

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SUMMER 97



Nett Hart

MAIZE NUMBER 54 SUMMER 97

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. (Please limit to 30 minute tape-time; this is more than 5 Maize pages.) 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 printed elsewhere. Please include a biographical note.

Regular features include: "On The Land"(news from Lesbian lands), "Lez Try This..."(handy tips for country life), "Dyke Well-Being"(stories of self-healing; what works?), "Land LESY"(Lesbian Economic System listing of offerings and requests), "Country Connections"(listing of Dyke lands). Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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, Outland

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

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MAIZE

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Marnee Kennedy
Ohio

LA CHAMAN

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

*Como cada buen Chamán
Tengo me Mesa
En la cocina*

*La Masa de la Chamán
Es el altar de su trabajo
Alli junta energia
En manera necesaria*

*La Chamán trabaja
En dos esferas
La esfera Espiritual
Y la esfera Material*

*Alli amasa yerbitas con Oracion
Junta su herramientas de Ceremonia
Asi cura y hace Mágia*

*Cada día saco
Mis yerbitas sagradas
Primero las de limpessa
Cedro, Salvia y Copal*

*Se limpia la Mesa
y el cuerpo
Se da oraciones de Gracias
Por la vida sagrada
Y el día nuevo*

*La mágia
Y las curaciones
De otra día
comensan*

*Buenos días
Agua sagrada
Olla y comal negro
de mi abuela
se ponen en el Fuego*

*Buenos días, Fuego
Llama de muerte y vida
Asi para preparar
las tortillas
del día*

*Alli en la Mesa
esta mi molcajete
de piedra volcanica
Fuerte y perdurosa
Guardante
de las Mesas Antiguas
Pero tambien
Viejo de años usado
en mi cocina*

*Alli muelo
mis Yerbitas
Del jardin
Fruta de semilla
de mano de sembra
En tierra humida*

*dejarse crecer,
se matura
a mano
se pisca
a mano
se prepara la comida*

*Otra vez junto
mis ayudantes
Yerbitas comino, ajo
chile verde, colorado, negro*

*Siempre a mi lado
Las Tres Hermanas Sagradas
Maize, Frijoles y Calabaza*

*La Chamán
prepara la comida
la medicine de vida
Para su Gente
En esta manera
Antigua y Sagrada*

*Asi Ella Cura
y hace su Mágia
Siempre Unida
Con los espiritus
Su Tierra Madre
La energia de vida
Siempre siguiendo
el Camino Colorado
De su Gente*

SHAMAN (TRANSLATION)

Maria Christina Moroles DeColores
(Sun Hawk)

*Like every good Shaman
I have my Table (mesa)
In my Kitchen*

*The mesa of a Shaman
Is the altar of her Work
There she gathers Energy
In a necessary Manner*

*The Shaman Works
On two Spheres
The spiritual Sphere
And the material Sphere*

*There she mixes herbs with Prayers
She gathers her ceremonial Tools
In this way she does Healings
And Magic*

*Each day I take out
My sacred herbs
First the purifying
Cedar, Sage and Copal*

*The mesa and
Body are Purified
Prayers of Thanks
For sacred Life
And the new Day*

*The Magic
And Healings
Of another Day
Begin*

*Good Day
Water Spirit
Pot and black Grill
Of my Grandmother
Are put on the Fire*

*Good Day
Fire Spirit
Flame of Death and Life*

*In this way we Prepare
For our daily Bread*

*There on the Mesa
Is my Mortar and Pestle
Of volcanic Rock
Strong and Enduring
Guardian of
The ancient Mesas
But also old
From years used in
My Kitchen*

*There I Grind
My Herbs
From the Garden
Fruits from Seed
By hand are Planted
In moist Soil*

*Allowed to Grow
They Mature
By Hand
They are Prepared
Into a Meal*

*Again I Gather
My helpers to me
Herbs of Cumin and Garlic
Peppers Green, Red and Black*

*Always at my side
The Three Sacred Sisters
Corn, Beans and Squash*

*The Shaman
Prepares Food
The medicine of Life
For her People
In this Manner
Ancient and Sacred*

*In this way she Heals
And does Magic*

*Always United
With the Spirits
Her Mother Earth
And Life's Energy*

*Always following
The Red Road
Of My People*

ON THE LAND

HOWL

VERMONT

COME HOWL WITH US

HOWL is over 10 years old and still growing and changing. Our beautiful 50 acres in the foothills of Vermont's Green Mountains continues to pull me home no matter where I travel. Slowly, the farmhouse and barn continue to be improved and beautified. Those of us who are residents (carekeepers) and other members of the collective see to the well being of this land trust through monthly meetings, gathering, fun raisers and fund raisers. We are fortunate to be mortgage and rent free, but we still need monies for local taxes and a few other expenses that arise from time to time. Presently we don't have insurance because of the great cost. How do other lands solve this problem? Is it a problem?

Now we have begun to build "Crone Spaces" in the barn...comfortable, simple living spaces prioritized for older women. We've been a place where women come to camp out, visit, get away from city life, celebrate holidays, find solitude or just relax and play together. The beautiful fields, streams, woods and pond at the end of a dirt road have been a haven for many women. Now there is a movement to create intentional community here while still supporting the open invitation to visitors. We are not as wide open as we've been in the past. We have had to create guidelines for the health and safety of all women and of HOWL as an entity. This has been a healing evolution and we continue to move toward greater healing as we learn to communicate and to be attentive to what seems to work.

We now are seeking women who want to look at HOWL as an intergenerational, intentional community, committed to living in caring ways with one another and to keeping HOWL alive and well for the enjoyment of our greater women's community. How to do this? What do we have to offer? What are our expectations? Can we come together offering a format for "residents exploring membership" as one land group calls this endeavor?



E. Mania (Erin)
Arf, New Mexico

Our farmhouse is an old one, yet cozy and sweet through our efforts to make it a welcoming place. With four bedrooms, a large upstairs common room, a living room, kitchen and dining space and now our bathroom with plumbing and "hot" water, we have a comfortable, cozy home for all seasons. Winter is beautiful, if long, spring brings promise, mud, and a long tease, summer is a burst of lush green, bringing great abundance to the gardens, and seeming to end too soon. Then we are presented with the yearly fall show of color, the incredible flash of reds, yellows, oranges and pinks that precede winter's return. The work follows those rhythms and we cannot help but feel intimate with the land.

Presently I am working and visiting our sister land Sugarloaf Women's Village (Florida) where I'm learning more about what makes community. How do we live and die in community? I need to be in community with women. I want to hear from other women. What do you need?

Glo

HOWL, Box 53, Huntington Vermont 05462

ARF

NEW MEXICO WOMEN'S LAND TRUST

Accessibility at Arf

It's a time of change at Arf women's land. We're talking about resident applications and general community policy. One of the first steps toward any cohesive community is disability access. We are open to dealing with any sort of accessibility that may arise, but the pressing issue, being an open land, is that of environmental illness. At this time we have one permanent resident with chemical sensitivities and as the weather warms up the random visitors begin to arrive. Our main house, which serves as the community meeting space as well as a space for visitors to stay, needs to be as toxic/scent-free as possible. We have guidelines to de-scenting, as well as a safer products list for anyone interested in visiting. Writing to us prior to your visit is ideal, then we can send you this information.

We are working towards having E.I. safer clothes for those visitors that simply show up unannounced. Some general guidelines in the event that contacting us isn't feasible, are:

- *the main house is "pet-free" with the exception of assistance animals
- *do not wear any fragrances, synthetic or natural, this includes hygienic products like shampoo and deodorant during your stay
- *do not burn incense or sage even if camping outdoors
- *if you must smoke, do it somewhere remote where you are least likely to affect someone (we have yet to tackle the smoking problem officially)

A word of caution to those with E.I. and other disabled women who may want to visit. A major difficulty is that needs around E.I. vary greatly from woman to woman. There are many dogs here, approximately nine at present plus all the neighboring dogs who come visit. It would be hard to stay here and not encounter them. While there are several women who are making efforts to be E.I.

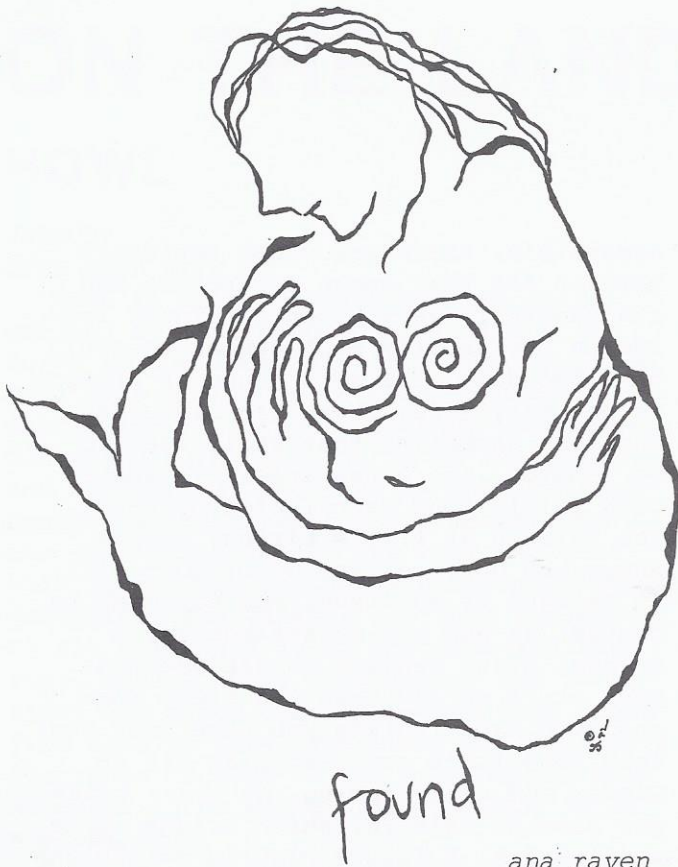
accessible, there are other residents here at Arf that smoke cigarettes and are generally very scented. Those residents are usually much easier to avoid than the dogs. The main house at present is not very safe. There are old books and some carpeting that still need to be removed. The house itself is adobe with fairly good ventilation options. The terrain at Arf is tiring; everywhere you go is either up or down hill. If fatigue is an issue, you may want to contact us and try to arrange for a 4-wheel drive vehicle to get you and your stuff up and down the steep road onto the land (unless you have your own). This road isn't accessible at all in winter and early spring. At those times you have to walk in. Which brings us to wheelchairs. A future plan is making one of our resident cabins wheelchair accessible, and the main house is currently haphazardly accessible, but could use some improvement, for sure. There have been women in wheelchairs at Arf, but due to the terrain the range of mobility was very limited.

For those using assistance technology, there isn't any electricity or running water here. Solar power for the main house is a possibility for the future if the money can be found. That also means woodstoves are used for heat, and propane is used for cooking.

Again, Arf is in a state of transition. Many things are up in the air or have yet to be dealt with. Concerning accessibility, we have a long way to go, but we are willing to discuss and act upon changes that need to take place. These changes are not limited to disability, but hopefully will touch all aspects of creating a community that will bring a little bit of justice to our lives.

Erin

For general visitor information, contact Arf, POBox 707, Tesuque, NM 87574
The EI contact, or for any other questions about disability access, direct to Erin, PoBox 657, Tesuque NM 87574



ana raven
california

UMUA

AOTEAROA

SECOND LESBIANS ON LAND WEEKEND

We advertised the dates this autumn/fall from Friday to Monday, March 28-31, so we were all prepared by Thursday evening. One lesbian had written earlier in the week to say she'd most likely come and we'd had one other letter from a lesbian just along the coast saying she wouldn't be coming. We'd boiled water in the copper and just had a bath, and felt ready with all the food, had the mattresses aired, wood for the fire in the sleeping house and clean covers on the couches. What more could a lesbian want? No dyke arrived early, so us two woke up Friday wondering who we'd meet that day, turned out no dyke came. We cooked a meal Friday night anyway, just in case of late arrivals, beet, onion, carrot and spinach soup, toast, tofu and salad with baked potatoes. We had a good feed just before dark when we thought it was too late for late arrivals. Saturday we lazed in bed a while, even though it was a beautiful day outside and

had been too for at least a week. Lovely warm calm sunny days. We'd been ready to have lesbians here so we weren't planning on doing any work except preparing food. We sat in the sunshine and talked, about what we'd do if no dyke came, tried not to worry or get upset. They didn't have to come just because we wrote that something was on in the local lesbian newsletter, which we'd sent to lesbian groups and bookshops around the islands too. We didn't get too grumpy with each other, we would have a good time at the lesbians on land weekend anyway.

On Saturday, just before dark, two lesbians arrived, one of them the one who had written earlier, it was a relief. Even though we'd been trying really lots to be relaxed about the whole thing, we'd put on a party and no dykes had come for almost two days. And we aren't the most patient of dykes. We had a meal then and chatted about the travelling, what other lesbians we'd seen lately, and what we'd been doing, then had an early night, as we were all tired. Then from travelling, us from waiting. On Sunday we talked more about what's happening on other females lands around the country, because one of the lesbians who'd come had just been visiting a few; we gossiped, discussed various gardens and how they were going. We talked about lands that were for females but allowed males on too if they met certain requirements; there is a lack of female-only space and lesbian-only space. Sitting in the sunshine we ate a lot and had little walks around the garden. Cranberries are ready now and lots of pineapple sage and ginger flowers that we ate some of. Monday was more of the same, a very relaxed group we were.

Then on lunch another lesbian came just for lunch, she lives not far away. More eating, more talking, about art, the local lesbian newsletter and the lack of rain. We'd made mobiles as gifts for the lesbians who came and had them all wrapped up separately in a box so dykes could have a lucky dip. There's a few, quite a lot actually, left over, so we'll recycle them next weekend we have. We will do it again, numbers aren't really important, we had a good time, that was important.

Tuesday, yes, still going, we had a longer walk around, climbed a tree, went up to the top of a mossy hill and looked at the forest all around, then on the

way back stopped by a grapefruit tree and ate some grapefruits. We also picked yellow pear tomatoes for yet another meal, and a few greens too to go with the avocado, garlic and lemon juice mix. More talk about land issues and dealing with conflict, also violence. It seems like lots of lesbians are not very good at sorting out differences, conflicts of desires, needs. We got the guitars out and had a sing that evening, what songs we could remember the words of that is, and had hot bricks heated on the fire for our beds. Wednesday after breakfast the two dykes left after collecting up their things and a bag of hops flowers each from the vine by the caravan. We, us two who put it on, had a good time and we hope the three others who came did too.

na Cilbey maua ko Raewyn

AMAZENJI

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Amazenji is a zen training temple for women which embraces women's spirituality. Traditional zen training is undertaken in an environment which takes the best from the patriarchal zen tradition and honours the early women teachers of Buddhism.

The temple is located on 76 acres of land overlooking Ootsu Lake and Tweesmuir Park. Living conditions are rustic.

Who is the teacher at Amazenji? Kuya Minogue is a zen monk who has been training in Buddhism since 1986. She has trained in temples and monasteries in Japan and in the United States. In 1993 she left her order because she could not identify with its exclusive focus on the male zen tradition.

During the summer months, women can live at Amazenji and follow the monastic schedule for an agreed upon period of time. In addition, women can participate in special retreat schedules. There is an intensive meditation retreat for the three days of each full moon. Workshops which bring together Western approaches to personal growth and Buddhism are also available. Summer schedule includes retreats and gatherings from June 1- Sept.1.

Monastic retreats and zen retreats have no leader fee. Participants will be

charged \$10 a day for land fee and cost of food. Participants must bring their own tent, trailer, etc. There will be limited sleeping space in the tent zendo (meditation hall). Be prepared for truly rustic living. Please do not bring pets, drugs or alcohol. Special Programs can be arranged for children prior to arrival.

For more info write RR2 Site 11E Comp 3, Burns Lake B.C. V0J 1E0 Canada or phone 250-694-3630.

(from the brochure)

C-N-J RANCHETTE

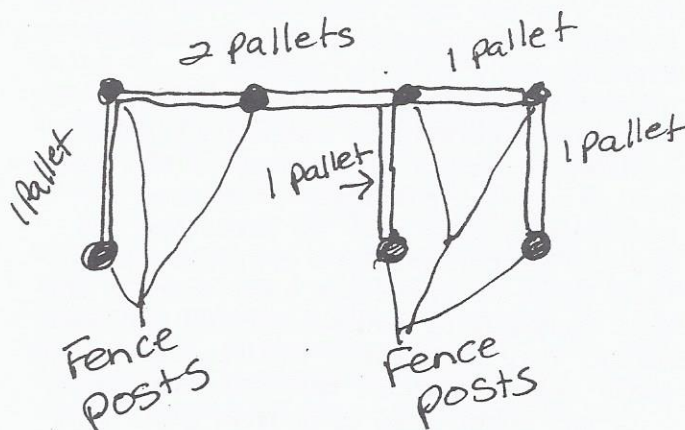
ARIZONA

My name is Jay Padanan, I'll be 54 years old. We are doing a retirement facility for wimmin. We have 5 acres of beautiful view, 20 minutes to Tucson town, 7 minutes to Desert Museum, 12 minutes to Old Tucson Studio. I(we) need help with grants to add to existing building. We have a Straw Bale hostel and would like to continue with this concept.

Blessing, we would greatly appreciate your help in any way.

Jay Padanan
2085 N. San Joaquin Rd, Tucson AZ 85743

MY COMPOST BIN



All secured with zip electrical ties. All recycled but 3 posts from storage barn here (I was given most of the ties in a barter).

Cindi Swartz
Ohio

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Missouri

There is nothing quite so satisfying as gathering wild produce to make a little cash.

One day last fall, I went out to pick up another truck-load of black walnuts. Each October, several mechanical hullers are dragged into place at old stores in the area. I know of three in my wider neighborhood(40 mile radius). Anyone who wants to pick up nuts from their place or their neighbors' is free to bring in as many loads as they can for money. The ad the operators of the closest huller to me post on a few bulletin boards reads "Who says money doesn't grow on trees?" Black walnuts grow wild here. Hawk Hill has at least ten or twelve good trees, prolific and easy to get to by truck. The walnuts are used for many things besides food and dye and the Ozarks is a huge producer.

This year, all the walnut stations were paying \$10.00 a hundred pound, good money, according to local gossip. For generations, people around here have collected walnuts for extra money in the fall. For the many oldtimers who lived a subsistence living(hunting, gardening, trading work, raising animals, and gathering edible wild plants, fruits, nuts and berries), it has always been a custom, to gather up as many of the green-hulled nuts as possible. It brings in much-needed cash just as taxes are due and the winter holidays approach. They tell tales of the times they took in the most hundreds of pounds, earned the most money. They have their favorite trees and their tested methods for doing the work.

I had never done more than pick up a bucket-full for my own use. Even that was limited, as my intake of nuts has been curtailed in the last decade due to bad gall bladder reactions. Besides, they are hard to shell and messy, with their walnut hull dye that stains everything it touches.

This year, though, I perked up my ears as Hawk Hill's two widow neighbors, Helen and Reba, described their methods and their enjoyment of the task. Helen rhapsodized over the pleasures of being outside in the beautiful October weather, hanging around close to the tall trees, picking up the lime-sized round green balls and tossing them up against the trunks in piles. Later, her husband and son joined her with the truck and loaded up.

Reba gave me a goal. One year she had picked up over 1300 pounds. I did a quick calculation and decided I would try for one month's payment on the lease and buildings, \$100.00. One thousand pounds. I forgot to ask Reba how many truck-loads it had taken her, but I did get a tip from Helen that I would have to unload them myself, so it would be better to take them in containers, rather than loose in the truck.

The first truck-load came from a couple of trees up in Denslow and Linda's yard. Those two trees had dropped thousands of nuts this year, so many that areas of the ground were carpeted with them and it was difficult to walk without stumbling over them. I knew D & L had plenty else on their list of tasks and I thought they might be relieved if I offered to pick them up. I was right.

