

314

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

FALL 97



Jae Haggard

MAIZE NUMBER 55 FALL 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 Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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)

This issue typed and laid out by Lee at Outland.
Thanks to Jae Haggard for taping and mailing help!

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

All material copyright by author.

Cover art: "Jenna": photograph by Jae Haggard, Outland, New Mexico
Back: "Sorren": photograph by Jae Haggard, Outland, New Mexico

Send material for #56 by November 1, 97
#57 by February 1, 98

Subscription rate: \$12 for 4 issues, published quarterly
Available on tape, \$12 for 4 issues

Send all subscriptions, submissions, inquiries to NEW address:

MAIZE

PO BOX 670

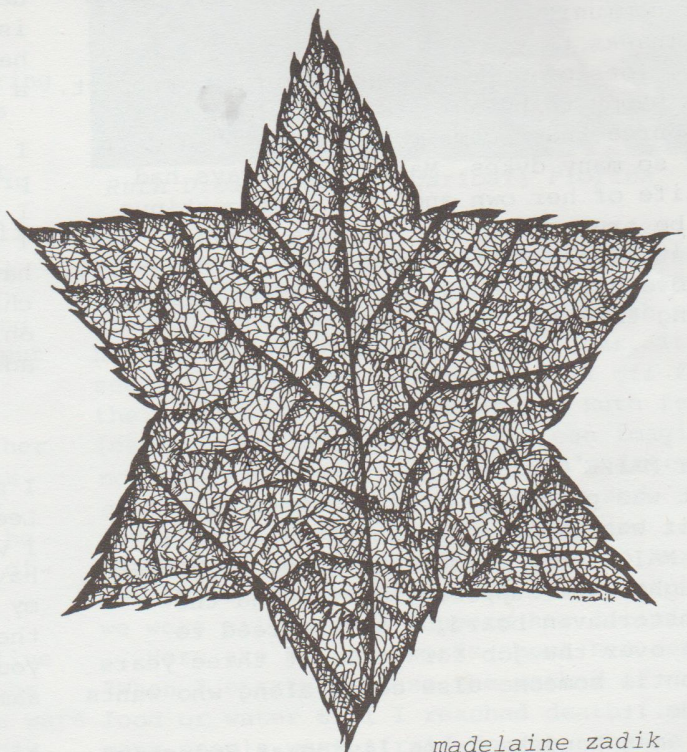
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS 72702

CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|---------------------|----|
| MAIZE MOVES | Lee, Sustana | 4 |
| AN INSPIRING DEATH | Glo | 5 |
| DESERT | Debby Earthdaughter | 6 |
| SUNFLOWER | Sunlight | 7 |
| EARTH SUSTAINABLE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE | Nett Hart | 12 |
| ON THE LAND | | |
| A NEW DYKE LAND | Dawn Susun | 13 |
| WOMAN'S WORLD | Shewolf | 14 |
| WOMENSCAPE | Kyla and Jill | 15 |
| LANDFEST 97 | Kim Hill | 17 |
| RECYCLED RAISED BED GARDEN RAG | Mary Frances | 18 |
| FROM WILD PATIENCE | Vickie Spray | 19 |
| THE TREES KNOW | Jae Haggard | 20 |
| I BLOOM | Debby Earthdaughter | 21 |
| POEMS | Jo Greenwood | 22 |
| RAISING DAYLILIES | Sharon Bienert | 24 |
| TRUE ADVENTURES | Hawk Madrone | 26 |
| ONE THING I'VE LEARNED... | Susan Wiseheart | 29 |
| TIPS FOR DEALING WITH DIFFICULT MATERIAL | Debby Earthdaughter | 32 |
| DYKE WELL-BEING | | 34 |
| LETTERS | | 36 |
| REVIEWS | | 37 |
| LEZ TRY THIS... | | 38 |
| LAND LESY | | 39 |
| COUNTRY CONNECTIONS | | 44 |
| ANNOUNCEMENTS | | 47 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Jae Haggard | cover, back |
| madelaine zadik | 3 |
| zana | 6,21 |
| Pelican | 7,9,38 |
| Rixanne | 8 |
| Sunlight | 10,11 |
| Birch Land | 12 |
| Dawn Susun | 13 |
| Fiona | 14 |
| Mary Frances | 18 |
| Shan Chaney | 19 |
| Jo Greenwood | 22,23 |
| Sharon Bienert | 24 |
| Kiwani | 27 |
| Jenna Weston | 30,31 |
| Oak | 33 |
| Raewyn | 34 |
| Jean Mountaingrove | 35 |
| maryanne | 37 |
| Cookie | 47 |



madelaine zadik
massachusetts

MAIZE MOVES

Dear Readers,

It's true, Maize is moving, things are changing. A couple of issues ago I asked in Maize if anyone was interested in doing Maize. I love doing it, but it seems time to pass the work along, to open new doors both for Maize and for me. Sustana of Spinstervhaven has offered to take the magazine--an exciting time for each of us. This is the last issue I will be doing; Sustana will put out the winter issue. I hope she finds as much fun and satisfaction in the work as I have.

