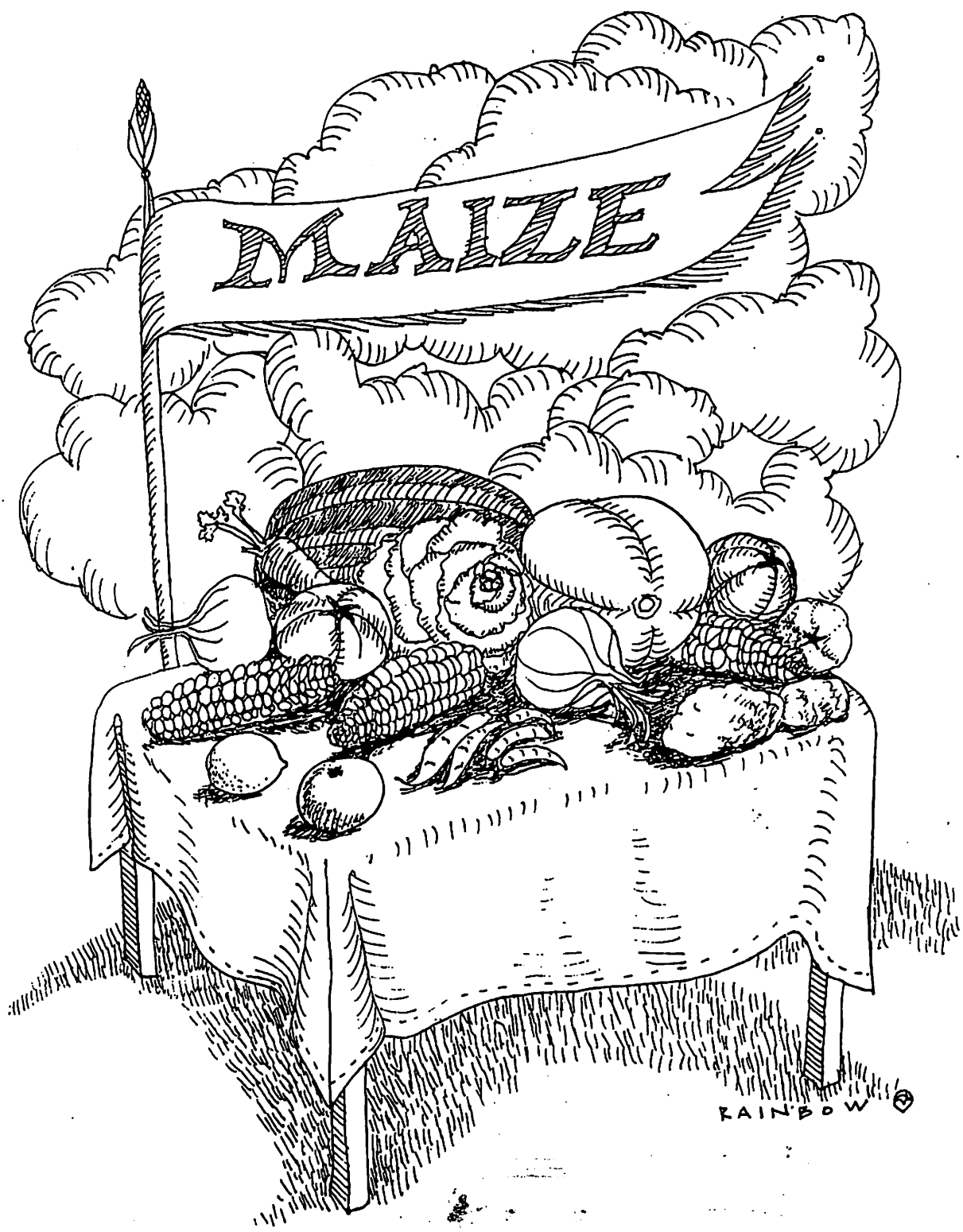


Just
Building
P30

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE FALL 9995



MAIZE NUMBER 46 FALL 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Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication."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. Discussion 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 (4^h x 3^w)

This issue typed and laid out by Lee at Outland.

Thanks to Jae Haggard for taping, and for help with mailing and other chores. Thanks to Ardy Tibby and B Love for mailing and other help.

Printed by Presto Print, Grand Rapids, Michigan
on recycled paper with soybean ink

All material copyright by author.

Cover art: Rainbow, The Pagoda, St. Augustine, Florida

Send material for issue #47 by November 1, 9995
#48 by February 1, 9996

Subscription rate: \$10 for 4 issues, published quarterly
Available on tape, \$10 for 4 issues

MAIZE IS MAILED BULK RATE, NO FORWARDING, NO RETURNS!!!
Please send change of address promptly or your copy will be lost.

Address all correspondence and subscriptions to:

MAIZE

P.O. BOX 130

SERAFINA, NEW MEXICO 87569

CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|----|
| DYKE WELL-BEING | Jae Haggard | 4 |
| DYKE TALK | | 6 |
| HEALING MYSELF | Marian Spadone | 8 |
| TRADING MEDICINE WITH A SCORPION | Marian Spadone | 10 |
| THE HEALING POWER OF SOUND | Susan Wiseheart | 12 |
| WHAT THE EARTH OFFERS | Tamarack | 13 |
| HEALING OURSELVES | Sarah Adams | 15 |
| VARMINTS & CRITTERS, SNEEZING & SCRATCHING | TAC | 16 |
| HERMANA SIEMPRE | Maria Christina Moroles DeColores | 18 |
| MUJER MIA | Maria Christina Moroles DeColores | 18 |
| WEEDY WONDERS | Jean Mountaingrove | 19 |
| ALCHEMY ON LESBIAN LAND | Maria | 21 |
| WORK WEEKEND AT KIMBILIO | Chris Hayward | 22 |
| WOMYN'S COMMUNITY BUILDING | Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz | 24 |
| ON THE LAND | | 27 |
| BOLD MOON FARM | | 27 |
| MOONSHADOWS | | 28 |
| RAVENSONG | | 29 |
| TAIGH A'GHARAI DH | | 30 |
| YURT BUILDING | Shewolf | 34 |
| APPLE PIE | Hawk Madrone | 36 |
| THE GATHERERS | zana | 37 |
| ONE THING I'VE LEARNED... | Susan Wiseheart | 39 |
| THOUGHTS ON A SIMPLE LIFE | Lee Lanning | 42 |
| LETTERS | | 43 |
| ON VISITING DUCK POND | Willa Bluesky | 44 |
| REVIEW | | 45 |
| LAND LESY | | 48 |
| COUNTRY CONNECTIONS | | 50 |
| TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND | | 50 |
| LEZ TRY THIS... | | 51 |
| ANNOUNCEMENTS | | |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Rainbow | cover |
| Mau Blossom | 3 |
| Jean Mountaingrove | 7, 11 |
| Marian Spadone | 9 |
| Tee A. Corinne | 14 |
| Becky Bee | 17 |
| Susan Wiseheart | 19 |
| Jan Mclaughlin | 20 |
| Kiwani | 21 |
| Jae Haggard | 23, 28, 29, 40, 41 |
| Kathy Pierson | 25 |
| maryanne | 26, 35 |
| zana | 36 |
| Carla Green | 37, 38 |
| Erda | 43 |
| Marnee Kennedy | 47 |
| Kitt Redwing | 48 |



Mau Blossom
Golden Light, Missouri

DYKE WELL-BEING

Jae Haggard
Outland
New Mexico

Lesbians know a lot about our physical and emotional wellness, as well as dis-ease. We at Outland are gathering stories on any kind of self-healing practice that Dykes do ourselves or with other Dykes. As there are enough stories on a practice or disease, we'll put them together into homemade booklets and offer them through Land LESY in MAIZE. No booklet will ever be "done".

Our personal stories of self-healing spark possibilities any of us can consider. Shared stories help us each believe we can make a difference in our own wellness. Write or tape record your symptoms, approaches, intuitions, changes you notice, learnings or anything else about your self-healing. Don't worry about length or polishing it or whether it'll work for anyone else. All our stories are important, as we and our lives are so important.

Dyke Well-Being booklets--two so far--are listed under Outland in Land LESY. Please send us your experiences and encourage your Dyke friends to as well: Outland, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569.

Here is a sampling of Dyke Well-Being stories.

Peace

i'm learning to go easy now, relax. i have the feeling that this is what healing is all about. letting tension go so body and spirit can heal themselves, can help with the healing of the world.

i'm trying in every moment to disperse my fears. i nurture calm within myself. although i want and work for a safe environment, my emphasis now is on creating peace within myself that i can bring to unsettling situations. when i can do this, i feel a deep sense of well-being.

zana
arizona

Cysts

Two cysts: one near wrist on left hand, second one midway up on left forearm.

Remedy: I drank Aloe Vera juice, a gallon a week for two weeks, then one gallon for two weeks. Sometime in here the pain went away. I continued 1½ gallon a month for approximately 6 months when I noticed the cysts had dissolved.

B Love

Systemic Candida

Some of my symptoms: tired, husky voice, sore throat, toothache, bleeding gums, irritability, ear ache, joint pains, split nails, body odor, jaundice-looking skin, breathing difficulties.

In my opinion AMA can do nothing but make it worse and cost a fortune.

Remedies: I eat no sugars, no processed grains. I eat vegetarian, mostly organic vegetables (mostly raw), whole grains, especially quinoa and amaranth, some legumes, nuts. I take caprilic acid when I feel symptoms start up and drink more water.

B Love
New Mexico

Food/digestion/elimination

Something that keeps my bowel movements regular, large and soft is eating essene type bread. It is made of crushed sprouted grains and seeds, sometimes fruit and nuts are added. It is baked only slightly, often in the sun. It is a large moist muffin that is tasty, nourishing, not overprocessed or overcooked, organic (if organic grains etc are used) and compatible with all kinds of nutritional programs. Unfortunately it's not candida compatible 'cause of the sugars created by sprouting. Great going in, being in and coming out the body! Beneficial to the entire system.

P.S. Always drink lots of water.
Ardy Tibby

Ear infection

I got an ear infection--pain and fever--from a pimple or somesuch in my ear. First relief--within 12 hours--and then cure, was achieved by large doses of golden seal for 5 days then moderate doses for another 5 days. Loose powder or liquid golden seal work faster than capsules. When you "go on" golden seal for anything, stay on it for 10 days.

Ardy Tibby

Topical skin fungus

Important for overall health and especially for me 'cause my lover has systemic candida and *must* avoid contact with molds and fungi.

Symptoms: dandruff, scaly/"dry"/ashy elbows, knees, feet, legs, face; pimples on butt/under breasts; fuzzy (coated) underarm hairs and/or smelly pits; stuff around and under toenails and cracks between toes; itchy crotch and/or anus.

Remedies: 1) half and half organic apple cider vinegar and water. Spritz or splash 2-3 times per day (esp. pits and feet)

2) Tea tree oil (if you're ok with the smell). On particular spots use full strength (i.e. toes). Use half strength with water for general body use. Watch out for rash/sting reactions.

3) Nutri-biotic brand products: key ingredient, grapefruit seed extract. Skin cleanser: use all over body including hair. Is a non-soap so won't dry. After two weeks of consistent use my dandruff, rough elbows and knees, scaly face and legs and feet were smooth and comfy. Also my under-breast and butt pimples were almost gone. The "original" is unscented. Check out the pamphlet on how to use the concentrate for ears, eyes, drinking water, etc.

Ardy Tibby
New Mexico

(Editor's note: Vinegar also works for fungus/itching in ears.)

Toning

I have been plagued with rather severe leg cramps, especially if I don't keep up with my calcium supplements. One night as I was in bed reading, first my right leg and then my left went into intense

spasms. It threw me out of my close-to-the-floor bed so I was half on and half off howling and crying in pain. We'd been reading about toning for clearing and for healing, and had tried a few toning exercises. That's what came to mind as I lay there having no idea what to do. I just closed my eyes and focused on the agony in my legs and let a note sing forth. It was as easy to tone as to whimper. I kept it going as loud as it wanted to be since I was alone on the land that night. To my immense delight, the pain eased almost immediately and within a couple of minutes the spasms were gone. And they did not return. All of this was most unusual for me--the severity, the easing, the sudden cease. It's no surprise that I now tone whenever I have recurrences, even mild ones. I'm convinced toning makes the difference.

Jae Haggard

Urine Therapy

Last fall Lee and I read a book by a woman in Arizona about, of all things, urine therapy. Yep, you read that right. The whole book is on the historical and current use of our own urine for about any ailment imaginable. Well, you can imagine that I was a bit dubious when I began to read. To my great surprise, by the end of the book I was convinced. So the end of October '94 I began taking a drop (under the tongue works best) of my urine each morning and I gradually increased to an ounce. My hope was to alleviate the juniper pollen allergies I've had the last couple of springs. About 6 weeks later I also started taking a teaspoon of green clay with my morning burdock and dandelion tea, also to get my system ready for the spring allergy season.

In early December, I was looking at my legs and realized something had changed. I for years have been getting more and more small warts til the inside of my thighs to my knee are quite covered. Now the warts were receding. Week by week more disappeared til by spring I had only a small number left. That's remained constant. At the same time the warts (or whatever these aging mini-mounds are called) on the back of my hands also greatly diminished. And the most surprising change--I've had a small pea-sized wart near my clitoris for about 5 years. It just dis-

appeared, gone. I never even noticed it shrinking. It's just gone. Yep, I'm indeed a tad impressed. Plus the psoriasis on my scalp is noticeably better. Not gone, but eased. I know urine-soaked rags are supposed to help but I haven't gotten myself to do that more than once yet. Not the kind of thing to do in a crowd...

And the allergies. Well, Lee and I both did our own urine over the winter-- yep, the book convinced us both. Along came spring and we thought New Mexico had just skipped juniper season. We had the

tiniest reactions, almost negligible where we'd been totally wiped out for weeks other years. Then we talked to two different friends in Santa Fe and commented on the no-show allergy season. "What are you talking about?" each said in a nasal stuffed and miserable voice, "It's one of the worst years ever." I'm doing the urine ongoing. Lee plans to return to it in the winter. We're both ready to see what the next allergy season brings-- or hopefully once again does not bring.

Jae Haggard

DYKE TALK

The following self-healing stories were recorded at Dyke Talk, a weekly discussion group at Hawk Hill, Missouri. Self-healing was a July topic.

Transcribed and edited by Jae, Ardy and Lee.

SUSAN: When I was going to go to New Mexico a few years ago, we were in this big rush getting ready to leave. It was winter. I went out to the chicken house. There was this block of wood as a step and it was icy and I stepped on it. I fell forward and crashed my shin into the step and cut myself and just didn't pay any attention to it. It wasn't until I was halfway to New Mexico that I realized that I should have tended it. It was infected and it was a mess. I made the decision to not go to some physician, or go to anybody else other than my friends and me, to try to deal with it. I did golden seal and echinacea and washed it and fooled with it literally for weeks. I used tinctures internally and externally, I kept cleaning it with hydrogen peroxide, and I kept opening it and cleaning it out. Over and over. I was worried that it was going into the bone. It was a big deal for me not to go to some physician to get treated at that point in my life. 'Cause it was a scary looking wound. I was really determined to do it myself, that I could stop it and it would go away. And it worked! And so I felt really that I can trust myself more and more about things. If I have to go to somebody other than me I want it to be another Lesbian who maybe knows a little more than I about

something. And I often do that. But that's all I want to do, and I don't want to pay money, for the most part. I want to take care of it myself.

I'm really convinced that I can stop myself from getting sick on a lot of occasions. I can feel it coming and I tell myself I don't want it and "I'm not getting whatever it is". Then I do all the things that work for me, like echinacea, a lot of vitamin C, a lot of water. I've gone years and years and years now without getting much respiratory ailment and I used to get it all the time. When I refuse, I just refuse. It doesn't always work, but I know it sometimes works.

JENNA: One time when I didn't go to the doctor when normally I might've was when I got knocked out by the horses and trampled. The thing that I used was homeopathic. I mean, I didn't use it, I was out of it. But Vinnie came over and put arnica all over me. The one place that she missed I got a huge bruise and the rest of me didn't get any bruises. I still have the scar on my elbow from where the horse stepped on me with its shoe. I thought my elbow might have been broken so we did go and get it x-rayed but that's it. I'm convinced that I healed a lot better than if I'd gone to the hospital. Maybe I wouldn't have had all the mystical experiences if I'd been all doped up. 'Cause that's when the symbol language came to me. I think the body knows, if you give it the space and nurturing it needs, how to take care of itself.

