soon provide our next generation of Outlandish seed.

I know lots of dykes have done wintering over. I hadn't and I'm thrilled. We're definitely moving into 4-season gardening here.

#### DRYLAND GARDENING

Like its name implies, this means

planting the seed and letting it grow on its own with no further irrigating or watering. Lots of plants can be dryfarmed. The people we bought the land from dryfarmed pinto beans, blue corn, strawberry popcorn, sunflowers, and even pumpkins. Their pictures from a rainy-year harvest were awesome. But dry years, they lost their seed. We're creeping up on planting a tiny area of our 35 aced dryfarm field into various beans, corn and squash.

Meantime for two years we've done a small dry plot of pintos in the garden. We replant all the seed each year. Fun! It's great to see them thrive, even if they're smaller than their watered sisters. (I did water once last year when the seeds were germinating.)

We're also gathering seeds from flowers and vegies that volunteered or that we grew in places with little water to increase our dryland gardening possibilities.

Yes, gardening in the southwest is different--and the same tremendous joy of gardening anywhere. Last year was our first full-sized garden. We ate huge spinach salads daily for two months, just picked cobcorn daily for 6 weeks, fresh tomatoes til the end of December and then our first greenhouse tomato ripened Jan.1. Except for potatoes, carrots and onions, we bought no produce from June until well into April when we succumbed to some broccoli and spinach. Now our homegrown cabbage is gone so that's on our shopping list too. Since last June we've eaten fresh vegies and/or salads along with our frozen goodies every day--each morsel as delicious and nourishing as you'd expect. This spring we even have lots of fruits on our young trees and the raspberries are blooming and the asparagus is continuing its first full-crop season and...

Each year we refine and experiment. Working with the land and climate, using our common Dyke sense, saving seeds every year more adapted to this land, we can indeed grow our food. A Lesbian recently wrote asking if we can be food self-sufficient in this climate. Clearly the answer is, "Yes, indeed!"

Oh, got to go now. I hear the Garden calling. Hmmm--think I'll go admire the foot-tall crookneck plants, chat with the new beets, and nibble on some chard.



# FLEA MARKETEEERING FOREVER!

Nissa Annakindt  
Insel Lyr Farm  
Michigan

Whether you are already a LOL (lesbian on land, or should that be Lollie?) or just a wannabee, chances are you have a hankering for some good old fashioned cash money. Maybe you need to pay taxes, or buy new boots, or a new 'boyfriend' for your goats; or maybe you're saving to buy your own land. But getting a second (or third) job isn't always a viable option if your main job (or duties on the land) takes up most of your time and energy. In that case, flea marketeering to the rescue!

Selling products at a flea market one day a week can actually be more profitable than many five-day-a-week jobs. What products sell at flea markets? Lots of stuff! Second-hand clothes, household items, books, handicrafts, farm products such as garden produce, wool, honey; as well as new items purchased wholesale from a distributor. Check out all the local flea markets in your area to see what's selling.

## *Finding a Flea Market*

To make a success as a flea marketeer, you need to find the right flea market for your products. Go to all the flea markets you know about several times. Ask the regular sellers questions about the market. The most important factors are: how many people come to the market, how much does a selling space cost, and what sells well at the market in question. Also, be sure and find out what the rules of the flea market are: many prohibit the selling of certain items, such as food items, live animals or knives and guns. The great dilemma you will probably face: do you go with the flea market with cheap selling spaces and fewer customers, or the one with more expensive selling spaces and lots of customers? You're probably better off at the cheaper place the first time or two, while you're learning the

ropes of the flea marketeering business, but do try the more expensive place. Your profits may be higher there.



Jennifer Weston  
Gathering Root, Missouri

## *Your First Marketeering Experience*

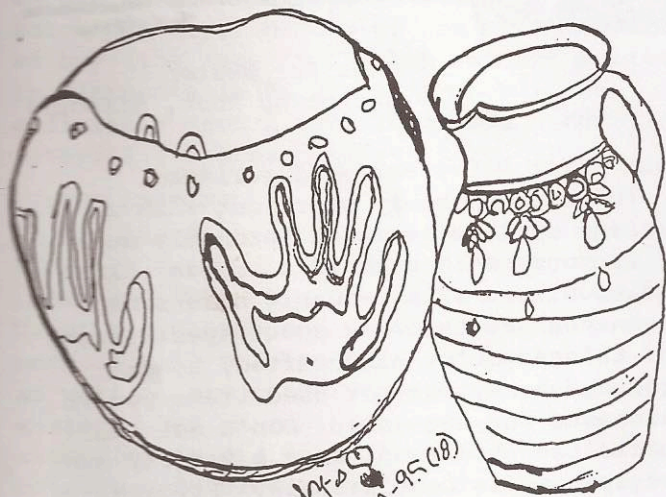
You will probably start out with a variety of items to sell, probably much of it your own household discards. In addition, you will probably have some items you are thinking about specializing in: things you've handcrafted, home-produced honey, new or used items you've purchased for the sale. Don't get too specialized too soon: have a variety and see what sells consistently. Pricing can be a problem: you may be under- or overpricing. If you are underpriced, you will sell out almost immediately, and most of your customers will be more experienced dealers. Try gradually increasing your prices, unless you are doing enough volume business to turn a good profit selling to the other dealers. If you are overpriced, it can be difficult to tell. Some customers will tell you your prices are outrageously high even when you are under priced! Compare your prices to those of other dealers--don't



compare to people unloading their household discards, they can always undersell you. Try lowering prices, a bit at a time, and be patient. Some days, business is just slow, now matter what the price.

#### How To Sell

Your display has to be planned in advance to make a good impression on customers. If you are selling all second-hand stuff, it's best to try NOT to look like a professional dealer, but rather like a person disposing of household discards. Your customers will assume they are getting bargains. If you have new or handcrafted items, or you are specializing in a certain type of goods, or selling collectibles, your customers will assume you know what your stock is worth and are asking fair prices for it. In this case, be sure you have what you need to display your goods attractively. Buy yourself a few good display tables, wire racks, plastic 'milk crates'--whatever it takes to make a good display. And don't forget to make sure it all fits in your vehicle, and can be set up in a reasonable amount of time!



3-20-95 (18)  
Rider Lane

Susan Wiseheart  
Hawk Hill, Missouri

Never forget you are also part of the display. Don't dress up in expensive-looking clothes (unless you are selling classy second-hand clothes yourself); also don't wear stained clothes that look dirty even when freshly washed. Also, avoid T-shirts with political slogans of any

type, and clothing which might cause your customers to suspect you of extreme views, whether that be the survivalist camouflage look, or overly hippie-ish costuming in an area where this is uncommon. You are looking to sell to as wide a customer base as possible, so don't alienate anyone, not even the openly homophobic. (It's sweet to take a dyke-hater's money and contribute part of the profit to gay/lesbian causes).

#### Finding Stuff To Sell

If you are selling secondhand stuff, it may be hard to buy more stuff cheap enough that you can sell it at a profit. Try thrift shops that have 'bag days', in which you can fill a whole bag for a buck or two. Salvation Army and Vincent de Paul thrifts have more reasonable prices than Goodwills these days. If you live in a small town or rural area, you might try travelling to a bigger city to shop the thrifts. Shopping garage sales is another possibility.

Sometimes it is so hard to find used stuff at the right prices. Many flea marketeers offer new items which they buy at wholesale. (If you would like a free catalog of variety merchandise which sells well at flea markets, write me (Nissa) at W4213 Co. Rd. 360, Daggett, MI 49821.) They often specialize in items such as costume jewelry, sunglasses or musical boxes; they do a good business as long as they remember the cardinal rule of flea marketeering, always make the customer think he is getting a bargain. Many make price signs which show not only the flea marketeer's asking price, but a 'compare' price--what the item might cost in a retail store. This not only attracts regular customers, but you may well be able to sell in quantity to small shopkeepers!

Selling handcrafts can be a problem. Flea market shoppers may not want to pay reasonable prices for handcrafted items, and at craft shows most of the 'customers' will be looking for ideas on crafts they can make themselves, rather than buying. This is particularly true for sewn or knitted items--in these cases you may make more selling you own craft patterns and kits as well as finished items.