I will miss the hundreds of connections with all you subscribers and contributors--thank you all for your notes of appreciation and encouragement. I trust you will give Sustana the support you have given me--it's a lifeline. I look forward to staying in touch with you all in the pages of Maize--send Sustana news of your land lives, your thoughts and dreams, discoveries and disappointments. Our communication creates our community.

Thanks to you all Maize is thriving now, lots of energy, contributions, support. I'm happy to be able to pass along this resource that seems to be working so well for so many dykes. Maize has always had a life of her own and this will continue to be true. She's our landyke network, our point of connection amid our vast diversity. I love her for this. And love you all for being there.

Lee

Dear MAIZE Wimmin:

It was probably as big a shock to you as it was to me to learn that Lee is turning MAIZE over to someone else. With much thought, and support from Lee and the Spinstervhaven board, I have agreed to take over the job for at least three years or until someone else comes along who wants to do it.

I am a Landyke Crone living at Spinstervhaven, a retirement community (some may call it a neighborhood) for wimmin age 55+.

We are located in the Ozark mountains of Northwest Arkansas.

The reason I volunteered for this job is because I love working with wimmin's publications (which I did for six years before I retired) and I have great hopes and respect for the Landyke network that Lee has helped to create with MAIZE.

My intention is to carry on Lee's commitment to the Landykes all over the world by making as few changes as possible in MAIZE. I realize that an editor's personality tends to show through, but Lee and I agree on the basic philosophy of MAIZE. It should validate Lesbians, help build our strengths, and recognize the tremendous potential for social change that only Lesbians are capable of, and especially Landykes.

Actually, you are the creators of MAIZE. It is your stories that are printed and read and influence other Lesbians to help them determine their directions. It is your fantastic lives and courage that have made me want to work on MAIZE and be a part of this Landyke Network.

One thing that will be different when I start publishing (Winter '97) is the print itself. Lee uses a typewriter and I plan to use a word processor. However, I am just learning it so I could end up having to use the typewriter also. No changes have been made in policy. The only difference on page 2 is the new address: MAIZE

PO Box 670
Fayetteville AR 72702

Change is never easy to accept, and I'm sure there is none who can really fill Lee's shoes, but I want you to know that I will do my best. Whenever any of you have criticisms and suggestions for me on my editing or anything about how I put the magazine together, I would appreciate you writing me a personal letter at the same address.

I look forward to working and corresponding with all of you.

In Lesbian Spirit,
Sustana

AN INSPIRING DEATH

Glo
HOWL
Vermont

Ruth Dreamdigger of Sugarloaf Women's Village in Florida died peacefully and joyfully on June 18, 1997 at the age of 77. She was in the caring presence of her lesbian community of five, her two daughters, two sons and three of their partners. This diverse group came together to become a cohesive team during the last 2 weeks of Ruth's life.

Born Ruth Travis on November 3, 1919 in Freeport, Long Island, she later married to become Ruth Best. Her later life was spent as Ruth Dreamdigger, a liberated lesbian woman. She was a lifelong activist and educator. She was a committed vegetarian refusing to eat "anything that could run away from her".

In spite of her long struggle with lung disease she never stopped working for social change. Along with political work, her activism extended to her work on personal growth and she was an inspiring force as a leader of dream groups and as a consistent co-counselor.

Ruth came to feel that her persistent exhausting cough and the weakness from oxygen starvation kept her from the quality of life she wanted and so she decided to forgo any further bouts with the many anti-biotics that had kept her from dying in the past. She now wanted to die and put her mind and heart to the task.

She fully expected that without the antibiotics she would soon develop another lung infection and die. She informed her friends and family of this and a family gathering was organized so there could be goodbyes. One of Ruth's favorite jokes of late was: Q:How do you make God laugh? A:Tell her you've got a plan.

A few months later, she was still alive and very discouraged about this fact. She was even weaker and her coughing spells were still horrendous. Because her illness did seem terminal, Hospice had become involved but none of their efforts had eased her



Ruth Dreamdigger, Sugarloaf, Florida

situation. This is when she made her plan. She would stop eating and after a while stop drinking and she would time her death so her children could come be with her. It seemed they could each get a week off from their jobs in the northeast and Ruth fearlessly began her plan. As you can imagine not everyone could support Ruth's intentional self deliverance. Ruth patiently and lovingly talked to us about her need to get out of her body and was able to hear our objections with equanimity. Eventually we were all able to support her decision.