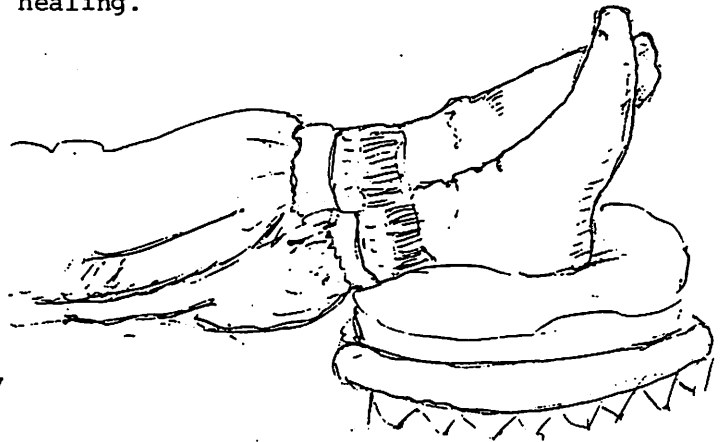
JACKIE: For me, where I've found my answers more than anyplace else, is my art and my cartoon books. I draw stick figures, paint or draw my incest scenes. Really awful horrible disgusting things I've carried around in my head. I drew down every hideous sexual fantasy I ever had in relation to my father and put every word I ever thought about these scenes, and handed it to my therapist and said I'm done with these, I don't ever want to see them again. I felt finished with the therapy. I haven't really had those in my head since.

Other things that have worked for me are: Dyke Talk. I get a whole lot from talking to other women. My being in this world is real verbal and visual. I get a TON of healing from talking to other women. And visual: doing art, seeing art. And auditory: music.

LINDA: I can tell about my Bell's Palsy. I went to massage school, and during the first week they said, "Everyone here is going to have a healing crisis." I thought, "Oh, sure." And sure enough, one by one all the students had something. The idea was that we learn the most about healing by healing ourselves. Then one day I woke up and the right side of my face was frozen. I looked in the mirror and I couldn't move the muscles. My eye was open, I couldn't close it. My mouth was drooping and drooling. I didn't know what was wrong with me, thought I had had a stroke or something. I went into the kitchen and a lesbian who was sitting there started laughing in a terrified way. Not knowing what to do, I went to school. One of the students went immediately and got warm compresses and put on there. She knew instinctively what to do. I went to a doctor who did cranial adjustments who recommended acupuncture.

I was so freaked out my first action was to get frantic and try everything. Finally I realized I had to be consistent so I just stuck with the acupuncture. I was going to the acupuncturist, but I was healing myself. I was studying anatomy and so I would draw this nerve in my face. Twice a day I would light candles, put on tiger balm and hold moist cloth over my face, and do this visualization. I also took ginger, which I thought was

crucial, and ate root vegetables and chicken soup. It got very painful and I got tired. I could hardly manage taking care of myself. I would run the visualization whenever I had a blank moment in my mind. Loud noises hurting is typical of Bell's Palsy. One night I woke in pain from dogs barking and started to run the visualization. Suddenly all these fairies came and were chopping at the ice in my face. Then I fell into a deep, deep sleep. From then on I started using the visualization of the fairies chopping away at the ice and that was the turning point of my healing.



*Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks, Oregon*

I really firmly believe that in the body when there's an emergency little energies consolidate, in my case into fairies, and heal. Now when I'm feeling bad I call in the fairies. So I've used some type of visualization a lot. I've been developing my own model of my body which doesn't match medical science very well. I can talk to different parts of my body. In massage school I learned to go into my body and listen. The first time I did it, this beet or beats came to me. Since I don't spell I didn't know if it was the vegetable or being beaten. I kept doing it and got pictures of beets. Then my acupuncturist said eat root vegetables. Root vegies were the main thing, and so the beets and the ginger. And I no longer have Bell's Palsy.

And dreams--a lot of times I get stuff through dreams. The body knows, but to get the message and act on it, it uses dreams. The more I act on what my body tells me, the more my body talks to me. And the more I listen to my dreams, the more dreams I get.

HEALING MYSELF

Marian Spadone
On The Road

I'm here, at the desk/table in the little room off the kitchen at Outland. Outside is the sky--well, there is more but sky here is so much more than where I've come from. There's music--sounds--the wind outside, the harp music coming from the stereo. The soft hiss of the pressure cooker. It's my night to cook, and the chick peas are softening as I write. I want to tell about some of my experiences/experiments in healing myself for the Dyke Well-Being series. I have for a long time sought other-than-western ways of healing. I've used herbs, food, tinctures, visualizations, reiki, Mari-El, prayer, intention,, and more lately, mud, spit, menstrual blood, nectar from my yoni after making love with myself, and my own urine. Also rest, journaling, sleeping, stretching, Chi Kung, acupuncture, massage (self or from another woman). Crying, laughing, therapy, breathing, paying attention, ritual or ceremony. Wow! I wasn't expecting to write such a long list!

There's a progression in it--and in me. A movement toward myself--my own body knowing. "What if I can heal myself?" "What would healing myself look like in this situation?" I studied/learned healing with various teachers over the years, and at times tried "being a healer" that people could come to for treatments. Sometimes I worked with a group sometimes alone. But I've drifted away from giving treatments or readings to others and toward using these ways on and for myself. When my daughter was an infant and a girl, I used what I knew to treat her various ailments--that felt appropriate...to have and to accept responsibility for her health at that time until she could learn more for herself how to do her own healing work. But with others I felt less and less comfortable with the dynamics and expectations and power struggles. And I became more and more attentive to--intensely preoccupied

at times with--my own health. It seems that my own body is the only one I can experiment on and truly know. I think truly knowing one's own body is a tremendous reclamation of power and of health. For a while it felt "selfish" to be using these healing "talents" of mine only on myself. I felt as if I "should be" sharing them. Yet I've stayed with this self-focus because I couldn't not do it. I still go occasionally to a practitioner of some sort, most recently for acupuncture. I like acupuncture because it teaches me more about my body and helps me to be more aware of subtle changes or blockages in the flow of my life energy--my healing energy. Eventually I want to learn to move energy on my own, and to direct it as needed, keeping it loose and flowing in me. I'm practicing Chi Kung just now as a means of doing that.

All of this is general--where's the "amazing healing" anecdotes? Well yes, I do have some of those and I thought that's all I'd write when I started. Now I see that the things I've tried, and my ability to try them or even think of them, comes from this general philosophical stance. One more thing about that, and this feels real important; all of these things I've tried have expanded my sense of self-love and acceptance. And the more I think about that, the more I truly know that there is a direct relationship between self love and my own healing. This means that the process of healing is really the process of loving and accepting myself in as many ways as I might imagine--and in ways I have yet to imagine! So now, for the "actual factuals"!

I've had lots of experiences over the years in healing cuts, in particular on my hands. Several years ago I was cutting mats to frame some artwork. This involves using a metal straight edge and a very sharp blade. In one pass, my index finger sat too close-- hanging over the straight



Marian Spadone

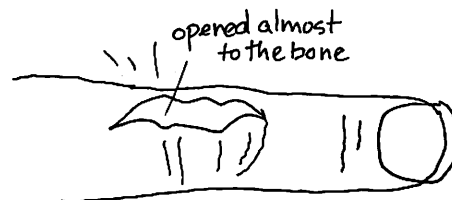
edge, and as I cut the mat, I also quickly and neatly sliced off the corner of the finger. It was a small piece--1/4" x 3/8" or so--some folks may have simply said, "just bandage it and the skin will grow over the cut place". But I was adamant in my desire to remain fully intact. In fact when it happened, I saw that little piece of my finger--of my self--separated, and I said out loud, "NO!!" I had been in a lot of turmoil over recovering incest memories at the time and it was very important for me to not turn the anger I was uncovering into self injury of any kind, even "accidental". So I stopped what I was doing, picked up that little piece of my self, cleaned the areas with peroxide and stuck them back together! I apologized to my body, spoke to my cells, giving them permission to release the trauma of the cut and open up to healing. I asked my aloe plant for a small tip of a leaf (I read once that in China, aloe is very often used *in place of sutures/stitches*--so I always use it on cuts.)

I opened the aloe and laid it over the cut edges as much as possible, then put a bandage over the whole thing, to hold it together. Then I sat down and held my finger cradled in my other hand and visualized everything reconnecting. It doesn't matter if you know all the correct anatomical terms--it's enough to have an image--like threads or wires all moving--reaching slowly to reconnect. I felt throbbing and some pain--pain can make us fearful and it's important to affirm that pain is--can be--part of the healing process. So I just assumed the throbbing was the combined ache of all those little "threads" stretching to reconnect. I use breathing a lot to deal with pain/fear (I learned that in LaMaze childbirth classes--but that's another story!) I think our fear can lessen our awareness and belief in our body's ability to heal. It's a tool of patriarchy to

scare us into helplessness and to make us believe that without "proper training" we have no ability, and worse, no authority, no *right* to heal ourselves. The truth is that the *body* knows. And often, all it needs is the chance to do its thing.

I held the finger for maybe 1/2 hour at first, then, after slowly clearing off my work table I sat down and just held and cradled her for the rest of the evening-- 2 or 3 hours I suppose. I left the bandage on overnight and next day, too--this is different each time. With more blood or a deeper cut I might change the bandage more often. I've found that a thorough cleaning of the cut right off is essential--running water to clear any debris (vegetable particles if it's a kitchen cut, dirt or sand if it's an outside cut), and letting it bleed a few seconds--the blood will push out contaminants also. Then a good dousing with peroxide--let it foam up then douse it a couple of times, then pat it dry with a tissue or paper towel, or a CLEAN cloth. Then the aloe--I've always used the piece of the aloe plant itself, split open and laid across the cut. Then tape or bandage it, and then sit down and relax for as long as you can, holding or cradling the cut and using the visualization above. This is important--the body needs rest and relaxation to heal itself. And the sooner you can offer that and begin the healing process, the better. Oh, yes! My finger healed in a matter of weeks, and no loss of feeling in the re-connected part!!

Another time I was gardening, using a small hand scythe to cut some grasses. An unhappy meeting of the blade with my knuckle resulted in a nasty uneven cut--again my index finger--2nd knuckle. This was nasty--mud, a jagged flap of skin, blood, and pain from the bruising of the



knuckle as well as the cut. And I was scared. I went in to the kitchen, washed my hands with mild soap and water to get the garden mud off then cleaned the cut--I was scared to lift the flap too much

and look inside (ew!). I knew it was close or at the bone and I didn't want to see my bones in that way! So I opened it, poured in peroxide and closed it pretty quick, smoothing the outer layer down and using the procedure I outlined before. It healed with no infection but I am left with a lump of what I *think* is scar tissue. I think it's there because I didn't look closely and "settle" all the layers of skin-muscle-tissue-whatever is all in there! I thought about this alot--I've done alot of massage etc. on this finger but I still have that lump and some limited flexibility in that joint. I've wished that I'd had more "courage" in that moment and gone ahead and opened my eyes and "dug in" to smooth out the traumatized layers of skin etc.

Well, a few months later I was pounding a bamboo stake into the earth for tomato supports and it cracked under the hammer and the jagged pieces cut into the index finger of my other hand, in almost exactly

the same place. I guess I wanted to somehow give myself another opportunity to figure this out! The similarity of the wound was uncanny. I offered an apology to my body, forgave myself for hurting myself again and set my mind to words loving and healing. I did everything as before but this time I *did* open up those jagged flaps and with more intention and clarity, smoothed the layers of flesh/skin together. One of my landmates was there so I just asked her to offer emotional support and to pour the peroxide! Anyway, this time it all healed up perfectly. And I used that image of the layers knitting together more this time--healing from the inside out. I felt happy about "figuring this out" and even dubiously grateful for the opportunity. But the best "healing" is prevention and in both these cases I see where my judgement could have been more clear and I wouldn't have cut myself at all. It's *all* valid--no blame or shame--just seeing more ways to love myself.

TRADING MEDICINE WITH A SCORPION

Marion Spadone
On The Road

Here's another story for the Dyke Well-Being Series--this one is about an encounter with a scorpion. I was visiting Florida, on wimmin's land and getting ready to wash dishes in "my" little cottage. I picked up the sponge and squeezed it out and felt a *sharp* pain shooting into my finger--index finger. I shook my hand out, saying "OW!", then realized that I was in, to me, foreign land (being from Maryland) and I'd better find out who it was that had stung me. I turned over the sponge and there she was, a small tan scorpion all curled up. I felt scared--first thing I did was take some "Rescue Remedy", a homeopathic flower preparation for trauma, injury, etc. I put some on the

sting and under my tongue. Then I thought for a minute--what to do? How toxic is this? What does my body want to do? I went outside, stood on the Earth barefoot so I'd be in good contact with her vibration, and did a "pull-out"--using my left hand almost like a magnet to draw the trauma/venom out of the finger and breathing, blowing air out of my mouth with the same idea.

I didn't want to take an antihistimine, or go to the emergency room. I really wanted to let my body tell me what to do next. I took another homeopathic remedy, lachesis, which is a preparation of venom from the bushmaster snake. I don't know if this helped or not but it didn't hinder things. Then I realized I needed to go back to the scorpion herself. I looked at the sponge in the sink--no scorpion--I gingerly



*Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks, Oregon*

(with a fork) turned it over and found her on the underside. I just looked at her a moment and then said, "Can you help me?" and I started to cry. "Good", I thought, "crying is good discharge." So with my tears I also spoke to the scorpion, apologizing for hurting her, acknowledging my fear, asking if she could or would take the poison back. She uncurled both arms and her tail and sort of turned around slowly in a circle. The place on my finger--which I was holding about a foot away from her and which had swollen to a good size red bump with a whitish 'crater' in the center--began to tingle. So I stayed with the crying and exhaling-toxin-image for a few more minutes. When the tingling stopped I began stroking my arm lightly from the elbow down to the fingertips over and over. I also put a slice of onion over the sting to draw out poison (aloe would work, or clay or mud or baking soda, etc.) Then I asked the scorpion if she'd like to go outside now and I thanked her, picked up the sponge (VERY CAREFULLY on the end of a fork!) and put it outside on the ground. A few minutes later, I

took away the onion slice to look at my finger and *all* the swelling was gone and I couldn't find where the stinger had gone in! I did put ice on it for a bit and also kept up with the light stroking on and off for a few hours. I watched and waited but I had no ill effects. A few hours later I got very sleepy and took a nap. A few days later there was a slightly itchy bump. But that's all. I really think the poison was in some way re-absorbed or withdrawn by the scorpion in my interaction with her. And I think the stroking facilitated my body's release of it as did the crying.

I want to say something more about that. Whenever we receive an injury I think it's really healthy to make noise to let out the trauma--a loud "OW!", crying for a few minutes, or even toning-- long sustained sounds--all work well. Loudly cursing our 'stupidity' or yelling at the one or thing which caused the pain doesn't work as well--the blaming seems to counteract the healing possibility. So I find just neutral sounds, or even angry sounds are ok, just not blaming. Some of us might feel silly or ashamed or less-than-adult if we cry or fuss--old conditioning runs deep. But I have found that spending a few moments immediately upon receiving the injury in this vocal releasing *really* speeds the healing process because it lets the body release the trauma.

Occasionally this vocal releasing will go on for some time if the new injury restimulates in some way an old trauma. In this case if you can, I think it's really good to go with it--as long as you can treat the injury (i.e. clean and bandage, or elevate and ice, etc.) first. Then if you want to wail or tone or if you can't stop crying, just let it go. It's just old hurt coming out. It's good to have another woman or woman there to sit with you while this is going on and affirm that it's ok and appropriate. There's something important about having a witness in our pain. Not someone who says, "There, there, don't cry, you'll be alright." But more like "There, there, *do* cry. I'm willing to see your pain and witness/trust in your healing process." In fact this is a good attitude to cultivate in lots of ways... but that leads to another story! Maybe next issue! In the meantime, Blessings.

THE HEALING POWER OF SOUND

Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Missouri

One summer I was alone in the summer kitchen on Beaver Island. I was about to do dishes so I was heating water on a propane burner. Somehow I found myself pouring scalding water on my hand--a lapse of recall about how hot the water was. A momentary diverting of attention to something else. Because I was alone--there was no one for miles who would be frightened by me--I let out the most enormous howl of pain. It came from deep within and below, from my root chakra up through me and out my mouth, a loud prolonged screaming groaning noise that went on and on. When it was over, I whimpered and sobbed as I poured cold water over it. The skin reddened briefly, then the red faded and the pain diminished. Soreness remained for a few hours but by evening even it was gone.