#### Conclusion

Flea marketeering is one way to make ends meet out in the country. It's a one-day-a-week job, and you can usually work it into your schedule. Check it out!



# SLIDE SHOW TRAVELS IN FLORIDA

Shewolf  
Woman's World  
Louisiana

I drove out the last day of January in my Astro Chevy Van with a thick piece of foam under my sleeping bag, pee bucket along side, and a dozen cans of tropical fruit, heading for Pensacola. Of course I had forgotten the can opener!

Had previously made reservations at RV parks in Northern Florida, down the east coast to the Keys, up the west coast of the state, to Gainesville, and home by way of Panama City. Had contacted individual dykes, women's lands, RV parks, old friends, and a few strangers to arrange for places to park my van. I had scheduled six slide shows where lesbians agreed to arrange a gathering. (Shewolf's Slide Show of Women's Lands.)

Along Interstate 10, where waterways exchange with the Gulf Coast to ocean inlets, the bridges gave me a sense of suspension in the middle of air and water filled with birds and sand. By the time I arrived in Pensacola, the cares of Woman's World were distant. The essence of "travel for the soul" had settled into my bones.

In Pensacola I maneuvered my Van into my assigned site. I had bought an inexpensive campground membership which allows me to stay in Resort Parks International campgrounds; several in Florida.

While visiting the bathhouse I met an RVW club woman heading to Ohio and soon discovered she was caravanning with two women on their way to Texas. Soon the four of us were sharing tales in a rig and planning dinner. I connected a couple of cans of my tropical fruit with their can opener to enhance the meal and settled in. It was a grand evening loaded with food; one of the women turned out to be the sister of a friend of mine. What a way to start out on a 5 week adventure around the Florida coastline communities.

Traveled the next day to Jacksonville to spend the weekend with the Florida RVing

women's group at Hanna Park on the ocean. I pulled my Van into a park site I had arranged to share with my friend Claudia and her small motorhome. Many of the women were already there and waved me in with smiles of welcome. The rigs ranged from pop-up-campers to 40' motorhomes and numerous van conversions. We walked by the lake, sat and talked under the trees, visited in each other's rigs, and then went out to a local seafood house for dinner even tho almost everyone had a kitchen in their unit! I think that's the rule of the road if you gather for the weekend: TO THE EATERY!

The rest of the weekend included sight seeing trips around the area, pot luck meals, and chats with Floridians and "snowbirds". I had been visiting women's lands for months each year for the past 5 years, but this was only my second women's RV rally! I like it!

Before leaving home I had made arrangements to see a 16' Casita travel trailer that was for sale. It looked (they had sent pictures) like just the rig I had been dreaming about for years. I had researched this trailer to death until I was sure that this was the rig I wanted. My dream was to be able to visit women's lands, attend furniture design courses, and meet other intentional land dykes, in a place of my own to avoid depleting community resources.

My heart raced as I met with the couple to see the Casita. It was nice and I would have bought it; however, something about the title work and the last minute hesitations about setting it up for me, totally wiped out my confidence about buying a used rig on the road out of state. I turned it down. Alas, I was heartbroken. For 2 years I had been dreaming of traveling the road with my Casita behind my Van; of setting up in a park or on a women's land with my own bed, bath, kitchen and privacy. No longer having to impose on anyone no matter where I traveled; free to roam. What to do?

Finally desire for some self-indulgence



and a "now is the time" feeling of it being right, prevailed. I made arrangements for a new Casita to be delivered in Ft. Lauderdale where I was scheduled to be in three days. With my heart in my chest, all my savings zipped off to the factory, a loan arranged, and the final selections of color, size, and options made, I returned to the Pagoda in St. Augustine to visit and prepare to give the slide show.

While there I had dinner in the home of Marilyn Murphy, the woman who wrote "Are You Girls Traveling Alone?" If you haven't read it yet you are in for a great treat. She and Irene served a tasty meal as we discussed women's lands, women's lives and pondered on the changes occurring in the lesbian communities today. After a few more women arrived, we watched "Serving in Silence", about Colonel Cammermeyer, the highly decorated nurse who came out as a lesbian after serving 26 years in the Army. What a wonderful way to see that historic event; the end of another perfect day!

The slide show at the Pagoda was well received; since several women knew some of the places, they enhanced the narration. I spoke with 3 women who are looking for places to visit and 2 women starting new lands. It is so exciting to see the network spreading every year across the country with increasing momentum and stronger ties. I left some Confederate Rose seeds with the Pagoda women to plant.

When I arrived in Ft. Lauderdale I arranged for a better site for my trailer, then parked my van, set up a lawn chair and waited. Five hours later, in the dark, the driver and I set up the trailer. The lights worked, the water was connected, the sewer was attached to the hose; all was well.

After the driver left, I ran a few errands, showered, visited the recreation hall, came back to a warm trailer and decided to plug in the fan, which didn't work. Oh well, open the window and it will cool off. Really wanted the fan to blow the "new" smell out of the unit cause of the out-gases from the carpet. Presently the lights dimmed and then went out. What? No electricity? Walked across the street to find a woman who said "look for a fuse and replace it". Couldn't find any such animal. Tried the office; closed. Looked for the manager and found the handiman's

trailer but by then it was after 11pm and I wasn't about to wake anyone up that late.

Turned my table and chair unit into a bed, crawled into my sleeping bag and drifted off contented. In the morning I reported the problem to the office and the handiman came and discovered that the electric service had a burnt out bus and I had never had any electricity. Green as I was I didn't realize that I had been burning my lights and the electric refrigerator for 4 hours on a partially charged 12 volt system without any recharging. Live and learn the easy way. I understand the system much better now.

Well there were a few more "new rig" episodes but only one entered dangerville. It is all part of the "shake down" trip everyone makes with a new rig. Sure was nice doing it in Florida where the farther south I traveled, the warmer it got til I reached Key West and had to pull out a pair of shorts for comfort.

I knew Sugarloaf Key Village had limited trailer space, so I arranged to store it in Florida City. Claudia drove her rig from St. Augustine to Miami so we played tag to the Keys: my first caravan!

While in Miami we visited with delightful Louise and Maryanne at Something Special; girl is it well named or what? Right in the middle of a residential area in Miami is this oasis in the desert of food, personal warmth, lesbian energy, and solidarity of spirit to die for! The slide show was presented outdoors in their charming patio area after an outstanding, unusual, vegetarian gourmet feast. Here I experienced some outstanding gift giving spirit from warm spiritual sisters in the very best sense of the personal.

Sugarloaf Key Village consists of 5 houses on less than two acres of lush tropical growth, secluded yet accessible to the road that continues south to Key West. The buildings are all colorful, old charm cement-stucco-adobe type, interlaced with gardens and fruit trees. The atmosphere is one of community women living separate yet connected lives of simultaneous leisure and activity in tune with realness! They share their talents and contribute their gifts to the community to enhance it and everyone reaps the harvest.



Key West is only 20 miles farther down U.S. Highway 1. Since February is one of the most desirable times to be in the Keys, Sugarloaf had 9 women staying there when I visited, including those in the campground area. The women's Flag teams were in the Keys for the weekend so that added to the company. Before the slide show more women came and brought food. We ate, we laughed, we looked at the slides; we laughed some more, and then shared stories of women's lands and informations about new developments.

Not far from the village at the Dolphin Sanctuary at Sugarloaf Lodge lives Sugar, a remarkable Dolphin over 30 years old. She looks at you with one eye, swims away, and returns to do it agains as long as you watch. Falling in love with Sugar is easy; leaving is hard. The Good family set up this sanctuary 26 years ago and donated continuation funds. It is a place for captive dolphins to be untrained in order to return to the ocean or to live in peace. Some of the dolphins had been rescued from military operations where they had been trained to "work" under the boats at sea. Here they are not exploited, petted, swam with in captivity, or in any way taught out of their natural ways to satisfy the pleasure seeking of "man". They get to be Dolphins, remarkable creatures.

I packed the van to leave, fixed breakfast, and visited with Blu, Susan, Red Moonson, Josie, and Ruth. They sang me a sweet goodbye on the lawn in a loving circle; I drove down the road with tears of joy and delight. It had been a grand visit and a wonderful leaving, too. How many perfect days can I endure?