It took me most of one sunny afternoon to fill the seventeen feed sacks they loaned me and a few big white buckets I scrounged from my own place. Later, I borrowed several more buckets and a trash can from D & L and Patsy and Cindy and worked a second afternoon filling them up. Not wanting them to get rained on, each time I unloaded them into my shed to wait for S(sell) day. When I thought I had enough to fill the truck, I loaded them all back into the bed early one morning(Helen told me to get there early so I wouldn't have to wait in line) and hauled them eight miles or so up to the huller.

Sure enough, there was a small line, but I was third in it and grateful for the chance to observe before my turn came. A young bearded man at the front of the

line was shoveling loose nuts from his full-sized truck bed into the feeding bin on the huller with a big flat-nosed shovel. It reminded me of ones I had seen men use to shovel coal when I was a child.

As he unloaded, the huller clanked and a conveyer belt transported the nuts into its innards, where green outside hulls were knocked off the walnuts. The hulls shot out a chute on one side of the machine onto a growing hill of green, dripping with the juice that makes the fine walnut dye, and piled up on its top. The black-shelled nuts poured out of a second chute on the other side and into big red string produce bags. The old man who runs the huller threw the sacks one by one onto a scale. When the last nut rattled into the last sack, he heaved it over, then juggled the weights and called out the weight. 250. As soon as the bags were weighed, the young man drove his truck out of the way before going to collect his pay from the old woman. A young couple with a baby drove their truck backwards to the huller. My mind was working full time, imagining what each walnut gatherer was going to do with the money. A few tanks of gas. A night on the town. New clothes. Gifts for the baby. Rent. Debt payment.

When my turn came, the front end loader where the filled bags were stacked was full with about twenty sacks. I waited as the guy maneuvered it over to a huge pile of stored bags, then unloaded, placing them one at a time on top. It seemed to take a long time as he chatted with others waiting to unload their walnuts about the weather and this year's crop. I remembered how my mother loved pickled black walnuts with lamb and wondered if she had any idea where the nuts came from or how it all worked.

When it was my turn at last, I backed cautiously up to the bin as the operator waved me closer and closer. Once placed exactly right, I jumped out and began tipping bags and buckets in as fast as I could. I could barely keep ahead of the huller and there were several vehicles waiting behind me. It was the most physically taxing part of the entire job, because I had to move fast and it was hot. I weighed in at 245 pounds. First I moved my truck, then I went over to where the old woman (they are husband and wife) figures up the pay. On a scrap of paper with a carbon

under it, she scrawled the date, my name, the number of pounds times ten, marked it "paid", signed it and handed me \$24.50 in cash. I took it with great pride.

It is repetitive and tedious work, picking up the nuts, and I figure I earned about \$4.00 an hour for my work. Maybe others are faster than me, but it's still a puny amount of money. Still, there are lines every day and people seem glad of a chance to earn money this way. Spare money. And it is so satisfying, gathering bounty that just appears, without you doing any cultivating, planting, watering, or tending of any kind. The generous trees simply drop the good nuts right there for you to gather them. They are from your own land and you make money doing a job that may be monotonous and bring on sore muscles, but is also pleasant and fulfilling.

I got permission to pick up at a couple of other places in the neighborhood for my second load. It is best to work on a mowed area where the nuts are easy to see and pick up, not out in a grown-up hayfield. At work, I spent a few minutes before beginning and after finishing and during my breaks and lunch hours picking up from the trees growing there, where the lawn is mowed regularly. It was far better than under a little stand of trees in an uncut pasture at my place. I decided to try to run the Snapper around them next year, if I plan to gather walnuts again.

This second time I wanted to take in a huge load, because I knew I would not be able to do a third one this year. Time was running short and I had too much else going on to devote myself to the task. My goal seemed unrealistic, so I changed it. Instead of earning one hundred dollars, I wanted to fill that truck with as many containers as I could stuff in.

I filled the truck bed with all the white buckets twice, each time pouring them into feed sacks in the shed at dusk to keep them dry and empty the containers for the next round. The sacks were all full. Now to fill the buckets one more time, then find a couple of hours to drive to the huller and unload. Eager and determined, I loaded the bed with every bucket and trash can I could find anywhere around, till it was not possible to fit in even a household mop bucket. I packed a snack and water, my bill-cap, cotton gloves and sunglasses, and drove down the rocky road

to our bottom common land. The hayfield there was mowed this summer, but not in close to the trees. It would be a more strenuous task than the other places.

It was here, doing a country task, that I fell into a state of awareness I have seldom achieved on city jobs. As I worked, I developed new systems. At first I filled two white buckets. I picked up several nuts with my right hand then dumped them in. After a while, I varied it and used my left hand. I was working my way around the tree in quadrants, starting close to the trunk where the grass was highest and the nuts were difficult to see, then moving out into the hayfield where they were scattered far apart, having bounced to get there.

After I carried three sets of two buckets back to the truck, I spotted the small metal pail that was once used for milking. This time I carried several white buckets to strategic spots and then started with the smaller metal pail, counting nuts to relieve the tedium. How many pails does it take to fill one bucket? How many walnuts does it take to fill one pail? I have forgotten the answers, but the questions engrossed me for one five gallon bucket of the twenty I filled that morning.

As I changed postures, kneeling, bending from the waist, squatting, I recognized how the yoga, Tai Chi and walking I have faithfully done for the last few years have served me well. My muscles stretched smoothly and gave me great range. I did not hurt. It felt good. I thought how here I am, fifty-four years old, and I am more healthy in every way than ever before in my life.

Bending over for a long time, I remembered the cotton I saw littering the highway shoulders outside Memphis in October the semi-truck sized bales waiting to be picked up, and I felt suddenly in touch with the generations of slaves who not so long ago picked in that same bent over position for hours and days and weeks at a time and of the present-day field workers in every unmechanized place on Earth where cotton grows, still doing so each harvest. I recalled feeling that strong connection with women everywhere on earth when I did laundry in Fox Lake on Beaver Island a few summers ago. Balancing my bundle on my head as I walked the path and road to the shore, I thought of all the women who collect firewood and haul water for most

of the hours of a day, of how here we all were on the same day, bending to fill containers.

After awhile, I mused on the various conditions of the walnuts. At D and L's, they had been squashed by vehicles and feet. They were flattened and juicy. At work, some had begun to rot on their own, so they were still round but squishy. Here, most were green and firm, looking like spherical eggs buried in the grass. I was suddenly back in my childhood, collecting up a spilled jar of marbles, also round but much smaller. Then I returned to our spring brunch at D and L's, when we all ate outside together for the first time since fall. It was Easter and, though none of us call ourselves christians and several of us recall the feast of Oestrus, Martha, a child still in her first decade, was present. Linda had decorated guinea hen eggs in the most lovely way and hidden them. After she found them all, Martha hid the chicken eggs she and her mother dyed and several of us searched for them, enjoying the thrill of discovering the hidden treasure. The walnuts are like that, among the nests of grass. I have a little spurt of joy and satisfaction whenever I see one. It reminds me of how my parents hid small piles of pastel colored jelly beans behind chair legs and on window-sills and under the edges of furniture on my childhood Easter mornings and what joy I took in the sight of them, cuddled together waiting for me to add them to my basket.

Helen and Reba join me in my mind as I move around the first tree. I know that Reba perceives the fact of me, picking up nuts, as only right. When you have a bounteous harvest, you try to take most of it, for you may not have another for several years. She has already urged us all to gather delicious pears at her abundant trees. Helen calls herself stingy. I say, "What about thrifty?" and she suggests "frugal." The idea of letting the walnuts go to waste when I am able-bodied enough to pick them up disturbs her. They both understand the complexity of my life and that I work off the land, but I know they are, somewhere deep inside, pleased that I am picking up walnuts.

I am, after an hour and a half, nearly done with this tree. I have stopped to drink water and eat my snack, to jot a

few notes in my memo book and sit quietly in the sun. Now I make a final sweep around the tree, feeling with my feet and eyes for more nuts. I think it is a bit foolish to bend my tiring back for only one, but I do it anyway, a bit obsessed about getting as many as I can and feeling sure I will miss enough to fill the required quotient for leaving a few from every harvest of anything wild.

Here I am in this beautiful bowl of a hayfield, the creek out of sight but very present along the edge, the bluffs rising up from its far bank. The walnut trees themselves are old and imposing and quite lovely. It is here I once found the skull of a small beaver, dragged up by some predator. Over on the creek, there is a new beaver dam, awesome in its complex and sturdy design, damming up the creek and increasing the size of our swimming hole. I have ridden Nori through this field to the creek so she could splash in the water on a hot summer day. I have heard tales of the time one of the original designers of Hawk Hill Community Land Trust staged *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in this very field, the audience seated on blankets on the hill, the performance under the walnuts.

I get in the truck to drive to the next tree and am about to pull away when I spot a litter of nuts I have missed, so I turn off the truck, jump out and pick them up. My reverie is over for the day. I leave the present and the slips into the past and begin to project into the future, into how I want my breakfast and when will I be able to go to the huller. I quickly fill the last of the buckets and head up the hill to the shed.

On the appointed day, I get up early to go load up, hefting the heavy bags and buckets into the back of the truck, stacking them so I am sure they will not tip and spill their precious contents onto the highway as I go. I am feeling intensely proud of myself with this job I have completed. Loaded up, I drive to the huller. The couple is eating breakfast. They have not heard me drive up, though it is past eight, the time they usually open up. When I knock at the door of their trailer, they are startled.

The man meets me out by the machine. By the time I am finished unloading, another pickup is pulling in, this one

holding a pile of loose green nuts. I hold my breath as he piles my bags on the scale. 394 pounds! I am proud, proud and triumphant. I picked up enough nuts to make 639 pounds, hulled. I made sixty-three dollars and ninety cents off my own land, from a "free" crop, by my own labor. It was direct and satisfying. And I paid attention to how I do things and how my mind travels in a way I never took time for in the city.

The tree that is being cut down
in the morning
does not need our prayers.

She will go in peace
as she lived in peace.

She will leave in grace
as she grew in grace,
she is holy aware of Your Love.

But, Mother, it's us I worry
about.

What will happen to us
when we have nothing left
to remind us of things
grander than ourselves?

Elizabeth SkyHawk
Hawaii

LAND DYKES

LIVING OUR POTENTIAL

Tamarack
The Web
Minnesota

As land dykes, we are surrounded by what we need, and what we need to know. We live through the seasons, in rhythm with the changes of the earth. We have our feet rooted deeply in land that we love. We eat food that we have grown ourselves. We breathe sweet fresh air, and drink water that comes from the land that we live on. We are surrounded by beauty. We are as strong as we can be. Through our connection to the earth and our determination to live on land, we have learned how to survive. We have found our ways in the dark of a new moon, built shelters, grown and found food, held ladders secure for each other, shared information, built an interconnection of lesbian lands. Our relationship to each other is a catalyst. Our strength from living on land becomes the grist we need to make things happen. The necessity of continual change and growth taught by the seasons, is our inspiration.

In the winter we experience the stillness of the earth frozen, resting. We hibernate, slow down to our most quiet, experience our deepest thoughts. We keep warm by fires, we dream, we create and plan for spring. Change happens slowly, almost imperceptibly, but definitely. The days begin to grow longer. With the gift of winter comes the ability and responsibility to use this time to think beyond ourselves, to strengthen these connections as a community, to find ways to back each other up, to get beyond the differences that we know to be there that don't matter, to make sure that when we need each other there are channels to make this happen, and as lesbians who live on land, to work toward others being able to do the same, to live freely, as we do. With the gift of time to think, comes the ability and responsibility to be part of change.

In the spring we start seeds, as change

pushes boldly into new growth. We trust and depend on change and growth. We find wild foods as they reappear. We take in the strengthening energy of the sun. We plant so that we can grow what we need. We build spring muscles, know again that we can make ourselves stronger. With the experience of the boldness of spring, in planting seeds in warm earth, in our security that we will again have much of what we need, comes also the ability and responsibility to find ways that everyone has enough to eat, and that everyone has access to land.

In the summer we stretch ourselves to our limits as the days stretch to the longest that they can hold light. We live outside, wake to the sound of birds, live closely with the animals, take in as much wildness as we can. We are part of the earth. Change is gradual. What is begun becomes full. By living so wildly and fully we have learned how to stretch ourselves, while summer's strength has filled us with the fullness of her beauty. With this, we need to question whether we are fully using our energy in the ways that we can, and stretch our minds to possibilities that we have thought impossible.

In the autumn we do all that needs to be done as changes remind us dramatically that winter will soon return. We protect our homes to keep out the storms. We bring in the harvest from the garden. We move in our fullest strength. We tend to what needs to be done, knowing that if we don't it will be too late. As autumn has taught us how to work to get things done, we can apply this same urgency to look deeply at whether or not we could do more, and at what the effects would be if we do not act, share the skills we have learned to survive, rethink and rebuild what we offer each other and the world, in the context of being lesbians who are free enough to be living on land.

As we move in rhythm with the earth we have the chance to find answers for why we are here, why the connections between land dykes are important, what change is

possible. Change can, does, must happen for survival. We have the chance to do something with the strength and perspective we have, as strong wimmin living so closely with the earth.

As land dykes we are rooted, and can find answers in our rootedness for how to make it possible for all who want roots, to be rooted too. As we can feed ourselves, we can find answers to eliminate hunger. As we have good air to breathe, we can speak out with the strength that each breath gives us, against all forms of oppression. As we have good water, we can find ways to save and properly care for this earth. As we have strength and creativity from the beauty that we live in, we can find ways for all to have the chance to live freely.

It is not that we will all find the same answers to how to go beyond being simply a bunch of lesbians who live on land, just as we do not all experience the sun, or the night, or food, or strength, or land we live on, or time herself, even seasons, in the same way.



Looking Down into the Creek
Jenna Weston
Gathering Root, Missouri

We may not experience these things the same way ourselves, one year to the next. One community may be exhausted from doing more than was possible. Another community may not know how to begin. We won't necessarily agree on what needs to be done or whether to concentrate on what we can offer on our land, or in our local communities, or in alliances with people of some greater geographic area who are also working for change, or how we can affect change globally. It is not even that any of these ideas are new. Many land dykes have been activists for years. Many continue to do all that is possible. But as a community there is room for a lot of change, and a lot of growth. If we would all, individually and as a community rethink what we are doing, strengthen discussion with each other, deepen communication, develop our awareness of what is working and what is not, find more ways to help each other, and just as often find more ways to get things done without presuming help from each other, I believe that we would be capable of doing so much more.

These questions come to mind. Are we making it possible for young dykes to get to land? What are we doing to support teenage dykes? Are we sharing skills with girls? Are we out in our rural communities? To individuals? More generally? Can we make it safer for lesbians who may be in the local high school? Do we have ways that we are working against the "right's" tactics of organizing against us, in rural communities? Are we part of native americans reclaiming stolen land? Are we part of african americans looking to be re-rooted? Are we part of what is happening to stop multinationals from destroying land all over the world that wimmin have always, and continue to live on, to grow food? What are we doing about the inequities of global economics? How do we as land dykes have some effect? Are we in alliance with peoples who may have worked on our behalf, or who also need what we enjoy? Are we doing as much as we can about poverty? How are we counteracting poverty, in the rural lesbian community? Generally? Globally? Are we wasting resources that could be better used? Sharing resources has meant that many dykes have been able to get land, stay on land, make land

accessible. Are we sharing our resources as much as we can? Are we doing everything we can to make use of lesbian land that could be home to lesbians? Can we get dykes who have land, or who are on "boards" that own land, talking with lesbians who are looking for homes? Can there be more openness of boards that own land, to change, to let land that is not being lived on become home to lesbians looking for land, even though they might have just met, even though some plans for that land might change? Can lesbians looking for land be open to change in set ideas of what would be perfect, to feel at home, and consider carefully land that some already know and love? Are we doing what we can to make sure that poor dykes, old dykes, dykes with disabilities, out dykes, dykes of colour have any support needed to be able to stay on the land they love? Are we concerned that everyone have the freedom that we work toward having for ourselves?

Can we as a land dyke community take some time to rethink our direction, our priorities, our opinions? Can we go beyond the satisfaction of having gotten to land, to become an even more vocal,

active part of world change? Can we get beyond the consumer mentality of ignoring land that is available, because it seems "second hand?" Can we go beyond holding land "in perpetuity for lesbians", while not allowing lesbians to live on that land? Can we go beyond the prevalent belief that most have more, when in fact many have less? Can we go beyond victim, to realize what we have to offer? Are we honest with ourselves and with each other about what resources we have?

As much as many of these questions have been discussed, answered, acted on, I am asking them of myself, and I am interested in more discussion, widely, in the land dyke community. Everything already being done is visionary and inspiring. I believe, though, that we can do more. I also believe that with the ongoing energy derived from these land based lives that we are living, that we do have the ability and responsibility to continue to challenge ourselves and each other to change and grow.

Change is needed, as profoundly as change is possible. The seasons remind us of what is possible. We can be catalysts for each other. We are capable of so much more.



Cookie
Moonshadows, Oregon

LAND MEMORIES

Barbara Ester
Utah

livin' in the country - livin on land
my earliest memories are stirred
my childhood home
wild smells .. open spaces field, forest,
the creek, the pond, the apple orchards and gardens.
farms: cows and chickens: milk and eggs
home-made bread star filled skies
out-house .. one room school
snowy winters and sweaty summers
long walks across the country-side ...
through barbed wire fences
mom sayin' "watch out for strange men, take the dog."