Here are her own words about her method. "When I started to use the method of no food or water till I reached death...so many people were afraid for me, that I sometimes wondered myself if I were doing the sensible thing. But as time has gone

on it has really turned out to be very sensible and good for me, because it's given me time to talk with a lot of people I love and it hasn't been all that difficult. So I do recommend it to other people. It's a nice way to relax toward dying and get a lot of pampering (she laughs)."

"I have slight confusion...this morning for the first time, in the light of day, I was kind of mixed up as to where I was... even though I really knew I was in the same room I've slept in for 13 years. There was a door and I wasn't quite sure where the door went. I kept thinking there was another door that went directly through it on the other side...It has something to do with moving toward death and that's totally ok with me. Really. I'm feeling really happy. And I think that helps too. It helps people who are coming to see me...that it's not a

sad chore. I'm obviously enjoying myself... So that's all." (taped 3 or 4 days before her death)

Helpful in Ruth's process was Hospice's faithfulness and their knowledge especially in relation to mouthcare which was of supreme importance. Morphine helped ease her cough.

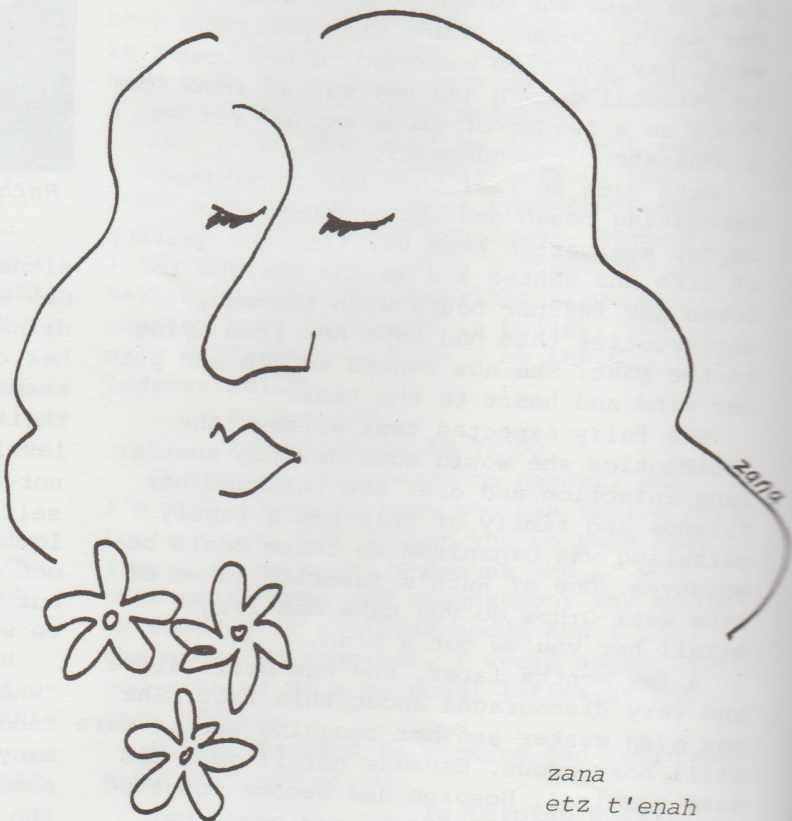
Our mixed group of Dykes and family members grew to love and respect each other through our daily, early morning check-ins or "go-rounds" as we called them. Thirteen turned out to be an ideal gathering of loving people.

Ruth died a week after she stopped drinking. Singing with us the night before she passed over and smiling happily to the very end. She died as she lived with quiet dignity and fierce determination.

DESERT

Debby Earthdaughter
Etz T'enah
Arizona

In the desert
a flower grows
by the spring
red
you paint it
growing
I write it
flowing out
a woman's song wafts over the desert
stillness
the night
clear air
the stars
I shiver



zana
etz t'enah
arizona

SUNFLOWER

AN ENERGY-GENTLE SPACE

Sunlight
Deep Dish
California

For much of my life (73 years), I've created places to nest in. As a child, I fixed up the hayloft in the barn; grown-up, I renovated apartments, rebuilt cabins, and designed numerous habitats I never inhabited. At Heraseed, I had leveled a patch of ground, put up a retaining wall and was digging holes for a post and beam cabin when the fire came through and destroyed my plans.