The drive to Florida City seemed short as I was lost in remembering the talks with Blu about building community with the problems and joys of it all. I had arranged with Susan to come to Woman's World in May to conduct the Yurt Building Conference which really delighted me. I recalled the trip to see Sugar, the sweet dolphin, with sweet Mary, the movie star from "Strangers in Good Company". Mary had been visiting Sugarloaf for 2 weeks while I was there and it was a wonderful experience to visit with her that day, enjoying the ocean, the dolphins, thoughtful conversation, and good food.

I drove into Florida City, ate lunch, hitched up my trailer in the park where I had left it 6 days earlier, and traveled across the state on Alligator Alley Highway to find a mobile home park where a friend lives.

In the morning I met Gina and Cathy; these two women are developing a women's RV park in N. Ft. Myers on 50 acres at the edge of town. We had brunch and drove to the land which is about 700 feet off the main highway and yet close to shopping, hospitals, movies, restaurants, etc. After viewing the site, going over sketches, pictures, plans, etc, we had a late breakfast and discussed details. The development should be breaking ground soon, as the final permits are pending. The drawings were very impressive and these gals have the enthusiasm, and resources to do it well!

As I headed up the highway towards St. Petersburg, they flagged me down to tell me my right turn signal wasn't flashing on my trailer. After I found a repair shop to investigate the trouble, I learned that the man in Ft. Lauderdale had not wired the connections correctly and they had to be redone. I had been traveling without turn signals! About forty minutes later I was on my way with a newly wired rig and the traffic behind me seemed to pay attention to me now when I signaled to change lanes. Wondered why they weren't letting me into the lanes easily before! Live and learn! Or should I say learn if you live thourgh it? That was dangerville material.

I arrived at the Manatee RV Park near St. Petersburg, then drove over the beautiful Skyway Bridge into S. Gulfport next to St. Pete, where I was to meet Joan and Pat. I made one wrong turn and ended up at the dome downtown in the dark at 7 pm. Took a couple of turns and the Goddess was with me as I headed back to the area I wanted to find. Small miracle for sure since I had had to negotiate two major interstates and some kind of giant overpass arrangement with no return entrance after the exit I had taken. Still don't know how I made that trip but was real glad to see Pat when she met me at the McDonald's parking lot.

At the Salon we visited with the women



who were gathered there for an evening of Contra Dancing. We visited and invited the group to the slide show for the next night. I shopped for groceries and then drove over the magnificent Skyway Bridge again back to my little house on the southwest side of Tampa Bay. At midnight I felt a little tired as I remembered all the events of the past two days, including the 450 miles I had traveled from the Keys.

Decided to sleep in the next morning even tho Joan was coming for my first Kayak excursion. Since she arrived just before 10am, I had risen, showered, eaten breakfast, and was having my coffee as she drove up in her truck loaded with two kayaks. What a fun time in the shallow water off the beach with ahundred white seagulls on the grey sandbar patiently watching us paddle around. Just 4 days previously I had been in Key West watching a Kayak instructor giving paddling tips to his tour group about to embark on a 4 hour kayak adventure. I had stood there and listened to him, wishing I could go and knowing the cost was prohibitive. Now here I was with Joan, two kayaks, a beautiful bay, and the instructions on paddling still fresh in my head! The Florida trip reeked of serendipity!

The next day I spent catching up with papers, cleaning out the sand and debris in the van, showering, washing clothes, and arriving at Joan and Pat's house for early pot luck before giving the Slide Show for the St. Pete women. Some of the gals from the Hanna Park RV weekend in Jacksonville came for the show so there were a few more familiar faces to visit with after the show. Since one of the gals invited me on a deep sea fishing excursion, I am hoping to return. I liked the area, the women, and the slow pace of the west coast. Visiting here was less expensive than eastern Florida.

I arrived in the Gainesville area the day I was scheduled to give the show in the evening. I had to set up the house, shower, drive to Gainesville, which was about 20 miles from where I was staying, and find the house in the city. The first rain I encountered the whole trip had to be that night, making street signs difficult to see. I had gotten directions from Woody coming in from the wrong direction

so I had to turn them around to make sense. Not being familiar with Gainesville I had some panic when at 7:00 pm I was not getting anyone on the phone and the show was scheduled for 7:30. At the phone booth, in the rain, I finally realized I was leaving messages on the wrong phone and found my way there about 7:15. All went well except that the migraine I had awakened with that morning was full blown and driving me sick. I did the show as best I could and after it two of the women offered me some acupuncture, therapeutic massage, and acupuncture. I accepted it all and then drove back the 20 miles, slept very rested, and awoke feeling great. Thank the goddess for generous, talented women.

In Panama City the slide show was at Pam's house to the youngest audience of the whole trip. Most of them had not had any experience with land communities and were amazed to see the variety of lands. Two of the women are interested in having a land space for women in Panama City with scuba diving. The area is undiscovered by the public compared to the rest of Florida, although it does have some college "breakers" and snowbirds.

I added one night to my trip in order to visit the Styx River RV Park outside Mobile, Alabama, enjoy one more cheap night of luxury, and hang out in the club house with the woman who had admired my Casita. She turned out to be traveling in my direction on an adventure across the country, paying her way by sharpening tools. Watch out for "Sharp Women" coming your way.

My last night on the road was restful and gave me time to remember all the wonderful events and women I had met. I really do want to go back to St. Petersburg for that promised deep sea fishing trip. Hope it waits for me!

*Shewolf is a crone managing Woman's World, a private lesbian retreat near New Orleans. Shewolf's Slide Show of Women's Lands is available to any lesbian group in her path and can be arranged for in advance by writing to PO Box 655, Madisonville LA 70447.*

*Shewolf's Directory of Women's Lands and Lesbian Communities is ONLY available from Royal T Pub, 2013 Rue Royale, New Orleans, 70116, for \$8.50 postage included.*



# BECOMING A COMMUNITY OF MENTORS

Juana Maria Gonzales Paz  
Louisa, Virginia

My life's work is community development through whole person or character development, not teaching a particular subject or being an expert in a certain field, but being a wellspring of support, challenge, and inspiration to people in finding their path so they can act in the world with courage, creativity and integrity.

I want to be there when ideas are born and seeds are planted. As we confront problems in the world and stretch ourselves to initiate change, a host of questions come up: Can I do this? Who will see me through? I want to be a person who helps create things that didn't exist before.

I like to ask people: What makes life worthwhile for you? What gets you through the hard times? What makes your spirits soar? What could you not do without? What's inside you, waiting to get out? What do you want to do with your life, and what do you need to do that? Often it's not just time and money. We need a safe incubator, a laboratory for new ideas, a place to go for perspective and guidance. We have wonderful ideas, values, and visions but look where some of that has led. I want us to become our best selves, not just criticize and process feelings.

This attempts to apply a Twelve Step sponsor approach--a non-professional, non-commercial, non-institutional one-on-one relationship that is free, voluntary and confidential. No formal program or course length, we each choose every step of the way what we give and receive. Those who have recovered enough from our multiple oppressions to act confidently and constructively in the world can sponsor others to do the same.

The purpose of mentoring is not unqualified and uncritical support. It is to assess the student's current level of development and move forward, to go from a person who takes up more than their share of space to one who creates space for others; from someone who can't work or

speaking in a group to one who can; from one who panics in a crisis to one who functions. A community needs members who can think, decide and act with others in personally and collectively rewarding ways. We need support to become contributing community members. The reality is that we are not



*Mau Blossom*

always building trust, community and friendship. Sometimes we are undermining projects and pushing everyone's limits. I'm not suggesting group feedback sessions because that can be ugly and agenda-driven. I want everyone to think about what makes a positive community member and ask someone to tell us when we're not. If you consider yourself a part of a community and ask for its support, then who can tell you when you're wrong? You pick someone whose values you respect and whose motives you trust. If we think only about our own rights and feelings we're not a community.

Let's ask for support to affirm all our values even when our worst instincts are reacting on us. Basic principles for



acting under stress include: 1) you are going to have feelings; 2) having feelings is no excuse; 3) articulate all your values. Remember fairness, respect and relationship. Don't just go into survival mode and act out.

We could have accomplished more as a community by now. People keep talking about our rights and feelings until others give up. When confronted we feel attacked and oppressed. Many projects have suffered when leaving is the only way to take care of ourselves. We need to find common ground before reaching our limits. The community needs people who can participate without draining the energy of the group.