soul turned soil turned
anxious to plant seed divide the garlic & onions
walk up the hill through horse pasture.....
to the streams music
memories rushing through me.....
peace in these memories

then i remember country changing to suburbs.....
the ticky tacky houses
i cried with the polluted stream
i didn't want to be a farmers wife anyway
or drive a tractor, milk cows, or bale hay
BUT MY GARDENS! MY WILD LANDS!
in suburbs k-marts and factories jobs for money
growing on my own ... on to creating my home
college and city .. ant hills of people .. exhaust fumes
fast paced nite lights.... "be careful", mom said.
moon - lake -- park my refuge.
~~~~~ i hear the waters ~~~~~  
play the flute for all the beauty of this land  
and breath deeply ..... now

# MOVING ON IS HARD

Diann Bowoman  
Ohio

Leaving your land community is a difficult and painful task. As Juana Maria Paz has asked, "Where do dreams go when they die?"

No matter what changes, work or emotional upset the remaining landed womyn face, seldom do they include immediate decisions about relocation, actual moving logistics or establishing a new economic base. The majority of their friends and support systems are left intact, as well as their personal routines, income and home environment.

In contrast, the unlanded dykes, who previously left their social, economic and geographic bases to create community at an existing land, are left at ground zero the second time around. Is it any wonder that many are hesitant to join with womyn who already have herstory on 'their' patch of earth, whether or not they legally own it. It sheds insight on comments frequently heard about so many lands with just a few dykes present.

Unlanded lesbians, especially after an emotionally turbulent break-up, often disillusioned, low on financial resources, probably homeless, are usually not in an objective, responsible or trusting place to explore other lands and initiate new friendships. The lucky may have a few heartfriends and/or family who have space, resources or energy to share during this transition. Survival becomes the main issue for those who don't. There may or may not be a settlement from an initial investment of money and work. Often they lose most of it or take a large loss, as financial resources are frequently tied up in housing, improvements or the land itself.

This has been an isolating experience for me. It is hard to cast off the shadow of personal failure, even though I tried everything I knew to change the outcome. It's like mourning many deaths at once: the dream of community, finding my life-work, friendships I thought solid, the land itself, my cabin and garden, newly established daily rhythms, as well as my partner of many years. At the end I felt as a frantic hostage watching while my

'family', home, work and values were consumed by a blazing bonfire. No matter how I had struggled to extinguish the flames or help get 'everyone' and 'everything' out, I finally had to admit it was beyond my power. I pulled away and rolled until the flames on my clothes and body ceased. The healing is slow.

Now comes the hard work of deciding what to do and where to go. I'm one of the luckier ones, with friends and family who have and share their resources generously. My job is the daily task of re-gaining trust in myself and my decisions. To make changes in the way I interact with others and shift my expectations of community living. Then I have to relearn how and when to trust others, and what I can or should depend on them for. Making a living, staying healthy and learning how to ground myself with the constant changes I experience on the road come next. I refuse to return fulltime to malestream culture, but this was not the life I chose when I moved to the land. It is not a life that nourishes me, but one that drains me. I'm not a rover.

This and the following piece are my first attempts to share my experience within the broader land community. Writing about my great pain at leaving the land felt safest for me, as well as non-invasive of others who were involved. I am still seeking a way to offer my perspectives, get feedback and initiate discussion that is not perceived as trashing other womyn, yet raises honestly the issues with which we failed to deal. After more than a year of mourning, I'm still processing with a few friends and journaling, but I feel some public analysis of the inherent power differences of landed and unlanded lesbians and the methods of handling our closures is necessary to our movement.

I do not think my experience is an isolated one; I encourage other dykes to put some of their experiences into words and send them to me. (Or to Maize.) I hope to consolidate our joint dis-eases and possible solutions into a future article for Maize. I would also offer to facilitate or participate in a workshop for unlanded lesbians at the fall gathering at InTouch.

# LEAVE-TAKING

Diann Bowoman  
Ohio

It is a late afternoon in mid-April, unseasonably hot and sunny with a light wind not quite gently stirring Spring on. After a needed visit to the outhouse, I feel the urge for a swim. The walk down to the pond is pleasant. But the water is very cold against my bare skin, even more than I expect. When the violent shivering subsides as my body numbs, I discover, in contrast, my mind is suddenly and sharply aware.

I realize it is my last dip in this welcoming oasis. My time on this land is almost spent. It is ironic that just as I feel familiar enough with this land to trust her, to see and appreciate her being, to adjust to her habits and habitants, to not waste my time wishing she were that 'other land', only now, then I leave. When I first saw her six years ago it was not love at first sight. I am slow to form intimate bonds with wimmin or earth bases, and it was with her human sister/owners I was enthusiastically and laboriously building my bridges. With those connections deemed solidly in place, I reluctantly located myself on one of her wildly scruffy hillsides. I opened up just enough to say, "Ok, I'll co-exist with you but don't expect me to like you. If you don't push me, I will respect your ways and not disturb you needlessly."

She must have been content with this agreement. She didn't push me, but kept to her own patterns on a regular schedule which I began to know and trust. Honoring my part of the bargain, I tried to fill my needs and share with others without tearing at her side or disrupting her many households. While the seasons cycled three times around me I observed her changes, buried my hands in her soil, sometimes sampled her offerings, made some to her, and went about my human tasks. All this time my roots were quietly, diligently growing into her substance, often without my conscious awareness.

...I am cradled on a wooden porch designed and built, determinedly and competently by my lover, overlooking an early summer-soft valley filled with leafy young trees. The slopes around abound with wildflower and 'weeds', while both settings nurture

industriously flitting birds, silent sunning snakes, a variety of very active insect pollinators, small rustling mammals and an occasional cautious deer. Staring upon that scenario, or off into the horizon where the ridges meet the sky, I wander deep in thought, nap dreamily, read intently or attempt to capture an illusive idea and transfer it to paper. All the while I quietly absorb the healing energy this land offers me. I thank her caretakers and plan a lifetime of returning the gift.

...High winds lash at the sturdy little cabin, the first dwelling I ever helped to build. Constructed almost entirely by lesbian hands and hearts, she stands firmly, without adornment and a bit pious, like the truth in a field of lies. I feel some fear; but between ions helping the storm sweep the land clean and the firm foundation of our well-anchored haven, I have the freedom of security in which to enjoy this moment of exhilaration.

...The landscape is starkly illuminated under a heavy blanket of snow. A hushed reverence hangs in the air as I break through the deep, white ground cover on my journey to the cold-frame. I harvest some grass green broccoli, whose companions continue to grow slowly, almost magically despite the environment. On my way back to the door, I scatter birdseed on the picnic table and fill the feeder so the smaller guests don't end up in the drifts. My partner is usually the one to tend our feathered neighbors, but my broccoli quest would not wait. The sun suddenly flows out from behind her curtains of cloud, creating a glistening halo of light where her rays meet the snow.

My senses call me back to the pond again. I'm very cold. Time to get out. Leave. Depart. It is painful, this good-bye. Unknowingly I grew a multitude of strong, vital connections with which I have been holding on for dearlife until this moment. I have kicked and screamed and pleaded and cried and mourned for lost dreams and lost friendships, but I see that I have also been hanging onto the land with my heart and soul. Now I love her. Now I will leave. I said good-bye today. I hope the roots she nourished can keep this transplant alive until I find a fertile new home. And I hope the roots of mine that were painfully severed in the process, too numerous to eradicate, compost to nourish her tomorrow.

# GATES TO LIVE BY

Hawk Madrone  
Fly Away Home  
Oregon

There are many ways to reckon the past twenty years of *Fly Away Home*. First there were the two of us here, then four for a few years, then--and still--the original two of us again. The garden grew from modest plantings for summer and autumn dinners, to a 10,000 square feet fenced "vegetable park", that feeds us year-round; flowers abound on a hillside that was once a briar patch. History is told by the increasing number of holes in the roof of the venerable old barn, where wind has sucked away hand-hewn shingles, dark and brittle with age, and by the buckling of one of the barn walls where the floor beam has rotted, a beam no doubt harvested from the nearby forest, like all the wood in this relic. The forest itself tells a tale, as some vistas have been cut off by the growing tops of evergreens, and others opened as those same trees lose their lower branches, inviting me to gaze deep into the forest, and beyond. Recently I discovered that the sunset now glows full-orbed through the self-thinning grove just west of my house.

I read history in the changes, the making-new, the letting-go, the deaths of animal companions, the arrival of new ones...the openings and closings of the chapters of my country life. Like the openings and closings of gates, each change is a passageway from the past to the future. The gates we have built here themselves tell stories.

When Bethroot and I came to explore this hill in March of 1976, there was no gate at the entrance to the dirt road that snaked through a neighbor's ridge of timber for over a mile, up above the blacktop county road, up to just within the boundary of what would become our home. A gate was the last thing on my mind as I leapt into this lap, and knew I was truly coming home, knew I was beginning a love with the earth that would hold and carry me for the rest of my life.

Actually, there wasn't much need for a gate, as a deterrent to intruders, given that the road itself was nearly impassable.

The deep ruts in the clay, softened by the late winter rains, were testament to the perseverance of the Big Blue, the old Dodge three-quarter-ton truck that was included as part of the sales contract, the only vehicle we had that could make it up the road.

A couple of months and over a thousand dollars later, the road had been changed from an unwelcoming gauntlet of ruts, mud, and potholes, to a fairly manageable dirt and gravel run. Word must have gotten out to the townspeople fifteen miles away that there were new residents at the "old Pate place", and that we had fixed the road. As Spring warmed into Summer many an evening's sunset was interrupted by a car suddenly appearing at the "stable" (where the horsepower is parked. We didn't want a "parking lot" in the country.) The stories from the men behind the wheel varied from having gotten lost, to simply wanting to have a look at the place where they had visited the Pate family some decades earlier, or used as a trysting place when the land had been deserted for a few years in the late sixties. I suspect they were curious about these two apparently husbandless women, who proposed to make a go of it on this isolated hilltop.

Wanting solitude and a home separated from, and uninterrupted by, the men's world as much as possible, we decided to erect some kind of gate down at the bottom of the road, with a No Trespassing sign, and a combination lock attached. That first barrier to unwanted visitors was a heavy thick sisal rope stretched between two yew posts, all of which we found among the welcome materials left by the former owners. We labored mightily to sink those eight-foot posts two feet deep into the rocky ground, our first feat with a pick-ax and the posthole digger. (The huge garden fence came some years later.)

Bethroot and I were still new at doing big work projects together. The year before, in her backyard in the city, we had put in a small garden, though I knew next to nothing about gardening back then. When we came to this land we were faced with work to do that made mockery of our previously assumed limits. We learned how to safely perch on high ladders and staple

heavy tarpaper to the exposed plywood of the unfinished house, fix leaks in the mile-long water line, install additional pipe for the propane system...and wield a posthole digger.

A few months later the rope was replaced by a more sturdy heavy metal link chain, donated by the neighbor who was interested in protecting his timber from firewood-seeking poachers. We gave the combination to the lock to our new dyke friends in the area, and included it on the maps we sent out to old lovers and city-friends, and other women who came from afar to befriend and celebrate our country home.

So, first the rope, then the chain, were about shutting out energy that we didn't want coming up the road. The sign and the lock were a clear statement that this was not a public road, not a route for Sunday drives, that we wanted privacy, that we were not available for unsolicited visitors. And such interruptions did stop, except for the two hardy middle-aged Pate sisters who walked the whole way up the road one summer day to courteously ask to say hello to this land that had been their childhood's home. Their reckoning of the passing of time was by the spreading growth of the forest; they were amazed at how tall the evergreens had grown, how thickly they and the sinewy madrones hugged our new round house. And we were amazed to learn that their parents, who had homesteaded this land, had been from Tennessee and Pennsylvania, as were Bethroot and I. I was glad these women understood that the chain on the road had some welcome in its links.

But that chain-gate was clumsy to deal with when time came for the day-long trips to town for supplies. Eventually, when we each had jobs that took us away from home two to three days a week, struggling with the chain became a downright nuisance, one we bore with much frustration.

After we had been here about three years, our family of two swelled to four. Bonnie, a stranger who had visited, returned to farm-sit for over a month while Bethroot and I were away on separate trips. She loved it here, and it seemed natural for her to stay. It wasn't long before she and Bethroot found their love for the land spilling over onto each other, and I was living with a couple. The year before, I

had begun a deep and passionate relationship with Izetta, a woman from the city whom I had met at our Hollowmas gathering. She was going through a difficult divorce, her husband demanding and getting custody of their six year old son. Having tendered him since birth, now she would have only school vacations with him. Walking an emotional tightrope, she came to make home with me, a Separatist, and with like-minded Bethroot and Bonnie, on this women-only land. Next to finding this land, finding my heart's mate was a life-long dream fulfilled, and she and I made a loving bond with each other, despite the loyalties that sometimes tugged us in opposite directions.

Now that there were four of us, there were even more goings and comings, as well as more energy available to make some improvements. Some friends living on a sisterland about an hour away, had inherited some old wooden truck panels with their property, and offered them to us as possible gates. Now that was a step up! Swinging gates! No more hauling the heavy chain out of the way or pulling it taut enough to get the lock on it again. Unfortunately, the yew posts were too close together to accommodate the span of the wooden panels; we'd have to remove them. Getting those posts out was even harder than installing them had been. Bethroot and I had done a good job of pounding rocks down into the holes around the posts, taking advantage of a nubbin of a branch that stuck out on the side of one of the posts, which then defied extraction. The four of us took turns with the digging and pulling, and grunting. That back-breaking removal was one of the first instances of learning the lesson that nothing is permanent, even though it is necessary to build as though it were.

We used treated fir timbers for the new posts, taller and thicker than the yew, placed about eighteen feet apart, one on each side of the road. We hung the panels, which I had braced with diagonal boards, between the posts, with strap hinges. Izetta and I installed the latch: a heavy-duty metal bar on the longer of the two gates, that slipped through a similar metal hoop on the other, shorter gate, that would remain stationary, except when the huge propane delivery truck came through once a year. Near the latch we

wrapped a short length of metal chain from one gate to the other, and on that placed the combination lock. Then we painted both gates and posts dark green, to protect the wood from weathering as well as give an overall appearance of beauty and care. The finishing touches were two round orange reflectors on the county road side, insurance against anybody driving into the possibly unseen gates on a dark rainy Oregon night.

This was one of the first tasks Izetta and I shared, and it was one of those scenes where I figured I knew more than she did about how to do such things as hang a gate and install a latch. Between my presumptuousness and her short temper, we added a bit of tension to the job. But we worked doggedly together to improve the opening to our home, despite the mismatch that we sometimes were. We built our relationship as Bethroot and I had put in those original posts: digging into the packed resistance of our individual histories and choices, pushing past the obstacles of our sometimes-conflicting expectations, defying the hardness, bravely and determinedly choosing our loving despite rock-bottom differences. Four years later, when the ex-husband suddenly died and Izetta rushed to her son, those differences would rend us, explode our lives apart, and leave each of us with years of healing to accomplish.

That wooden panel gate went on to serve this land for fifteen years, surviving both those loverships, and other openings and closings of the heart. Back to just the two of us, Bethroot and I each licked our wounds, some of which we caused each other. We worked the land, planted and reaped in abundance, and celebrated the changing of the seasons with the friends and strangers who passed through our gate, leaving behind the noise and harshness of the world beyond. I earned my reputation as a recluse in earnest, learning to love my singularity, and reserving my heart for the land and my animal family.

Over time the longer gate sagged, no longer restrained by the diagonal bracing; the paint peeled, the wooden slats cracked and bent under the stress, and began to rot. The latch bar no longer slid easily through the hoop, requiring a lifting of the gate to open and close it, which became more and more of a chore. Last

Summer I figured the gate was nearing her end, though I hoped she'd last yet another year.

That Autumn someone else apparently decided we needed a new gate, for one day, when I was away helping another dyke with a construction project, Bethroot discovered that the long gate had been smashed. Pieces of the horizontal slats lay splintered on the road, the space between the verticals gaping and tongued with broken boards. Bethroot used some scrap pieces of wood and a portable power drill to make as good a temporary repair as she could, but these were bandaids and a new gate was in order.