A week later I was by my tent at Michigan heating tea water over the same propane burner. When it was scaldingly hot, the same as it had been when I heated it for dishes on the Island, I moved to pick up the pot and instead knocked into the handle and tipped it onto my other hand. This time I felt constrained by the womyn all around and contained my noise to a gasp and a small wail. Again I poured cold water, but this time the skin reddened and stayed red, painful and sore until at last I went to the Womb for salve. Even with salve, it took several days for the redness, swelling, pain and soreness to dissipate.

A couple of years later I fell one cold morning on an icy step. My feet went up, my back slammed into the edge of the concrete, I felt something snap and, even though I was with my prone-to-panic daughter, I was unable to stop myself from letting

out a deep and full bellow of sound that went on into the air for what seemed eons. It swelled out of me and there was no way I could have prevented it. I'd fractured a vertebrae. After the ambulance, x-rays, lying flat out for days being tended by an incredibly sweet and patient Terri, I went for a follow-up visit to a bone-guy. He was so incredulous at my small level of pain, he thought it must be an old injury they'd seen on the x-ray and insisted on further tests to prove his theory that I hadn't really broken it only a few days before. But the tests showed I had.

I worked for several years with a touchy gall bladder. It was at times very painful. One time I was having an especially bad attack. Some women in the neighborhood gave us a new age tape to watch. It was about "walk-ins", people who claim some entity has walked into their physical body to bring messages to the rest of the world. A bunch of us sat watching and laughed inadvertantly the first time the two people on the tape, seemingly without any particular catalyst, burst into an incredible sound that began low and spiraled up high. They did it over and over as the tape ran and I could feel the sound resonate in my gall bladder area. Before the show ended, my pain was gone. That really impressed me, enough that I made an audio copy of the sound-track to play if I ever experienced the pain again. I have but never as bad and not for a long time.

In the throes of agony over a painfully broken heart, I drove the thirty mile round trip to work twice a week and for the first few months, if I was alone, I'd open my mouth and let whatever sound was in there escape. Sobs, wails, screams, shrieks, swearing, gasps, moans, whines, bellows, tones and shouts. Whatever I felt, I let it out. Always I felt calmer and more able to get on with my life.

WHAT THE EARTH OFFERS

Tamarack
The Web
Minnesota

Within six months two small injuries happened to me that were greatly helped by what the earth has to offer, available because of land dykes knowing what to do. Because of this I think it's a story important to share.

It's not that I'm prone to accidents. They happen so rarely that I'm always surprized, and, especially, relieved when whatever has happened can be fixed simply, without danger and without having to leave the land. I've been reminded last fall and again this spring of how much is possible through my own body's ability to heal, and that there is the most amazing help from what the earth offers, right around me.

The first problem came last fall while visiting Outland. Four of us had been out gathering alabaster stone for carving, and clay for making pots and things. We had brought back alot of stone and clay, and I was in the midst of moving a heavy piece of alabaster when the outer layer crumbled and it fell right on my big toe. I did know right away that my toe wasn't broken, but soon, despite ice packs it had turned every shade of purple and swollen to a point that was hard to take. The dykes around me knew to mix some of the red clay we'd gathered, and soon my toe was packed in it. The swelling went down within a half hour. After packing it again twice the next day, by the second morning my toe was not only its original size, but half of it was back to regular color. By the third morning I was out walking. Seven months later I'm still growing out the toenail, but I never did lose the nail, and the new one's coming in just fine.

The more serious event happened in the early spring. The toilet had broken days before a bunch of dykes were due to arrive and we were putting the finishing touches on our newly designed 100% salvage alternative composting toilet. It happened in a moment. It was one of those movements that you wish you hadn't done, but there

it was--I touched my left index finger to the edge of a power tool. I knew right away that it would be all right, and at the same time that I had taken some of the tip of my finger off--not in a way that would need stitches--there was nothing to stitch, just a somewhat mangled finger tip with a wound more open than I'd had to heal before.

Luckily in moving to the Web I knew I'd moved to dyke land with a cupboard full of close to a hundred dried herbs, oils and tinctures, and a dyke land mate who knows what to do with them. She knew that comfrey was needed to help the cells grow back. So I washed my finger, got the bleeding to stop, and began days of applying comfrey/olive oil salve. To prevent infection I used a combination salve of eucalyptus, camphor and thyme which drew out anything threatening to cause infection, then repacked it in the comfrey salve and kept it bandaged.

Each day new cells grew, each reforming their own layer. In a few days a new protective cover had formed. In a week the wound was half closed, and in two weeks all the layers had reformed and met. Each time I put on the comfrey, my finger tip would set up a vibrational hum of healing. This only happened on my wounded finger. I'd put comfrey on my other finger tips to check, but the hum was only on the one that really did need help. Each time I'd look, a lot more would have happened. In three weeks I had finger prints again and a month later there was the tiniest almost invisible scar, with only a tenderness to remind me of how new those cells are.

I'd known about the power of clay and was amazed again last fall at how it could pull the stress out of an injury, and escalate the rate of healing. This experience with comfrey, though, was new. It was so much more than "it felt good in a cut". I am still amazed at how quickly that comfrey worked to regenerate new cells, how definitely the area responded with such a healing vibrational hum, how the edges of different layers would further knit together within an hour of putting on this salve.

At that time it was spring, the comfrey barely peeking out of the ground. But the salve from a couple of years before did the work. Now as summer approaches and the herbs have all come back we'll be restocking that cupboard, right from the land here at the Web.

This goes on, on so much dyke land--dykes who know about where to find what's needed from the earth, the earth providing us with so much of what we need. The information we have gathered is important. What the earth is able to offer is import-

ant. Being dykes living close to the earth, knowing her, knowing what her gifts are, sharing these with each other--this is land dyke culture.

HOW TO MAKE COMFREY SALVE

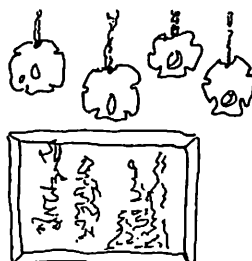
Fill a casserole dish with comfrey leaf, torn.

Cover with olive oil.

Put into the oven on the lowest possible heat for 8 hours.

Squeeze out the leaves, keeping the oil.

Add melted beeswax to consistency you want.



Tee A. Corinne
Oregon

HEALING OURSELVES

Sarah Adams
Kimbilio
Ohio

We each have within us the ability to heal ourselves, but what happens to us is that we do not believe that and we do not put ourselves in an environment that is advantageous to that healing.

I would like to explore some new, yet ancient ways, that we might make that happen. First I must be present with myself in spirit, mind, body and emotions. Centering is at-one-ment. We have more than one kind of intelligence and we must use them all if we are to be centered: imagination, intuition, mind, body, spirit, emotion.

Once we become centered, balanced, then what is our intent. Intent (choice) that is our base that gives us our power. (This is what frightens the establishment so much.)

It just occurred to me that I need to be clear that I am talking about healing, not wellness. I have experienced sitting with a womyn as she died, knowing she had healed herself. Healing means that in my own eyes I have looked at the total me and I am whole.

When I have become centered and I am intentionally focused on the person I am with, then I can connect with that person. I can feel our oneness. In this connection there is a meeting and it is at that point the energy needed for healing can be found. If we are to heal, we must find that point within ourselves or with others to heal. We must also place ourselves in an environment that is conducive to that healing.

Environment is conducive to healing. Instead of looking at ways we disconnect, I would like to look at ways we connect, both with ourselves, with our surroundings, with other humans, and with our spirit world.

- *we create silence, solitude, time for ourselves (meditation, walks, fishing, etc);
- *we do what gives us joy (write, sing, play);
- *we ask ourselves often--what do I want from this day?
- *we slow down so we can use all our senses;
- *we listen to ourselves: both internally and externally;
- *we affirm ourselves (what do I love and like about me, what have I done well?);
- *we talk to ourselves;
- *we list what we have done well each day;
- *we write (journal);
- *we trust in ourselves and that higher force that keeps us all joined;
- *we embrace all of ourselves and take risks;
- *we remember we are unique and no one else can ever do my job, just like me.

Other things that impact as we heal ourselves:

- *intellectual: what stimulates my mind to be healthy?
- *spiritual: what connects me with that higher source within?
- *physical: what do I need to have to build up my physical stimuli?
- *vocational: does my job help keep me healthy: If not, how can I protect myself while I am there until I have other choices?
- *social: with whom do I share my feelings, time and energy and does this keep me healthy?
- *emotional: do I embrace all my emotions and learn how best to recognize them, but still be in control?

I contend that each of us as womyn have within us the power to heal ourselves. We must first realize that we need healing and that we have the capacity to do that healing. Then we must go about creating within and without ourselves ways to make this happen. We must also be faithful in remembering what our goal is and pursue it at all cost. I hope I have given you some ideas with which to create a space that you too can continuously heal yourself.

VARMINTS AND CRITTERS, SNEEZING AND SCRATCHING

TAC
Oregon

This piece, written almost five years ago, is an attempt to deal with some of the hard-to-discuss issues which have occurred on one piece of communal women's land during a period of two decades. I have chosen to use a pseudonym for the land in question in order to protect current residents from having to deal with issues that are now past. I'm writing it to open up dialogue with other communities about how they deal with communicable diseases.

Picked blackberries for three hours this morning with a friend and my lover. Seven gallons. Worked fast, racing against the sun under an overcast sky, rain last night having made the berries vulnerable.

As we worked we talked about the different women's lands in our area, what's happening, who's living where.

"You know they've got lice at Burl?" the friend asked.

Lice at Burl. My God.

Later, my lover didn't want me to go to writer's group at Burl this weekend. "I work with the public," she said. "I can't afford to get lice." We ultimately agreed that I will strip as soon as I get home, wash myself and my clothing.

I reminded her that I, thankfully, avoided the pinworm that was circulating at Burl the last time I visited.

She shuddered.

It's not pleasant, though, having to take these precautions, and worrying about what will happen next.

I remember two friends in 1977 or 1978 returning from a vacation trip which included a visit to Burl. One said with horror, "The outhouse was just filthy and you wouldn't believe the sanitary conditions, or lack thereof. The residents had scabies. They were trying to cure them with natural remedies. They sat around scratching the scabs off and putting herbal tea on them. Ugh."

My response exactly. I had no desire ever to go there.

After I moved nearby in 1981, I avoided visiting Burl for years. The stories I heard about it were horrifying: women living in two hostile camps, one woman using a baseball bat violently against another woman, the land abandoned, then resettled.

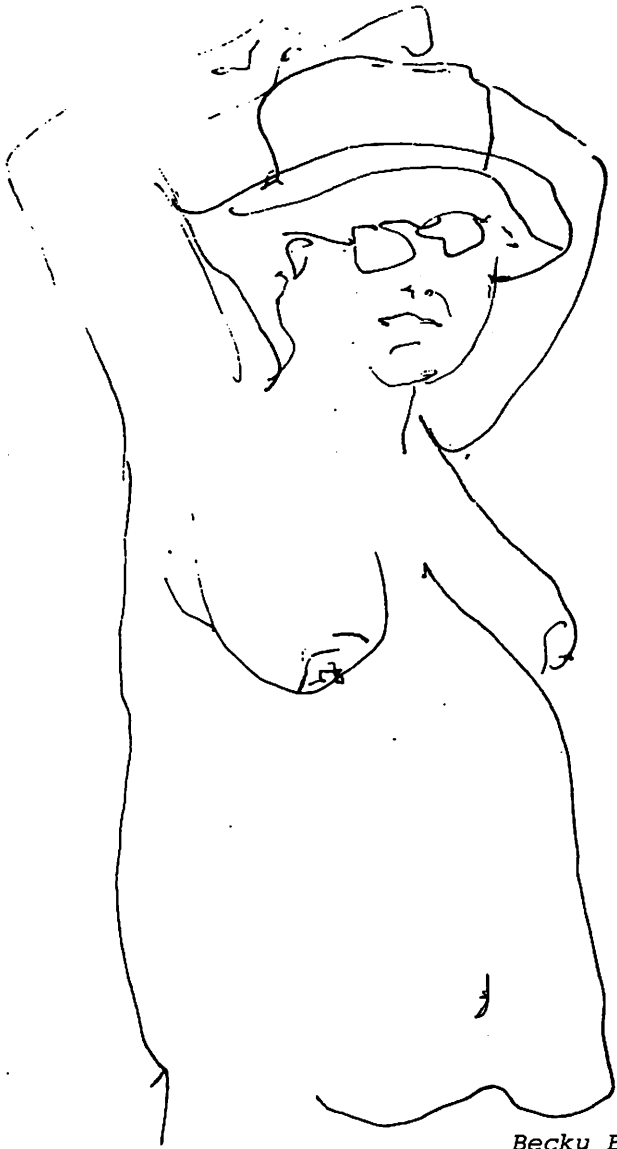
I started going to Burl after one of the residents began attending writer's group. The turbulence seemed to be gone and I like her so much.

The creepy feeling came back when one group of residents demanded freedom of self-expression, the right to disregard the rights and feelings of others, stories of more conflicts, of agreements not being kept.

I think about a friend saying that one must not put one's self in the way of the consequences which someone else's higher power has in store for her. I feel as if I have so little to offer the women at Burl. "Trust yourselves. Be gentle with each other. Be courteous." That last, "be courteous," was what my friend advised whenever my old lover and I were in struggle. She said it was the one gift you could offer someone you loved (or even someone you didn't love) in times of strife.

I think of the woman--not from Burl--who came to writer's group post-hepatitis. She made and served raw salad without telling us of her recent illness until after we had finished eating. I now avoid the food she brings. She was distressed and angry because some of us were upset she hadn't told us before we ate her food. She said she felt oppressed for having been sick. I felt violated and guilt-tripped by her. Oppressed was the least of what I wished I could do to her at that point.

My lover, who lost a year of work to nonA, nonB hepatitis, is very cautious about potlucks. Her liver is damaged because of the illness. Her ability to do sustained physical labor was permanently



Becky Bee
Oregon

altered. After the above episode with the salad and the non-disclosure of recent illness, she doesn't come to writer's group meals. "I just can't trust them," she says, and she's right.

My mind moves from pin worms, to lice, to scabies, to hepatitis, to tuberculosis, a disease which, because of AIDS, is once more on the rise. As a child I contracted adult tuberculosis from my step-father, newly returned from a German prisoner-of-war camp. I was three-and-a-half years old. The basic recovery took seventeen months and included three months in a T.B. sanitarium, followed by six months in bed and eight months with severely limited activity. I was eight years old before I was allowed to play sports or ride a bicycle. My chest was x-rayed at six month intervals for the rest of my childhood. I now warn x-ray technicians

that my lungs are scarred, otherwise they react as if it is an emergency.

This is part of who I am, and it has shaped my life.

I got crabs (pubic lice) once. They were the devil to get rid of. I used an over-the-counter remedy, washed all my clothes and bedding, used the remedy a second time and washed everything again, then again. Finally I shaved my pubic hair and used Quell, a very strong medicine, and washed clothing and bedding one final time. I could go through that again, if I had to. My lover couldn't. Medicines and other chemicals have an intense, adverse effect on her because of her weakened liver.

There are those in our community who don't believe that germs exist or are important in spreading disease. I am not one of them. I believe in soap, water, vinegar, Clorox. I no longer get constipated using outhouses like I did when at twenty I visited my father's home for the first time, and I've learned to pee in semi-public places as others do on women's land when the need arises. I wince, however, when someone sneezes over a serving table or announces, casually, that they've had diarrhea for several days.

I think we're a fragile community and that our practices make us vulnerable. So far we have been lucky. The shared diseases and infestations have, for the most part, been more annoying than serious.

Sanitation, epidemics and communicable diseases, these form a web, complicated by sexuality. Our responses are never simple. Five years ago when I first read this essay to my writers' group, the first and strongest response was that I shouldn't send it out for publication, that women at Burl would have trouble raising money if it were published, that women wouldn't want to come and stay there. Yet I think it is important for our longevity for us to talk about the ways we take care of ourselves and other people and to share--land group to land group--what works.

Another woman at that meeting shared that years before she had gotten hepatitis from a woman visitor who came to Burl. She said the woman helped prepare food then told people afterward that she had been sick.

Afterward is always too late.