Sponsoring personal development brings its own special rewards. I don't need students to pay me but I have to respect what they do. Like parenting, in a way they can't pay me back. They can only make me proud or not. I didn't say *like* or *understand*. I have to be able to respect what students do. It's not acceptable to focus on individual needs, rights, feelings and limits and ignore everything else. The price for my support is a commitment to be there for others. Students needs to give something back, maybe not now and maybe not to me, but something is expected. When this works my best self is aroused for the common good and I feel inspired and hopeful about the future.

Can others do this? Some may be able to mentor one at a time, some may need a mentor first. Every relationship need not be reciprocal but ideally every teacher has a teacher. I need discussion of this idea and people to mentor my mentoring. I can have a few ongoing students, more on a one-time, or irregular basis. What about when things go wrong? Confidentiality is assured until a breach. Then I'll need a third party to review my work and make recommendations. In case of accusations of bad faith student and teacher will be challenged to find useful meaning in what's said by the other. I may ask students to review my work to or with a third party. Some students have felt safer talking to me than anyone else, so if they're complaining but won't talk to anyone but me, that's a message, too.

My challenge is to be critical and demanding when called for. My devotion can make it difficult to stop when it's



*Mau Blossom  
Golden Light  
Missouri*

time for students to act independently and take responsibility. I've had problems when I have more students than real friends. I understand students' impulse to respond with control and emotion when challenged and I can call it as I see it, but I can't let students be my only friends. My relationships take on mentoring aspects because that's what I do. This proposal attempts to put it into a larger community framework. I've gotten by on what I could glean from the over-extended people I sought out when I needed help. Everything I've done could have been better and easier with a real teacher. I've had to become the community development leader I needed. We all need a place to go for revitalization and guidance. No one person has all the answers and everyone needs the comfort and insights of others. Can we become a community of mentors?

*Juana is a NY-born Puerto Rican lesbian and former welfare mother, now the parent of a college student. She's lived at a non-religious commune of 100 people in Virginia since 1990. She is interested in community-based education, character development and lesbian land.*



# RESPONSE TO LESBIAN HOME COMPANIONS

zana  
arizona

i had so many feelings reading the letter about "lesbian home companions" (Maize #44) in southern oregon. (this is a proposed group of women offering to assist lesbians who are house or land bound.) i lived in southern oregon from '80 till '84. i was new to lesbian land and fairly recently disabled. the amount of my scarce, precious energy i put into trying to make a place for myself in that lesbian community was immense. by the time i left, i felt embittered by my continual exclusion from so much of the rich community life going on there. certainly there were individual lesbians who, at various times, were really there for me. (one of the main ones, hannah blue heron, is still my friend and now, like me, lives outside of tucson.) and i know i wasn't always fun to be around, being in the early days of adjusting to disability, being often in a great deal of emotional as well as physical distress. if "lesbian home companions" had existed at that time, it could have eased things a lot. just knowing that a group of dykes were making it their commitment to share the difficulties of those of us with illness and disability would have meant so much. dykes who were looking on that commitment as a service for social justice, not giving it because of personal friendship or because i smiled enough, played the role of grateful cripple well enough.

i don't know if "lesbian home companions" will become a reality, but i hope so. i'm glad and proud if any of my work towards disability access in southern oregon contributed to this coming about. and i feel angry that i and so many other disabled lesbians are still so excluded from lesbian land culture, everywhere. i've spent 15 years of my life working hard to change that. i guess it's typical of human nature that what gets me mad, gets me writing this, is a little hopeful sign of change. even if it works in oregon, when

will we have it here? my work in arizona got me kicked off one land. then i ended up making alliance and trying to share land with disabled dykes into s/m--pretty ridiculous since i am strongly against s/m. that says a lot about our isolation from the able-bodied lesbian community. two of us have left that group and used the settlement from a car accident to buy our own two acres. We have hardly any contact with the rather large tucson-area dyke community. all sorts of dyke events happen--both on wimin's lands and in the city--that we have no access to. we pay lesbians to do occasional jobs for us--and they're wimin who do good work and who need the money, but we need the money too, and go without things we need in order to get work done. on occasion, wimin have done major work for me out of friendship. but the day-to-day, week-after-week chores go on, and often just don't get done.

"lesbian home companions" mentions social needs, too. that's a tricky one. naturally, i don't want someone coming to visit as her good deed for the month. yet the reality is, i have very little contact with other dykes, and i miss it. many wim have told and shown me that they enjoy my company, yet when they want to go out and do something fun, they do it with other able-bodied dykes. i know that none of us fully shares her privileges--that's a reality. it's also more comfortable to hang out with your "own kind". but when we talk about inclusive communities, that really does mean stretching some, being uncomfortable sometimes, doing something differently than your usual way so that someone else can do it with you.

my dream has always been to be part of a large lesbian community on land. i'm depleted from futilely trying to make that dream real. i'm discouraged that it does not seem to be a priority for those with more privilege to make communities really accessible to lesbians with less privilege (because of racism, classism and ageism, as well as ableism). i'm tired from having to remind myself and



other disabled dykes that our work, our skills, our perspectives and ideas, have value; that we have value as people. that we give a lot to our friends and communities--often a much greater *percentage of our available energy* than nondisabled dykes give.

though my goal has not been a small piece of privately owned land, i don't know if or when i'll again take on community life--i feel completely drained by it. maybe i won't have the chance anyway: the opportunities i had in the past were hard come by. if my land partner and i had not been in an accident that has caused ongoing car problems for me and spinal problems for her, we wouldnot even have had the money to put a down payment on this small piece of land. we have severely ill friends who long to live in the country, who are becoming sicker from city pollution, but who cannot move. they don't have the money for land on their own, and they know of no existing lesbian lands accessible to them. i recently spent phone time with a new friend who, like me, is an avid gardener. except she's stranded in the city. it breaks my heart that she can't do something so simple, that can be so healing.

another friend grows trees from fruit pits in pots on her windowsill. it's an affirmation that some day, somehow, she can be on land and plant them.

"lesbian home companions" has a good idea in trying to find *many* wim to provide only half-days of services every other month. hopefully that's not too much of any one woman's time. my experience has been that with only a few wimin offering their services, i and others come up with our whole backlog of stuff to be done and they get burned out. or scared off. setting limits, dispersing the work among many, could help. (if there really are many wim who are willing.) for me, it has been a great help when another lesbian has taken on a regular, ongoing task: laundry twice a month, bringing garden greens once a week, housecleaning, town errands, or grocery shopping. even though i can never assume this help will continue indefinitely, to have it for even a few months keeps me going for those months. it allows *me* to put some energy toward others whose needs are not being met; allows me some energy for political work, creative work, and for things we all want to do in the country: celebrate the seasons, garden and gather food, learn more about living in harmony with nature.

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## LETTERS

Dear Lee,

Approximately 25 back issues of MAIZE, lent to me by a very caring dyke friend, have kept me company through this long urban winter in Toronto. Stories, songs, celebrations, articles, letters, poems and paintings in honor of the trials and rewards of being a country dyke. I thank you and all the contributors over the years for such an intense dose of the politics that nurture my soul. Here is some \$ for a subscription and to support MAIZE, a new-found friend.

In sisterhood,  
Michelle Summer Fike  
Toronto, Ontario

Dear MAIZE,

I'm a lesbian homesteader living on a 60 acre farm in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the Wisconsin border. I originally subscribed to MAIZE because I liked the idea of a *lesbian* country magazine. I wish there were more articles by more ordinary lesbian homesteaders and farmers, though. I mean, I'm sure not *all* rural lesbians are commune-dwelling political radicals, in fact, they're probably only a small minority of lesbians on the land. I'm also hoping for more practical articles, whether it's on how to build a hay-feeder for sheep or how to keep conservative rural neighbors from thinking you're a devil-worshipper.

Thank you,  
Nissa



Dear Maize,

I very much appreciate MAIZE because many of the articles have such a thoughtful, innovative flavor or tone.

This is a unique forum for opening up the voices that can and do develop with time and space living on the land. It makes me happy that there are wimmin listening to their heart/mind, getting to know themselves, and opening up realms of being and thought unimaginable to the conditioned, robotic frame...