Pushed to take on the project I had wanted to delay, I discovered that I welcomed it. Yes, it was time for something new at the entrance to this home, something that would announce change. Time to declare that the gate erected by four was worn out, time for me to celebrate my success at nurturing a satisfying wholeness in my single life, my freedom from the pain of the past.

We were almost ready to buy a metal gate from the Farm Co-op, but I noticed, on another country road, a gate made from poles that looked simple and attractive. So I designed something similar for what we needed, extended the design from what I observed as only about eight feet long to the not quite twelve foot length we required. We had poles already lying about, and another that had fallen very near my path to the Poogoda that looked in good shape. So Bethroot stripped most of the poles and I set to the carpentry, building it on the flat space at the stable. I had a good time working on this gate, working slowly and carefully to make it as beautiful as my skills, twenty years in the honing, could produce. I lost count of how many lap-joints I cut and chiseled, at least thirty, fine-tuned to fit together snugly. Then I assembled most of the posts to the rails with long nails, predrilling holes for them to make sure the poles would not split. Last thing I did was drill holes for the bolts that would hold the fifteen-foot diagonal in place, the strengthening hypotenuse that would give a sense of triangularity to an essentially horizontal gate.

I worked on the new gate the better part of a week, though not every day,

due to rain that sent me to other, indoor, tasks. Because of the length and height of the design, it was not possible to completely assemble the gate at the stable, so sections of it had to be laid on Big Blue's bed and driven to the site. There I finished the assembly, while Bethroot cut back the blackberries spilling down the bank beside the road, clogging the ditch and trailing into the gateway.

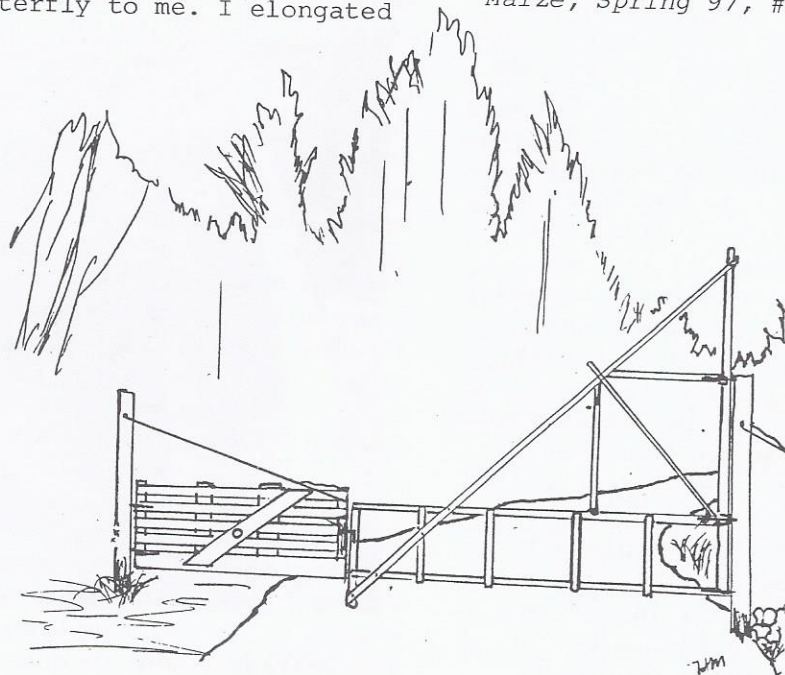
BR and I hung the gate together, which involved taking what was left of the old gate off its hinges, and reclaiming the strap hinges and a few of its bolts so we could use them on the new gate. I had to drill new holes in the still-solid fir timber in order to relocate the fixed part of the hinges. Getting it just right meant that we had to lift the heavy gate into and out of position several times before it swung with ease.

I am proud of what I made, loved seeing it come into being, loved making something that is even more beautiful than what was there before. This one is made entirely out of poles from the land, with no dimensional lumber involved; its parts are round and look like the trees they are. And I love the long diagonal brace that is a part of the gate itself, rather than adding on a wire cable for a brace, like the old one had (and that eventually bent the gate). That diagonal inspired me to add more diagonals, making more triangles. The end effect is that the space above the horizontal rails is a stylized flying creature, that looks most like a butterfly to me. I elongated

one of the shorter diagonals to effect a head, giving just the right amount of suggestion of a being, a flying being, a perfect welcome to *Fly Away Home*.

I have made many gates on this land: three for the garden, four for the fence around my house, now this one for the road. With this last one I entered a new world of gates, with design and creativity and beauty. The prior gates, more functional than aesthetic, are quite fine, and perfect for the work they do. But this one lifts me, and makes me fly, most every time I open and close it. Recently I returned from a visit up north with my former mate and her partner. It had been over five years since I last saw Izetta, and I knew Ellen only slightly a long time ago. I was ready to be with them, to give my blessing to their loving in their presence, to give myself the certain knowing of my healing. It was a successful journey, with gifts of understanding and compassion, playfulness and song. Home again, I opened the gate, then sat a few moments in the car, admiring this invitation at the bottom of our road. As I drove through the gateway, flanked by a yellow profusion of scotch broom, I felt myself moving through the story of my life, a story in part about opening and closing, opening and closing, like the gates that have stood sentinel to the road 'Home.

*Madrone's instructions for building the pole gate appeared in the last issue of Maize, Spring 97, #53.*



Hawk Madrone

## LEZZIE LAND CRIP

# ODE TO PUMPKIN

Mary Frances  
Camp Mary  
New Hampshire

For those of you who are unacquainted, Pumpkin is my 1985 cargo mini van. Oh don't stop reading here, it's not just another boring gal and her stupid car story. It's a severely disabled gal and her enabling accessible van story. Actually, Pumpkin is a kind of a relative to ancestral covered wagons, circus side cars, and carnival trailers. Fifteen years of girl scouting, ten years of wilderness camping and twenty years on the road as a carnie have brought Pumpkin and I to the heights we have achieved.

I bought Pumpkin three years after her "birth" with money obtained from a car accident that had demolished my previous vehicle. As I was using a scooter then, she was adapted with hand controls and a scooter lift. For a few years the cargo part of Pumpkin held only my scooter.

As my disability progressed, it became more and more difficult for me to do tent camping, so I decided to make Pumpkin into a camper. I began by building shelves for storage as well as an area to cook on, using recycled wood. From her roof I dropped a piece of plywood to serve as over-bed storage as well as something I could grab onto while laying down, and pull myself up from...kind of like an over the bed trapeze. I picked up a used large metal cooler at a yard sale and unscrewed the top so it could be easily removed. I put a hole in the floor and ran a plastic tube from the cooler drain through the hole and out the fan for "automatic drainage". In the cargo area I also placed a wicker box basket that provided more clothes storage and provided a place to put my pillows and sleeping bag when not in use. I scrounged up a six inch foam and pieced it together to form a bed on the floor. There would still be enough



room for my scooter to ride inside the van, and on top of the bed. I added curtains made by me from material I had on hand and I put up a number of hooks for hanging clothes on. I purchased a new 2 burner camping stove that traveled intact on a shelf for about twenty dollars. I also purchased portable camping toilet for thirty dollars which fit nicely between the cooler and the wicker basket. This worked really well for a number of years and provided me with freedom for camping as well as traveling.

In 1993 I experienced a pulmonary embolism with ensuing heart disease and began to use oxygen on a nightly and daily basis. I now required the assistance of a night time respirator. I also developed multiple chemical sensitivities and could be in few spaces outside of my own. Since staying in other people's homes, or motels were now out of the question, I needed the sanctuary of Pumpkin more than ever. Unlike many vans, Pumpkin had no carpet, or "smelly extras" and was one of the few "safe" spaces I could be in. Out came the passenger seat, and in went a 65 pound tank of liquid oxygen for respirator and portable use. The toilet in the cargo area was now inaccessible for my use, so it too moved to the passenger area.

Previous to the embolism, I only needed electricity to charge my chair, now I needed it for my respirator. I bought a low voltage power inverter that I can



plug into my cigarette lighter and it will run my respirator for up to eight hours. Vwalla, independent again! Just in case my battery did drain from respirator use, I also bought a gizmo that will jump my battery by my pugging it into my cigarette lighter while sitting in the drivers seat. These were my largest adaptation expenses at a total cost of one hundred fifty dollars.

In 1996 I fine tuned my mobile home by adding battery string lights, a solar shower, and a collapsible "porch" made of a beach umbrella. One of my best recent summertime memories is sitting on the bed of my van, with feet out the side door, scooter in front of me, writing on my word processor which is plugged into the inverter, facing the ocean, under my newly devised awning. I've become less dependent on inaccessible camp grounds by adding privacy curtains for the shower area which unfolds off of the hatch back, as well as the "bathroom addition".

As the summer wore on it became more and more obvious that I could no longer do the walking, standing, or bending required to use my existing scooter lift, so I timed my standing ability and found a used scooter lift that attaches to the outside of my van, requires no bending, and takes only 18 seconds to operate. Mid September my service dog, Lucy! and I will travel back down to the Cape to see just how much more independence this newest adaptation will provide. I'm hoping that I'll be able to travel longer distances



*Photos by Mary Frances*



*Mary Frances*

as I will be able to rest more cuz the scooter travels outside as opposed to inside the van.

Pumpkin is my symbol of freedom. Although I use approximately nine hours of personal assistance daily, once Pumpkin is packed, Lucy! and I can manage fairly well without any human help until it's time to unload from whatever adventure we've been on. Pumpkin has everything I need and is totally accessible to me for camping as well as traveling. Recently I added a small size steering wheel for greater ease in getting in and out of the drivers seat. It's amazing to me that no matter where my disabilities go, I can continue to find ways to adapt Pumpkin to my needs. I have realized how valuable she is, and although not my primary vehicle, I plan to keep replacing engines, transmissions, and body parts well into the 21st century! So, don't be surprised on your next trip to the ocean or mountains when you see a wheelie and her dog produce steaming plates of food from a little yellow van!

# THRIVE AND GROW

Jae Haggard  
Outland, New Mexico

9995

Spread out your branches, spread out your roots, Put forth your blossoms and leaves. Spread out your branches, spread out your roots, Put forth your blossoms and please, thrive and grow.

# THANKS TO THE BERRIES

Jae Haggard  
Outland, New Mexico

9996

Thanks to the berries and thanks to the trees - Each petal, blossom and all of the leaves. Thanks to the veggies and thanks to the fruits, flowers and herbs, greens and roots.

Carrots and onions, tomatoes to stew.  
Apples and corn, celery to chew.  
Parsley and basil, pesto to make.  
Parsnips, potatoes, and sunroots to bake.

All of us Dykes with hands in the soil,  
Singing and laughing, enjoying the toil.  
Whatever we seek of our dreams, hopes and goals,  
Tending the garden is food for our souls.

Jae: I've recorded these songs and others on a LandMade tape called Country Dyke Songs. It's my gift to you and is listed in LAND LESY.

# DYKE WELL BEING

## MENOPAUSE

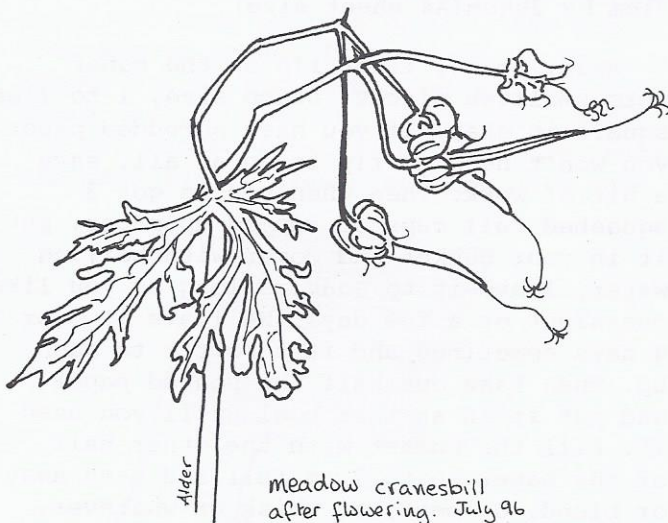
A post-menopausal infusion, high in calcium and minerals (from Susun Weed's *The Menopausal Years*): oatstraw, nettles, red clover, horsetail--infuse for 4 hours in wide mouth pint size thermos, easy to take while travelling. I have stopped taking post-menopausal calcium supplements since I've been drinking this infusion daily for 1½ years. I also drink 1 tbsp of "old sour puss" apple cider vinegar in a glass of water before meals (or with meals): same herbs as above, fresh, let sit in apple cider vinegar for 6 weeks, strain. Fresh raspberry leaves, plantain, comfrey, can also be added. Good luck to all you menopausal and post-menopausal she! (I recommend Susun Weed's book.)

Rainbow Cornelia  
Maine

## WOUNDS

For wounds made from rusty metal or any metal where there is a worry of tetanus infection, a peach leaf placed directly on the wound will stop tetanus. It drains out any crud and reduces swelling too. We have done this several times and have no problems and quick relief.

Cilbey and Raewyn  
Umua, Aotearoa



Katharine Alder  
Scotland

## TONING

I've toned and cleared a lot of things in my body. I've written before about the wonders of toning on about every conceivable level. I've loved the other toning stories in *Maize*. And I'm still amazed every time something happens and I tone and like magic there's healing.

The other day I was pouring boiling-hot burdock-dandelion tea into a cup. I got distracted and boiling water didn't just splash but poured onto my left hand plus a slop of the pan sent another cascade. I could already feel the burning and knew it could be a significant burn.

I just followed my intuition and for a few seconds ran cold water over my hand. Then I started toning, just asking for the note that my hand needed. My hand of its own volition rose to within about a half inch of my toning mouth, so close I could feel the vibration of the tone going into my burned hand and fingers. I kept moving my hand so the vibration touched every scalded portion.

Almost immediately the increasing level of the pain halted. Within a couple of minutes the pain itself started to go away. I did the cold water and toning again and went back to my guitar. No problem and no discomfort. It was the next day before I remembered the burn. Not only had the pain so immediately gone away, but my hand never showed even the slightest bit of reddening or tenderness.

I'm still awed just thinking of it.  
Jae Haggard  
Outland, New Mexico

Lesbians know a lot about our physical and emotional wellness, as well as dis-ease. The Dykes at Outland are gathering stories on any kind of self-healing practice that Dykes do ourselves without resorting to healers or doctors or mainstream medicines (writing in the "I"... "I do..." or "For me..."). Stories will be printed in the *Dyke Well Being* Section of *MAIZE*. And, when there are enough stories on any practice or dis-ease, we'll put them together into homemade booklets that'll be given away through *Land Lesy* in *MAIZE*. We want our experiences to inspire each other to believe we each can make a difference in our own well-being, even if we are not "cured". Our stories, like our lives, are important.

# MAKING PAPER

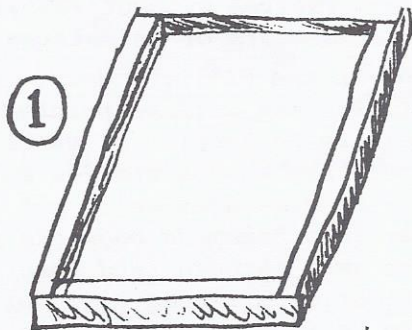
Raewyn and Cilbey  
Umua  
Aotearoa

Kia ora koutou, ko uha mo uha anake,

We are expecting a cyclone sometime soon, apparently up to 150 km per hour winds with it. Actually we are really hoping to be passed by. We wouldn't mind missing out on something like that. Always something isn't there, volcanoes erupting, earthquakes and cyclones. There are lots of trees around us and we are wishing they will be okay. Time will tell. It's raining again, which is good for the garden as it's been hot for a few days, and we haven't spent the day inside for a while. It's a good day to make paper.

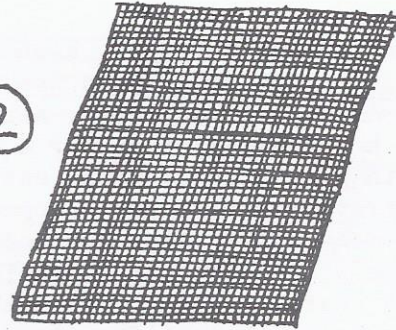
We make all our own writing paper, what we can't recycle as is, out of scrap paper, waste bits, and even though it takes a bit of time, around  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour per sheet, to make, we enjoy doing it. And it saves a few trees to recycle, so what's a few minutes. How we do it is very simple and as we do it all by hand there's no fancy equipment, but you could use what you have, fancy and all.

Scrap paper to recycle for a start, we use a 10 litre bucket, but any large pot or bowl would do, plus a smaller bowl. It's a splashy job, so lots of water is used. A masher, or egg beater or whisk. We actually use an old potato masher because we don't have an egg beater. That's all to prepare the scrap paper ready to make into new paper. The rest of the things you'll need are:



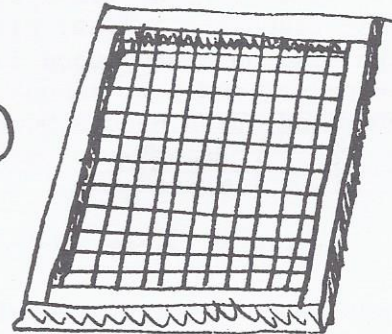
wooden frame, any size  
you want your paper.

②



a fine mesh (1 millimetre square  $\square$ )  
mesh same size as frame

③

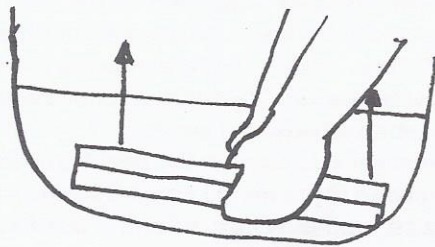
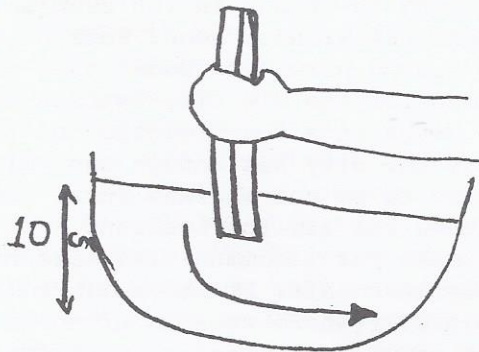


another wooden frame  
solid wider mesh.

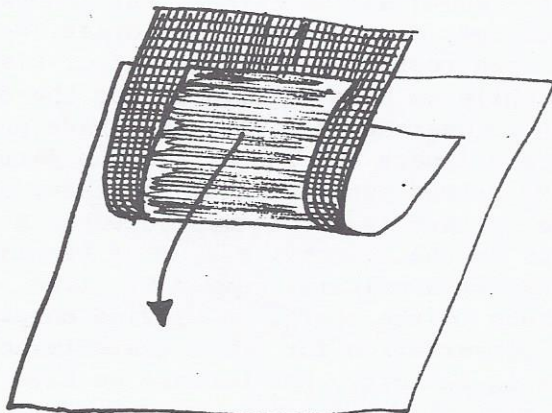
Then you'll need a container to hold the mashed up paper that's big enough to get your sieve into, boards to dry it all on and a sponge. We use an old pink babies bath, as we usually make paper 21cm by 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ cm (A4 sheet size).

Ready to go, first rip up the paper into smallish pieces, stamp size, 1 to 2 cm square in okay. If you have shredded paper you won't need to rip it up at all, save a bit of work. Then when you've got 3 squashed full cups of ripped up paper, put it in your bucket and cover with boiling water, leave it to soak as long as you like, overnight or a few days. We leave it 3 or 4 days sometimes and it's softer to mash up. Then take out half the soaked paper and put it in another bowl until you need it. Fill the bucket with the other half of the paper up to 7 cm full and mash away, or blend, or beat, or whisk or whatever, till the paper is all pulpy and no big pieces left. It could take a while. Tip the pulpy paper into your tub, or wheel-

barrow (lined with plastic maybe) and do the same to the other half of soaked paper. Add water to the tub to make a level of about 10 cm. Next comes the wood frames and mesh. Have #3 on the bottom, put fine mesh #2 on top of it and then wood frame #1 on very top. Hold it all firmly together on the sides, swirl the pulp and water around so it's all mixed up, slide your frames and mesh underneath it all and holding it all level now slowly lift the frames up out of the pulpy water.



It needs a bit of practice to get an even sheet of paper but an uneven piece works just as well. For thicker or thinner paper add more or less pulp to the tub. When you've taken, lifted really, the frames out of the water, let the water drain off for a minute or so, then lift off the wooden frame #1 off the top, peel the mesh #2 off slowly and lay pulp down



on a board, smooth piece of wood or cardboard, doing it slowly. Then softly at first, very softly, pat the mesh with the sponge. As you get the water out, wringing out the sponge between pressing, you can press harder. If you press too hard first off, the pulpy watery paper might get holes in it and you'll have to re-do it. We know. Press quite firmly in the end to get out as much water as you can, then peel the mesh off and leave your new piece of paper to dry. Repeat this till there's not enough pulp left. Whatever is left can be used in the next batch. When the paper is dry, peel it off your board, and that's it. The boards we use are non-stick card; wooden boards need to be smooth, waxed or varnished.

We didn't want to buy paper any more, so this is a good way to make your own. Good luck.



Jean Mountaingrove  
Rootworks, Oregon

# THE WIDENING CHASM OF LANDYKE/URBANDYKE POLITICS

Nett Hart  
The Web  
Minnesota

I say I am a landyke and everyone thinks they know who I am. I have goats and landmates and live on the side of a mountain in a shed I built from old granola cartons. Or my hammock overlooks both the ocean and virginal forests where nymphs frolic and chortle and we live on flower blossoms.

When someone asks about my actual life, beyond the dykes and the terrain, talk usually comes to the projects which constitute most of my time. As the conversation continues, it becomes clear that to the urban dyke, either I am not a real landyke or I am not real. I shrug. My life is unintelligible outside the context of the land. But even here on the land, where visitors often spend a weekend without going outdoors, even here it is not real to them.

I recognize a growing chasm between urban dyke culture and landykes. It's more than that we are on season time and urban dykes are on calendar time: dyke festivals and gatherings scheduled during planting and harvest; late hour films, dances, and parties when we have to drive some distance home, maybe do chores and then sleep before an early rising to use available light. It's more than upward mobility and concerts that cost a city dyke's hourly wage and a landyke's daily cash, eating in restaurants when we grow exquisite vegetables. It's more than an urban dyke seeing my wringer washer and getting nostalgic about her grandmother using one. Honey, I am still using one and your grandma got rid of hers forty years ago. We are not reservoirs of your past. We are our own present choices and our future. It is not our job to make urban consumer culture tolerable by providing a place to fictionalize our lives. It is not a privileged position to be the embodiment of another's fantasy. We did not stay or come to the land by default. We have a vision. Catering to the urban fantasy of rural idyllic life is unfocusing