HERMANAS SIEMPRE

By Maria Christina Moroles DeColores
Arco Iris, Arkansas

*Hijas de la Tierra
Nuestra Madre
Hermanas seramos siempre*

*Cuando todo
Amos pasado
Nunca se cambiara
La sangre,
Que corre en
Nuestras venas*

*Seramos Amantes
Seramos Esposas
Seramos Madres
Y varias otras cosas*

*Pero asta siempre
Seramos Hijas
de Nuestras Tierra Madre
Y Hermanas seramos Siempre*

MUJER MIA

*Tu cuerpo cafe,
Morena linda
Tus ojos desborados
Tus labios
Tu piel*

*Colores de la Tierra
Colores Hermosos
Colores Sagrados*

*Te amo,
Te quiero cerca siempre*

*Pero, quando
Nuestros Cuerpos
Estan Embrizados
Con todo el Amor
Y la Passion
Que contenemos*

*Sabemos que nuestros
Momentos estan contados*

*Pero asi, como
El, mar paliza
La piedras*

*Cada momento es
Eterno*

SISTERS ALWAYS

[Translation]

*Daughters of the Earth
Our Mother
Sisters we will always be*

*When everything
Has passed between us
Never will change
The blood that flows
Thru our veins*

*We will be Lovers
We will be Wives
We will be Mothers
And many other things
To each other*

*But until Always
We will be Daughters
Of our Mother Earth
And Sisters we will always be*

MY WOMOON

[Translation]

*Your body, brown
Dark beauty
Your eyes
Yours lips
Your skin*

*Colors of the Earth
Beautiful Colors
Sacred Colors*

*I love you
I want you near Always*

*But, when
Our Bodies
Are Embraced
With all the Love
And Passion
We contain*

*We Know
Our Moments are counted*

*But, like the
Sea washes
Against the reef*

*Each moment
Is Eternal*

GOING LIKE SIXTY

WEEDY WONDERS

GARDEN VARIETY POLITICS 101

Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Oregon

Over 25 years of country living I have grown an "attitude" about certain plants. Some are my "babies" and I shower them with water, love and protection. I talk silently to my vegetables and flowers and cheer them on. Other plants I love to hate. These are the "weeds."

I know weeds have healing powers when prepared and used in certain ways. For my purposes they are the outlaws, the invaders in my garden. I delight in cutting them down or pulling them up. I even burn their seed pods in my wood stove in vain efforts to limit the next generation.

I know I'll never be rid of every thistle, bindweed or mallow. Just as well, for I am beginning to take a long look at my "attitude". I suspect I share some kinship with these weedy wonders--these wild and undomesticated ones who elude my destructive intentions.

So I began to ponder the strategies these weeds use to survive and I want to share some lessons this beginning student of garden variety politics is learning.

Plants that catch my eye, that are conspicuous in any way, are the first to fall to my sickle or "roots out" response. Hummmh...I know that women who stand out quickly come to the attention of male media, are named "leader" of the feminist movement, and belittled, criticized and attacked in many ways.

As for plants that catch my sleeve, stick my fingers or leave burrs in my



*Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill, Missouri*

socks, well, I want to cut those creeping brambles to the ground and pull up the foxtails and cockleburrs and head for the stove! Is my reaction different from that of men to thorny thistly women? To ones who make pointed remarks, ones who call attention to sticky problems like child abuse, battery and rape? They

aren't "nice." They are "abrasive".
What kind of treatment do they get?

Pulling weeds is easy after a rainy period, or where the soil is soft and rich. But getting out that little plant in the dry hard ground in my gravel path is nearly impossible. Harsh conditions keep it small, but it grows tough. As soon as morning sun reaches it, a dandelion only one inch tall will bloom. And the blossom I nipped off yesterday will be a ball of fluffy seeds--determined to go on spreading dandelionness even into death.

Such characteristics in a woman are heroic. I know that often our heroines are women who have survived growing up in the circumstances of racism, poverty, abuse and a host of other inequities. Yet they have bloomed and their lives have influenced us even after their deaths. How like the dandelion!

When I look at my frustration with mint, crabgrass, bindweed and comfrey in my garden beds, I realize they survive because they can grow from any fragment of root that escapes my heavy hand. So, I sing to myself,

"You can't kill the comfrey...

Old and strong, she lives on and on."

Yet I hope it is like that with our informal woman-to-woman friendship networks. By including all us ordinary and inconspicuous women, it will be impossible to root out all the "dangerous" ideas we carry. Feminism can continue to grow and spread through invisible groups or organizations without obvious support.

Other plants send a single root so deep that I can't pull it out unless the ground is soaked. Burdock, chicory and milkweed are so firmly rooted I usually only get the stem. Soon the leaves are growing again. They remind me of the magnificent strength of the Hopi and Navajo women. In spite of inducements, threats and even violence, they will not leave their traditional lands, so deep is their connection to it.

Then there are those plants that use massive seed production to survive and thrive. The dandelion and milkweed seeds float away on the wind. Columbines, grasses and "walking onion" grow tall. When their stems fall far from mother plant's roots, hundreds of seeds scatter into new territory.



Jan McLaughlin
Oregon

I think of the ways we use books, magazines and newspapers so our words can fly far from the places where they are written. Hopefully, some will take root in women's minds. Words of teachers, reporters, writers, poets and images from artists and photographers, may find a fertile niche in a woman's thoughts and grow there into a plan to comfort, nourish or strengthen her and other women.

Sometimes smart weedy ones grow in a situation where companions give protection. They may nestle under a thorny rose, grow up through rhododendron stems, or bloom in a thicket of poison oak or stinging nettle.

My domesticated garden plants from seed catalogs or nurseries have their survival strategies, too. As in times when women have had little power or choice, their strategies are often adapted to the preferences of the powerful one--in my garden, that is me. I select plants that are good to eat, that have pretty flowers and smell nice, or that remain small and dainty so they can cover some bare or ugly place. They do not produce wildly or grow beyond my control.

I know that native people have carefully and prayerfully observed plant habits and characteristics since the ancient times of the gatherers. They learned medicinal as well as nutritional lessons. Did they learn survival strategies as well? Earthy people have struggled all these centuries to resist their descent into civilization and its efforts to uproot and destroy them.

This introductory course in the politics of plants has been challenging and unsettling. I feel my animosity toward weeds is shifting. What will that change in my gardening? What advanced lessons lie ahead for me?

ALCHEMY ON LESBIAN LAND

Maria
Wildwood
Oregon

Remember the song, "Where have all the flowers gone?"? I want to know, Where have all the witches gone? Did they just scare us into oblivion this time?

My own family members bounce from joking that I'm a witch as if it's funny or cute to forbidding my tools in their home as works of the devil. Yet, I practiced this religion all their lives. When did it get weird?

For years I practiced in one coven or another and it was an ordinary thing to do. Those were also exciting times of re-inventing, re-mem-bering, and imag-ining. We took majik for granted, eagerly searched out new meanings in old legends and I looked forward to the time when I could practice--not in someone's backyard, or tiny apartment--but among the wild ones.

Fearlessly drumming under a full moon howling with the coyotes for real, we would sing in the oak groves restored to previous splendor, fly with Owl and feel the heartbeat of Gaia through our bare feet in the dirt as silent as the stars. I imagined raising energy to move moun-tains without the slightest threat of outside interruption.

Well, I am here, so are Oak, Coyote, and Moon. Medusa sits just outside the gate and Kali Ma calls me hers. My drum sits on the shelf just in front of me next to the basket holding my tools-of-the-trade...I have the time to be present on the hour, minute of the new moon, equinox, or Lammas...What? You say you don't know how?

But, it's simple (not easy)! It's no mystery; majik! Though it is serious work. Raising power is real, I know. I've seen the sparks, felt the surge, seen the results. Turning the tide, drumming up rain, changing the flow can be done, and it is not hard to do, but it takes commitment, focus, and need.

The need is in me
In the children
The need is in the world.



Kiwani
British Columbia

I can be one womon drumming...
We can be two womyn...and that is a beginning.
The need is real
Majik works
Majik is real work.
So, where are the witches?
I am here.

oo

TRY THIS, LISTEN: Sit in a circle and make sound. Put your mind away and suspend reason. Put out sound waves, with clear intent and purpose, using voice, drum, rattle, 2 bones or rocks, seed pods, etc. and keep doing it until you are no longer making the sound, the sound is making you. You will feel it the moment this happens and you will know in this moment all you will ever need to know. Do this with me from wherever you are on Lunar Samhain at the moment the new moon moves into Scorpio on October 23, 1995 at 9:37 PDT. Our intent will be to transform greed into generosity wherever it is found.

oo

My name is Maria (pronounced Moriah) and I live at Wildwood in southern Oregon. How do you do majik? What have you discovered about alchemy? Let's share this work with one another also, and send in our recipes to MAIZE.

WORK WEEKEND AT KIMBILIO

Chris Hayward
Kimbilio
Ohio

Here we are, one week post our big Memorial Day Womyn's Work Weekend at Kimbilio and still analyzing the workshops, work projects and connections forged between old friends and new found friends. We are reviewing the possible future implications for womyn's community building in general and for Kimbilio in particular. This was our third organized work weekend and the first in which the weather didn't particularly cooperate with our original concept of how it would be structured! Rain notwithstanding, we had a great weekend and lots of physical and community-building work was accomplished.

We started with a Friday Intensive Workshop on "Womyn, Values and Community", led by Juana from Virginia who lives at a secular commune called Twin Oaks. Juana had offered her workshop through Land LESY in MAIZE and we have been corresponding for several months about the structure or non-structure of the workshops. Sixteen womyn from Cleveland and Akron participated in this five hour workshop. Many of the womyn had some experience in womyn's community, mostly in urban settings. There was good participation in the initial workshop, but as we tried to identify new topics for workshops and clarify a workshop structure for the rest of the weekend we did experience some conflict and lack of commitment to a common direction--perhaps we were not clear in terms of our intent and did not prepare those participating for the "structure-to-be-defined" part of the workshop. There was some discord, but this didn't hinder the overall success of the "intensive". That workshop was followed by one on communication and conflict resolution--that didn't have the full commitment of the group. Several additional, more informal, workshops were held throughout the next three days,

including several intense discussions about Jae's article in MAIZE about Land LESY. Some of the discussion revolved around whether this should be for lesbians only or should it be available to the larger feminist community--including bisexual womyn and heterosexual womyn who have made a strong commitment to womyn's community.

The model for the work part of the weekend was one that we have used successfully in the past. We clearly defined tasks, in writing, that needed to be accomplished on the land. This Spring we identified twenty-one projects, from weeding and mulching the gardens and repairing the roof of a small sleeping room to overseeing the cooking and processing of recycling, trash and the composting toilet (we recently built a composting toilet a la Outland). Prior to the start of the weekend we made sure that we had all the tools and materials for each task and identified several team coordinators who had a good understanding of what needed to be done. We had over 40 womyn who participated in various parts of the weekend and we managed to make sure that all were fed (and well fed indeed--thanks to food from all of the womyn and the dedicated work of several food angels and clean-up crews!).





"weed and feed" days has already been scheduled! A Kimbilio building project was also born and we are doing fund raising for a new structure to house two part-time permanent residents of Kimbilio! We hope to raise enough money to begin building in the Spring of 1996.

We continue to be enriched by these experiences and look forward to the next work weekend at Kimbilio--Labor Day Weekend 1995. More information can be had by contacting Chris Hayward or Sarah Adams at Kimbilio, 6047 TR 501, Big Prairie OH 44611, (216)378-2481. Thanks for your continued support.

MUCK OUT THE GOATS STALL AND PUT IN FRESH STRAW

DESCRIPTION OF PROJECT

The goat's stall and area just outside the stall needs to be cleaned out. The manure should be put in the cart and taken to the area near the compost pile behind the barn and on top of the compost pile near the front garden. When it is cleaned out, the area should be sprinkled with lime and fresh straw should be spread. The twine string should be put in the main part of the barn on a nail on one of the center posts.

MATERIALS NEEDED

Straw
Lime

TOOLS NEEDED

Garden tractor and trailer
pitch forks

Due to a spacious arrangement of buildings and settings for campfires several different activities could take place at the same time. In one area there were intense, political discussions about the gift economy, the need for non-sexual primary relationships, community-building, working with womyn and their children in womyn's community and in another area there was a roaring campfire with lots of music, laughter and talking. Small group discussions were also held during some of the work projects, e.g. the herb garden weeders discussed how they could take the spirit of womyn working together on work projects to Cleveland for the city womyn. The first of the



Sarah Adams and Chris Hayward, Kimbilio
Photo by Jae Haggard, Outland, New Mexico

WOMYN'S COMMUNITY BUILDING

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND
KIMBILIO FARM, OHIO

Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz
Virginia

Kimbilio is a Bed and Breakfast, a thriving community center where womyn come to create, connect and replenish. It's more materially comfortable than any of the lands I've visited recently, lots of nice spaces for different things to happen without colliding. For me, the experience was a reward for many things that came before it. I feel grounded and sure of what I'm doing, less alone and fearful about the future. I feel alive in a new way.

Going into the weekend, we had numerous work projects, and my Womyn, Values & Community Workshop. We had extensive correspondence in advance, but I'm always afraid to sit in Virginia and spin a fantasy of what I expect to happen. My concerns were about people rebelling against any formal programs, or turning every workshop into a personal processing session. All my faith in us has been confirmed. Things went smoothly. Problems were handled sensitively. Mistakes were made, by me, and apologies graciously accepted. It flowed.

Things I've suspected but been afraid to present as absolutes turned out to be true, and I'm prepared to propose them as guidelines for the future. #1. No more than one formal session per day. Everything else should come from the group itself, or be spontaneous, informal or integrated into the work projects. I wish I knew who said, "Let's discuss that topic in the herb garden." That turned out to be a great idea and went very well. One

session daily seems to gather and center and focus the group. Trying to get people to sit in meetings more than a few hours a day seems to have a stifling effect. The purpose of the formal sessions is to see what we can try to create as a group, as opposed to what has enough support or interest to pursue one-on-one or in caucus. For those people who find structure oppressive, we plan a time, place and topic and make it public to give everyone a chance, so you can think about it in advance, prepare and be there at the beginning to help shape the direction. When things happen on the spur of the moment, people miss it, or come late and unprepared. I went around announcing things five minutes before, saying, "This is an invitation, not a guilt trip. Tai Chi class in barn in five minutes."

We started on Friday with my workshop, which has 4 short readings on *What Womyn Have in Common*, *Developing Our Creative and Moral Intelligence*, *Values and Meaning*, *Lesbian Land*. Each reading takes three to four minutes and is read aloud by a participant. The opening takes fifteen to twenty minutes. It's based on a 12-step model. The opening reading gathers and centers the group. Having it read aloud requires only one copy of the text and creates a shared context in the session. You didn't have to read the article beforehand, so there's no reason to skip, like in school, if you didn't do your homework. Then each womyn answers these questions, in separate go-arounds, with no discussion or feedback--What is community? What is your ideal community? In what areas of your life do you have a strong sense of community? This format seems to work. I can feel the group



*Juana Maria Gonzalez Paz
Photo by Kathy Pierson 1986*

settle down as we listen to the readings. Then, taking turns answering the questions keeps the discussion going. People seem to do better when we know what's going to happen next, and that everyone will get a chance. People can also pass, and I'll ask if they want a turn before going on to the next question.

This was very rich and rewarding. Everyone was interested. Some had thought a lot about womyn's community and had written descriptions and definitions. We only did two questions. Then the group decided to plan the rest of the program. We came up with seventeen workshop titles, and someone suggested we try to combine some, do others at lunch, or during work shifts. The topics of interest were: Conflict in the Womyn's Community, City/Country Connection, and Gift Economy.

Conflict we discussed right after the program planning, and this was an eye-opener for me. It's inspiring to me when the group can plan its own program, so I don't try to push a set agenda, even when I've been invited to help with the

program. I sometimes fear that I appear lax or indifferent, but I want community-based education to be just that. We went right into the conflict discussion, and I was delighted. Once again, the group had shown that we can do it ourselves and in a reasonable amount of time, about one hour for planning the weekend. I didn't facilitate. The discussion was moving along, people seemed engaged. I personally did not find it satisfying, but I was stunned to hear a few womyn well into the discussion ask for clarification and say they couldn't connect with it. I was further disturbed by how insistent they had to be just to get our attention. This is a message to me. It's a job I take on for myself to attempt to create a shared understanding and ask for consensus before we proceed, when I offer a workshop. I find it's not enough to pick a topic and just go with it. What happens randomly can be unbalanced and unsatisfying--a heated conversation between a few with several others falling into silence. My task is to propose a direction, something we can reasonably address in the time available.

The next session on Gift Economy I asked to facilitate, and said I had ideas and a specific proposal for the go around. We read aloud excerpts from "Land LESY" (Lesbian Economic System) from MAIZE #41, and each person had a chance to say what she needed and had to offer--no exchange, no negotiation. Well, it was slow going, and I went first, after an awkward silence following the reading. Womyn got the ball rolling and the ideas and generosity came flowing: Disney movies on video, fund-raising, books, conflict mediation (if we ever have one in the community we'll call you), sports and sports equipment consultation, health education consultations, job leads. Wow! A womyn took notes in the dark, and everyone who wanted her listing to be sent to the local womyn's paper offered written contact information afterwards. This session was inspiring. Womyn found out things they didn't know about each other and kept coming up with more to give and ask for themselves.