I perused books on architecture and construction, studied buildings, took workshops on passive solar, rammed earth, straw bale. It was a joyous experience to help other dykes build their homes--mudding a casita at Outland, roofing at Fly Away Home, tamping a rammed earth wall at Mariposa, and other projects in other places, for we are a community of builders. I longed to build one too.

Three and a half years ago I moved to this beautiful land of Deep Dish and explored for an area to build my place in the sun. When I found the right spot, where the meadow meets the woods, I came here to meditate, sometimes to eat breakfast or lunch, wandered around getting to know the creatures who would be my neighbors--some of whom, the smaller ones, I would displace

hoping they could find another home.

To me, that is the saddest thing about building--even a garden. Countless critters lose their homes or food so we can have ours. I'm encouraged to see the ones who readapt. Ants and lizards move into the greenhouse. Deer nibble the peas and rose bushes that protrude beyond the fence. The sparrows and juncos feast on tidbits from my oatmeal pot. Lots of insects prefer my beans and potatoes and sunflowers to the grasses they replaced. And everyone likes the strawberries.

I drew plans and one of the lesbians in the community--a carpenter turned architect--checked them over, offering information and suggestions. After studying and considering a variety of constructions, I decided on wood, milled from Douglas firs and redwoods a neighbor dyke had removed so the sun could reach her garden. The south wall, however, is glass to let in light, and masonry to store heat.

Another thing that troubled me--still troubles me--about building, is toxic materials (caulk, insulation, roofing) and all the non-renewable energy that inevitably ends up going into it. Articles by Jae and others in *Maize* helped; also *A Reference Guide to Resource Efficient Building Elements* from the Center for Resourceful Building Technology, which



Southeast corner, showing greenhouse, deck and solar water heater on the roof.
Spring 1997

Photo by Pelican, West Wind, New Mexico

lists sources of ecological construction materials. I did my best to build consciously, but it's still a million miles away from mud or grass huts made from what's at hand and returning to the earth when the time comes. We used recycled doors and windows, various found materials and salvaged boards. We replaced about 20% of the cement in the concrete with fly ash, a waste material from coal-fired power plants which also adds strength to the concrete.

I made terratiles (soil cement) floors in the shed and the greenhouse. It's slow and laborious, but rather fun and looks very good. Directions are in *Dwelling on Earth* by David Easton. Jae has written in *Maize* about adobe floors for those who live around clay soil. Here, the soil is over 99% fine sand; there's no clay in it to add to the adhesive power, so I had to use about 10% cement (again, replacing some of it with fly ash). It does dent a bit when something hard is dropped on it or scraped against it. A somewhat larger portion of cement/fly ash should make it harder.

HEATING

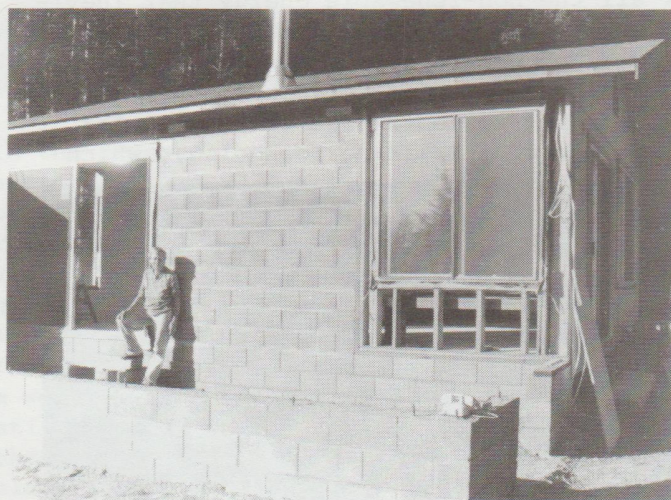
On sunny days and some that aren't, I've been able to get enough heat from the greenhouse to be comfortable. There

is a seven by eight foot concrete block wall eight inches thick between the greenhouse and the house. The blocks are filled with dirt (=sand) from the site, or with concrete in the rebar-reinforced compartments (this is earthquake country). It's painted dark brown on the greenhouse side so heat absorbed there during the day passes by conduction into the house in the evening. In addition, there are vents above the wall as well as a sliding glass door and a large window which can be opened to admit heat from the greenhouse. 80 square feet of dark red tiles under the glass door on the east and along the south side absorb and store some warmth from the sun or stove.