us and further stigmatizing rural life as not the real world.

Where have all the town dykes gone who used to stomp in boots, cultivate their window boxes as though this was the north 40, and long to be out in the deep darkness of a night sky without neon? Some of them grew up around here, you know, came out and headed for the big city Lesbian community. Maybe it's the promotion of the idea that the city has enough anonymity for anyone to be out whereas rural communities know who are the Lesbians. It doesn't make rural communities more homophobic or less safe. It makes out individuals out everywhere whereas urban Lesbians come out at will to those they choose. Maybe it's just always easier to be out if you're from somewhere else. Still, rural roots are easy to find in urban dykes. Many always planned to someday build that cabin in the woods. Why are these dreams so far from the reality of 90's urban dyke culture?

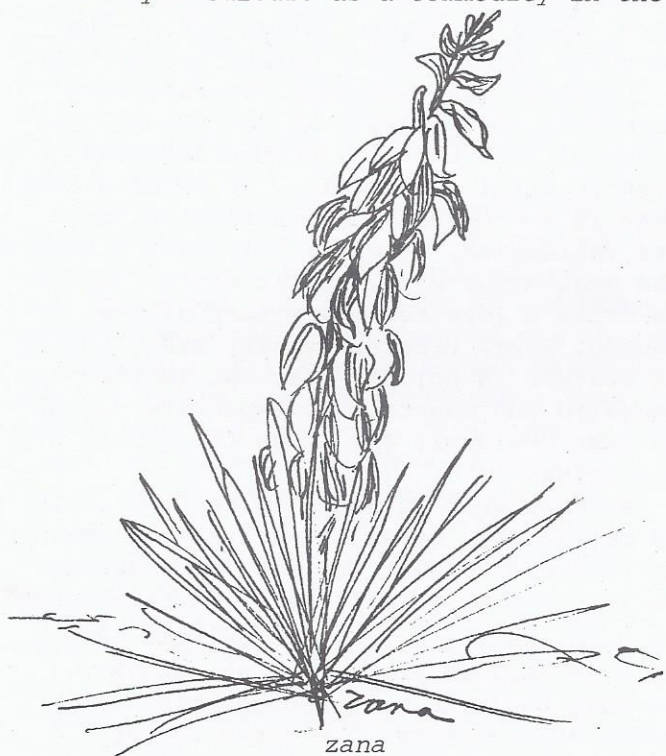
Lesbian culture has been urbanized and patronized by the glitzy issues of status, benefits and market niche. Social and economic justice are remnants of the old Lesbian feminist "grim" agendas, you know, no fun, no humor, no camp. Concerns by Lesbians and all people of color, all poor people, all people with disabilities, all young people, all old people, including Lesbians within these peoples, have been scorned. Urbanized Lesbian culture has become bereft of any inclusive political agenda and afraid to speak out against sexism among allies. I know why landykes often feel deserted by urban dykes. We have put down roots in creating another vision and while we have settled in for the duration to overhaul society, they have put on glass slippers and run off to the party.

My friend put the piece together. Urban dyke culture is a consumer culture. A visit to the country, a tour of Lesbian lands, is a cultural commodity, like tickets to the opera. We provide hospitality and conversation for which there is no time in the city, not because we have more

time, but because we have different priorities. We host Lesbians very dissimilar to us even as we remain invisible to them. We set aside our work to listen, tend dykes in distress and under stress, and if we ask for help on projects, receive just enough to assure we are still within earshot of their voices. We feel used by urban dykes because they consume us in a consumer society.

We are Lesbians like them and not like them. We lend credibility and integrity by knowing us. They mine our serenity and contentment born of long hours doing repetitive physical labor. They are nurtured by consuming the fruits of our labors. They are refreshed by the simplicity of our tasks and disdainful at the same time. And although our hospitality is intended to welcome them to do the same, they will never move here. We create a possibility they can hold in reserve when their urban lives become unworkable or they become a burden to consumer society and are sidelined. It's nice to know we are here.

It is not my intention to put a wedge between urban and rural dykes. There is a deep split between all urban and rural folk and dykes are part of it. Urban dyke culture aligns so completely with urban culture that it is willing to treat rural dyke culture as a commodity in the



Zana  
zana  
etz t'enah, arizona

same way that urban culture in general cannibalizes and colonizes rural economies and peoples, both here and in the third world. Where does their trash go? Where are the power plants for their voracious "energy" needs? Where is the land stripped to give them gravel for their buildings and roads, minerals for their conveniences, the trees cut for their homes? Where is the labor marginalized to provide food at subsistence and inconsistent wage without benefits and proper protections although the work is hard and dangerous? Where is the idyllic romanticized other world where the natives are simple and content, willing to extend hospitality to those who bring the wonders of civilization?

If it is true that rural antipathy informs urban dykes relations with rural dykes, then we will be seen as another resource to commit casual concern to like rain forest vegetation that may yield miracle compounds for high tech medicines. But we are not the raw materials for urban refinement. Landdykes have a culture. We are not a less informed, less developed, less diverse version of Lesbianism, but a richly diverse, politicized, active movement.

What we hunger for is Lesbian community, the presence of Lesbians who are present and to whom we may present ourselves as we are. And we want community not only for mutual support and resource sharing, but to encourage us to create the future we envision, to believe as we do, that neither the earth nor its creatures are commodities.

What would happen if we took a break from urban dykes? Would we still feel Lesbian? Would we have income and other resources? Would we know what's happening in the world? the Lesbian community?

I think part of our being "used", consumed by the urban Lesbian community, is our doing. We are market farmers and carpenters, craftswomen and musicians, healers and innkeepers whose cash economy depends on urban dyke consumerism. It is a livelihood that allows us to live on our land and generate the cash we need. We have entered into a relationship with urban dykes in which power is not shared. What we say to urban dykes when we try to be real about our lives are consumer messages: we need Lesbians to buy our organic produce, hire us, produce our concerts

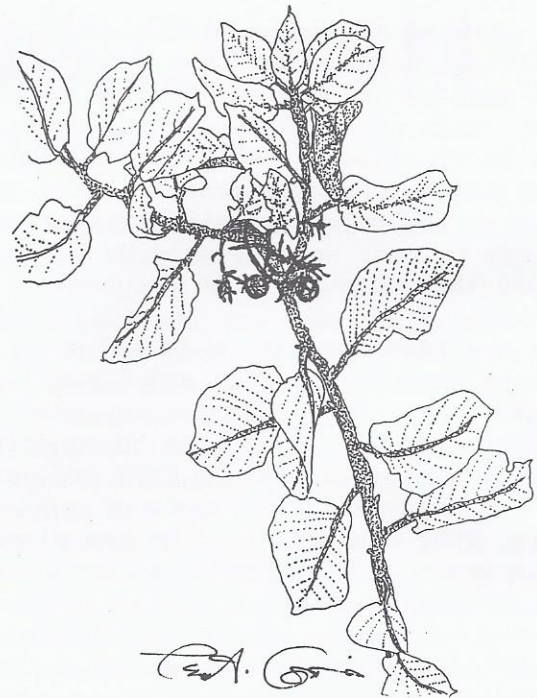
and patronize our bed and breakfast. We say, in effect, you are consumers, consume us instead of the multinationals. Our dyke-made clothing, our hand gathered herbs, our homegrown produce, our hand-crafted bowls are better for you because they come from dykes. It is a marketing message. Of course, we prefer to have dykes benefit from the quality of our work and to have the possibility of connection. But can we create interdependent economies based on exchange, not exploitation?

To partner authentically with urban dykes we need to shed the cultural inferiority of antiruralism and recognize that globally we are the majority of earth peoples, the fountain of sustainability, the mothers of invention. When we assume our right relationship we can demand of our urban visitors that they behave, that they live gently, that they pay attention to what is here, not "use" this space to heal from what is not here, that they accomodate themselves to awe. If we are to build connections to urban dykes they must be willing to meet us, be willing to know us.

I'm not content to be a subculture. I want Lesbian culture to be an avant garde creating a more loving, more sustainable, more real life for all. To be in mainstream culture as an out Lesbian is to be just another grain of sand on the edge of the stream. To create an alternative means sometimes you will flow against the current, create backwater eddies. If you believe in change you have to be able to see where your contributions create it, not just provide diversion. I think Lesbian culture is about reinventing what it is to be a wommon, what it is to be a responsible human living on the earth. Our songs, stories, practices have to reflect an ethic-aesthetic we are creating.

We need to open power up in our commerce with urban dykes. What we offer sincerely to urban dyke culture is a political base, a ground to stand on, as Marilyn Waring of Aotearoa says, from which to stand *for* something, grounds for sustainability, justice and freedom for all. We offer a land base for social change. Dykes of all colors derive authenticity from their rural roots.

Urban culture is bankrupt and nihilistic,



Tee Corinne  
Oregon

even among dykes. There is a price to pay for misusing the gifts of the earth. There is a debt to the trees for every book, a responsibility to the bees for every fruit pollinated, an obligation to the soil for each croissant, a promise to the sky for every clear day. We have much to offer urban dykes if they will hear us. We are stewards of an earth whose work, whose value, has fallen out of the equation in capitalist market mentalities.

Landykes as a movement have enormous potential for renewal. We are stewards of a way of life that has become devalued even in rural communities. We offer a life that is not dependent upon fashion for its validation. We offer a life of attention and meaningful work, spirit filled selves. We offer a love for every turn of the season, every creature visit, every change of weather. A politic that can embrace the songbird and mountain is expansive enough to take seriously the needs for growth of all beings.

We know what it means to say the earth is our mother, we will take care of her. In reinventing what it is to be a wommon, we reinvent what it is to be in relationship to a female earth. It's an awesome job. To take seriously our work as landykes we must begin to hold accountable our urban dyke sisters. The earth is not for sale and neither are we.



# THE UNITING STATES OF THE LESBIAN NATION

Shewolf  
Woman's World  
Louisiana

Sometimes the amorphous form of our lesbian world entices me to create forms. Structures where we all feel comfortable being who we are, yet feel that connectedness that is so sweet. Perhaps our lesbian nation is world wide geographically, even universal. Perhaps we form states within our nation related to environmental conditions. If our culture map spans lesbians in the states of ruraldom, urbandom and traveldom (mobiledom, itinerantdom, nomaddom) then each state has its own feminine boundaries which are fluid and not rigid as the patriarchal world. We can feel attached to the larger whole of the lesbian nation, the state we love, and move from state to state when our lives desire it. For some of us "growing up", "maturing", "becoming our whole self" means leaving the state of ruraldom to live in the state of traveldom. To others the dream of wholeness involves forever moving out of the state of urbandom into the state of ruraldom. Some of us even seek living in all three states during parts of each year with flexibility and variety as major parts of our concept of maturity or wholeness. Nevertheless the connectedness is there when we see ourselves in a state of the lesbian nation. A nation whose numbers seem to soar higher each year!

Living in each state requires some adjustments on our part if our stay is to be a pleasant learning experience. Each state has its own units of structure to which we attach ourselves by our choices.

The state of traveldom houses lesbians who are on the road in their motorhomes, travel trailers, campers, fifth wheels, tents, and bikes. It houses those who travel by mass transportation, own no wheels at all, and live in different places all year long for the sheer adventure of travel and change.

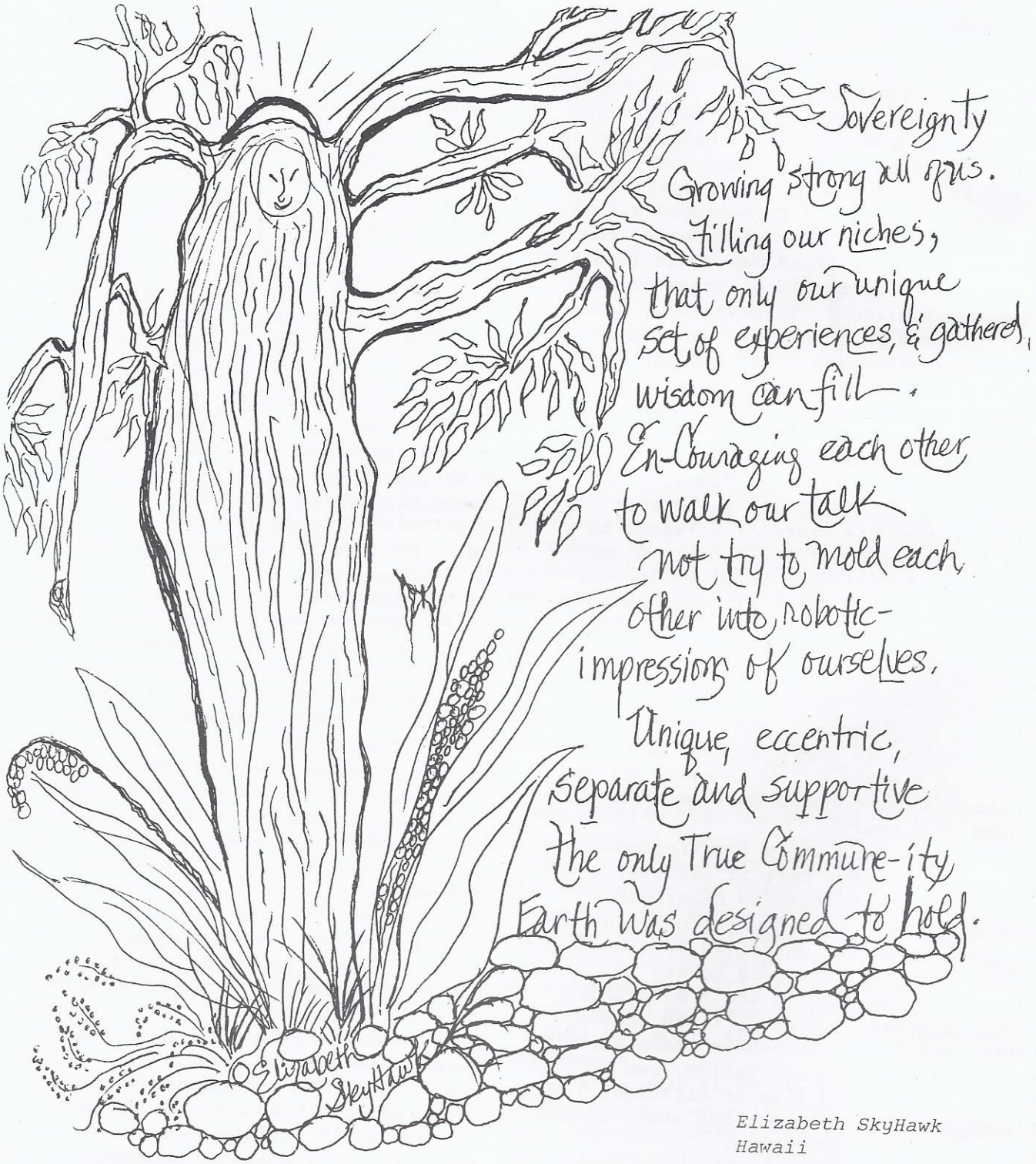
The state of urbandom shelters lesbians who reside in apartments, condos, small houses, giant houses, boarding houses, duplexes, mobile homes, igloos, teepees and yurts, when these units are inside an urban setting.

The state of ruraldom encompasses lesbians living on food producing farms, land held sacred for future lesbians, family farms, treeless lands, riverside property, desert, canefields, etc.

So the state we live in finds its connectedness to the lesbian nation in several ways. The structure gives us a sense of web like existence. The urbandom residents plant gardens of vegetables, fruit orchards, and encourage the rabbits and squirrels to return. Some even live close enough to the forest to entice the deer to appear at dusk. That taste of the country is perhaps enough to satisfy the yearning of the state of ruraldom once dreamed of in the past. It forms the connection that is enough and a delight to the lesbians living in the richness of urbandom.

The traveldom lesbians periodically plant their wheels on firm ground and spend winters in the warm south. They visit with friends acquired and cultivated over years of festivals and trips to lesbian hubs. They soak in the scenery of this glorious land hoping it will still be alive and well on their next trip; knowing they may never see it again. Altho leisure living is paramount for some of them, there is still an undercurrent of urgency to see it all while there is still time to do so.

The ruraldom residents wallow in the peace and serenity of the greenery and the deserts. Some bask in the sun in the evenings when the work is done and the body is so tired it can do nothing else. The company of the animals in the woods who are mostly heard and seldom seen, form a family extension for the country lesbian that is precious. Sometimes leaving the country isn't possible anymore once the call of the wild gets in your heart! Some lesbians bring into their farmhouses as much urban living as they can cram in and that satisfies their dream to rid themselves of the hard work of farm life for just a little while. The stove is gas instead of woodburning, the long dreamed of dishwasher has been installed, and the hot water tank is new! Our stay is to be a pleasant learning experience. Each state has its own units of structure to which we attach.



Sovereignty  
Growing strong all of us.

Filling our niches,  
that only our unique  
set of experiences, & gathered,  
wisdom can fill.

Encouraging each other  
to walk our talk  
not try to mold each  
other into robotic-  
impressions of ourselves.

Unique, eccentric,  
separate and supportive  
The only True Commune-ity  
Earth was designed to hold.

Elizabeth SkyHawk  
Hawaii

# PARTICIPATION IN PARADISE

Sustana  
Spinsterhaven  
Arkansas

I was going to take this opportunity to tell about Spinsterhaven, the land, but we have had such an abundance of visiting Dykes this spring that my focus has been averted. Everyone seems to be talking about the Gathering that happened at InTouch. Literally every Dyke who came here had read the Maize report on the Gathering. What I want to do is share what came out of the many sessions around the kitchen table. It was just lots of good talking and gossip about the whole Landyke Community.

We all thought it obvious that the old, established places were crying because new wimmin were not joining their beautiful, perfect lands. My visitors and I concluded that the problem was something other than the land itself. That seemed to leave only the wimmin who lived there. But the traveling wimmin all agreed that the land wimmin they visited were likeable, friendly and welcoming. In fact, they enjoyed their visits very much. Then what's the problem?

As one woman put it, "I couldn't realize my own dream there. They don't really want to incorporate new ideas; they want wimmin who will help them accomplish what they have already planned. That would make me feel like a 'gofer.'" If I moved there I would just be working for my keep. I could do that anywhere." Every Dyke in the room agreed with her. That also seemed to explain why new Dyke lands continue to be developed, why new wimmin are building new lands instead of joining old ones.

My own analysis is that those of us who started way back when, assumed that every Dyke who had land-dreams, had similar dreams. We thought they were alike. They aren't. They are all different.

Most of us agreed that one important element is that being in on the creation of a new idea is part of the process of breaking free from the consuming culture that is stifling us. We figured it probably didn't have to be new land as much as it had to be new ideas, including our own.

If it's already set up and planned out, the new Dyke will feel like some part of her dream is missing, and it would be. And she would always feel like she was living on someone else's land.

Another thing we are dealing with is the simple passage of time. Ten to twenty years of social change in the mainstream culture has created a difference in the new Dykes. They have back-to-the-land dreams, but their basic assumptions about life are slightly altered, and that is going to make a difference in how they want to live. But let me hurriedly add that age is not the problem here. The woman I quoted two paragraphs back will soon be 60 years old. The old woman who just comes out, or just finds her land-dream, has also spent the last twenty years in the mainstream culture.

Another thing that stood out in the Gathering report (one that this group got a lot of mileage out of) was the fact that the "wannabe's" were separated from the wimmin who live on land, as if they had nothing to do with it. Plus the fact that they were called "wannabe's." This makes it look like the ideal dream is to be landed, that the traveler is just a woman who hasn't reached perfection yet, and there is no permanent value to the position of being a traveler.

If we are going to honor diversity (and I'll bet it's "honor it or die") we need to dig down to the bottom of our being and check out our own assumptions, and then dig down a little deeper tomorrow, forever.

I suspect that our understanding of the journeying wimmin is more important to the Landyke Community than any of us realize. It is these wimmin who provide the only constant human cohesiveness that exists in our community. The only other things we have are Maize, our Newsletters and the Gatherings if they become annual events. But I think most of us haven't even noticed that these wimmin could be forming a necessary, natural part of our community.

I have even heard them called moochers. And yes, we could see them as such if we think from a patriarchal point of view where you are mooching if you aren't paying

money. Where only money has value. But the easiest way to solve problems is to stop and look at what we can do with what we already have. For one thing, when we look down on anyone, we take away their power. When we degrade our journeyers we make them see themselves as less than they are. It makes them have less to offer the whole community.



Kiwani  
British Columbia

What these wimmin, these journeyers, do for Spinstervhaven when they visit is give us an immeasurable amount of fresh energy. When someone comes to visit, I let the SpH Board and the community know they are here, and we have the most wonderful sessions around the kitchen table. They often go far into the night. The journeyers tell us tales of where they have been and what they have seen. Invariably a tale will include someone we know which brings us closer to her. They tell about lands we have never visited and wimmin we haven't met yet, books they have

discovered and new songs they have learned to sing.

Some wimmin help with jobs that need to be done around the place while others have us so enchanted with their new ideas that we forget about chores and indulge ourselves in the spiritual aura of it all.

We finally bid them farewell with love, hugs, gifts and messages to be delivered to other Dykes along their way, and promises that they will return next year. To make our world a much larger place which helps to put our own problems into perspective.

In the overall picture, what seems to be developing is more small-scale Landyke communities. It seems to be a natural trend, and natural trends should not be ignored because they are preparing us for what's coming tomorrow. But this is just the way it looks to me after talking with lots of visitors for Spinstervhaven, but it's relatively few wimmin of the larger community.

If this is the case, we will need a progressively stronger communication system. These journeyers could be what eventually strengthens us to the point of where hard times will be easier on us, (it'll be easier to take care of each other) and where we will begin to have enough influence to cause noticeable change in the rest of the world.

We can't predict exactly where we will be tomorrow, but because of the Gatherings we are becoming aware of where we are today. None of these insights could have developed without the Gatherings. They are now happening on both coasts. In my opinion, they are the most significant happenings for our community since its creation.

*journeyer: one who whirls through Other worlds, Spinning/Spiraling on multidimensional Voyages through Realms of the Wild, which involve Quests, adventurous Travel, the Dispelling of demons, cosmic encounter participation in Paradise.\**

*\*Mary Daly's Websters' First New Intergalactic WICKEDARY of the English Language.*

*Spinstervhaven is northwest Arkansas's haven for over 55 and disabled women.*