Explorations like "Land Lesy" are especially appreciated. I wanted to share some thoughts on a related subject. Money is always needed--as a way to store value, and as a means of exchange.

The US dollar just went through a currency crisis of plunging value--I have been studying the matter and the future looks ominous. The American economy is nothing but smoke and mirrors--an illusion lacking substance. "Consumer confidence" supports a tottering house of cards; debt meltdown, stock market crash and national debt crisis will take the country into desperate conditions very quickly.

Survival in the country will need more than gardens, water, orchards, etc. It seems obvious to many that silver coins will come in very handy.

It seems to me that wimmin might find it enjoyable and beneficial to buy some incredibly cheap and beautiful silver coins. Use them informally now for exchange and count them as highly desirable assets for the future.

"Walking Liberty" is called the most beautiful coin ever minted anywhere. This design was on silver half dollars--and since 1986 the mint has been using the design for silver bullion coins. For less than \$7 one can buy a beautiful ounce of pure silver. For about the same price, one can buy worn, circulated old half dollars (less silver content, but same design). Another beautiful coin is the silver dollar from the 20s--called Peace dollars. They are available in good condition for about \$8.

Walk in Beauty,  
Rabia Teresa  
Oregon

Dear Maize Readers,

May 23, 1995

The commune I live at is distributing the 1995 Directory of Intentional Communities. It's a large paperback with over 500 listings on a wide variety of collective, communal and cooperative groups. It retails for \$20 plus \$3 shipping. As a member of the commune I can buy as many copies as I like for \$10 each. Directory sales here are being handled by a woman-identified woman who knows I want to make copies available at a reduced price in the lesbian land community.

If interested please send check(\$10 + \$2 shipping) made out to Twin Oaks Community but send it to me personally. I'll be processing orders on my own time as a service to the community. If someone else could buy a bunch from me and distribute them, great. Anyone doing a tour of lesbian lands who'd like to pass them out along the route? I'd like every lesbian to get it at my price and ask that no one use this as a business. Shipping for one book is \$2, for multiple copies it depends on the postal rate we choose and your location. The book weighs 3 lbs. Write me.

Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz  
c/o Twin Oaks Commune  
Rt. 4 Box 169  
Louisa, VA 23093  
(703)894-5126

## REVIEW

THE SENSUAL THREAD

A Novel by  
Beatrice Stone  
Third Side Press

An independent women's book publishing company, 2250 Farragut, Chicago IL 60625  
\$10.95 + \$2 p&h

The author, Bea Stone, lives with her lover and their horses on a farm in Michigan--and she's a MAIZE contributor! This is her first novel, and it's a fun one. Childhood friends are reunited and become lovers--every dyke's dream! There's more than the physical here, too, as the wimmin also re-discover their psychic connections to each other and to their foremothers. And they live on the land! A real country Lesbian book.

Lee, Outland  
New Mexico



# LAND LESY

Land LESY (Lesbian Economic System) is 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). (See article in MAIZE #41)

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!

ANNIE THE WEBSTER, (aka Browning), 343 Soquel Ave #312, Santa Cruz CA 95062

Offers: \*600dpi 8½x11 laser output from Mac (ASCII or text only) diskettes (send self-addressed 9x12 envelopes w/ postage to cover your output)  
\* Excellent editing skills (English grammar, punctuation, etc.)

TERESA DETERDING, 716 N. Davis, Kirksville MO 63501. 816-627-2923

Offers: \* building, gardening, general labor to women within a 2-3 hour drive of NE Missouri (I'm a beginner, but I'm willing to learn)  
Requests: \* Dyke penpals, visits from land lesbians

SUNLIGHT, DEEP DISH RANCH, PO Box 368, Albion CA 95410

Offers: \* 4x6 postcards of drawings with short quotes from *BEING*  
Requests: Suggestions from your experience on ways to channel and use gray water in an area with too low a slope to collect and store the water. Wet winters, dry summers, cool climate. (For plantings I'm trying raspberries.)

NISSA, W4213 Co Rd 360, Daggett MI 49821  
906-753-2315

Offers: \*Free advice on homeschooling/hometeaching kids (I'm an ex-teacher)  
\*Information on Menominee Co MI and Marinette Co WI, for anyone looking for a place to buy a reasonably priced homestead.  
\*Possible "apprenticeship"--room, board, and chance to work with sheep & goats, possible formal instruction in creative writing and German language (part-time work, mostly housework and manure-shoveling)  
\*Small flock of chickens, good free-range foragers  
Requests: \*Information on raising llamas, alpacas, guanacos or vicunas  
\*Fully functioning cream separator  
\*Exchange of ideas with other lesbians who want to or have had a baby while living in the country

BARBARA & MICHI LAVENDA, Pf 9, A-8241, Dechantskirchen, Austria

Please include money for postage.  
Offer: \*Natural wool of sheep for knitting and weaving, without any chemicals.  
Colour: natural white (not bleached)  
\*Organic seeds of black mallow: beautiful black/purple blossoms, used as a tea against cough

DAWN SUSUN, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh, Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD Scotland, UK

Offers: \*Aromatherapy oils made up for various conditions and problems, physical and emotional difficulties. Postage negotiable.

SUSAN D. SMITH, RD3, Box 880, Port Matilda PA 16870

Offers: \*Organically grown catnip, packaged in recycled plastic from bags my dialysis supplies come in (small bags)  
\*Plastic tubing from my dialysis supplies, this tubing would have had only sterile solution in it, no body fluids.

NANCY EVECHILD, 3608 14th Ave. So. Minneapolis MN 55407 612-729-5984

Offers: \*A well-respected professional psychic with a practice in Minneapolis since 1988, I offer insightful, useful, in-depth readings by mail on tape for the cost of the tape and postage. Call or write for brochure. Please indicate LESY.



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 survivor:  
\*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)

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silk Hope Rd, Siler  
City NC 27344

Offers: \*Seeds (many kinds left from  
organic farming operation)  
\*Information/instruction in organic  
gardening/farming/greenhouse,  
carpentry/renovation  
Requests: \*Work: carpentry, gardening,  
orchard, general work on the land  
(experience not necessary)

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  
\*Doris: I've got lots of flower seeds  
to offer, various kinds. I'll make a  
surprise flower seed package for every  
woman writing.

DEBI SLATKIN, TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview  
Lane, Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972  
610-982-9012 (10a-9p only, please)

Offers: \*Her 60 minute relaxation tape  
\*ideas (I enjoy helping others brain-  
storm and problem-solve)  
Requests: \*Suggestions for rituals (tried  
or not) for particular Sabbats, moons,  
purposes  
\*Interesting rocks, feathers  
\*diagnosis/cures (organic) for what  
seems to be a wood-boring insect  
infestation in a much-loved Hemlock tree

WILLA & ERDA, Wellness and Joyfulness,  
POBox 591, Sebastopol CA 95473

Offers: \*Homeopathic remedies, open and  
unopened. List available.  
Requests: \*Cassette tapes of ethnic music,  
women's music (we like Cris Williamson)

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina, NM 97569  
We'll pay postage on anything we offer  
or request.

Offers: \*Any size or style of Red River  
Menstrual Pads (for your personal use)  
write for brochure  
\*Any back issues of MAIZE that we still  
have copies of  
\*Information on building: adobe, round,  
non-toxic (send specific questions)  
\*Organic open-pollinated seeds from  
our garden (ask what we have or tell  
us what you need)  
\*IMPORTANT PURSUITS, *Questions of Value  
for Lesbians* (by Lee). A set of 170  
cards to stimulate thought and discussion.  
For Lesbian use only.  
\**The Wimmin of Our Dreams*, By Jae  
Haggard. Homespun fiction about a  
Lesbian world. A LandMade Book (150pg)  
\**Keep Breathing and Loving Myself*,  
*Healing Myself* (by Lee): booklets in the  
Dyke Well-Being Series. (Write for info  
on participating in this series.)  
Requests: \*Organic seeds (not hybrid)  
Anyone have golden bantam corn?  
\*Used COTTON fabrics, sheets, for  
rag rugs.