Good insulation and double glazed windows help maintain a comfortable temperature, but I must make some thermal drapes to cover the windows at night. Here, a mile and a half from the ocean, the climate is quite gentle. Some winters there may be only a dozen or so nights of frost with rarely a deep freeze. The summers, however, are often foggy and cool with a need for heating. The greenhouse does collect some heat even on cloudy days. I've used about half a cord of wood compared with two or three cords a year commonly needed in the area. A wood-box-window-seat can be filled through a door from the greenhouse by pushing aside the potting bench which is on wheels. This saves trips back and forth and provides a pleasant place to sit.

The greenhouse is the entrance to the house, doubling as a mud room with hooks for coats and space for umbrellas and shoes. Although the roof and sides are single-glazed with no insulating curtains for night, so far the temperature has never gone below 40 degrees even on frosty nights. The large thermal mass of 120 cubic feet of concrete steps and filled walls plus over 50 cubic foot of soil in the planting bed maintains the warmth as well as furnishing some to the house. As the stove is back to back with the concrete wall, no doubt heat is also transferred into the greenhouse on cold nights when there's a fire in the stove.

It's a wonderful sun space to work or just sit and enjoy the plants. Tomato vines are into their second year and provide delicious tomatoes all year long. Potted peppers have also continued to live and are in flower now (April) with occasional



Wall between house and greenhouse with eight foot masonry center, sliding glass door on left (west) end, window on other with framing underneath for doors to interior wood-box-window-seat. Stem wall defines the greenhouse area. Fall 1994. Photo by Rixanne



West half of greenhouse interior with terratile floor, tomato vine in planting bed, solar hot water storage tank and back up instantaneous water heater. Spring 97. Photo by Pelican.

ripe ones still. Pole beans (from Outland through Land LESY) flourished from May through November when they slacked off and I took them down to let in winter light. I replanted on spring equinox and the vines are already two feet high. At the top, I encourage them to wind around strings just below the greenhouse roof, and while it gets too hot up there for them to produce, there are plenty of beans on the vertical supports and the leaves keep the greenhouse cooler. So far, the temperature is regulated by hand. There's a large, low window on the west side where ocean breeze blows through and out the high windows on the east. I've been able to keep the temperature below 85 or 90 on the hottest days and even the beets were OK. The greenhouse flowers are beautiful too, and herbs are only a few steps from the kitchen.

There's a solar water heater (*Pacemaker II*) which consists of a tiny, quiet pump powered by a little photovoltaic panel on the roof. When the sun is shining, it's activated and water is pumped up to the solar collector, warmed, then flows down by gravity into a storage tank in the greenhouse. The instantaneous propane heater (*AquaStar 80VP*) for back-up has a thermostat that turns on the gas to bring it up to the chosen temperature if the sun hasn't done it. I don't leave the pilot on, though, as it uses gas needlessly--quite a lot. A tea kettle is enough for dishes.

For cooking I have propane burners, but use the wood stove when there's a fire. It has a flat surface large enough for two or three pots and a tea kettle. On sunny days I use a solar oven. For years, I had a home made one, but now have a *Sun-Oven* which brings the temperature up to around 400 degrees--much warmer than the one I'd made. I use it to cook rice, beans, soups; warm up leftovers and bake potatoes, winter squash, and sprouted wheat bread. (Grind the wheat just as it begins to sprout. Mix it with enough water to patty-cake it into small, flat loaves. It's sweet by itself but for a treat, you can knead in raisins, dates, seeds, nuts, or grated carrots.) The Sun Oven came from Real Goods, but I've since found a lesbian company that sells them (and for less), as well as lots of alternative energy products. They live in the Colorado mountains with solar and wind systems themselves and can design one for you and walk you through problem solving over the telephone. Alternative Choices, Inc. POBox 128, Florence CO 81226. 1-800-784-3603.

PLUMBING

I have a garden for the gray water which I use for flowers and food--except for the strawberries and root crops. Unfortunately there's not enough slope to sand-filter or store the water; it's piped directly into hoses I move around. During the rainy season, they can be moved to drain out beyond the garden. Soaps and