# FALL GATHERING

Cindi Swartz  
Ohio

The fall land dyke gathering will happen again this year, September 24 thru October 1 (Wednesday to Wednesday). You will notice the longer time this year, hopefully more womyn will be able to attend. It will be held at InTouch, in Virginia--Janet has donated the space again this year. This will again be a *Do It Ourselves* event--that is, there are no organizers, no one "in charge". Whatever happens at the gathering will be the full responsibility of the participants. A gathering of the womyn on site (Thursday??) will determine the format for the weekend. Although there will be no cost to attend, we will do a project to benefit the land. Each of us will bring what we need for ourselves and extra to share: adequate food, clothing, and bedding.

Many womyn needed to attend the event on a weekend, so the core of the gathering will happen all day Friday thru all day Sunday. Last year we had many womyn show up on Wed. and stay thru Tues. Dykes who want a longer experience can come early and stay to the end--there will be many of us who will be there for the whole event. InTouch has donated this extra time. Janet will plan a land project at a time other than the weekend, further details on this when we arrive.

## SITE

InTouch is a camping and events center of 100 acres with a 7 acre lake offering swimming, canoeing and fishing. It is 25 miles from Charlottesville, Virginia. Gathering takes place OUTSIDE, or in an OPEN PAVILLION. There is no electricity or phones. It is truly an outdoor experience.

InTouch has asked that we respect their requests:

- \*use only biodegradable soap and shampoo
- \*alcohol is ok only in moderation
- \*NO drugs
- \*smoking outside only (not in cabins or latrines)

\*pets on leash only, must clean up after own pet

To increase accessibility for all the dykes who want to come, womyn have asked that pets and scents be left at home. Others have requested that no smoking or alcohol be used in common areas. Please consider all womyn when making your decisions.

## ACCOMODATIONS

There is drinking water on the land, close to cabins and camping. There are hot outdoor showers. For toileting there are portajanes, outholes, and the woods. There are accessible shower and toilet facilities.

Small cabins sleep 6-8 in single and double beds (with mattresses). Total of 26 single and 6 double beds available. Janet reminds everyone that the beds are on a first come, first serve basis, so register early. Last year many womyn slept in vehicles, tents or out in the open. The cabins have no heat, electricity or water, but are ramped for accessibility.

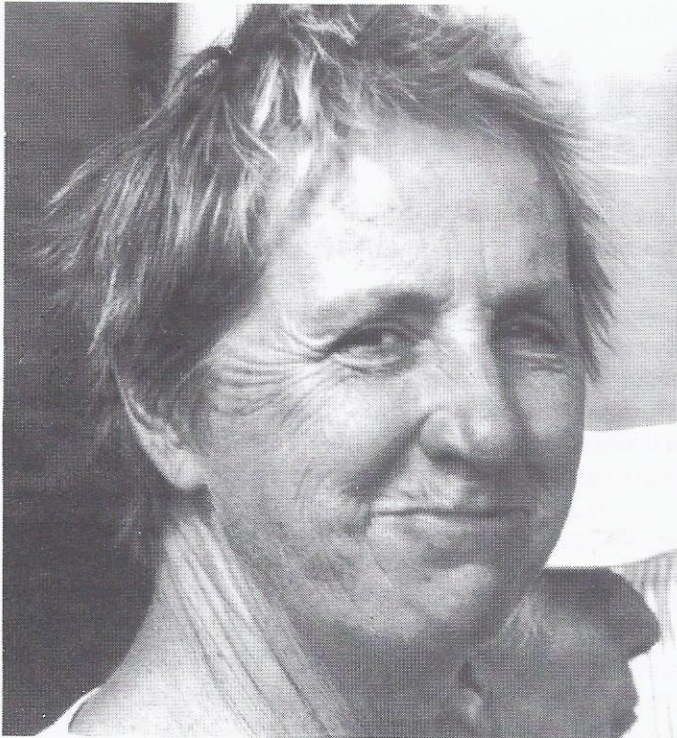
There are RV sites, but no hook-ups. If a womyn needs electricity it may be possible if donations are made toward the electric costs. And there are 75 campsites, many back in the woods. For those requiring less primitive sleeping arrangements, there is one hotel approximately 9 miles away, and many in Charlottesville, 25 miles away. Can we prepare to share extra vehicle or tent space if possible?

Contact InTouch with questions about the site or accomodations (Rt 2 Box 1096, Kent's Store, VA 23084. 804-589-6542).

September can get wet and cold, especially at night. Fire wood is available for the fire circle, but *plan for all your outdoor clothing and bedding needs!*

## FOOD

We will have use of a refrigerator, an outdoor grill, and limited use of the kitchen facilities (propane stove and sink). Bring all your own individual food needs, and some to share, and pot lucks will be decided at the gathering.



*Earth; On The Road*

ACCESSIBILITY

For mobility access, the cabins, toilet and shower are ramped. Electricity to RV's can be arranged if needed. The ground is too soft for regular wheelchairs, but the 3-wheel type work good. Although the land is fairly level, the cabins and kitchens are a couple of hundred feet apart, and the lake even further. Janet has offered her vehicle and use of a haywagon or a trailer if needed. Please include ALL specific accessibility needs on registration forms and we will try to assist with those needs.

Several Lesbians requested scent-free, allergen-free space. Please respect our need for healthy air and space. This means pets, smoke, body products, scent on clothing, repellents--all need to be considered. Again, this is info we need to know on the registration.

EVENTS AND WORKSHOPS

We make this all happen, so it is our ideas, thoughts and knowledge that will make the events work. A centralized board will be posted to mark your workshops, locations and time.

We will again have a Land LESY (Lesbian Economic System) exchange in person. Everyone is encouraged to bring books, music, clothes, tools, etc they don't

need for a give away. Also check the requests of other womyn in Maize and see if you have what they need. Janet advised of a few items InTouch could use: Bio-degradable soaps, toilet paper, mulch, bushes, trees, tractor, computer.

The thing to remember about events--if you want it to happen, initiate it!  
GETTING THERE

We're creating a special fund to help Dykes from greater distances get to the gathering, if they need it. Dykes with more resources, or who have fewer travel expenses because they live closer to the gathering can contribute to make the gathering more financially accessible to all of us. Please send donations by AUGUST 15, making check out to "Travel Fund". Enclose with your registration, or send directly to Susan Lauchlan, c/o Womland, POBox 293, Belfast ME 04915.

Dykes needing help funding their travel costs can state the amount needed with their registration. Please send before AUGUST 15 so we can process requests. Funding will be allocated according to distance to travel to the gathering, with a maximum per individual of \$300.

Another way we can help each other get there is by sharing rides. See Sharon's info on this following. We will also need to know who needs to be picked up or can pick up womyn from the bus or train station or airport. There are airports in Charlottesville (45 min. away) and in Richmond (1 hour away). Buses in Richmond are Greyhound and Trailways. And there are trains in both Richmond and Charlottesville. Travel arrangements are done by and through ourselves, so advance planning is a must.

REGISTRATION

Janet has asked that we pre-register so InTouch can prepare for appropriate numbers of Dykes. Cindi has volunteered to receive info and mail back maps to participants. Please send her the following:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Access Needs (BE SPECIFIC) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Travel Needs or Assistance \_\_\_\_\_  
 Estimated Date of Arrival and Departure \_\_\_\_\_  
 Do you intend to camp \_\_\_\_\_ RV \_\_\_\_\_ Cabin \_\_\_\_\_  
 How many womyn \_\_\_\_\_ # extra spaces \_\_\_\_\_  
 Travel fund contribution enclosed? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Request for travel funds? \_\_\_\_\_

Send this by AUGUST 15 so there is time to mail maps and other information. Do not put "Lesbian" or "Landdyke" on the envelopes, please. Also, please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for return information, or if out of the USA, an international response coupon (otherwise this can get costly!) Mail to Gathering c/o Cindi, POBox 181, Castalia OH 44824-0181. If you want to call, use 419-684-9405, 8am-10pm EDT ONLY!! If I'm not there leave a message and plan on a collect call back. Or you can leave info (questions, etc) and a time for me to call back. I work 24 hour shifts, so it may be a day before I can get back to you.



*Glo, Vermont  
Photos by Jaè Haggard, New Mexico*

#### WHAT TO BRING?

Everything you will need to take care of yourself outside, including chairs, toilet paper, warm clothes (don't forget rain gear), flashlights, warm bedding or sleeping bag. ALL FOOD for yourself, and some to share. Eating utensils: bowl, cup, silverware & plate. Also be prepared to take all garbage you create with you when you leave.

We will have a notebook for everyone to record their thoughts about land living and the gathering for possible publication in Maize.

Also, due to confusion, it has been discussed to have a kitchen coordinator this year. This person will facilitate the kitchen chores, and will coordinate meals and womyn. Last year was a little confusing, and food was not used as it should have been. Janet liked the idea of dealing with only one person, and will have a refrigerator just for us. Any volunteers?

Other things to bring: song sheets of Lesbian Circle songs to share and teach. Also instruments to play, share or teach.

It is our event. We make it happen with our energy. If you want to see it happen, make it happen.

#### RIDE SHARE

I (Sharon) will compile a list of names, addresses and phone numbers of wimmin who want to share rides to/from the Gathering this year. The three categories will be:

- 1) Definitely Need a Ride
- 2) Definitely Will Be Able to Give a Ride
- 3) Explorations--as some wimmin may choose to ride or drive together

I will send this list to wimmin who request it. Then it will be up to each woman to make ride arrangements with other wimmin on the list. The first draft of this list will be ready to send out around August 15. I can update the list and send out another list around Sept 1. New Mexico mail can be very slow, so please plan to send in your info at least 2 weeks in advance. (Cindi will also have copies of the ride list and can send it with registration materials if requested.)

Information to include: Name, address, phone #, Category of Rideshare, Departure Point/Destination after the Gathering (if different), Route of Travel (basic notion, especially for "Exploration") and Number of Spaces in Vehicle, plus any other pertinent information.

Send info to Sharon Bienert, Outland, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569. If you want me to send you the list, please send a SASE for each request. Thanks. See you at the Gathering!

# OREGON GATHERING

## MUSAWA

### *Part Two: The Second Day*

The one general topic that was chosen by everyone to address on the last day was "power, commitment, responsibility, control". Big old familiar words, that come up in all our experiences on lesbian lands, they were discussed particularly in reference to a sub-theme that ran like a thread throughout the two days: how to deal with the imbalances in all of the above between new womyn coming to the land and old timers. The question--how to make room for growth and change while honoring what has been found to work that is already in place?--is seen as crucial to empowering new womyn to take on responsibility and commitment, to be able to share in control of what happens in our land communities. The question of how old members can support this change in an empowered way by relinquishing some control without just holding back or giving up their power as effective members of the community is seen as the flip side of it. There is, of course, lots to be said about all of this, redefining terms and coming to new understandings on the basis of how it has worked for different ones of us.

I, myself, am very interested in learning more about the nature of this thing we are doing together, including what others are discovering, from their experience as well as our own, about community and group dynamics. One thing I put into the mix is to look at the group as a living entity that has its own dynamics and a life cycle of its own over time just as we do, with different needs and challenges at different stages along the way. It helps us be more skillful in dealing with 'power, responsibility, commitment and control,' for instance, if we get what kinds of needs are likely to come up at which stage in the group's growth and work out ways to meet those needs. In lesbian cultures as in gardening, for instance, it is useful to know that when a seed is newly planted, it requires a lot more energy at first to make sure it gets the water and warmth it needs to grow. Later on, it is more

able to take care of itself, when it has grown its own roots to take in nourishment from the earth, and green leaves to gather sunlight for energy, and strong stalks to withstand the winds of change, and flowers to attract what is needed to make fruits and put out seeds for new growth.

There are four stages of growth in groups which I have found helpful that I put out there...which turn out to be useful later in understanding what comes up at the end of the gathering. Stage I is Belonging (issues of acceptance/rejection, in-group/out-group, do I belong here?, basic trust); Stage II is Conflict (disagreements over differences, safety issues; is it OK to be me in this group?); Stage III is Intimacy (only when members of a group--or relationship--experience they can survive conflict, do the bonds between them deepen and endure); Stage IV is Task (things get done better when we learn how to work well together).

We start off our small group by going around, each one saying a sentence about any of these four words: power, commitment, responsibility, control. For instance, I say I am *committed* to creating a mutually empowering way of living together with womyn on land where the group supports each one taking *responsibility* for herself (and vice-versa: each one takes responsibility for the group) to share in *control* over our lives as a community. As we go around, I see 'power, commitment, responsibility and control' happening on different levels at once and that it would also help us be more skillful in dealing with them if we could track that.

In group theory, the levels are named: I. *intrapsychic* (how we experience our inner reality), II. *interpersonal* (how we relate to each other), and III. *group* (how we function in the group as a whole). Starhawk talks about *power within* and *power among* as the basis of power in *community*--instead of the patriarchal form of externalized power that is stuck on all levels with *power over* (that gets internalized, acted out in our relationships, and institutionalized on



all levels of society as a whole).

In our group, we talk about the importance of committing to beliefs or values as a group (spiritual beliefs or group principles/agreements/guidelines) and how calling on them helps empower us to get beyond our stuck places. We talk about what a difference it makes when everyone commits to doing her own inner work, taking responsibility to work on her own stuff and not just project it out on the group (intrapsychic--taking our power within). We talk about the need to commit to direct communication between us, taking responsibility for our feelings with each other, dealing with conflict when it comes up, and seeking other sources of support and power when we get stuck, like mediation, feelings meetings, trainings (interpersonal--strengthening power among us). We talk about power structure, decision-making process, group values, agreements, and looking at the 'big picture' over time... and we acknowledge it when different ones of us in this group do things that support the group energy (group level--empowering communities).

The big surprise comes at the end of the gathering when we need to decide how to go on. There is enthusiastic agreement that this is a great gathering and we want to continue to meet. For a group that has stayed away from gathering about community for a good part of our twenty years of doing it, it seems remarkable that we want to come back together again two or three times in the next few months--two separate meetings on the topics of village and non-profits, and another one together like this one! But when at the last minute, the question comes up of who is invited, Big Feelings suddenly come up. Some will not come if particular others are there. The touchy issues of Stage I are up as group identity begins to form: who are we as a group? who belongs? who doesn't?...with all the feelings that come up around trust and acceptance. The honeymoon is over--Belonging, Bonding--and we are catapulted into Stage II: Conflict. Someone comments on this. Safety issues come up, old hurts and unresolved conflicts in the group that are still holding a lot of energy. It helps just to name it. I like that we can be in the middle of Big Feelings and also be mindful of

them--on all levels: (3) on the group level--our mutual creation ('looks like we are entering the conflict stage!'); (2) interpersonal level--between us (speaking out the differences between us, hearing and expressing our feelings, taking responsibility for them, accepting and honoring them); and (1) intra-psychic level--within us (being in touch with our feelings and owning up to them: I'm scared, I'm hurt, I'm mad, I'm sad...and their counterparts: I trust, I can take care of myself and be taken care of in this group, I love, I enjoy).

So, rather than falling apart over it, we get a chance to see how we can deal with this conflict. It is not a disaster after all. We get that we don't have time to resolve it all in this meeting, and that it is too big to just push through. It is also clear that it is about something important--where the group energy is currently stuck. So we decide not to decide about that now (since we don't have time anyway...very wise...) but to continue the group as is for next time and start by focusing on this issue. We ask for help from a community member whose work in the world is about conflict resolution, and she agrees to give a day of teaching and facilitating group communication around conflict.

From my perspective of looking at the group process as a whole, I think we grew a lot from having to go through this struggle at the end. We saw how easy it is to lose it in community when big feelings come up, and (usually the missing experience) we also got to see that all is not lost...if we can become conscious of what we are doing, listen to each other, and just take the next step, in a way that honors everyone in the group at the point we are at. We experienced how this group can survive Conflict! It may have been a quick honeymoon, but a deeper intimacy as a group is now possible--that bodes well for us being able to accomplish what we set out to do in the long run. And what's more: we still like each other and are glad we came!...even if we are getting tired and hurt and freaked out and grumpy. With a little detachment, we can even enjoy seeing the different ways we each do that... and move on.

We choose to close at this point and pick up where we left off another time. We pick up the thread of what is holding the container for this circle and bring it to closure with a simple ritual: the purple yarn that was part of the opening ritual. It started out forming a circle, then spent the weekend as a tangle-web of yarn on the ceiling from our changing places, and now gets carried outside, each of us holding a piece of the yarn (the truth...the circle...) until we unwind it back into a circle again. We stand on the earth at sunset, a circle of strong wise loving lesbians who are

also tired and mostly just want to go home now. We cut the thread and tie a piece around each of our wrists as we go our different directions. (I can see mine still hanging there on my wrist as I write this, a happy reminder). We end singing about going where we are going and then we do...with hugs all around. Blessed Be...

Musawa  
We'Moon, Oregon

Find more writings by Musawa and We'Moon  
wimmin on the Web Home Page:  
<http://www.teleport.com/~wemoon/>



Photo by Annie Ocean, Rainbow's Other End

at 8 o'clock, clockwise:  
Holly, Copperland  
Jean, Rootworks  
Billie, WomanShare  
Musawa, We'Moon  
Sky  
Morocco, WomanShare  
Becky Bee, Groundworks  
NiAodagain, ex-Owlie

Osima, Steppingwoods  
Shannon, Fishpond  
Jemma, Steppingwoods  
Bethroot, Fly Away Home  
Madrone, Fly Away Home  
Sally, Fishpond  
Fran, Rainbow's End  
Teresa, Copperland  
Lori, We'Moon

# 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 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 and shipping or materials, etc. We will create our Land LESY as we use it. Yes, use it, that's what it's for!

NINA PUGLIA, 835 W. Montrose, Chicago IL 60613

Offers: \*Gifts of urban surplus, culled from local thrift shops, garage sales, etc. Send a wish list and be sure to include size info (for pants, waist size is best). I usually rummage from May to September. I pay postage.

\*Winter holiday cards with envelopes, offset printed with some handcoloring. I've made my own cards for years and always have some left over.

Requests: \*Guided relaxation tapes (I can pay for tapes and postage)

\*Information/suggestions from lesbian experience about ways to relax.