HEATHER, POBOX 809, Lumsden, Sask, Canada  
S0G 3C0

Offers: \*Handbound soft-covered journals,  
postage paid  
\*Long-distance reiki (healing energy:  
let me know if you want this focussed  
on a specific part of your body or  
generally physically or emotionally;  
a description/drawing/picture of your  
physical self will help me to focus on  
you while I send energy but is not  
necessary)  
Requests: \*Wild wimmin stories/poems  
\*Wimmin's/lesbian's songs/chants on tape  
or paper with music  
\*Handmade rattle  
\*Handmade paper for books

SACRED SEDONA, POBox 3661, Sedona AZ 86340

Offers: \*One night stay in tent  
Requests: \*Gardening, greenhousing  
\*Rock work: building a rock wall

ZANA, MSC 044, zana, HCO 4 Box 6872,  
Tuscon AZ 85735

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



LIERRE KEITH, 103 Country Club Rd,  
Greenfield MA 01301 413-772-6270

Offers: \*Copies of my novel, *Conditions of War* (Postage \$1)

\*Sewing (you need to supply materials)  
I can make replicas of clothes you have and love, I can patch and repair worn-out favorites, I can make clothes to order, especially clothes for fat dykes--I've got lots of large-size patterns--and quilts--I love making quilts.

DORIAN GREGORY, 103 Country Club Rd,  
Greenfield MA 01301 413-772-6270

Offers: \*Grantwriting and fundraising advice

\*Handpainted Goddess clocks

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. 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

\*I accumulate assorted reading material on womyn, ecology, community and education 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.

MARNEE & DIANN, SBAMUH, 13479 Howard Rd,  
Millfield OH 45761

Offer: \*New 50/50 tee shirts left from our screen printing business. They are recycled prints--a heavily inked womyn's silhouette printed ovetop of the words "disco dyke" which sometimes peeps through after washing. (DD wasn't a great seller.) Sizes available: 2 L, 6 S, 2 petite, all mixed colors. Free. Please send \$1 for third class postage or \$3 for priority mail along with your address and size request.

\*Womyn's crossword puzzle is available with a long SASE

Request: \*Organic onions, will pay shipping and handling

\*Used lesbian fiction and nonfiction, feminist, healthcare, gardening, building or children's books, especially multicultural resources. We'll circulate them or give them a new home. Sorry, can't pay shipping unless you send a list first and I can see what we might use and what we'd just give away.

THE WEB, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408

Offers: \*Comfrey salve

\*Seeds

KARINA, POBox 3074, Charlottesville VA  
22903

Offers: \*Radio air time, live or on tape/CD on WTJU-FM Charlottesville. Send your songs, stories, poems, jokes...

\*Very informal B&B, place for people to stay en route, can sleep in 1 room of 3 room cabin

Requests: \*Correspondence with womyn living in community. I am 41 years old, love country life and now seek a community to share with. I am preparing to change my way of life from solo cabin dweller and want to learn from womyn who are happy with their communities/land trusts. My focus is on the way of sanely living in community--ensuring the integrity of self, relationships, spiritual growth, economic stability, mediation and processing differences...Personal stories of what went wrong/right are welcome! Thanks and many blessings of health and love everyone!

\*Writer to co-write Lesbian plays/screen plays, and discussions with directors.





# *Lesbian Natural Resources*

*P.O. BOX 8742 MINNEAPOLIS MN 55408*

***Lesbian Natural Resources*** is an organization established in 1991 to support Lesbian community land projects. Our purpose is to assist Lesbians in obtaining and maintaining community land, in developing rural skills and self-sufficiency, and in community development for Lesbians of many different abilities, ages, races, classes, and economic backgrounds. Our intention is to support the growth of Lesbian communities which are actively creating Lesbian culture, preserving land-based life skills and rural ecosystems, and discovering non-oppressive ways to live and work together.

To fulfill our purposes, Lesbian Natural Resources offers programs in advocacy and technical assistance with respect to governmental and realty agencies, a skillbank to network land dykes needing and offering land based skills, an outreach program to Lesbians with rural backgrounds who have not lived on land as Lesbians, a resource recovery program to help materials dykes have find new uses and users, and a fundraising program to encourage valuing and support for the amazing things Lesbians on land are creating.

We have one annual grant period during which applications for projects on Lesbian land are solicited and thoughtfully evaluated by a Grant committee chosen to serve for one year only. Money raised during the previous year is available for the grants the following spring. Funding priorities are set by the Board of Directors. Within these guidelines, the Grant committee has autonomy to make their decisions.

## FROM THE GRANT COMMITTEE

The Funding Committee of Lesbian Natural Resources is delighted to announce this year's recipients from among those eligible for funding. This year our task included reviewing a great many projects, especially individual self-sufficiency applications. With the funds available we made decisions based on LNR's funding priorities, keeping in mind that our goal was also to fund groups who had not benefited from previous funding.

Although we could not fund every project, or all the projects at their requested amounts, our decisions reflect as wide a dispersal of funds as possible. We really regretted not being able to fund some of the projects to their fullest extent, but it was exciting to discover the creative and diverse ways in which Lesbians live on the land and envision their lives. Knowing that the donations came primarily from the Lesbian land community made it especially rewarding to return it to Lesbian land, (kind of like composting.)



The goal of Lesbian Natural Resources is to encourage the sharing of resources in the Lesbian Community so as to encourage autonomous non-patriarchal Lesbian community on land. We recognize the value of land experience and skills as well as money in the materializing of visionary Lesbian community. It is our hope that Lesbian land communities which have generated these projects will share their process and learnings with one another. Networking among grant recipients is highly encouraged and we hope this year's projects can become resources for the larger Lesbian community through sharing your creativity and skills in MAIZE, A Lesbian Country Magazine, and the LNR Skillbank.

This year's total amount requested in applications was much more than the money available. In order for Lesbian Natural Resources to continue to grow, we need donations of any size. Your help in encouraging donations is vital. We hope that each grant recipient will in turn make a donation and through telling other Lesbians how you have benefited Lesbian culture and community as a whole by the project you were able to do with this grant, encourage donations.

Thank you for your part in developing Lesbian community. We are pleased to be able to provide this support for your project. As dykes living on Lesbian land it was an honor to gain knowledge of where other land dykes are and what you are creating.

The Grant Committee for 9995: Betty Hupperich, Irene Weiss, and Madelaine Zadik

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF GRANTS FOR 9995

### LESBIAN LAND DEVELOPMENT GRANTS FUNDED BY LNR COMMUNITY LAND FUND

#### LAND PURCHASE

Recovery Land (renewal)	\$15,000#
Maat Dompin (renewal)	\$15,000#
The Women First Foundation (renewal)	\$13,000#
High Desert Women's Land Trust (renewal)	\$15,000#
Arco Iris	\$12,000#
Rancho De Todo Colores	\$15,000#
Raven Song	\$15,000#
Marysland/Womland	\$15,000#

#### LAND DEVELOPMENT

Northern Minnesota Women's Land Trust	well, heat, insulate, road	\$ 3,932.01
New Mexico Women's Land Trust	complete straw bale house	\$ 1,500
SBAMUH	camp supplyshop/community garden equipment	\$ 2235.99



## LESBIAN COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT GRANTS

### COMMUNITY

WOMB	community library	\$ 1,000*
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### WORKSHOPS

Debbie Earthdaughter	workshop for homebound land dykes	\$ 1,000*
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### ACCESSIBILITY

Spinstervale	porch,ramp,heat communal house	\$ 1,500*
Wise Women of the Four Directions	entry road accessibility	\$ 2,000*

### ECONOMIC SELF SUFFICIENCY

T'ai Farm	road repair	\$ 1,500
Spiral- Kulaya Michelle	jewelry workshop	\$ 1,000*
Spiral- Tory Black	well digging business equipment	\$ 2,000
Wise Women- J Spotted Eagle	arts & crafts business studio	\$ 1,000*
Carruch	consensus workshops business	\$ 1,000*
Gaye Hukel	barn renovation-electric repair business	\$ 1,550
Northern Minnesota- Tina	jewelry business	\$ 880.15
Butterfly Inn- Kay Dedman	flower business	\$ 1,000
Luna Circle- Tricia, Claire	veg wash shed, well - market gardening	\$ 2,000*
Becky Budenhagen	earth home building workshop business	\$ 1,000*
Donna Light	flowers,worms and rabbits	\$ 1,162.32
Sharon Bienert	purchase of nursery stock	\$ 1,000
Cedar Kindy	card printing shop addition & electricity	\$ 1,268
Debbie Baker	horticulture business	\$ 1,880
New Amazonia- Linda Gardner	tools - building & remodeling business	\$ 1,800*
Claudelle Champagne	greenhouse business	\$ 1,700*

\*INDICATES GRANT FROM DONOR DESIGNATED FUNDS

#INDICATES GRANT AWARDED WITH CONTINGENCIES



# 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

Camping only for dykes who write well  
in advance. Also concerts and other  
special events in the summer. Write  
to be on the mailing list.