Afterwards, a fire circle gathered to discuss public sex. Some of the "pillars of the community" sat down, and I didn't think for a second that anything erotic

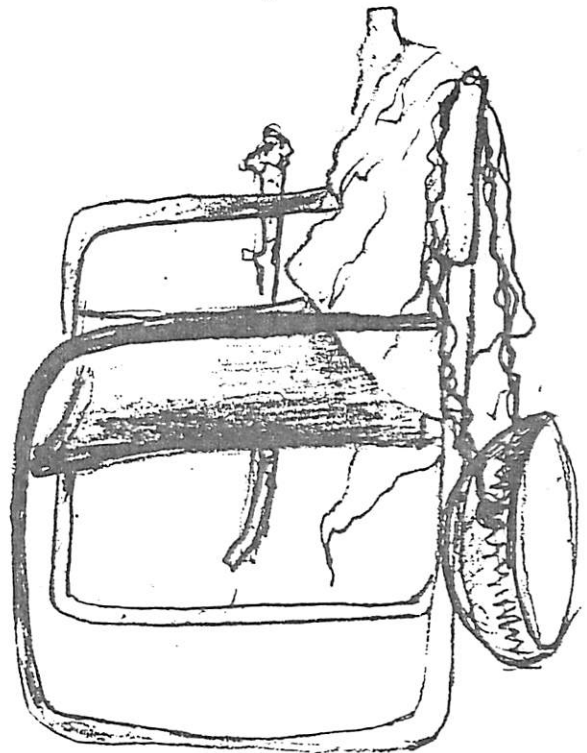
was about to happen, so I came out fighting, "Every womyn here is a phoney. I don't believe it." What followed was a serious discussion on relationships, S/M womyn in the community, and saving the bookstore. Finally a womyn cried out in surprise, "Hey, wait a minute! We're supposed to be talking about sex here!" To which I replied that we have other passionate desires too. A long-time community member let loose with one hell of a harangue, and we sat there till 1:30 a.m. Womyn kept saying "You're singing to the choir. It's the same few people. We're talking to ourselves." I found it wonderful.

Next day, an issue came up that I hadn't anticipated. Seems we had advertised a womyn's event, scheduled a Gift Economy workshop and then when you got there you had to be a lesbian. Womyn who identify as bi-sexual went back and took their names off the list, because they weren't sure they'd be welcome. We never intended to invite "all womyn" and then say "for lesbians only" after they got there. The MAIZE article is lesbian-identified, but I know most people hadn't read MAIZE, so I just listed the workshop title as Gift Economy. An informal discussion on who's a member of the community took place on the porch, and this was truly wonderful. It was a touching moment for me. I invited a non-lesbian to my workshop, and this left the phones uncovered (she was supposed to be answering the phones) and my hosts caught off guard. For me, womyn's community is about who comes and participates and helps create, but it's important that everyone knows what to expect so trust is maintained. This was a touchy issue, sensitively handled.

I missed the City/Country Connection, so my last session was the affirmations Sunday night. I asked the group to publicly name, affirm and appreciate what other womyn in the community do that nurtures us, and to tell others what we need to get us through hard times, the periods between events like this. In another group I would have been afraid to do this, afraid we'd be accused of ego and self-congratulatory back-slapping, unwilling to do serious program evaluation. The group was more than willing to do heartfelt appreciations

and reaching out. I left with a sense of love and wonder. We are of course open to suggestions and questions, and understand that it may have been hard for someone in a way others didn't see. If so, we'd still like a chance to help make it better.

Another thing happened for me. I felt attracted to someone in that special way for the first time in years. I relaxed and that's what came. Usually, I sit there silently praying that no one will fly off the handle and hoping everything goes alright. This group was so mature, caring and committed, I got a vacation. I facilitated a few sessions, washed some dishes, had a jacuzzi and a retreat. I've been emotionally frozen for years. Physical and emotional relaxation brought me in touch with lesbian feelings, not desire for sexual pleasure and release per se, but the deeper interest in knowing another person that takes time and attention. I think this is a sign of returning health. I'm finally coming into my own. My work is 100% a product of the lesbian community, not just my personal growth. It reflects our values. The community valued me and gave me a chance, and this is what I became, what we created. Thank you.



maryanne
miami, florida

ON THE LAND

BOLD MOON FARM

MCLEANSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Lots of lesbian activity here at Bold Moon this summer! In June our local lesbian organization, LUNA, presented the second annual LunaFest here on the land with music, workshops and camping all weekend. Almost 70 lesbians came and the field was full of dykes in pickup trucks and tents. We had two different singer/songwriters entertain us and Shewolf presented her slideshow, much to the delight of all of us country dyke types. There were several wonderful workshops ranging from massage techniques to discovering recovery to women's spirituality songs. Several artists brought their artwork and we fastened paintings in the trees and on the porch and among the flower beds. It was a pretty sight. We also hiked in the woods and enjoyed spending time down at the river, trying to escape the searing heat! Karen Amelia, our friendly dyke pilot, flew down for the weekend and brought several friends from Ohio. What fun!

In late July Joy and Laurie prepared to move the old school bus from Bold Moon to their new home at Full Circle Farm. It feels good that the bus continues to be home to dykes, but I admit some sadness at seeing it leave here. But I'm also thrilled that these fine womyn will now be my neighbors!

Speaking of neighbors, at LunaFest I met two womyn who live in the country only a few miles from me. We were all thrilled to connect with each other. You know how it is when you live in the country; even though we are 5 miles away we consider ourselves to be next door neighbors! We've had supper together a couple of times now and are looking forward to being good friends and helping each other with hay and animal care. It feels so wonderful to have such close country dyke connection.

In August we are producing another Concert Under the Stars featuring singer/songwriter Glenda Fletcher. Glenda is a country lesbian and sings about hand-

pumps on wells and other rural stuff. I'm looking forward to the concert, but most of all to seeing all of the womyn camping in the field again. I just love having lots of dyke visitors on the land!
Siné Anahita

MOONSHADOWS

TILLER, OREGON
Sisters,

Moonshadows is a Private Land Art Community now in Drew, a suburb of Tiller, Oregon. We are located on a scenic highway in the forest of So. Oregon, with Elk Creek running through the back of the property. There are lots of farm and domestic animals, as well as trees, flowers, herbs, and gardens.

There are trailer spaces available for permanent guests, also some rooms, cabins, and RV spaces.

We are seeking permanent residents into loving living Earth Mother, Art, Animals, growing things and a liberal lifestyle where there is room to build, change, work, grow, learn, and become whole.

If anyone is interested in relocating in such a place, please contact:
Cookie, Moonshadows, 34901 Tiller Trail Hwy, Tiller OR 97484 (503)825-3603

Cookie



Cookie

RAVENSONG

ROSEBURG, OREGON

Dear Friends,

WE ARE IN ESCROW! RAVENSONG has *finally* signed a contract agreement with the sellers of the 38 acres adjacent to Rainbow's Other End.

We are eternally grateful for the loving support we received during these incredibly stressful months of negotiating for the purchase of this sacred land to be held for lesbians in perpetuity. It has been a long and difficult process. Our special thanks to those of you who have been able to contribute financially to this endeavor, a total of \$9481, and to all of you who have given your loving support and blessings, both in person and by letter. We are so grateful.

Our thanks also to the Oregon Women's Land Trust for agreeing to serve as fiscal sponsor for receipt of tax-deductible contributions to RavenSong, and a HUGE THANK YOU to Lesbian Natural Resources for their generous grant of \$15,000!

RavenSong's primary purposes are:

- a) To secure and hold land in perpetuity for Lesbians,
- b) To maintain said lands ecologically,
- c) To practice sustainable permaculture on said lands,

- d) To establish Lesbian community on said lands to the extent that natural ecology can be maintained,
- e) To educate Lesbians living on said lands in the practice of permaculture and ecology.

Annie, Valerie and Katherine are the Board Of Directors for RavenSong, a non-profit corporation. We have each contributed \$10,000 of the \$54,481 raised to date towards the \$70,000 purchase price. We are still fund-raising for the balance of \$15,519 plus the cost of septic approval and closing.

WE NEED YOUR ONGOING SUPPORT! In order that the remaining financial burden not be shouldered by three womyn only, we need your continued financial support, fund-raising ideas, grant suggestions and MAGIC! Before we can implement further plans for land use, we need to raise the money to pay the balance on the 38 acres. There are currently no accommodations, though as finances allow, we plan to create living spaces and primitive camping areas on the land.

We encourage and welcome contributors and supporters to visit this incredibly beautiful land. Please write to RavenSong to make arrangements. We look forward to hearing from you. GREAT THANKS!

Annie, Valerie, Katherine
925 Raven Land, Roseburg OR 97470



Ellen and Marcia

Photo by Jae Haggard



Kathe

Photo by Jae Haggard

TAIGH A' GHARaidH

ISLE OF LEWIS, SCOTLAND

More about life in Lewis. I thought I would try and write a regular piece for Maize on what is happening here. Our wee plot of land is thousands of miles away from most of the lands in Maize and big differences of scale and climate but we have a commonality of spirit and a yearning for much more Lesbian Land around this beautiful planet.

I am starting to write this on the summer solstice (northern hemisphere)--our day of longest sunlight. The sun is bright and warm, although the northwest wind is strong and cooling. It has been a very wet spring with little of the sun's cheery face. Everything was very slow getting going. Sitting here down by the shore I notice the spring primroses are still flowering. Our main garden planting is done--mostly needing weeding and watering. Although a lot of the land around us is boggy virtually all year, our gardens are very well drained--the one's on this quite steep hillside and another on an area which years ago was the site of this croft's peat stack. We still find old pieces of peat in the ground. The early potatoes are already about a foot high and my mouth waters for their fresh flavor.

Planting this season: peas, carrots--although most have been eaten by slugs (our main muncher)--a few runner beans,

tomatoes in the polytunnel, mangetout (sugarsnap peas), kale, cabbage, cauliflower, romanesco (a brassica which I call spirals), celeriac, onions, courgettes, various lettuce, coriander, potatoes, and lots of annual flowers too--all needing to be raised in trays and then planted out to survive the slugs.

We have found using cut plastic bottles to be the best nonmurdering slug protection. Killing the slugs does not feel right to us. We met up with another dyke gardener, Johanna, the other evening and with her advice we are trying a new tactic: to give the slugs food in the form of mulch. I will let you know how successful we find it.

Onto water which I know for many of you is a scarce commodity, and one which you are coming up with all kinds of ways of saving and piping, etc. We are on main water here, which is paid for through the local council tax and for which we get benefit. The water comes from a large loch on the moor above the village. The gaelic name for the loch is Lochan Uisge Mhaith Mor which means the big loch of the good water. In the old days it would partly be the origin for the wells which every croft has. Mains water only arrived in 1997. The loch is not dammed at all; the water itself passes through a filter tank before coming to us. It is great tasting water and as you can tell it is not at all in short supply. European Community regulations have made the filtration process more stringent since we have been here. The water was often quite brown from the peat--so baths were brown before you got in them! But that doesn't happen now.

Part of our celebrations for this special day is that we have finished cutting our peats. Hurray. A task I do enjoy, especially in the good weather. Fiona cuts and I put the peats out but it is time for it to be over and ready to be dried by sun and wind. Maybe I'll talk more about the details of getting peat next time. When you read this it'll be well into summer (or winter for you southern dykes). May your gardens be fruitful and your spirits nourished.

Dawn Susun

Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh,
Eilean Leodhas/Isle of Lewis HS2 9RD
Scotland, UK

YURT BUILDING

*THE SECOND WOMEN ON THE LAND TENTING AFFAIR
AT WOMAN'S WORLD, MAY 1995*

Shewolf
Woman's World
Louisiana

As the energy settles from the past 2 weeks of platform and yurt building I quietly reflect on the event with a smile on my face and a glad song in my heart. I learned a lot about myself and delight in the knowledge as well as the experiences we shared. It was a unique event and will remain in my memory as a contribution to my knowledge of community building with women. So many things must be experienced to be learned; dealing with the emotional and spiritual exchanges between and among women are paramount.

We had set ourselves a task of building a yurt on a platform in a circle of women who wanted to do it as a community building exercise. We were all interested in weaving the living on the land into the building process while learning about human interchange. Feeding ourselves good food, reaching our spiritual selves, and creating some lasting memories of women in unison were to be as important as the finished building. The Yurt, a canvas building with wooden collapsible walls and roof, was to be built so that it could be taken down and transported to another land if desired. It is to serve as one model of a small transportable shelter that women can duplicate and carry if they move to another land. Once the walls and roof are built, the canvas covered structure should be able to be erected or taken down by two experienced women in 6 to 8 hours. While more time or hands might be needed for larger Yurts, this seems to be reasonable for the 12' model we erected. Of course, putting it up the first time requires more time along with the learning of the principles operating to create the shape and tensions working in the Yurt design.



Some of the first week was spent setting up a campground living situation for the staff with an outdoor kitchen, vans, tents, and tarp covers for deflecting the sun and rain. Only a few days earlier had been the great flood of New Orleans and the ground was too wet to even cut grass. We couldn't pitch tents where we had set them up two years previously for the first Women on the Land Tenting Affair on Community Building at Woman's World. Instead everything was set up closer to the road, including the outdoor tables, natural toilets, and firepit.

Some of the time was spent in community dialogue about schedules and procedures to follow. We were all almost strangers setting out on this adventure together. Although there was considerable building experience among us, none of us had actually erected a canvas Yurt before, so we were following written instructions from the canvas manufacturer, Blue Evening Star in Arizona. She had sewn us a canvas for a 12' diameter Yurt with some building measurements specified and some left to our imagination and desires. The platform was to be our own creation.

After the living areas were settled, the first decision was the site selection. While Marian, a previous visitor, and I had selected a couple of sites in the field about 500 feet from the main house, these proved to be too difficult for hauling materials and working without electricity. It was decided to use 4 very old worn railroad ties for the cross members (girders) under the platform and hauling them was strenuous. Because of the heavy rains earlier (32 inches in 5 days) the vans could not drive into that area. A site about 250 feet from the house was selected. Red Moon Song mentioned several good reasons for the orientation of the Yurt with the door facing southeast. In addition, it was reachable by the vans, had access to electricity for the tools we needed, and was dry enough to create the Yurt and the current living area in a village atmosphere. This allowed for most of the Yoga, food prep/consumption, building, sleeping, discussions, entertainment, etc. to take place in the same general area.

While the construction of the platform was mostly decided upon by the producer and the main instructor-carpenter woman, initially, input went into the platform from Marian, who wasn't here but had made suggestions before leaving; Red Moon Song who asked pointed questions about the construction as we designed it, and Claire-Lyne popped up with a few brilliant suggestions at appropriate times.

At one of the first meetings after circle and the meal, we made decisions about the format to use for the two weeks. This included meals, circles, clean-up, work times, recreational needs of the staff/participants, access to the main house, kitchen, workshop and land. I believe talking about these areas early in the week created an atmosphere of relaxation and avoided lots of potential misunderstandings.

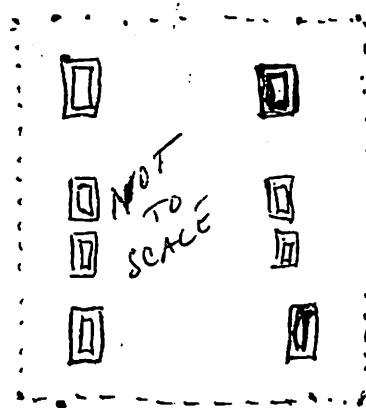
We also discussed the importance of everyone in the project understanding all of the jobs to be done for the entire building sequence to avoid confusion and allow the project to move smoothly when one person had to step in and take over someone else's task. I feel strongly that when a group of women know from the beginning each detail of the plan and

operation of a task, the entire project will have very few "hitches" as the work becomes more intense and time pressures build towards the end of the program.