DOE/WWLC, RR2 Box 150, Norwalk WI 54648 608-269-5301

Requests: \*Help in researching and writing a grant for \$\$ to repair the roof on our lodge. We will accept collect calls from "grant" to this purpose.

WEST WIND, POBox 304, Ribera NM 87560

Offers: \*Creating a Women's Land Trust.

What you need to know about philosophy, incorporation, tax-exempt status, loan pools. Please send a stamped long self-addressed envelope.

DIANN BOWOMAN, c/o Briggs, 263 Matta Ave, Youngstown OH 44509 (I'm on the road for my work, so responses could sometimes take a month or two.)

Offers: \*Lesbian Land Bibliography. Send long self-addressed envelope with 55¢ postage

\*Feminist oriented crossword puzzle. Long SASE, 32¢ postage

\*List of new & used books seeking new homes. Long SASE, 32¢ postage

\*Copies of thought provoking articles I have enjoyed; specify your special interest areas. Long SASE, 55¢ postage

\*Some of my favorite vegi recipes. Send long SASE, 32¢ postage

Requests: \*Lesbian & feminist word puzzles, brainteasers, jokes & riddles

\*Used greeting cards, postcards & calendars, especially womyn and nature designs, to be recycled into new ones

\*Used copies of periodicals: *Lesbian Ethics, Radiance, Fat, So?, & Fundraising for Social Change Newsletter* (edited by Kim Klein). *Hag Rag* issues Vol. I, 1-6 and Vol II, 1-6. *Feminist Bookstore News*, all issues for 96 & 97. I'll pay bookrate postage.

\*Used copies of books: *Building and Using our Solar Heated Greenhouse* by Helen Nearing, *Selene the Bull-Leaper* by Z. Budapest, *The Sheep Book* by Carmen Goodyear, *One Monkey Don't Stop No Show* by Aleta Mays, and vegetarian cookbooks. I'll pay book rate postage.

\*Gently worn all cotton tees and long-sleeved cotton work shirts. Reds, blues, purples in XXL or XXXL. I'll pay postage.

\*Your favorite vegi recipes to be gathered together with mine and offered here and at lands I visit.

GWEN AND GAIL, Rt 5, Box 100, Holly Springs MS 38635

Offers: \*Homemade flower essences, preserved in alcohol or vinegar. Individual stock or dose bottles: black eyed susan, broccoli, cosmos, evening primrose, daffodil, impatiens, lemon, pansy, red salvia, sesame, squash, peach, zinnia. We will psychically choose for you, if desired. Send symptoms or needs, if you like.

Requests: \*Temporary help with carpentry and land upkeep, no experience necessary.

LORRY BOND (aka Desert Rain), 344 W.

Dayton St. #500, Madison WI 53703

Offers: \*I have the following vitamins/ remedies available if you want them. The bottles have been opened, but there's still quite a bit left in each: Homeopathics (pellets): Nux Vomica 30x, Nux Vomica 6x, Phosphorus 30c, NatMur 30c, Pulsatilla 6c, arsenicum (potency unknown), Impatiens (liquid bach flower), sinus relief, Thiophylline 6c, Mercurius Venus 30x; Vitamins: Lecithin, Thistle Rex (herbal remedy), B1 caps, Selenium, vege-iron, calcium carbonate; chinese herbs: Rehmannia 8, Curing.

I'll pay postage on anything you request.

Requests: \*Suggestions of books about real or imagined wimmin's separatist communities

\*A ride to/from any of your lands. I'm currently in the city but would love to be in the country. Can't drive or fly due to my disability but want to at least visit you!

\*Suggestions from other disabled dykes on how they made the move/transition to land.

JO GREENWOOD, POBox 266, Husum, WA 98623

Offers: \*I have a beautiful, secluded place here for 1 or 2 women to live in the country. Rent free. Priority given to older women.

Requests: \*Help with occasional odd jobs if you come here to live.

\*Letters from country women or those who love nature and long for the country. Especially older women over 50 with interests in common; nature, painting, singing, reading, herbs.

\*Back issues of Maize that you are through with. (I'll pay postage). Write first.

\*A list of books about women loving women in the olden days and/or in the country. (quality literature preferred). Fiction preferred. Even one or two titles would be appreciated.

\*Information about what to do about big round knobby places on pine branches, eventually overtaking the tree, causing it to die.

LIERRE KEITH, 200 King St. Northampton MA 01060

Offers: \*Copies of my novel, *Conditions of War*

\*My novel, *Skyler Gabriel*, a mystery.

Postage is \$1.25 for one, \$1.75 for both.

JODI, POBox 341, Great Barrington MA 01230

(Write first, with details, if you need me to pay postage)

Requests: \*Help with, or info about repairing:

-telephones (the phones themselves, not the wiring in the walls)  
-wristwatch (wind-up, not battery powered)  
-tape recorder

\*Pictures of dragonflies

\*Info about and/or pictures of ravens-- any and everything from biology to personality to culture to habitat, to fiction or non-fiction stories about, personal encounters with, human lore about, etc. Any source or style.

\*Copies of *Madness Network News* (as far as I know, these have been out-of-print for ten years now) or any other anti-psychiatry or Mad Movement resources or publications.

\*Humor--jokes, stories, cartoons, personal experiences, anything you think is funny.

\*Someone to "unzip" the shareware someone gave me

\*Jigsaw puzzles

\*Blank tapes (or recorded ones; I can erase them)

\*Source for organic cotton underwear for a dyke with 44" hips (or a pattern to make some from)

\*Source for Dr. Bronner's calcium powder. I can't get it locally, but if you can buy it and mail it to me, I could pay your cost plus postage. (Write first, with prices). Or, can anyone recommend a mail order company that carries it?

SUSAN LAUHLAN, c/o Womland, Inc. POBox 293, Belfast ME 04915

Offers: \*Womland notecards, packet of 8 (Please send \$1 postage for each packet)

ANTJE SCHEUMANN, POBox 330, Tyrone, NM 88065

Offers: \*doing charts

\*info about astrology

\*telling fortunes by tarot cards

\*info about Germany's lesbian scene

\*overnight accomodation in Germany

\*lesbian-country music

\*info about healing with stones, oils and herbs

\*homemade southwestern landscape viewcards

\*knitting socks, send me wool, size and pattern

Requests: \*Visits from Lesbians all over the world

CAMP MARY, POBox 374, Pelham NH 03076  
Offers: *Anti-Ableism Discussion Facilitator's Handbook*. Send manila envelope with \$1.40 postage.

MADELAINE ZADIK, POBox 26, Cummington, MA 01026 413-634-5617  
Offers: \*Seeds: hardy onion (have survived to -40°), lupines (mixed colors), purple columbine, catnip and more  
\*Sample pack of greeting cards (no envelopes)  
\*Homegrown pesticide-free dried catnip  
Requests: \*Vegetable seeds for very short season crops, flower seeds.

JUDITH SARA, POBox 278, Montague MA 01351  
Offers: \*Dried peppermint, organically grown  
\*Instruction/information on firing pottery with sawdust; basic info on handbuilding clay pots and sculpture  
Requests: \*Pottery books, tools, supplies, and equipment. I can pay postage. Please write first if it's heavy.  
\*Suggestions for ways to repel mice and ticks from in and around living spaces.

NANCY EVECHILD, POBox 7612, Minneapolis MN 55407  
Offers: \*A well-repected 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.

ZANA, MSC 044, HCO 2, Box 6872, Tucson AZ 85735  
Offers: \*Book of my poetry and art, *herb woman* (send 6x9" self-addressed envelope with \$1.24 postage)  
\**Journey to Another Life* (past life meditation tape)  
Requests: \*hickory nuts  
\*butternuts

SUSAN D. SMITH, RD 3, Box 880, Port Matilda PA 16870  
Offers: \*Organically grown catnip, packaged in recycled plastic from bags my dialysis supplies come in (small bags)  
\*Plastic tubing from my dialysis supplies, this tubing would have had only sterile solution in it, no body fluids.



maryanne  
*Something Special*  
Florida

SOMETHING SPECIAL, 7762 NW 14 Ct, Miami FL 33147  
Requests: \*Heat tolerant veg/flower seeds

TC, POBox 659, Shutesbury MA 01072  
Offers: \*Colorful childlike drawings of affirmations--your choice--send the affirmation you would like a picture of (suitable for putting on your refrigerator with magnets).  
Requests: \*Knitting needles: double pointed metal needles

LA ESTRILLITA (Little Star), POBox 45384, Rio Rancho NM 87184  
Offers: \*Tenting *inside* house; listening to the wind; housebuilding (ideas, labor)  
Requests: \*Good company; knowledge of the stars; organizational, carpentry, tile skills

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silk Hope/Liberty Rd Siler City NC 27344  
Offers: \*Information/instruction in organic gardening/farming/greenhouse, carpentry, renovation  
Requests: \*Work: carpentry, gardening, orchard, general work on the land (experience not necessary)

FOX, POBox 4723, Albuquerque NM 87196  
Offers: \*A video camera and editor, to loan, for dyke video projects

HOBIT, 1001 NE 23 Place, Pompano Beach  
FL 33064

Offers: \*Handmade, all natural herbal soaps  
(write for list of kinds) and info on  
soap making

\*Dried hibiscus flowers

\*Info on tarot, astrology and candle  
magik (if you send your chart I will  
interpret it for you)

\*A place to stay for travellers or  
womyn seeking a few days of sunshine  
and the beach(I love visitors!)

\*Info about riding and caring for horses

\*I have a large and varied CD collection.  
Write for list; I'll make copies if  
you send tapes.

Requests: \*Natural remedies for horses  
especially in regards to allergies/  
skin problems

\*Info about the Taos, NM area and  
any Lesbian Land near the ocean

\*Exchange of works with other writers  
and artists

\*Ideas for political action and anti-  
discrimination tactics

PENNY WILSON, POBox 59267, Chicago IL  
60659-0267

I'll pay postage on anything I offer.

Offers: \*8 rolls of blue 1/4" wide rayon  
curling ribbon. Each roll holds 55 ft.

\*Small plastic 6 ounce clean yogurt  
containers with lids. I must eat a  
minimum of 2 portions of yogurt a day  
to be able to digest by other food, so  
I have lots. Great for freezing.

\*one ceramic potporri container, 5" high  
4" wide, light green in color. Base has  
space for candle, and top piece is  
shaped like a bowl with lip curving in.

Requests: \*Pre-1940's light fixtures--  
they don't have to work(I can do re-  
wiring). Write first and I'll pay post.

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, POBox 368,  
Albion CA 95410

Offers: \* 4x6 postcards of drawings with  
short quotes from BEING.

DEBI SLATKIN, Turtle Rock, 1755 Highview  
Lane, Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972

610-982-9012(9a-9p only, please)

fax 610-982-5415. debis@nwfs.gse.upenn.edu

Offers: \*Her 60 minute relaxation tape

\*Ideas(I enjoy helping others brain-  
storm and problem solve)

\*Distance Reiki healing

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569

We'll pay postage on anything we offer  
or request.

Offers: \*Any size or style of Red River  
Menstrual pads(for your own personal  
use). Write for brochure.

\*Any back copies of MAIZE that we still  
have copies of.

\*Information on building: adobe, round,  
non-toxic(send specific questions)

\*IMPORTANT PURSUITS, Questions of  
Value for Radical Dykes(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(150pp)  
\*COUNTRY DYKE SONGS, a LandMade tape  
of songs by Jae.

\*Organic open-pollinated seeds from  
our garden: pole beans(purple, green),  
bush beans(yellow wax), scarlet runner  
beans, corn(rainbow inca, hopi blue,  
golden bantam), amaranth(elephant head,  
burgandy), chard, lettuce, dill, lamb's  
quarters, zinnia, calendula, 4 o'clock,  
larkspur, cosmos, marigold(large, small)

Requests: \*Organic seeds(not hybrid)

\*Books by Hazel Henderson, economist  
(gift or loan)

HEATHER, POBox 809, Lumsden Sask S0G 3C0  
Canada

Offers: \*Handbound soft-covered journals,  
postage paid

\*Long distance reiki(healing energy:  
let me know if you want this focused  
on a specific part of your body or gen-  
erally physically or emotionally; a  
description/drawing/picture of your  
physical self will help me focus on  
you while I send energy but it is not  
necessary)

Requests: \*Wild wimmin stories/poems

\*Wimmin's/lesbian's songs/chants on  
tape or paper with music

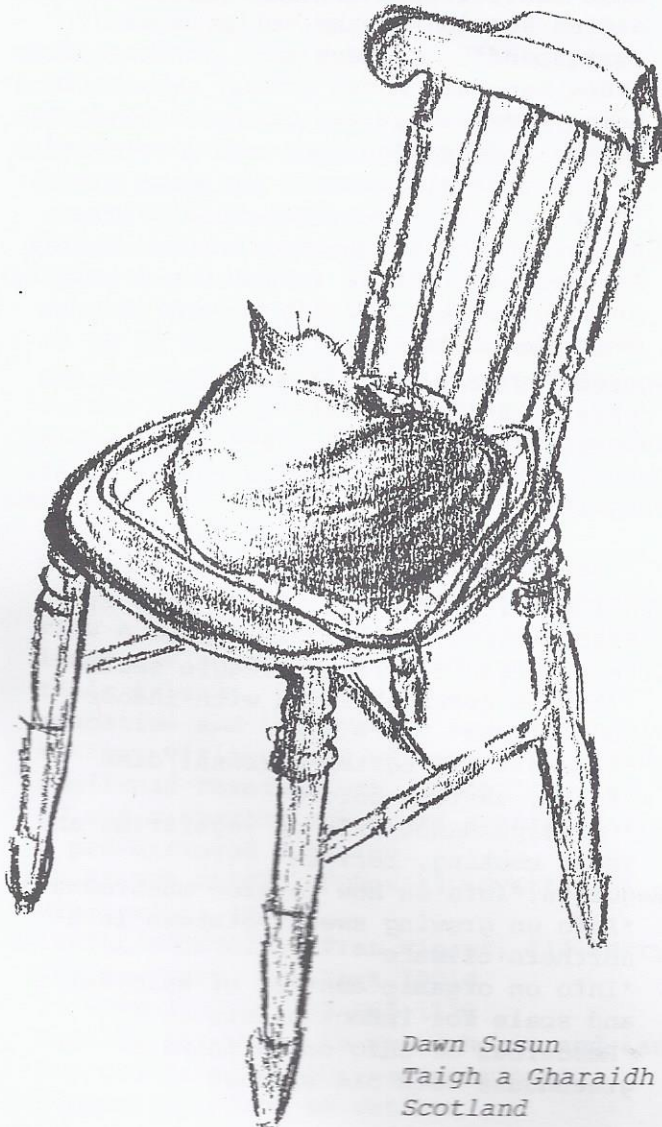
\*Handmade rattle

\*Handmade paper for books

MYRA LILLIANE, Savonet 43, Curacao, N.A.

Offers: \*heat resistant seeds: melon, cucumber, long string beans, sunflower, basil, zinnia, marigold, maybe tomatoes if harvest is good  
\*dried herbs: basil, anise, oregano  
\*a place to stay short term with plenty of sun, clean air, hills, ocean within walking distance  
\*Reiki healing energy  
\*Postcards: Demeter & Kore '82 (collector's item)

Requests: \*information on lesbian menopause and 50+ healthcare  
\*women's/lesbian music  
\*Someone who has access to SunRider products (I will pay for them)  
\*Someone who can send me KavaKava Root capsules from Solgar (I will pay for them)  
\*Someone who can send me FemPlus vitamins from Essential Organics (I will pay)



Dawn Susun  
Taigh a Gharaidh  
Scotland

SUMMER FIKE, Pumpkin Ecological Farm,  
605 Morse Rd, RR5, Bridgetown NS  
B0S 1C0 Canada

Offers: \*Homemade tapes of women's music  
\*Used blank cassettes, great condition  
\*Handmade recycled cards and stationery  
\*Seeds: dill, cilantro, oil seed radish, squash, marigold  
\*Chickweed tincture (anti-inflammatory, cools fever, infections, rheumatoid pain, etc)  
\*Seashells and stones from our favorite beaches  
\*My music and book lists of items available for loaning and gifting  
\*If you send pattern and supplies (or kit) I'll gladly do any cross-stitch project for you.  
\*I have lots of special little things I'd like to pass along. Send me a note about yourself and allow me to send you a surprise package! Postage appreciated but not necessary.

Requests: \*Gardening supplies (seedling trays, pots, small tools, etc.) and seeds  
\*Feminist/lesbian utopia, fiction or non-fiction books. Temporary loans fine.  
\*Lesbian artwork, magazines, etc. for our guest cabins and living space  
\*Surprise packages  
\*BrenEve desires warm, supportive correspondence with sober dykes. Literature on lesbians in recovery also appreciated.

DAWN SUSUN, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh, Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD, Scotland  
Offers: \*Aromatherapy oils made up personally for you. Physical and emotional difficulties. How about a lavender, juniper, rosemary mix to ease those tired aching muscles? Postage negotiable.  
\*I have lots of open pollinated lupin seeds which are likely to be pink or cream or a mix of the two. Also corn marigold and what we think is red campion--very easy growing and not bothered by slugs. Postage paid.

Requests: \*Seeds of osteospermums, red basil and lemon basil, woad, vipers bugloss, geranium renardii, skullcap--either self-collected or unused bought seeds  
\*A drum (no animal skin). I'll pay post.

LESEPS, c/o Barbara & Michi Lavenda,  
Pf 45, A-7400 Oberwart, Austria  
Offers: \*13 cards and envelopes of unique  
Lesbian images and Lesbian signs, hand-  
colored with colors from natural pigments.  
Two sizes available: 10,5x15cm, or  
15x21 cm. For Lesbians Only.  
\*Natural wool of sheep for knitting and  
weaving, without any chemicals  
\*Organic seeds: Black mallow (beautiful  
black/purple blossoms, used as a tea  
against cough) and french marigold.

BREN YAU, 408 Gordon Rd, Thorneywood,  
Nottingham NG3 2LL, England  
Offers: \*Holiday accom. sharing with myself  
& my young daughter  
\*British native (+non-native) herb,  
ornamental & veg. seeds  
\*Natural child-rearing support  
\*Taped thinking/feeling/inspiring/  
funky/chillin' music--eclectic range  
from J. Siberry; Portishead; PJ Harvey;  
McGarrigle sisters; Billie Holliday;  
Sinead O'connor... (send IRC for archive  
list or 2 IRC's for compilation tape)  
\*Mutually supportive & creative corres-  
pondence with like-minded pen-pals  
\*Feminist British journals and newspapers  
Requests: \*Exchange of ideas, inspiration,  
news, contemp. arts & feminist politics  
by letter or email (af400860@ntu.ac.uk)  
\*Feminist/goddess/nature-related stories,  
songs, chants, esp. for children  
\*Alternative treatment advice (self-  
help remedies, poss?) for childhood  
diseases such as diptheria, whooping  
cough, rubella, etc. as opposed to  
orthodox vaccinations  
\*Herbal remedies (concocted tinctures,  
teas...)  
\*Tinctures  
\*Recommended children's books (5+)  
\*Feminist/lesbian journals & newspapers,  
fanzines and book catalogs

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 sur-  
prise package of flower seeds for every  
woman writing.

DEBORAH-MARIE, 41 St. Paul St. #2, Belleville  
Ontario K8N 1A7 Canada  
Requests: \*Pen-pal. I'm 39, non-smoker,  
gemini. I enjoy outdoor activities,  
seek wimmin with good sense of humor,  
correspondence with wimmin not afraid  
of the "L" word. Maybe correspondence  
could go to friendship.

KATHERINE ALDER, 43 Gravir, Isle of  
Lewis, Scotland HS2 9QX  
Offers: \*A certain amount of knowledge  
about the Tides, and about the Stars  
and Planets, and the Moon and her phases,  
why they rise and set where they do, and  
how their paths across the sky are how  
they are, and how it's different at  
different seasons, from different parts  
of Earth, and at different Ages (a  
25,000 year cycle).  
\*A diagram showing just what part of  
what constellation is in each thirty  
degree section of the ecliptic band,  
corresponding to each sign of the Zodiac  
(they have all moved around rather since  
being named about two thousand years ago  
so the Zodiac sign does not correspond  
to the constellation of the same name.)  
\*"Web of Days", Dec. solstice 96 to  
Dec. solstice 97, moon calendar. A3orA4  
single sheet. Black & white (to colour in)  
or coloured in. B&W can be used as  
menstrual chart.

Requests: \*Warm communication with radical  
dykes  
\*Sharing of information and support with  
other dykes who are trying eating mainly  
raw food.

JENNI MOON, By The Sea, GB 4B Comp 8,  
RR#1, Walton, NS B0N 2R0 Canada  
Offers: \*Organic heritage veggie seeds  
\*Info on growing/living with indoor  
houseplants  
\*Handknit all cotton personal/dish  
cloths, various colors  
\*Correspondence/info on vegetarian and  
vegan cooking, recipes  
Requests: \*Info on how to grow mushrooms  
\*Info on growing sweet potatoes in a  
northern climate  
\*Info on organic control of spidermite  
and scale for indoor plants  
\*Resources or info on building a  
greenhouse with old windows



# COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

- AMAZENJI, RR2 S11E C3, Burns Lake, British Columbia V0J 1E0 Canada  
250-694-3630 (before 8am, after 8pm)  
Open to travelling womyn and children (boys under 5) and work exchange sisters. Camping from May-Oct, alcohol and drug free. Womyn's gatherings, zen retreats.
- AMAZON ACRES, HC66, Box 64A, Witter Arkansas 72776
- APPLE SCHRAM ORCHARD, 1300 Mt. Hope Hwy. Charlotte MI 48813 517-649-8957  
40 acres, 17 of which is in apple trees, rest is small grain, hay, grass rotation and wood lots. Certified organic since 1990. "I'm always looking for help!"
- ARCO IRIS, HC70, Box 17, Ponca Arkansas 72670-9620
- ARF/New Mexico Women's Land Trust, POBox 707, Tesuque, New Mexico 87574
- BELLE SPRINGS, POBox 90623, Austin Texas 78709  
Visitors welcome; seeking residents
- BOLD MOON, 5780 Plowfield Rd, McLeansville North Carolina 27301 910-375-8876  
e-mail: jjensine@aol.com  
21 acres near Greensboro NC. Camping for dykes who write or call in advance. Womyn's concerts and gatherings, write to be on mailing list. Info about NC dykelands and local newsletter, "Womyn on the Land"; please send SASE.
- CABBAGE LANE, POBox 2145, Roseburg, Oregon 97470
- CAMP MARY, POBox 374, Pelham New Hampshire 03076. 603-635-3046  
A small, integrated access, EI safer Women's Community that strives to provide a rural, waterfront, outdoor experience for severely disabled women and their friends. We provide anti-ablist education and integrative access consultation. Visitors are welcome with advance confirmed reservations. Cabin, tenting, RV and gathering space are available for a pre-arranged donation.
- CAMP SISTER SPIRIT, POBox 12, Ovett, Mississippi 39464
- CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, Fran Winant, 114 Perry St, New York, New York 10014  
212-989-2127 or 212-865-1172  
Looking for women to share house and land. Explore farming, intergenerational community, place to retire.
- COVENTREE, Chris of Coventree, Troy, Maine 04987  
Camping, visitors, apprentices, community members.
- DANCING FISH LODGE, 627 Wisteria Lane, Waverly Tennessee 37185  
Seeking co-housing communal living commitment from women gardeners, musicians, writers and artists. Currently a 6000 ft retreat center. Campers and visitors welcome. 65 miles west of Nashville.