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

DANCING FISH LODGE, 627 Wisteria Lane,  
Waverly TN 37185

Seeking a co-housing communal living  
commitment from women gardeners, musicians,  
writers and artists. Currently a 6000  
sq.ft. building and retreat center on  
Tennessee River and Kentucky Lake, 65  
miles west of Nashville. Must be non-  
separatist, financially stable, commute  
or telecommute to work (in home business  
ok). No children or pets. The lodge is  
comfortable with all amenities. Private  
rooms from \$300 per month. Campers and  
visitors welcome by invitation. SASE  
and self-description.

DOE FARM/Wisconsin Women's Land Cooperative,  
Rt.2, Box 150, Norwalk WI 54648  
Camping, lodging, memberships,  
summer work

DREAM CATCHER CREEK, Creative Women's  
Community, Mitzi, 2 Sundance Drive,  
Weaverville NC 28787

Acre, 1/2 acre plots for sale, rooms to  
rent, central studio space. 15 min.  
from Asheville.

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silk Hope Liberty  
Rd, Siler City NC 27344 919-742-5959

Visitors (camping and guest room),  
community members/farm partners,  
work exchange

FULL MOON ENTERPRISES/MOONSHADOW

POBox 416, Hopland CA 95449  
Camping

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, Rt2, Box 1096, Kent's Store,  
VA 23084

Camping and events center  
KIMBILIO, 6047 TR501, Big Prairie OH  
44611 216-378-2481  
Artist residencies

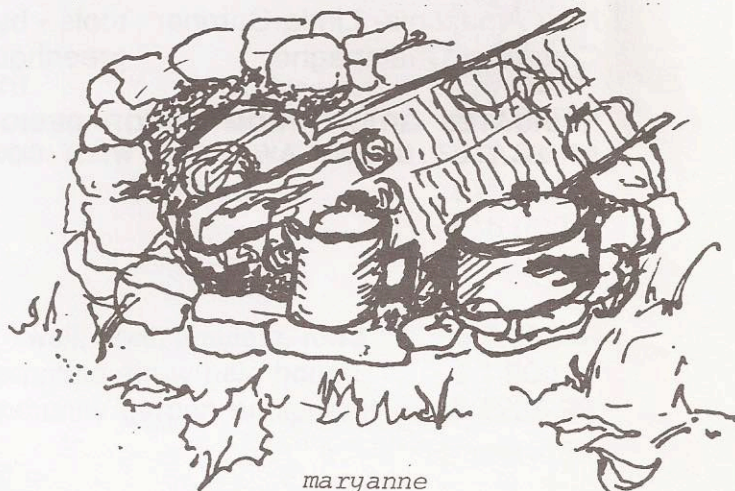
LESEPS, Community of Separatist Country-  
Dykes, Pf 45, A-7400, Oberwart, Austria  
We offer a room for lesbian visitors who  
are looking for support or want to share  
experiences about selfhealing. Write  
for more info.

LUNA CIRCLE FARM, Rtl 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.

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 disabili-  
ties, Dykes of color and Dykes without  
money. Write for info on becoming a  
part of our intentional community.

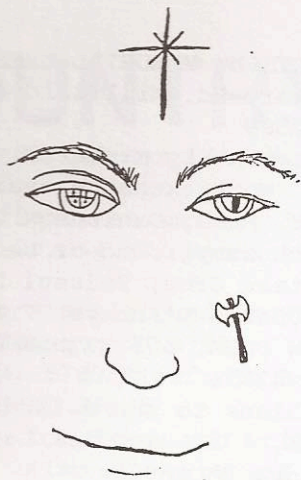


maryanne  
Something Special, Florida



- 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 673-7649
- RAVEN'S HOLLOW, POBox 41, Cazenovia WI  
53924; 608-767-3075 or 608-983-2715  
Visitors welcome  
Looking for residents/partners inter-  
ested in self-sustaining woman-centered  
living
- RIVERLAND, POBox 156, Beaver OR 97108  
Lesbian art retreat, community members,  
Write for more info on either.
- ROOTWORKS, 2000 King Mountain Trail,  
Sunny Valley OR 97497  
Women and girl children. No dogs.  
Cabins and camping, \$5/day includes  
meals.
- SILVER CIRCLE SANCTUARY, Rt5 Box100,  
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  
Women's Land Trust, seeking members
- SPINSTERHAVEN, POBox 718, Fayetteville  
AR 72702.  
Our mission is to create and maintain  
nurturing community homes for aging  
women and women with disabilities.  
Have 43 acres with one trailer now,  
goal of 6-8 residents. Seeking tax-  
deductible donations for environmentally  
friendly development.  
Campers, visitors welcome.
- SPINSTERVALE, c/o Sunshine Goldstream,  
Box 429, Coobs, British Columbia,  
V0R 1M0 Canada; 604-248-8809  
Any travelling woman is welcome to stop  
by Spinstervale on Vancouver Island, BC.  
We have a few small cabins (\$5/nite/  
person) and camping is always available.  
Work exchange, too, by arrangement.  
Herbs, goats, gardening
- SPIRALAND/Spiral Women's Land Trust,  
HC72, Box 94-A, Monticello KY 42633  
Visitors, work exchange
- SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME,  
13423 Howard Rd. Millfield OH 45761  
614-448-2509  
Seeking community members, visitors,  
campers. Work exchange available.
- SWIFTWATERS, Rt 3, Dahlonga GA 30533  
Riverfront campground or bed & breakfast
- TERRA, Chateau Gres, Poiseul La Grange,  
21440 St. Seine L'Abbaye, France
- TOAD HOLLOW FARM, 605 Ferris Creek Rd,  
Dubre KY 42731  
Seek Lesbians to share land.
- TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview Lane, Upper  
Black Eddy, PA 18972  
610-982-9012(10a-9p only please)  
Camping and guest room for womyn  
travelling through. Companion animals  
welcome outside only. We love company.
- WE'MOON, 37010 SE Snuffin Rd, Estacada OR  
97023; 630-3628  
Wimmin-only rural intentional community.  
35 miles SE of Portland OR. Seeking new  
members who are very interested 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.
- WILD BROWSE FARM, 87 Bullard Pasture,  
Wendell MA 01379
- WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport  
OH 43164  
Seeking community members
- WOMANSHARE, POBox 681, Grant's Pass, OR  
97526  
Seeking collective members
- WOMAN'S WORLD, Shewolf, POBox 655,  
Madisonville LA 70447  
Work exchange for landswomen, 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 and fall: landswomen and builders  
work exchange.
- WOMLAND, POBox 55, Troy ME 04987





Kiwani  
British Columbia

## TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND

The visitor calls or writes in advance. She includes an SASE if writing; she doesn't put "lesbian" or "dyke" on a postcard or envelope to the land.

She arrives somewhere near when she said she would. If she can't find the land she doesn't talk to neighbors about the wimmin's land.

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

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

She respects the land, leaving everything the way she found it. She takes her garbage with her.

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

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

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

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

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

*SPINSTERVALE* women's land is interested in forming a legal Trust to protect the land. Looking for existing documents to look over. Also, experiences and insights most welcome. We can share recent publication (Canadian) written by two women on trust options to protect land. Write Spin sisters at Box 429, Coombs B.C. VOR 1M0 Canada.

*WOMYNS EARTH HOME BUILDING WORKSHOPS:* Learn how! Have fun! Good exercise! Write Groundworks, 1501 Grays Creek Rd, Grants Pass OR 97527. Ph 503-862-2144. Also seeking a womyns land site and house mother(s) for an earth building autumn 95.