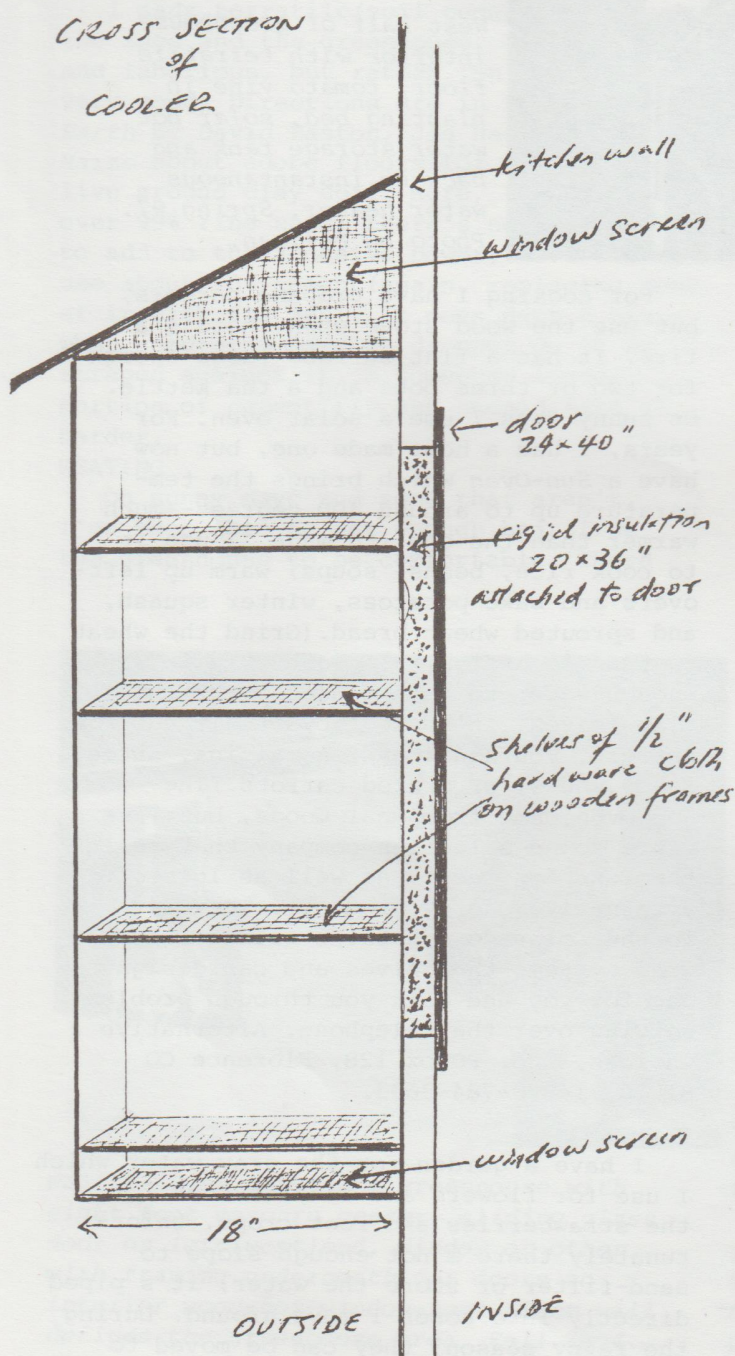
most detergents contain sodium which is bad for plants, so it's better to use a biocompatible cleaner like *Oasis*, good for shampoo and bathing as well as clothes and dishes. It biodegrades into carbon dioxide, water and plant nutrients--nitrogen, potassium, and sulphur.