- DOE FARM/Wisconsin Women's Land Cooperative Rt.2 Box 150, Norwalk Wisconsin 54648  
Camping, lodging, memberships, summer work
- FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silkhope-Liberty Rd Siler City, North Carolina 27344  
919-742-5959  
Visitors, camping, community members, work exchange
- FULL MOON ENTERPRISES, POBox 416, Hopland California 95449 707-744-1648 or 1190  
Cattle ranch, camping  
Womyn's festival in June
- GARVESK, An Damhshraith (Dowra), Carrick-on-Shannon, Co Leitrim, Republic of Ireland  
Visitors, campers, any help--all very welcome!
- HARMONY HILL FARM/Northern Minnesota Women's Land Trust, POBox 124, Cotton Minnesota 55724
- HOWL/huntington Open Women's Land, POBox 53, Huntington Vermont 05462  
802-434-DYKE
- INTOUCH, Rt 2, Box 1096, Kent's Store, Virginia 23084  
Camping and events center
- KIMBILIO, 6047 TR501, Big Prairie Ohio 44611 216-378-2481  
Artist residencies
- KIRIWAI, #4, 71 Constable St. Wellington 6002 New Zealand  
Looking for lesbians to build community on 300 acres overlooking Pacific Ocean. Growing season all year round. Partial focus on retirement. Visitors, travellers snoopers, gardeners most welcome. Please write first. Overseas mail may take ten days airmail.
- LAUGHING R.O.C.S., POBox 2125, Snowflake Arizona 85937  
Looking for residents (wimmin and children), land partner

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 self-healing.

LUNA CIRCLE FARM, Rt 1, Box 126, Gays Mills  
 Wisconsin 54631  
 Visitors, apprentices

MARSHLAND BASIN, Box 61 Site 1 RR 1,  
 Strathmore Alberta T1P 1J6 Canada  
 403-934-2043  
 155 acres, 45 acre lake/wetland conser-  
 vation project, greenhouse, 30x70 shop,  
 restored 100 year old house. Exploring  
 agricultural business potential. Looking  
 for partners, landsitters, women visitors,  
 ideas.

MOONSHADOWS, 34901 Tiller Trail Hwy,  
 Tiller Oregon 97484 503-825-3603  
 Seeking residents.

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina New Mexico  
 87569  
 Remote Lesbian Spirit Community seeking  
 residents committed to self-sufficient  
 living based in Lesbian culture and spirit.  
 Write for info on becoming part of our  
 intentional community.

OWL FARM/Oregon Women's Land Trust, Box  
 1692, Roseburg Oregon 97470  
 Open land.

OWL HOLLOW, c/o 25650 Vanderburg Lane,  
 Arlee Montana 59821 406-716-3662

PUMPKIN FARM, RR5, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia  
 BOS 1C0 Canada 902-665-5041  
 Organic farm, womyn's CSA, summer  
 apprenticeships available, seeking  
 lesbian residents and visitors

RAINBOW'S END, 886 Raven Lane, Roseburg  
 Oregon 97470 673-7649

RANCHO DE TODOS COLORES, POBox 181,  
 Cebolla, New Mexico 87518  
 Nonprofit tax-exempt land trust for  
 lesbian mothers and their children.  
 40 acres of high(8500')mountain valley.  
 Lots of snow between Oct-Feb and lots  
 of sun the rest of the year. Building a  
 school, solar adobe structures, planting  
 community gardens, riding and packing  
 horses. Multiracial, multigenerational  
 community. Visitors and new members  
 welcome. Work weekends. Call for info  
 Tania 505-351-4312 or Yolanda 988-5371

RATHGASKIG (aka Raa) write: Gobnait, c/o  
 Rathgaskig Cottage, Ballingearry,  
 Co. Cork, Eire (Ireland)  
 Mountain, pinetrees, simple living,  
 inside space and camping, money no  
 obstacle. Wild ways out of patriarchy.

RAVEN'S HOLLOW, POBox 41, Cazenovia  
 Wisconsin 53924  
 612-822-4758 or 608-983-2715  
 Visitors welcome

ROOTWORKS, 2000 King Mountain Trail,  
 Sunny Valley Oregon 97497  
 Women and girl children. No dogs.  
 Cabins & camping, \$5/day includes meals.

SILVER CIRCLE SANCTUARY, Rt.5 Box 100,  
 Holly Springs, Mississippi 38635  
 601-564-2715 (6-8pm cst)  
 One hour from Memphis TN  
 Camping, visitors, apprentices

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH(SHE), Box 5285,  
 Tucson Arizona 85703  
 Saguaro Sisterland, 12101 W.Calle Madero,  
 Tucson Arizona 85743

SKY RANCH, C4, Site 20, RR2, Burns Lake  
 British Columbia V0J 1E0 Canada  
 Seeking residents. Send SASE (Canada)  
 or IRC(USA)

SONORAN DESERT, POBox 544, Tucson Arizona  
 85702 520-682-7557  
 Visitors welcome

SPINSTERHAVEN, POBox 718, Fayetteville  
 Arkansas 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.

SPINSTERVALE, c/o Sunshine Goldstream,  
 Box 429, Coomb, British Columbia,  
 V0R 1M0 Canada 604-248-8809  
 Any travelling woman is welcome to stop  
 by Spinstervale on Vancouver Island, BC  
 We have a few small cabins (\$5/nite/person)  
 and camping is always available. Work  
 exchange too, by arrangement. Herbs,  
 goats, gardening.

SPIRALAND/Spiral Women's Land Trust,  
 HC 72, Box 94A, Monticello Kentucky  
 42633 606-348-7913  
 Open to new members, visitors, appren-  
 tices, work exchange sometimes available

SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME  
 WOMEN'S LAND TRUST, POBox 5853, Athens,  
 Ohio 45701 614-448-6424  
 Seeking community members, visitors,  
 campers. Work exchange available.  
 House rental.

SWIFTWATERS, Rt 3, Dahlonega, Georgia  
 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 Kentucky 42731

Seek lesbians to share land.

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

Camping and guest room for womyn travel-  
ing through. Companion animals welcome  
outside only. We love company.

WEST WIND, POBox 304, Ribera New Mexico  
87560

Community of 5 lesbians on 106 acres  
seeking committed residents for a lar-  
ger community, and women who would like  
to learn building skills and to help us  
build. The land was bought in 1995 by  
the High Desert Women's Land Trust. We  
are getting established on the land and  
building structures. We don't yet have  
housing for visitors, but have a primi-  
tive community kitchen and good camping  
weather April-September. Approximately  
one hour from Santa Fe. Send SASE for info

WE'MOON, 37010 SE Snuffin Rd, Estacada  
Oregon 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.

WILD BROWSE FARM, 87 Bullard Pasture,  
Wendell Massachusetts 01379

WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport  
Ohio 43164

Seeking community members.

WOMANSHARE, POBox 681, Grant's Pass, Oregon  
97526

Seeking collective members.

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

Work exchange for landswomen, builders,  
and gardeners to improve rural living  
and construction skills, about 1 hour  
from New Orleans. Developing community  
with land ownership as well as community  
land ownership of women-only space.

WOMEN FIRST FOUNDATION, POBox 372, Green-  
field Massachusetts 01302

10 acres in New York

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM, c/o Kate Millet  
195 Bowery, NYC, New York 10003

Summer:writers & artists work exchange  
Spring and fall: landswomen and builders  
work exchange

WOMEN'S HOLIDAY RETREAT, POBox 330, Tyrone  
New Mexico 88065

\$5/night tenting, \$10/night/woman in house

WOMEN'S PEACELAND, 5440 Rt 96, Box 34,  
Romulus New York 14541

Land trust, intentional community.  
Visitors(advance notice), residents,  
members.

WOMLAND, Inc. POBox 293, Belfast, Maine  
04915

## TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND

The visitor calls or writes in advance.  
She includes a 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 every-

thing the way she found it. She takes her  
garbage with her.

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

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

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

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

MAIZE



# *Lesbian Natural Resources*

*P.O. BOX 8742 MINNEAPOLIS MN 55408*

This spring, just getting to The Web to meet was an exercise in the rural living skills of flexibility and making do. Struck by a variety of weather problems, we all arrived later than we'd planned. Deb couldn't get her flight out of British Columbia, so had to take a 12 hour bus ride to Vancouver and then find a plane going to Minneapolis; arriving five hours earlier than she had planned, she was glad to have packed presents of food. Christine was stranded in Madison, Wisconsin, and could neither get home to get her clothes and paperwork nor drive to Minnesota, because the interstate was closed by heavy winds and 20" of snow. Elliott had flown in earlier in the week, but was waiting for Christine in Minneapolis, and continued to wait. And to wait. However, we finally all arrived by Saturday afternoon, to cold weather, warm food, and great dykes.

As with all the committees before us, we faced a challenging and exciting task, trying to balance needs, resources, plans and dreams with the reality of a fixed amount of money. Working with the grant applications was amazing -- the three of us were constantly moved by how few resources so many land dykes have, and by the beauty and creativity land dykes use to enact our collective visions. Our perceptions about our own lives and plans were tested by encountering the issues and lives we were making decisions about. In particular, each of us was deeply moved by the tremendous strength of land dykes, who continue to create so much out of so little.

The three of us did not know each other before we gathered, but we quickly jelled into a great working group, building from our different experiences and knowledge. This process was greatly helped by regular infusions of amazing food, long deep dykely laughing, and the peacefulness and beauty of The Web. By Monday morning, we were facing the final haul: a long list of great proposals and a sum of money that seemed much too small. However (and we're not even sure how we did this), we managed, by talking, thinking, juggling numbers, to find a way to fund as many projects as we could.

At one particularly difficult point in our decision making, we were reminded of something very important: all of the money we were granting comes from the land dyke community, a lot of it in donations of \$5 to \$10. This re-centered the three of us, and reminded us why we felt so honored to be making these decisions. As the grant committee, we act as the trustees of land dykes' collective vision, and this is a sobering and beautiful duty. From individuals and small communities where resources are limited, through the magic of working towards a shared vision, land dykes are creating a revolution that can not be stopped.

And we are creating a revolution that can be funded. Not every group that sent a proposal this year received a grant, although every project was important and valuable. As a committee, we feel that we didn't say "no" to any project, but instead said "not yet" to a few groups who, to us, didn't seem quite far enough along in planning their projects. For many of the projects, of course, we would have loved to have more money to give, which is where every dyke reading this letter comes in. Your donations to LNR, no matter how large or small, directly affect the quality of life of land dykes all across North America. The many goals and dreams we share that none of us could fund alone become the reality of ramps, roads, buildings, and land through LNR. And money is certainly not the only way to share: your skills, knowledge, volunteer time and passion are vital.

The three of us on this year's committee have some thanks to give: to Hilda, for traveling with Christine so she could make the drive; to the LNR volunteers who do the work of creating change. Most of all, though, we thank all of you Land Dykes, whose individual and communal strength, wisdom, and dreaming has given each of us so much energy and such a sense of hope.

#### GRANT COMMITTEE FOR 1997

Deb Thomas, Kootenay Country, British Columbia, Canada

Christine Violet, Wisconsin

Elliott Femynye, Women's PeaceLand, Romulus, N.Y.

## LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES GRANT RECIPIENTS 1997

### LAND DEVELOPMENT GRANTS funded by LNR Community Land Fund

#### LAND PURCHASE

|                       |  |           |
|-----------------------|--|-----------|
| Maat Dompim (Renewal) |  | \$15,000* |
| Systems of Creation   |  | \$15,000* |
| Dreamstone, Inc.      |  | \$15,000* |
| Sundance              |  | \$15,000* |

#### LAND DEVELOPMENT

|                           |                          |          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|----------|
| Ozark Land Holding Assn   | road repair              | \$2,250* |
| Westwind                  | road, community building | \$5,000  |
| Arco Iris                 | living space             | \$5,000  |
| Ravensong                 | new road                 | \$5,000  |
| Oregon Womon's Land Trust | road repair              | \$5,000  |
| HOWL                      | heater                   | \$1,700  |

### COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT GRANTS

#### COMMUNITY

|              |                           |           |
|--------------|---------------------------|-----------|
| CLIT         | bath house                | \$2,000** |
| We'Moon      | barn strawbale renovation | \$1,500** |
| Merry Macha  | kitchen pavilion          | \$1,350   |
| Amazon Acres | community cabin           | \$2,000** |

#### ACCESSIBILITY

|                    |               |           |
|--------------------|---------------|-----------|
| Terra              | equipment     | \$2,000** |
| The Enchanted Land | well drilling | \$2,000** |
| Dragonheart        | water system  | \$2,000** |
| Cross Creek - Isis | water system  | \$2,000** |

#### ECONOMIC SELF SUFFICIENCY

|                       |                        |           |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------|
| Grassroots            | greenhouse restoration | \$1,875   |
| Cross Creek - Georgia | greenhouse nursery     | \$2,000** |
| Music For Lesbians    | music distribution     | \$ 967.60 |
| Cross Creek - redstar | workspace expansion    | \$1,275   |

\*contingent grants

\*\*donor designated funds

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

*I AM PURCHASING* 200 extraordinary acres in northern New Mexico. It will be separatist land. I am looking for 1-3 dykes who would buy into the land and live on it. Fox, POBox 4723, Albuquerque NM 87196

*CALL FOR CARETAKING PROPOSALS:* OWL Trust is calling for proposals from women who would agree to live at OWL Farm and give it loving, caretaking attention. OWL Farm needs several committed residents who Can Get Along With Each Other, who can thrive in rustic physical conditions (no phone/electricity/hot running water), who are eager for the work of hands-on land maintenance on beautiful, isolated women's land. Proposals may include plans for land-based cultural/educational/economic projects. Proposals may include creative provision for OWL Farm to continue to welcome women with open arms. Women who want OWL Farm to continue to be "open women's land" as currently defined (offering residency to any woman) need to submit proposals outlining their plans for a living situation that will provide care for the Farm. Women living at OWL will be expected to agree to the basic Land Trust Agreements: ecologically-sound principles; no men on the land, no alcohol/illegal drugs/firearms/violence; animal-free common spaces. Many other details--money, timing, etc--will be worked out in months to come as the proposal discussions evolve. Women who are interested in living at OWL but who don't know the land, should visit the Farm before creating their proposals. Hopefully the road will be repaired in early summer, in time for a great visitor season, full of healing inspirations about OWL Farm's near future. Contact Oregon Women's Land Trust, POBox 1692, Roseburg OR 97470

*1997 DYKE ART CAMP* at Art Springs, Oregon, August 3-9. Cost \$340-375, includes 3 vegetarian meals daily. Located on 12 secluded wooded acres 45 min. SW of Portland. Ponds, trails, campsites, bird-watching, hot tub. Alcohol, drug and dog-free space. Call Marge or Sierra, 503-985-9549

*WE'RE FORMING A LAND COMMUNITY* based on radical feminism, permaculture, Luddite beliefs, vegetarian/veganism, girl children, activism, natural farming, consensus of one mind/one heart, gift economy, meditation and prayer, solidarity work, endogamy, global and local, pattern languages and eco-villages, everything organic, principled without dogma, the sacred hoop, the wheel of life. Hopefully in a mild climate, perhaps the northern California coast. Send a SASE for more information and our newsletter. Tribe, POBox 813, Northampton MA 01061

*I AM A WOMAN* with multiple chemical sensitivity/environmental illness looking for a place in a community (not a commune) on the land in a clean-air region with low chemical use. I'd consider buying a small house or cabin on land near a women's community. I am also seeking animal-compatible women who want to pool resources for a EI safe house. Due to circumstances, I must buy not rent. I'm interested and experienced in organic gardening, landscape design, natural history. Like music, art and crafts. I have 2 cats. I hope to find others who want to create a supportive atmosphere for healing and growth. We all have a dream of a chemical-free safe haven where we can have community. Please contact me if you have ideas about how to make it happen on a large scale or small. Maxine Centala, 12707 NE 116th St. #102 Kirkland, WA 98034

*CHELA'S BAG AND FOREST CAMPING RETREAT:* located near Gays Mills in the hills of SW Wisconsin on 35 acres of Women's Land. Info: 608-735-4829

*THE COB BUILDER'S HANDBOOK:* User friendly guide on how to make your own hand-sculpted earth home. 200 pages with lots of illustrations. \$19.95+\$4 postage. Becky Bee, Groundworks, POBox 381, Murphy OR 97533 Cob video available: \$17.95+\$3 postage to Pat Hemon, 220 South Willow, Fayetteville AR 72701

**SEPCONNECTION** is a newsletter for, by and about Dyke Separatists. It is published four times a year. The purpose of the newsletter is to provide support for and connections among Lesbian Separatists. For info send long SASE to SEPC, POBox 1180, Sebastopol CA 95473

**SHEWOLF'S DIRECTORY OF WIMMIN'S LANDS** 1997-98 is available from Royal T Pub, 2013 Royal St. New Orleans LA 70116 for \$12 ppd.

**BREN YAU** of Nott'm U.K. is very eager to contact a dyke who wrote to her re. Bren's LESY music offer(winter). Due to a hectic start to the year, she has 'lost' her address(somewhere residing in F.Fields in Nott'm) and is regrettably unable to reply to her. If you are the womyn reading this: Bren apologizes abundantly, and asks if she would be so kind as to write to her again. B.Yau, 408, Gordon Road, Thorneywood, Nott'm. NG3 2LL, U.K. (Tel: 0115-912.8052)

**GOLDEN THREADS**, Discreet contact publication for Lesbian Women over 50, and younger. Sample copy \$5, POBox 65, Richford VT 05476 email:GOLDENTRED@aol.com

**CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS** for a big, fat, eclectic book about Dykes and our spirituality. Send writing or art about what inspires you. We want to hear from dykes of all spiritual backgrounds and practices, in old traditions and new, or those who don't call what they do a "tradition" at all. More info from Max Airborne and Elena Escalera, 2215-R Market St #193, San Francisco CA 94114.(airborne@sirius.com) Submission deadline: October 1, 1997.

**OHIO LESBIAN ARCHIVES**, The Women's Building, Room 304, 4039 Hamilton Ave, Cincinnati OH 45223. 513-541-1917.

**INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF CRONES AND GRANDMOTHERS** annual conference Sept. 26-29, Tiburon, California. POBox 8164, Berkeley CA 94707. 510-874-4935.

**WOMYN ON THE LAND NETWORK**, POBox 412, McLeansville NC 27301. Regional monthly newsletter for country lesbians. Focus on SE U.S. Articles and events listing. \$15/year.

**THE WOMYN'S GRAPEVINE**, POBox 2233, Roseburg, OR 97470. Newsletter for Southern Oregon Lesbian Community. Focus on events. Monthly. \$15/year.

*The companion  
to your heart*



**A moving, rhythmical and deeply radical book about the desire that creates Lesbians and Lesbian World**

By Nett Hart  
\$9.95 postpaid  
Word Weavers, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408-0742

## Dancing in the Kitchen

Finally! a vegetarian cookbook that speaks about being Lesbian and vegetarian. Fun, simple, delicious recipes. A colorful, humorous and beautifully illustrated book!

From the kitchen of *Something Special*, that infamous Lesbian venture in Miami!

\$15 ppd. - checks payable to: *Maryanne Powers*  
*Something Special*, a Lesbian venture  
7762 N.W. 14 Court - Miami, FL 33147-5771  
305.696.8826

# CEMENT

\$4.00

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