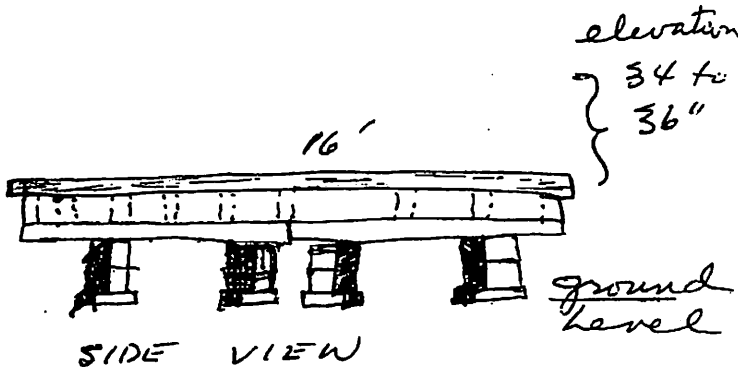
During the first week Susan and I went to the mill to find out what lumber was available for building the platform. After seeing the good quality of the 1"x6" boards of rough cut pine, the platform plan was launched. Since our first trip had also led us to two bundles of 6' long 2"x2" cypress (good for the cross lattice khana walls of the yurt), we brought home the bundles in the trailer attached to the van and arranged to pick up the 14' and 16' pine the next day with a larger van. Red Moon Song and Susan made the trip to the mill and returned with almost 300 board feet of rough green pine! A day's work!

The first trip to the mill also gave me a chance to discuss with Susan some of the decisions that had to be made about hardware needed to erect the platform, yurt, and canvas tie down materials. Since each local area has different resources for materials, we visited a couple of locations with supplies to be sure we were talking about the same items and to see which bolts, nuts, strong-ties, cables, clamps, etc. were really available and not too costly.

After deciding on the location and orientation of the Yurt and platform, the work on the 8 cement block piers was begun. Claire-Lyne and I set 4"x12"x20" cement pads in the 8 appropriate locations and then set with mortar 16 cement blocks onto the pads. This was done early enough



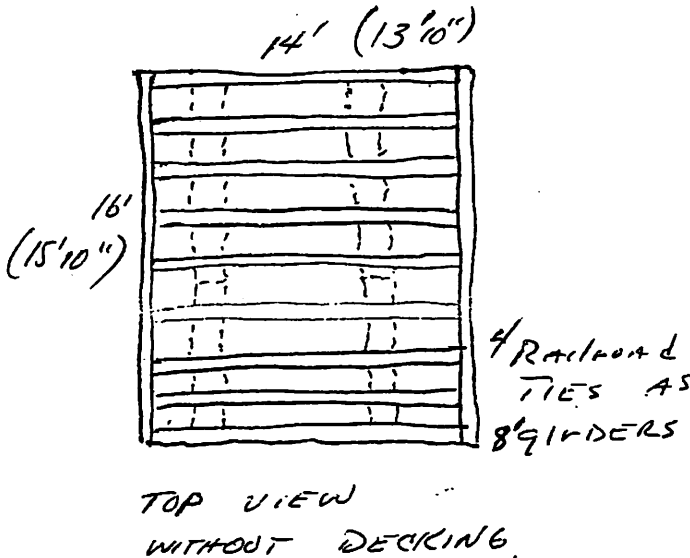
FOUNDATION
TOP VIEW



to allow 48 hours drying time before setting the girders, since this part of the country often has a lot of moisture in the air. By the beginning of the second week the foundation was ready for the wood to be set on termite shields. These are thin pieces of tin slightly crimped over the top of the cement piers which allow any future termite tunnels to be visible as they must tunnel around the tin to get to the wood.

Three of the women set the railroad ties on the piers, leveled them, and built the platform frame out of rough cut 1"x6"x14' rough cut pine lumber. This was set on top of and nailed into the railroad ties ready for the screwing on of the deck boards of 1"x6"x16' rough cut pine lumber.

It had been decided to build so that the platform (14'x16') would hold the 12' diameter round yurt easily on one end and leave about 3' of front deck outside the door with a one foot access space on the other three sides. Future plans are for another deck a little below the present deck which will then serve as a large step



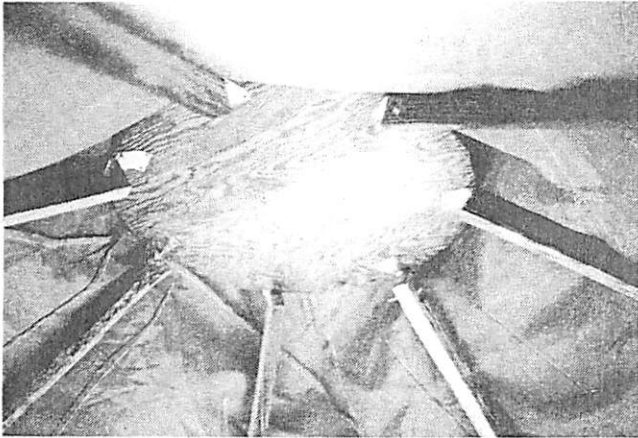
or tiny porch. Both areas could be usable for outdoor cooking on a grill, stacking wood for the wood stove to be added in the winter, and for sitting in the shade of the tall pines that almost surround the yurt about 30 feet away.

Another advantage to the site selection and orientation with the door to the southeast, was to allow a view of the opening in the woods leading up the site of a proposed small pond about 150 feet away. Since the prevailing winds are from the north west in the summer and almost due north in the winter, orienting the window to the north-west was an important consideration; this situated the door, across from the window for ventilation, facing the southeast.

During the building sessions, meals, circles, showering, trips to town for materials, etc., were interspersed several discussions. Some of the discussion meetings were centered around the building processes and others delved into the interpersonal exchanges being lived each day. Small tensions, power plays, angers, "tiffs", and offensive assumptions were usually dealt with in a timely fashion by the group or a couple of individuals. One of the most enjoyable aspects of the whole event was that all of the participants were willing to address openly many of the emotional exchanges that take place when women live, work, and relate closely to each other in a community building situation.

The work scene was primarily a pleasant, loving, caring, fun place to experience. Nudity prevailed during the warm part of the day and work was interspersed with rest, meals, napping, writing, phone calls, circles, cooking, clean-up, materials pick-ups, and campfires. In addition there was Claire-Lyne's flamenco dancing, belly dancing, a couple of short trips to New Orleans, one trip to the local bar to shoot pool, Barbara's Blueberry Cheesecake Pie, and a little mud bath activity.

While most gatherings I have attended at women's lands offer tasty vegetarian meals, I have to say that these were outstanding by any standard. Red Moon Song is a marvelous vegetarian cook and did the majority of the food prep for the event and taught us how to cook whatever we expressed interest in learning. We were deliciously well fed with very healthy food.

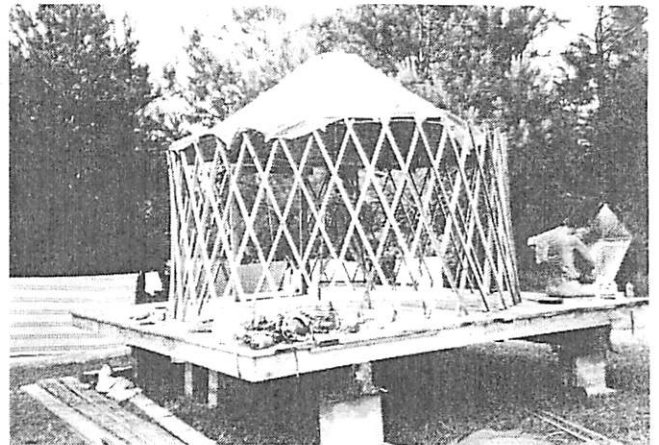


Susan made sure everyone who attended had a hand in the building process in some way and allowed them to learn as much or as little as they chose to aspire to each day. She expressed a desire to let each woman read the instructions and come to the building process with her own ideas about how to achieve the desired results, thus allowing each woman to be creative in the construction process. This method meant not working with a list of specific materials from the beginning but creating the necessary items to put on the list for the next day about every two days. While it necessitated more trips to town for items, it allowed each woman to have input about the design and building of the yurt in the end.

In between managing the daily needs of Woman's World, driving to town for materials, supplies and mail, and gofering for items around the house, I managed to do a little work on the building and involve myself in the discussions each day. While I didn't have a chance to do much more than mortar a few piers, screw down a few deck boards, prepare some of the khana material, and help put up the yurt walls, it was thrilling. I urge anyone who has the opportunity to attend a Yurt building weekend or week to engage yourself in as much of the building process as possible. No matter what level of skill you have there are several jobs where you are needed and will feel good about being part of the process as it evolves. Whether you are interested in building something someday or just being with a group of women having a good time creating a

structure, the overall challenges and successes are exciting and memorable. It is truly food for the soul!

Having now gone slowly and methodically through the process of erecting a Yurt the first time, duplicating it would be feasible in a few days with the appropriate location, preparation and tools. Repeating the teaching workshop here at Woman's World in May of '96 is a possibility, also, if there is sufficient interest.



So once again women have come together to create, laugh, love, eat, dance and make a contribution to the women on the land progress. I love being a part of it all for many reasons but particularly for my soul-spirit nourishment! Blessed Be!

Connie and I served as photographers of the whole process from site selection to Yurt completion on Memorial Day '95.

Shewolf is a crone who stewards Woman's World, 100 acres of country near New Orleans. She is reachable at POBox 655, Madisonville, LA 70447. She travels to women's lands gifting a Slide Show of Women's Lands to lesbians who gather, and mentors women seeking to build community.

Shewolf's 60 page Directory of Women's Lnads and Lesbian Communities, however, is only available from Royal T Pub, 2013 Rue Royal, New Orleans, LA 70116 for an \$8.50 check or money order.

APPLE PIE

Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Oregon
Autumn '94

My stomach is full of apple pie. My own home-made pie, with a rye and barley flour and cornmeal crust, and filled with apples from our orchard. Today we finished the apple harvest, begun yesterday morning by the generosity of stalwart dykes who stayed overnight from the legal issues workshop we had here. The five of them filled the buckets with this year's abundance as they continued to discuss the topic of how we all manage our Lesbian lands, especially how we see the legal disposition of our lands in the present and future. After I had readied my house for the regular meeting of our So. Oregon Women Writers' Group, I joined the crew to relay the heavy five gallon buckets up the long hill from the orchard. The apple crib on the porch nearly filled with the morning's picking, and more fruit waited on the trees.

Today Bethroot and I returned to finish the job, taking turns on the eight-foot orchard ladder, emptying the smaller picking buckets into the larger ones for hauling. One tree, the Triple Goddess as we call her, welcomed my ascent into her upper branches after a boost from the ladder. I loved being up in that tree, climbing to the top and raising my head above the highest branches to survey the orchard. I called down a hello to Muphin who, waiting patiently in the tall grass, whimpered back a little concern for my being so out-of-reach. I felt like my body fit in the tree, belonged there; I wrapped my leg around a thick branch, tenderly placed a foot in a crotch and settled into filling my bucket with the delicious small apples that grew like bunches of large grapes, wrapping my fingers around three or four of them that hung from a single spur.

The pleasure of being up in that tree reminded me of one I used to climb when I was a child, a huge old shade tree that

stood in a cow pasture where my neighborhood, on the very edge of the small town, changed from shoe factories to farmland. We kids sneaked off down the street that dead-ended at the pasture, and had to cross a narrow sewage run that was a Styxian challenge to our adventuring. Technically, we were trespassing, and always kept a lookout for the farmer who might appear to scare us off his wooden fences that we rode sometimes like rodeo broncos, or faithful steeds for rounding up the cows that ambled placidly around us. But my favorite spot was up in that old tree, where I could hide among the branches and listen to the birds, imagine myself a sister to the tree, she a co-conspirator in my play. When I was a teenager I took my first lover to see "my" tree, showed off for her by climbing up and sitting proudly in the fork as she watched with passionate admiration.

There are six old trees down in our orchard. I wish I knew who planted them and when. They are gnarled and wood-peckered, carry the claw marks of the hungry bear who took up residence in the orchard for a few Autumn days several years back. One tree leans so much that it looks almost horizontal; another, the Triple Goddess, has three trunks that have interwoven themselves, one trunk grown into another, producing the grey-barked pretzel that I perched on. The one we call the Butterfly tree, which had been picked yesterday, had a cluster of fairly large size fruit that had been missed and BR suggested we just leave them. But I counted two pies worth hanging on those branches and wanted them down. In truth, there were more apples than we might use, even with the juicing and drying that we plan, even with the bagfuls we'd give away. When I was satisfied that in the coming year I'd never lack for apple pies, or dried apple slices on my breakfast oats the following winter--if the trees did their biennial skip as they often do--I agreed to stop with today's harvest of 13 buckets. After all, there were just the two of us to haul it all up the hill.

We each carried a bucket and one end of the orchard ladder as far as the garden fence, then I took the ladder to its place in the garden shed where it will stay dry until pruning season, when Winter shows some early sign of leaving but Spring has not yet quickened the sap. We laboriously relayed the harvest up the hill, stopping at flattish plateaus to catch our breaths and sample the crisp sweetness of our burden. When we got all the harvest up to the porch we filled cardboard boxes for temporary storage until we could get to the sorting. Soon we'd handle every apple again, culling for immediate use the ones that had bruises or evidence of worms, and dividing the rest into those that we've learned over the years are best for drying, or short or long winter storage, depending on which tree they came from.

I celebrated the completion of the harvest, and the abundance, by baking an apple pie which cooled just in time for a solitary dinner's dessert. As I savor the fruits of my labor, I wonder if my childhood sweetheart ever chooses to climb trees, or make apple pies. I wonder if she even remained true to her Lesbian instincts, let alone live on women's land, making Lesbian culture in the ways that we are here in southern Oregon. My life has taken a meandering path since my courting in that cow pasture: from a small southern Pennsylvania town to a huge university, from the east coast to the west, from the city to the country; to this land where I have planted myself deep these eighteen years.

The legal issues workshop has me thinking about my origins and endings, about who will tend this land when I am no longer able, or just not willing, to climb trees or carry heavy buckets up the hill. My land partner and I, and many other Lesbians in this rural community, are finding ourselves pondering the future of our homes in ways that take us into the questions of wills and life-estates, nonprofit organizations and trusts. We know we are making herstory here, and we want this story to continue beyond our individual lives and collectives. We

will have more day-long meetings wrapped around delicious potlucks. We'll discuss, and perhaps argue about, the pros and cons of various land holding alternatives, and in the end give each other support as we all listen to our experience and our visions to figure out what works best for each of us. And in the process I'll make sure we eat lots of apple pies.



maryanne
florida

THE GATHERERS

zana
arizona

grandma and i are the family's gatherers
growing up i had my coin collection
my shells my feathers my butterflies
while in new york grandma
hurried early to basements of deparment stores
waiting with the other gatherers
for doors to be opened
picking deftly through heaped tables of goods.

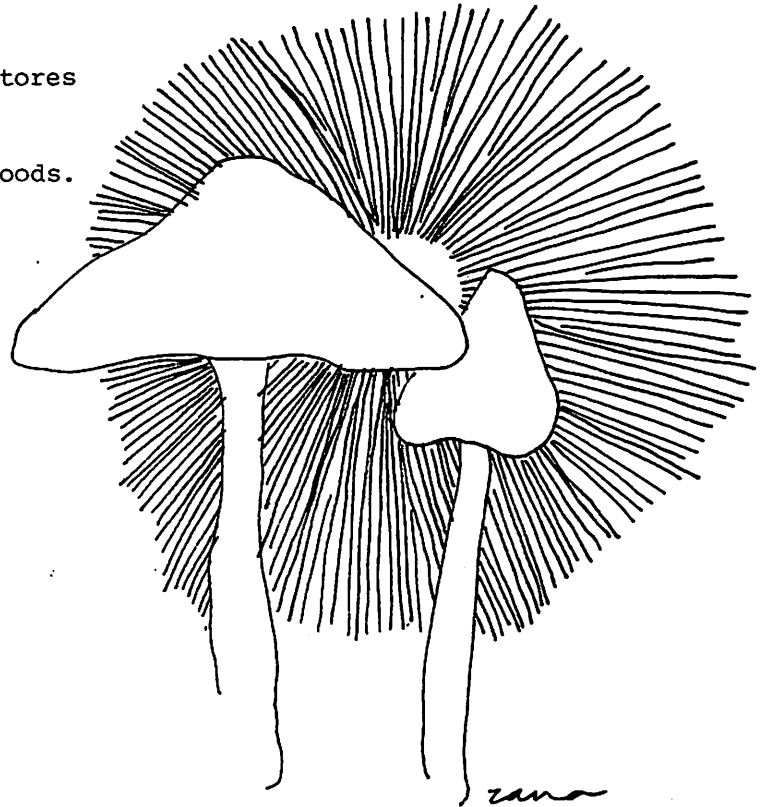
a few generations ago
some woman in our family
gathered fallen branches in the woods
with knowing fingers,
kindled the hearth fire.

centuries earlier another relative
collected small plants
barks and roots, substances
her grandmother taught her,
collected these and kept them
in pottery jars.

millennia ago
our foremother gatherers
set out with hide-skin bags
returned with roots, leaves
berries (some eaten along the way)
mushrooms, fruits, succulent plants
maybe some feathers and shells.

grandma's drawers are full of folded linens.
she saves each scrap of patterned fabric,
old letters, the toys my mother left behind.

i go to yard sales.
i frequent free boxes.
at the co-op my fingers yearn
to curve around all those vegetables
to sort and choose the best
and take them home.
i gather mushrooms in the woods.
i have my jars of green medicines.
along the dirt road to my house
i pick up branches for kindling.



zana: disability keeps me from gathering as much as i'd like to, but i still manage. this poem was written for my mother's mother, who died five years ago at the age of 96. my youngest sister suzie joined me, my mom, and my lover to sort through the gathered possessions of 64 years in the same house. i realized then that suzie is a "gatherer" too, and the experience brought us closer together.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY



Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Drury, Missouri

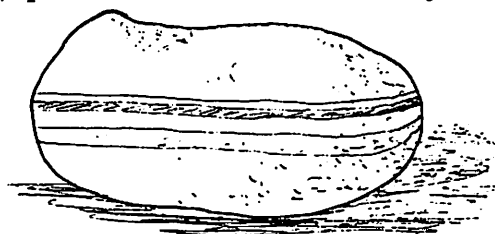
Rocks are as important to me here in the country as they were in the city. For my forty-eight years of city life, I gathered them whenever I was on the lake shore. Lake Michigan's beaches range from boulder-strewn to the finest sand, so I combed a number of them and carried home the tiniest of pocket pebbles up to huge ones I could barely lift. I wasn't that interested in geology or naming and identifying types, though I knew about igneous (fire), sedimentary (settled) and metamorphic (changed) rocks. Instead I looked for ones that called to me, that cried out, "Take me with you! I want to be with you!" I'd be attracted by color, by shape, by an essence of rock that drew me, that communicated.