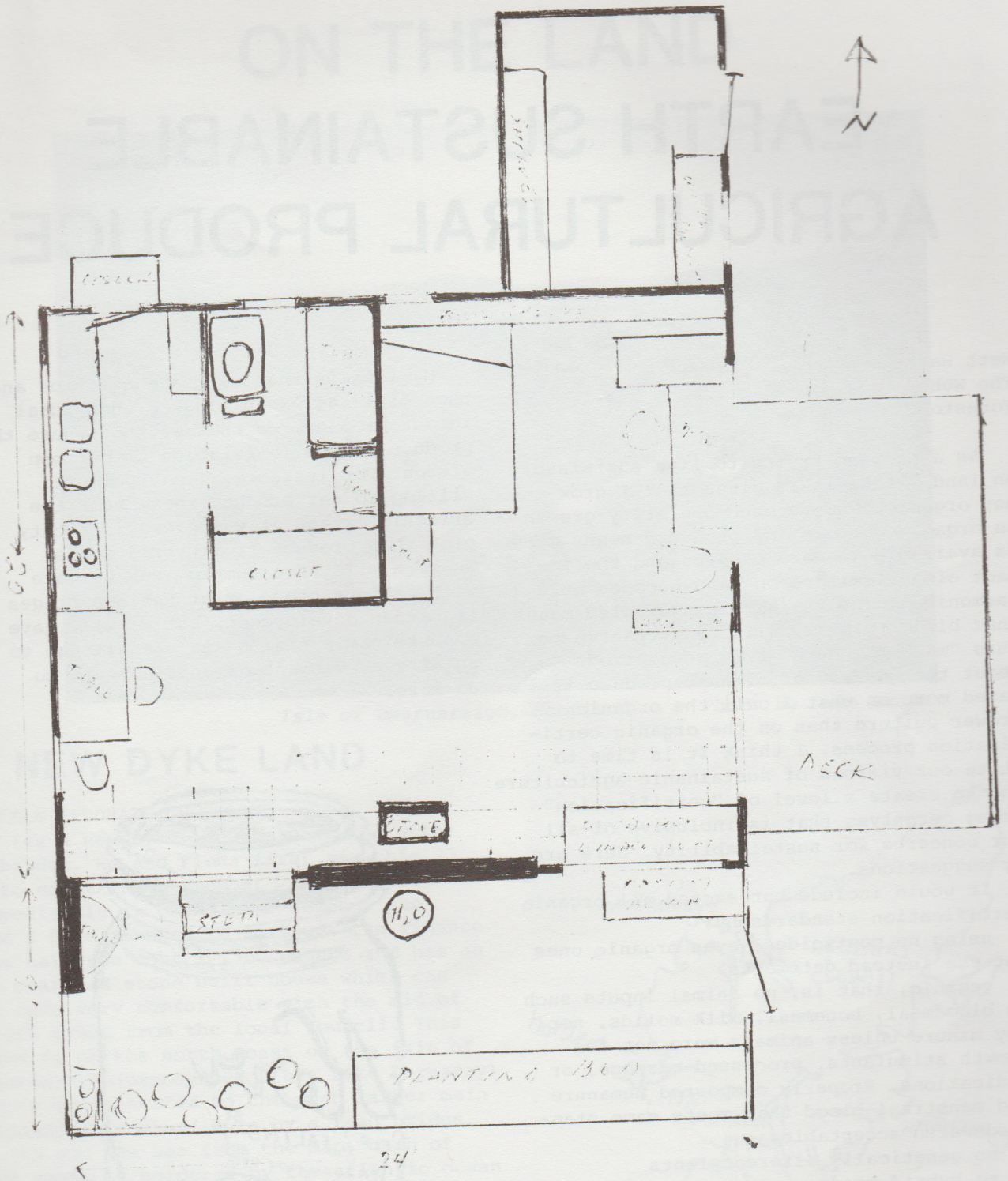
My composting toilet (*Sun-Mar Excel Non-Electric*) works fine in conjunction with a pee-bucket or the woods, as it mustn't get too wet. (Urine is rich in nitrogen and can be used to moisten the

compost pile or diluted 1:5 or so to water plants.) There's still a lot of composting left to be done after emptying the *Sun-Mar*, though, and the system we used at Heraseed of eight gallon tubs transferred into aerated 55-gallon drums worked as well. We've just built an outhouse with composting toilet using 32-gallon trash cans which can be removed and rolled around to mix more easily than the drums. The toilet paper can be thrown into the toilet as a carbon source, together with the leaves, grass clippings or old wood shavings you add after each use. We only fertilize trees and shrubs with this, for although it decomposes into sweet earth-smelling compost, apparently it doesn't heat up enough to kill bacteria.

I built a cooler attached to the north side of the house. Essentially, it's a box with window screen covering the bottom and the vents on the top. Shelves of $\frac{1}{2}$ " hardware cloth fixed to wooden frames allow a good draft of cool air entering from the bottom to flow through the shelves and out the top sides under the roof of the cooler. In this climate, it works well all year for seeds, bread, fruits and vegetables, oil, salad dressing, etc. So far the food has never frozen or spoiled. There is a small insulated cooler in it for cheese and soy milk with blue ice that lasts for a day or two, and once or twice a day I make a trip to the refrigerator on the porch of the main house.

Brenda, a trained carpenter, was the basic builder of the house. I helped her and did the finishing work and there were ten other dykes who worked on it at one time or another. I am grateful to them all. It's a joy to live here. Right now it's raining and that, too is a joy to keep the land green and the woods damp--it could be the last for months. In the circle graywater garden out the window, the strawberry plants are dotted with flowers and the raspberries have buds thick along the canes. Beets and carrots are coming up. Lavender iris, purple chives, a rainbow of pansies brighten the ground, and the first white climbing rose has opened. Deer are grazing outside the garden fence and mama long legs are spinning in the corners of the room. All of us are home.





Illustrations by Sunlight

(Editor's note: Let's share more of our energy-gentle projects--ways to cool, to heat, to cook, to wash, to shelter and clothe ourselves. Let's send our ideas to Maize--what solutions we have found, which we are still looking for, in our quest to live more consciously with the earth.)