*JOIN US ON BEUATIFUL WIMMIN'S LAND!* Cabin, campground, furnished outdoor kitchen under roof, firewood, solar shower, swimpond, bookstore. Women only. SBAMUH, #M, POBox 5853, Athens OH 45701 or 614-448-2509

*SPACE AVAILABLE* in trailer on 43 acres Ozark wimmin's land. Pref. 55+ or differently abled (limited access for mobility impaired). Sliding scale. Spinsterhaven, POB 718, Fayetteville AR 72702, 501-846-3740

*LIVESTOCK FOR SALE.* Crossbred goats, does in milk \$75, doe kids \$35, castrated buck kids, \$150. Registered Shetland sheep (endangered breed known for fine hand-spinning wool); Black ram, "Detlev", \$500, ram lambs possible at same price. Castrated ram lambs for wool, \$100. Ewe or ewe lamb, \$1900. Nissa, W4213 Co. Rd. 360, Daggett, MI 49821 (Near Menominee on Wisc/Mich border) (906)753-2315

*WHOLESALE CATALOG* of assorted imported junk I'm a distributor for, to anyone who wants to order stuff to sell at flea markets or whatever. Nissa, W4213 Co. Rd 360, Daggett, MI 49821 (906)753-2315

*WALKING AND READING THE LAND:* A Weekend Workshop for Women to learn more about applying Permaculture principles. At SBAMUH, Millfield, Ohio. July 28-30, 1995. Cost: \$50. For info contact Karen Arnett, 2406 Ashland Ave. Cincinnati, OH 45206. 513-861-2075.



*MATURE LATINA/NATIVE LESBIANS* have established wilderness farm homestead in the Ozark Mts, and a retreat and guide service. Looking for resident apprentice lesbian of color to work and learn wilderness and farm self-sufficiency skills. Room and board provided plus \$50/wk stipend. Only serious inquiries need apply, send personal and work info along with self addressed long envelope for more info. Write: Apprenticeship, HC 70, Box 17, Ponca AR 72670-9620

*WALK IN BEAUTY: WILDERNESS TRIPS AND LODGING.* Trips for womyn by womyn. Send SASE for free brochure to Walk in Beauty, HC 70, Box 17, Ponca AR 72670-9620. 501-861-5506/501-587-0270

*ART FOR LAND: Attention Womyn of Color Artists!* Promote your work and help create Womyn of Color Land, by creating and donating original artwork for the fund raising and networking efforts of Maat Dompim, Womyn of Color Land Project. For more details, contact Maat Dompim, Auto Rd, Auto VA 24917. (703)992-0248

*WIT'S END FARM* in Dowelltown, Tennessee has goats, horses, dogs, dats, chickens, and many wild things that want human company while mom's away working out-of-state. If you would like to try living on the land, and you would like to be one hour east of Nashville, consider renting the farmhouse (\$250-350 depending on space needs) and/or doing work exchange. (references, deposit & utilities required either way). Many sisters nearby, nice town, stunning land and liveable house, easy to get to. Call or write Mary, 541 Vandergriff Rd, Dowelltown TN 37059, 615-536-5356 or 502-782-3361, or Merrill, 615-536-5287.

*I AM A LESBIAN WHO LOVES COUNTRY LIFE.* I have 1 dog. I like fishing, walking, camping. Dog and I are alone. I would like to move to a farm and live with another female. I would like penpals, any age, any race. I am 50. Do not smoke. Like animals. Write Janice Ulrich, Rt.1, Amboy MN, 507-674-3231

*LAND GROUP SEEKING ADDITIONAL MEMBERS:* Our group of 5 lesbians has found 106 beautiful secluded acres in northern New Mexico. We want this land to be a safe place where lesbians live as an intentional community, and a resource for women for camping, gatherings, retreats, and workshops. We will have individual dwellings, and a community building with group kitchen, bathhouse, and gathering place. Among us we have years of experience on community lesbian land, which we would like to share. Since we have dedicated our lives to building lesbian community, we have not accumulated wealth and resources, and are all relatively low income. We need additional members to create a stronger community, and for additional financial resources to make this land viable to lower-income lesbians. We have created a Land Trust which has a 501-c-3, to own the land, and have a down-payment grant from LNR. We are also seeking loans for a loan pool to help finance this purchase. Spes, Pelican, Rebecca, Sunflower, Kya High Desert Women's Land Trust, POBox 390, Tesuque NM 87574

*FOR WOMYN ONLY,* the only bookstore on rural lesbian land in the U.S., offers free bibliographies on books about alternative health care, lesbian fiction and nonfiction, cancer, girls, dealing with domestic violence and adoption. Please specify your interests and send a 52¢ long SASE to Diann Bowoman, FWO#M, 13479 Howard Rd, Millfield OH 45761

*SHEWOLF'S DIRECTORY OF WIMMIN'S LANDS AND LESBIAN COMMUNITIES,* \$8.50 from Royal T Pub, 2013 Rue Royal, New Orleans, LA 70116

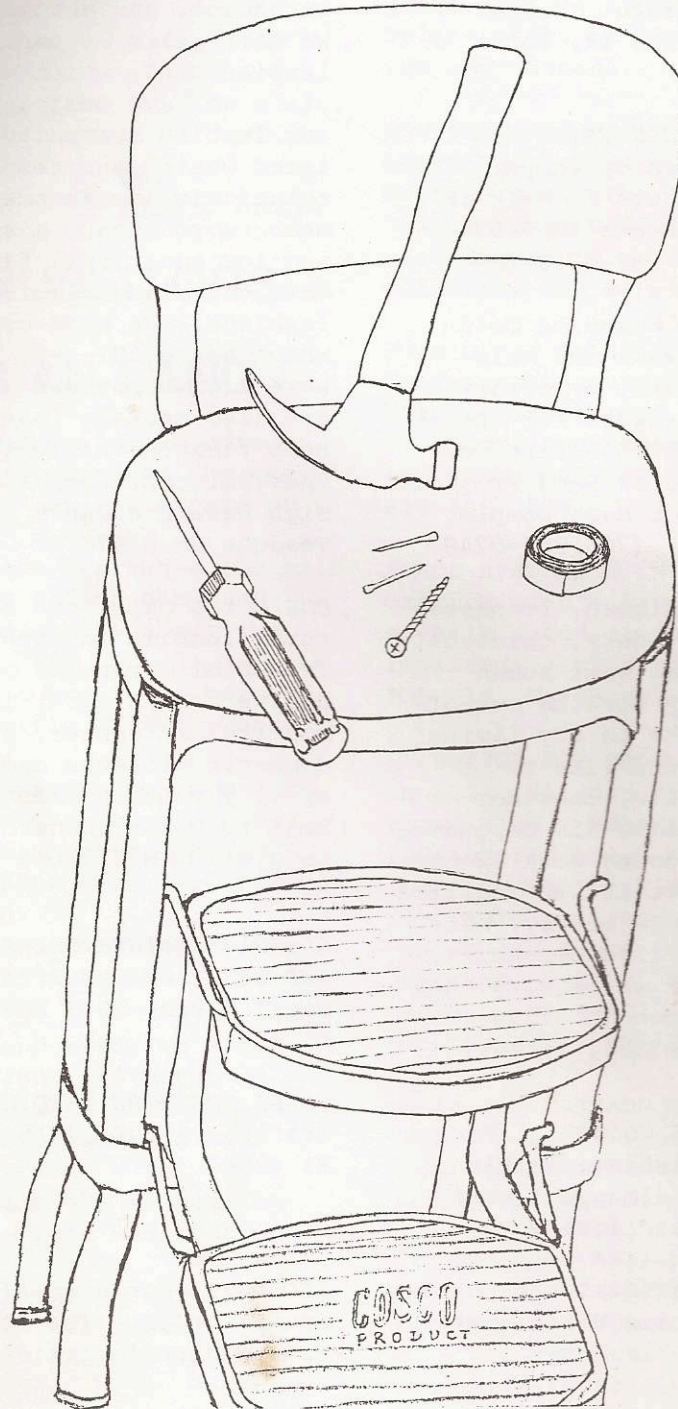
*SEEDS FROM THE LAND:* Catalog of Land Dyke crafts. SEEDS, 4115 Scenic Hwy, Honor, MI 49640

*APOLOGIES* for a spelling error in the Spring MAIZE. The correct title of Hawk Madrone's article is "Arborescent".



\$3.50

NUMBER 45



THE JOY OF REPAIR

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California