As my collection grew, I stored some in bags, some in boxes, bowls or baskets. When the city vibrations overwhelmed me, I'd get them out and sort them, touching each one at least once a year. There were wishing stones, with rings of another color encircling them. There were snake stones, which all looked like heads of snakes. One pair were a mortar and pestle. A long loaf-like rock was my Schatzie stone, picked up as a memorium just before my 17 year old dog companion died.

I once watched a neglected stone the size and shape of a very large potato sit outside by the corner of a city nursing home for weeks before I finally succumbed to its enticement and picked it up. I took it to all my nursing home classes so that each class member could touch or hold it

and help me get to know it. For some fragile old hands, it was too heavy, so I'd hold it or place it in a lap while they stroked.

"It's a potato!" "It's a rock!", most said. Mattie, a "Black Indian" from Texas who was nearly blind, began to chuckle with glee as she held it. "It's a blessing. It's a blessing from God. You hold on to this, you hear? It's a blessing."



One time my friend Carol went to a quarry to buy rocks for her well-appointed city yard. She carried one the size of a medium patty pan squash over to my house to give me. "It just looked like it wanted to be with you," she told me. Deep dull gray, it has a pink line like a thick string wending its way around it. A spectacular wishing stone.

Realizing they were helping me survive a hectic life in the city, I paid attention to esoteric information about rocks. When I read about holy stones in *Aradia, the Gospel of the Witches*, I became suffused with longing to live with one. I made a special trip to a beach forty miles away that my friends and I called "Pebble Beach." There, I wandered along with my eyes cast down, intent, and I hummed a little six note hum that came to me unbidden. After about 20 minutes, I found her, my first ever holy stone. She's oblong and fits snugly in my palm with my fingers all clasped, enclosed. The same deep gray as the Carolstone, she has a perfect hole through one end, as if someone drilled it. Too heavy for a necklace, she lives with other holy things--sticks, shells, more rocks, hanging in a window.

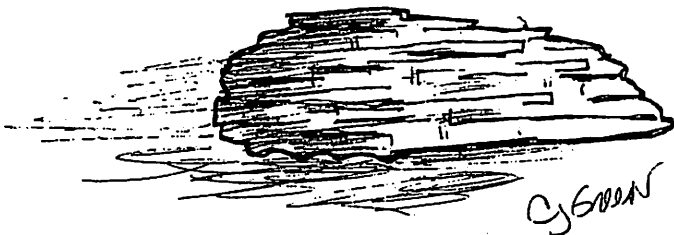
Another time Terri and I were camping on the tip of the Leelanau Peninsula, the "little finger" of Michigan. The campground was nearly deserted and in the



Illustrations by
Carla Green

evening we squatted on the sandy beach with our feet in the lapping waves. I ran my fingers through the piled up stones, no bigger than lentils and rice and millet. One popped into my awareness, so I looked and it was a perfect tiny donut, obviously once worked as a decoration by some ancient woman. That stone is in my bag of very special helper, along with several other nature friends with high significance.

Just before we made the move here, Jo and Jenna visited Grand Rapids on their way to Missouri from Michigan (the Festival). I'd begun my packing with the most important thing, the rocks. They offered to take a load with them, so I sent nine boxes home in their van. The rocks arrived before I did, and were waiting for me when I arrived. I have all of them still, plus more I've gathered on subsequent trips to Lake Michigan. In their smooth curves and roundness, they remind me of that place where I spent so many years and lifetimes. When I am nostalgic or homesick for the North Country, I play with my rocks, sorting, touching, admiring.



Before I moved to the Ozarks, a different bioregion than Michigan, I was attracted to the bed rock. Seeing a lizard take her ease on a striped slab that graces the road to our beautiful river bottom field was one of the major ingredients in my decision to move here, along with redbud, a peaceful stream with fish swimming, the magnificent hills, and the great dykes who already lived here. It took me several years to appreciate the smaller rocks, though. They are jagged. They have sharp edges. They are much less aged and worn than the Michigan ones that have been shaped by eons of washing in the water.

We have plenty of them for me to get to know. People around here joke about having rock farms and Marsha once referred to Hawk Hill as Rock Hill. It's true. There are huge ones on the sides of roads.

The driveway is full of chunks from almond to football size but rough, pointed. The fields pop up with new crops every spring, some taking at least two hands to lift. I can manage only a couple of cartfuls before I'm done in for the day. Terri piled one field-full in a row along the drive and a new batch rose to the surface almost before she was done. They're everywhere.

A couple of years ago, Jenna's sister Susie came from Michigan for her annual visit. One day she told me how, when she comes here, she takes loads of rocks back with her. "You do?" I questioned. "That's funny. I bring loads back with me from Michigan." We laughed, but it made me realize I was missing something by not paying more attention to the Missouri rocks.

At first I couldn't see much individuality to them. Not like I could with the Michigan beach rocks. They seemed similar and somewhat neutral. At the beginning they were as indifferent to me as I was to them, I was later to discover. It wasn't until I began to put them to work in the garden as borders for beds that we began to get better acquainted. As I handled and moved them, I found particular ones I recognized and grew fond of. Soon, I began to notice them on the road, the same as I used to in Michigan. One would catch my eye for several days. It would call to me and I'd know I was meant to take it home, to live with it.

Now, I love the Missouri rocks as much as the Michigan ones, but I don't feel compelled to gather them because they are everywhere, unlike in the city where I used to live. When gardening season approaches, I pick up a few road rocks I can't resist in my travels, but mostly I wait till the mood to make borders strikes, then I haul a few cart loads from the pasture. A few times in the summer, I pace the gravel bar near the swimming hole and look for special rocks. I find and bring them home, where they join the crowd from Michigan in the pile I keep on the floor. Recently I hauled a few from Outland and added them to the mix. Every day, several times a day, I see them all lying there; beautiful, unique, smooth and jagged, a strong and helping presence in my life.

THOUGHTS ON

A SIMPLE LIFE

Lee Lanning
Outland
New Mexico

To live a more simple life was one of the reasons I moved from city to country. It's taking me years to discover what living simply means for me. I'm discovering what "comes naturally" after years of socialization in a world that complicates everything. And I'm finding that many simpler ways of living must be learned, skills must be acquired--it's not always a matter of falling back on an earlier time recorded in my bones. The ways I learned growing up seldom serve me in a simple life on land--it's hard to remember, but I know I learned to shop in a supermarket. This was a survival skill. Now I am learning how to grow and prepare my own food. The "simple" way is not necessarily the "easy" way in life, but the most direct, most connecting. I am letting go of my attachment to "convenience", which is usually distancing and indirect. In simplifying, I am seeking closeness: with the earth, with my self, with other Lesbians, with life. I am seeking a life that's all of one piece, unfragmented.

Learning to live simply, I have to think things through, be aware of each choice I make, each product I make or buy, each action I take. And, living simply involves not only what I DO, the physical, material aspects of my life, but also how I BE. What is "simple" in the realm of thought, feeling, spirit? How can I be a simple-minded, simple-hearted Dyke?

This simple life is conscious. I ask myself a lot of questions about my choices and actions, my thoughts and feelings:

Is this the "real thing"? Close to its source, unmixed, unprocessed? Natural? (I can ask this about a food or a feeling.)

Is it common, ordinary? (Not gourmet, intellectual, luxurious, sophisticated)

Is it elemental? Just itself, unadorned, bare? Am I sticking to the basic elements of an action, a thought, a need? Avoiding intricacy, complication?

Is it direct? (Straight-forward, unmediated, unmanipulated) Am I seeking the most direct connection between myself and the world? Am I seeking the most direct way? (Not indirect, convoluted.) (As in communication.) Am I doing, making, something for my own life (direct, simple) or am I doing it to get money so I can get things for my life (indirect)?

Is this way simple in the sense of having few parts? Few steps?

Is there a direct connection from start to finish, of a project, product? Is the process whole, unfragmented?

Am I care-full in the use of resources: the earth's, my own, others'? Am I conservative, meaning, conserving what there is, not squandering? Trying not to take more than I need? (What's simple about this? There's less the earth, I or others have to produce, and there's less waste, garbage or excess to take care of responsibly.)

Am I care-full in the use of energy, my own or others'? Do I avoid waste or duplication? Am I putting energy into the good and necessary, what's necessary to life, refusing to put energy into the unnecessary? I ask, where does the energy come from? (Just because my energy is saved, what is the true energy cost to others--as, someone in a factory making what I don't want to spend my energy making.) (Something that seems to make my life "simpler" may be the end result of a long and complicated process, therefore, not simple at all.)

Am I using as few tools as possible? (Hands are great tools, and more direct.)

I ask, would winnin have invented this tool? How much energy is being used? (I weigh the various costs of self-power or electric power, for example.) Is technology limiting my interaction with my task, separating me from my work?

Am I letting go of what I don't need? Materially, am I paring down, consuming less, passing on extras? Emotionally, am I letting go of feelings belonging to the past, or to others? (Like not worrying about an ex-lover's life, or like, not

bringing childhood reactions to present situations.) Am I lightening up, living lightly on the earth and with myself and others?

Am I being simple in my relating, communicating? Being direct, honest, clear? Saying what I feel, what I know from within?

Am I living from within, recognizing there are no "answers" outside me, only what rises from within? (The connections I seek begin deep within. This is simpler than the multitude of options offered out there.)

Am I living in the present, attending what IS, now? (If I'm not worrying about the past or the future or about what is outside my life today, life is much simpler. That doesn't mean I have no knowledge or caring about these, just where my energy is at any given time. My only power to change anything is NOW--that's simple. Does this mean the simple life has less fear, worry, stress, anxiety? Certainly would be simpler to live without all that fear, all that protecting.)

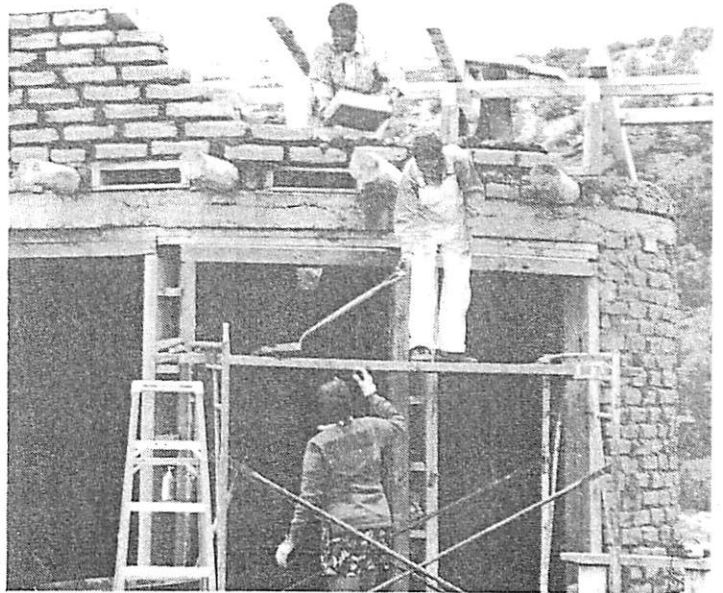
Am I taking full responsibility for my own life--not giving responsibility to others or taking responsibility for others who can take care of themselves? (Caring and concern are simple--taking on another's "stuff" is not!)

To simplify my life, I ask, what's essential? To eat, to be clothed and sheltered, to be well, to be together. How do I apply my simple philosophy?

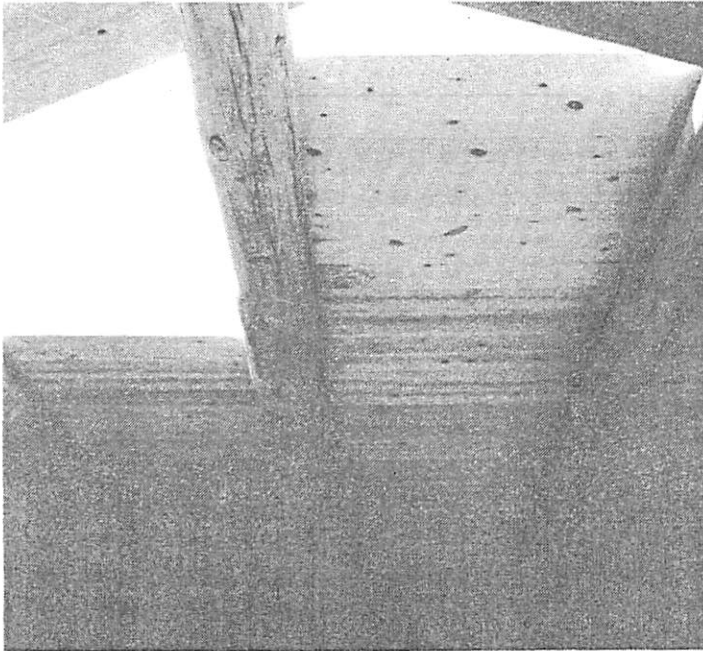
To Eat: I think about what I eat. What is its relation to the earth, to me? How direct is our connection? How closely does it resemble its source? (For example, preferring to eat simply cooked rice for breakfast rather than a prepared "cereal".) Is it plain? (single, uncombined foods). What energy and tools are used in its preparation? (Does it go through a factory, a blender, or is it mixed by hand?) Is it packaged? In what, at what cost? Is it local? Did I grow it myself? For me, the closer to the earth and to me my food is, the simpler it feels. A peach off our trees is "simpler" than a banana (which involves tremendous energy costs in harvesting, storage and transportation, to say nothing of my energy in going to the store.) Eating what I/we can grow

lessens my dependence on patriarchy, directly increasing my freedom (and my health). It may seem "easier" to grab a banana at the store than to plant and care for a tree, but it is not simpler. The simple life is the life closest to home.

To Be Clothed: What do I wear? What is its relation to the earth, to me? How direct is our connection? Is it organic, is it local? How closely does it resemble its source? Plant fibers feel simpler to me than petrochemicals; at least I can imagine the connection, the source. How to be more connected to what I wear? Make it myself, weave the fabric, spin the fibers, grow the plant? Maybe I don't want to do all these steps, but I must think about who does, and at what cost to themselves, to the environment? The savings in my energy are taken out of someone else's energy, always. Can I use things that take the least energy? With clothes, another option: I can buy used, save resources, simplify somebody's life, somewhere. I can recycle, give away. I never throw away (it's simpler for me to make a rag rug out of cast-offs than to figure out how to throw them away responsibly.)



Photos by Jae Haggard, Outland



To Be Sheltered: Where do I live? Another chance to recycle, salvage, buy used(car,too). I'm lucky to be living in adobe buildings where they really do resemble their source--I can feel the connection to the earth. And building them ourselves, we know intimately our connection to our homes. And at every step we are able to weigh, what energy is simplest in this process: our own, electric, gas? We are able to use and reuse everything, down to the smallest scraps for kindling in our stoves. This all takes a little figuring and a lot of learning, but is satisfyingly simple anyway. We understand every step, participate in every step: our houses are ours, like our lives. And we work cooperatively; this isn't hard, it is simple and natural and necessary.

To Be Well: How do I care for myself? What ways do I choose to enhance my well-being? How do these ways relate to the earth, to me? How connected am I to the healing process? Where does it originate--from within or outside me? Do I turn to the patriarchy or do I rely on myself and on Dyke energy?

To Be Together: Why does this one seem to be the most difficult to simplify? We apparently have NO training in doing this, simply or not, or anyway, not in doing it well. Can we go back to the basic questions? As Lesbians, how direct is our connection, how real? How close are we to our source, to our spirit/soul/

heart? What energy do we have for each other? How conscious are we of each other? It may not be easy, or convenient, but we simply need to be together.

All of this amounts to taking care of myself and caring for others...a tremendous number of details to accomplish this simple goal/path! I love this simple life of simple details, direct action. What I do makes all the difference in my life and in the lives of others. Our lives are changed, enhanced by every lively task. No one invents work for me to do, nor am I inventing work to "keep busy". I love to work to keep alive. I work to nurture myself and others. My work nourishes me--its rewards are pleasure, comfort, well-being: happiness. I am a willing participant in life, a loving contributor to the whole.

What do I want from a simple life? Freedom. I want to be free to be myself. And I want to be free of the patriarchy. Does this mean self-reliance, self-sufficiency? It seems clear to me that I can't do all of this "simplifying" alone (grow my own fibers for clothes, my own soybeans for tofu, my own trees for roof beams...) I envision cooperating with other Dykes, being part of a whole simple life we create together--a group sufficiency, perhaps? A Lesbian world. To live in connection with others simplifies--we don't each have to know, be, do, everything. The webwork supports. And maybe we won't get back to the source in every detail of our lives, but I need to be on my way, moving in that direction. I need to try to live now as I would choose to live always, to be now who I would choose to be always.

Lee: I interrupted the typing of this article several times, to put almonds in the sun oven to roast, to check with landmates on the progress of the coop refurbishing, to take the compost to the garden and bring back onions and tomatoes from the garden, to close the windows in my casita (hoping for rain), to jump into a cool tub to lower my body heat. It's a simple life here at Outland, for the most part. We are seeking dykes to join us in living this life. If it seems appealing, write us for more info.

LETTERS

Dear MAIZE,

I'm writing to request some of your more recent extra back issues of MAIZE. I think the idea of Land LESY rocks, and am looking forward to the progress I see the Lesbian community making away from commodity exchange economy. It's been great, and really inspirational to find out that Land LESY already exists, that there are other Dykes out there with concrete ideas about *creating* viable life alternatives, and that so much work has already been done towards that end.

Carol Igoe
Michigan

Kia ora, Ki a koutoi ko uha mo uha anake.
(uha a mo uha anake means female for female only, female as in totally XX chromosomes)

It's raining here still, has it stopped since last time, maybe once or twice for a little time. We haven't had a frost this winter though, which has never happened before; we'll have to wait and maybe we won't get any late ones either. All the rain will be good for the trees and plants around the place, and because we don't have any grazing animals on our land the earth is nice and soft and soaking it all up. We even have a new spring which appeared in our garden by the end of one of our scarlet runner bean frames. While it was raining we were over there and noticed a stream of water, tracing it back up, there was this little spring of water bubbling up by the beans. It won't keep flowing over summer because it's not under shade, but that's okay.

Anyway, we want to tell you something. First of all, if you have ever come across the information that this country, Aotearoa (some call it the pakeha/coloniser name New Zealand, we don't) is "clean and green", this is a lie. Most of the female animal products, 95% of it, that is farmed here is exported, a lot of other crops are exported; most of it, if not stated, is grown using toxic chemicals, artificial

fertilizers, growth hormones, etc. etc. All the waterways are contaminated with anything from DDT, anitole, 2-4-S-T, paraquat...it's everywhere and a lot is still being used. The aerial spraying of 2-4-D is widespread. This country is not clean and green at all; some isolated pieces of land are farmed organically. We don't farm ourselves, we garden, organically, but some land is used organically and the rest is nothing, and we mean nothing, like it. It is enough to make a lot of us lesbians here sick, so to do us a favour could you please only buy/use produce from here that is grown organically, either of two labels, one organic, one biodynamic, that don't use synthetic toxic chemicals etc. The Department of Conservation here was raising native birds, chicks, and fed them chemical grown apples. The chicks died from those apples from the spray in them. Feeding the chicks organically grown apples they didn't die. So it's not good to eat anyway. If you can do this, we would appreciate it, and we are doing the same for you ourselves already. We only buy organically grown food--vegan too so all those populations of females used to breed heterosexually are not on our conscience. We thank you in advance. If we don't use it they won't be able to keep doing it, hopefully. We've got onto some organic cotton too, until we can get our harakeke weaving a bit better--we need to practice more.

The last issue of Maize was interesting. Juana's article had some good ideas; we do need to be able to acknowledge mistakes, and how connected we lesbians all are, so what we do, anything, is important. We think about what Viviane wrote too; feminism is not about lesbians, and what is being done in the name of lesbians is often not what we would call lesbian either. Perhaps because both the groups Viviane wrote of want what males have/are and not what is female, they associate with male, not female only, and that can only be heterosexual or bisexual, not lesbian. If our definition of lesbian is different why is theirs correct and ours wrong? We happen to like ours better, and if S&M and imitating het or bi behavior does not go in our definition, that's okay.

And it rains on, full moon too which



ON VISITING DUCK POND

TWO DAYS AFTER MEMORIAL DAY

Willa Bluesky
California

This is how it will be if
you go before me,
dear Erda.
Mute,
sunken into myself,
two lights shining in a deep cave.
Black but not dark
black for the shadows
that swallow us up
at the end of time.

Where are they?
They are gone. No,
they did not leave, they were taken away

cut down and dragged away.
Can't you hear the sound of blade
biting into smooth wood, of limbs thud
and leaves flutter?

Stunned, wordless before the flat
leafless stumps, killing site of our friends.
Afraid, who is next?
Sad.
Will these stumps sprout next year
like flowers pushing through sidewalk cracks?

*Willa: In Brookhaven Park, a young and a
middle-aged willow tree, side by side,
sheltered the ducks and birds. It was
a sweet spot, the nicest in the park.
One duck had just birthed eleven ducklings.*



Erda

Erda
California

could mean another two weeks of rain.
Never mind, the rain keeps us growing.
The glasshouse is all but finished; we
made the door and last corner window of
it recently, all it needs now is a bit
of flashing on outside corners and we're
saving that for a dry day. We're sure we
felt spring in the air the other day,
and keep checking the two chestnut trees
down the hill for buds. When they bud
you know no more frosts or cold, and the
kowhai tree will flower on the first day
of spring, so you know.

There's so much going on on lesbian land,
it's good to have news from other parts of
the world. We have recently been told of
several more lesbians here on the land
after years of only knowing of a few, in
rural areas, not in the cities. Of course
we all live on the land, some places are
just used in different ways, and some
places you can't tell there's land under-
neath it all, but there is.

Take care all of you lesbians.
ne Cilbey maua ko Raewyn
Urinui, Taranaki, Aotearoa

REVIEW

CULTURAL ETIQUETTE:

A Guide for the Well-Intentioned

By Amoja Three Rivers

Available from Market Wimmin,

Box 28, Indian Valley, VA 24105

\$7 postpaid

Amoja Three Rivers offers information and observation from her life as a woman of color to help caring, but unknowledgeable people of all cultures avoid racist and anti-semitic assumptions. Writing clearly and concisely for the laywomyn, she defines the terms of ethnocentrism and people of color. The author highlights many ethnic lies, myths and stereotypes, most of which become glaringly obvious upon reading her comments.

Citing examples of cultural theft, especially from African or Native American heritages, Amoja Three Rivers offers a list of contemplations and suggestions. She observes that it is a natural human phenomenon for cultures and customs to blend, but also calls to our attention the fact that twentieth century white or Euro-centric society is addicted to exploitation and we often see it as a norm. We are encouraged to be more conscious, not just mindless consumers. We need to unearth and study the authentic history of other peoples, how it relates to our own and give something in return. Amoja Three Rivers prompts us with the memory that we are all descended from tribal cultures and need to explore our own ancient traditions.

In the closing of her book, the author lists specific actions we can take to help eliminate racism and anti-semitism from our environment. We and those we interact with regularly knowingly or unknowingly enforce that oppression, and we can make changes by speaking up and acting out. Amoja Three Rivers realizes that reading this book can leave one feeling angry, confused, shocked or uncomfortable. She states, "Well, not to fret. Racism has created a big horrible mess, and racial healing can sometimes be painful. Just remember that Jews and people of color do not want or need anybody's guilt. We just want people to accept responsibility when it is appropriate, and actively

work for change...Our ultimate challenge and our ultimate goal is to love and nurture one another and all things in creation."

As a "white" (beige-pink, actually) skinned Lesbian of Welsh and German ancestry, I have often found the "politically correct line" as well as the "politically incorrect line" sometimes well-meaning and sometimes mean-spirited. One seems to frequently be guilt-producing and immobilizing, the other seems unwilling to accept any present responsibility for change and both incite too much name-calling. Amoja Three Rivers' practical, honest discussion gave me more perspective. It motivated me to educate myself about other womyn's lives and cultures, as well as share that information and speak up against oppression. I was fairly hard-line about rejecting racist and anti-semitic comments, but was often afraid of doing or saying the "wrong" thing and bringing harsh verbal criticism upon myself or offending/hurting womyn of other ethnicities. So I sometimes shut other womyn up or cut them off to protect my own feelings. I have absorbed prejudices unconsciously from this society and I acknowledge my white skin privilege. Any oppression that I experience from others because I am fat, an out Lesbian or female in patriarchy do not cancel out that benefit I was born with. Now presented with similar situations, I am learning to listen more, ask questions, listen again and apologize if I offend. I am no longer hesitant to speak in the company of womyn of color and Jewish womyn. I am not as heavily judgemental of other white-skinned womyn and I try to open conversation with them to get to the roots of their statements, sharing why I find their words oppressive.

Many thanks to Amoja Three Rivers for the time and energy she invested in this guide and many words of appreciation to other womyn of color and Jewish womyn who have put their lives and thoughts onto paper and tape. I'm past most of the guilt and back in action.

Diann Bowoman
SBAMUH, Ohio

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!

JUDITH SARA, POBox 278, Montague, MA 01351
Offers: *burdock root (limited quantities)

- *dried peppermint, dried culinary sage, both organically grown
- *instruction/information on firing pottery with sawdust; basic information on handbuilding clay pots and sculpture

Requests: *pottery books, tools, supplies, and equipment
*musical instruments (I'd especially like a clarinet)
*Please write first. I'll pay postage.

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

SACRED SEDONA, POBox 3661, Sedona AZ 86340

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

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

Offers: *Instruction in Basketry, Drawing, and Horsemanship
*Emotional support for dyke incest survivors
*some of my own vegetarian recipes (featuring garden produce, etc.)
*Organically grown garlic
*Basket "seconds"

Requests: *Carpentry and Plumbing assistance
*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 brainstorm 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

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.)

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina MN 87569
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.

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.)

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.

Requests: *I have lots of lupins: cream,
pink/dark pink, and pink/white. Does
anyone have lupin seed of other colours?
I especially would like the bluey mauve
colour. I can collect my seed hopefully
if anyone would like these colours.

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)

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

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

Offers: *Organically grown catnip, pack-
aged 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.

Les



Marnee Kennedy
SBAMUH, Ohio

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.

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.

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

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 otop 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

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. retreat center
on Tennessee River and Kentucky Lake,
65 mi. 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



Kitt Redwing

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, Rt1 Box 1200, Soldier's
Grove WI 54655

Visitors, apprentices
MOONSHADOWS, 34901 Tiller Trail Hwy,
Tiller Or 97484 503-825-3603
Seeking residents.

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.

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, VOJ 1EO 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, Coombs, British Columbia,
VOR 1M0 Canada; 604-248-8809
Any travelling woman is welcome to stop
by Spinstervale on Vancouver Island,BC.
We have a few small cabins (\$5/nite/
person) and camping is always available.
Work exchange, too, by arrangement.

Herbs, goats, gardening

SPIRALAND/Spiral 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, Dahlonega 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.

WHITE ROCKS HOMELAND, POBox 231, Willcox
AZ 85644

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

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 466, Searsport ME 04974

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.

LEZ TRY THIS...

HOT SUMMER TIPS

I keep a cooler in the back of my vehicle for hot summer trips to town. When I combine food buying with other errands or things I want to do in town, I can leave my groceries in the cooler for a long time without worry of spoiling.

I cool off on hot summer days with my "spritzer", a small version of the kind sold to mist plants. I fill it with water and spritz myself--very refreshing, especially when driving in a hot vehicle.

I made a sun shade for my vehicle out of leftover pieces of "Reflectex" foil insulation (the kind that looks like bubble wrap covered with aluminum foil), duct-taped together to fit the inside of my windshield. It does a great job of keeping my car cool, and is easy to roll up when not in use.

Judith Sara
Massachusetts

TRAVEL HINT

Because I travel and sleep in my car, I wanted a way to have windows open and bugs out. I bought a length of net--as wide as possible and as long as from half way down one side of the car to half way down the other side (over the roof). I sewed a 1½" hem in each end and got at a hardware store 10 small magnets and 10 small fishing weights which I sewed alternately into each hem(5 each on each side). I sewed them into "pouches" to keep them separated and even. Now I plop my net over my car and the hemmed ends stay down tight against the sides. I can leave whatever combination of front and rear windows open. AIR AND NO BUGS!

Ardy Tibby
New Mexico



Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks, Oregon

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOMAN SEEKS ROOMER WHO: wants to live in the country, in S.W. Wisconsin; would possibly be interested in organic gardening; likes to live in the woods under somewhat primitive but not impossible circumstances and will be able to share utilities and rent and likes peace and quiet and space. Call or write: 'Ciela, Rt. One Box 126, Gays Mills WI 54631 608-735-4829

WOMEN-MADE HOUSE FOR SALE on Spirial Wimmin's Land Cooperative in Kentucky. \$15,000. Write Joy Lohrer, 604 Silk Hope-Liberty Rd, Siler City NC 27344 or call 919-742-5959 about buying the house. Write Spirialand about community membership at HC 72, Box 94A, Monticello KY 42633 or call at 606-348-7913.

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES (LNR) is creating a slideshow tracing the development of lesbian land community and culture from its inception to present day. The slideshow will be used for community building and outreach. We're asking landykes and former landykes to help us create the slideshow by submitting slides, photos and artwork of rural landyke community life and aesthetics. Include a brief description of each submission. We encourage all landykes whether living in community, on private land or in alternative rural communities to contribute to this show of rural dyke culture and sensibility. Material submitted will be returned upon request, otherwise it will be held in the permanent collection of the Lesbian Land Archives maintained by LNR. Send material to Etas, %LNR POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408.

ATTRACT MOSQUITO-EATING BATS! I bought a bat house, then found I couldn't use it here. (Must be near a water source). In new condition except water-stained. I paid \$25, will consider all offers. zana, HC4 Box 6872-044, Tucson AZ 85735

WOMEN'S EARTH HOME BUILDING. Take back the right to live on earth, to create home and temple gently with our own hands! In a process best described as mud daubing, earth, sand and straw are mixed together and massaged into thick self-supporting walls. Shelves and furniture are beautifully sculpted as you build.

These homes provide an environment that is nourishing to the soul, comfortable to the body, empowering for the mind. They last a very very long time to nourish, comfort and empower many generations of lesbian earth sisters!

If you are interested in learning how, contact Groundworks, POBox 381, Murphy OR 97533. 503-862-2144

WAXING MOON MEMBERS! (Forming intentional lesbian healing community in B.C.) Due to unfortunate circumstances the membership file has been destroyed. If you have not received the last newsletter in June 95 please contact us: Waxing Moon Collective, S6,C20,RR2, Nelson B.C. V1L 5P5 Canada. 604-352-9517

JOIN US ON BEAUTIFUL 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

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

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES makes grants and welcomes contributions. Write LNR, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408

COMMUNITY: Currently 5 women (one lesbian couple), 2 men and 6 children on 94 acres near Ohio University. Call Emily or write for brochure or to visit. Edges, RR3, Box 452, Glouster OH 45732. 614-448-2403

\$4.00

NUMBER 46