EARTH SUSTAINABLE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE

Nett Hart
The Web
Foreston, Minnesota

As a Lesbian trying to live sustainably on land I take it as given that I grow and buy organic. The recent popularity growth in organic produce and products means more is available to more peoples and the impact of agriculture on land becomes more harmonious. But it increasingly also means that bigger players will be attracted to this "market". Much of my assumptions about the quality of organic produce is based more on what I call the organic grower culture than on the organic certification process. I think it is time to state our visions of sustainable agriculture and to create a level of "certification" among ourselves that is inclusive of all our concerns for sustainability. Here are my suggestions.

It would include but exceed all organic certification standards by:

using no pesticides, even organic ones but use instead deterrents

veganic, that is, no animal inputs such as bloodmeal, bonemeal, milk solids, nor any manure unless animals were not fed growth stimulants, processed carnage, or medications. Properly composted humanure and menstrual blood that meets same standards also acceptable

no genetically altered plants
no hybrid seeds; open pollinated only organic seeds

grown in clean air and clean water

grown under natural earth culture, ie not hydroponic, no growth stimulants or enhanced microbial cultures, limited irrigation

grown as locally as possible and available in season

My idea is that we state a vision and then list the exceptions to that ideal in our produce, so that we know where the produce stands in relation to our own vision. For instance, I may be more willing to eat produce that meets the criteria except it was grown in a city plot than produce from hybrid seeds. We each will have compromises we make with various crops or at various stages of garden development, but we will have a sustainable vision and a challenge to an already vibrant organic culture to do more.



Birch Land
Ohio

ON THE LAND



Isle of Bearnaraigh, Scotland

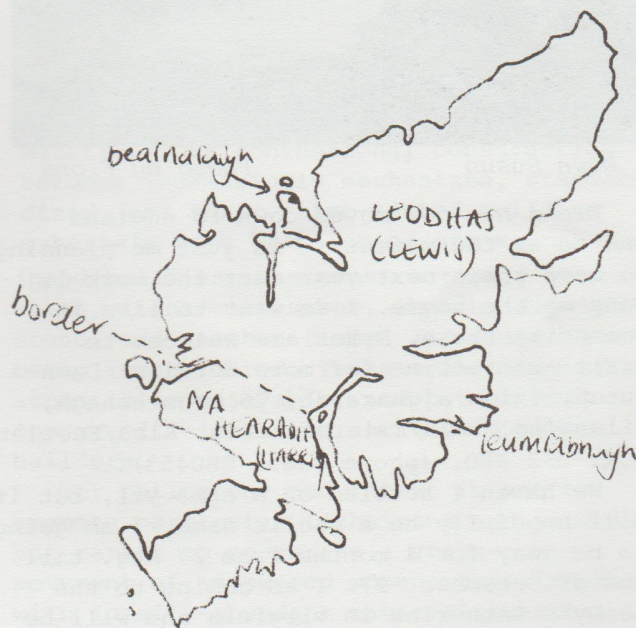
Photo by Dawn Susun

A NEW DYKE LAND

EILEAN LEODHAIS, SCOTLAND

Yes a new Dyke land here in the outer hebrides. Me and Fiona first saw this 27 acre croft last november and she was immediately in our blood. Somehow she and I have managed to sort out the finance for her--she cost 17,500 pounds and has an 80 year old stone built house which can be made very comfortable with the aid of a 90% grant from the local council. This land is on the north coast on the isle of bearnaraigh(pronounced a bit like bernaray) which is connected to the much larger main island of leodhas/lewis by a road bridge.

As you can see from the map, much of the croft is bordered by the atlantic ocean so there is a wonderful feeling of space. Also there are a lot of private areas, particularly by the sea. There are the ruins of a 2,000 year old 'dun' which was a fortified round building, possibly built against the viking visitors. There are 3 pebble beaches and a small tidal loch. A beautiful sandy beach is 20 mins walk/ 8 mins by car.



WOMAN'S WORLD

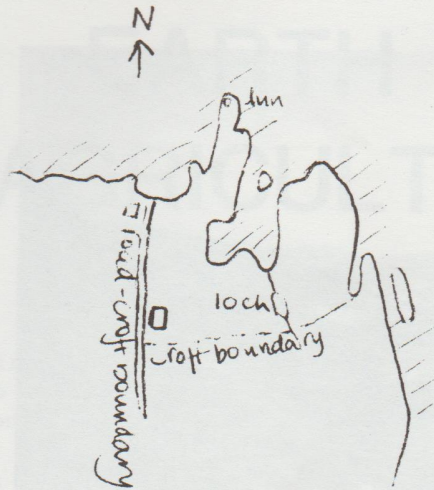
IN THE SOUTH

Wow, have come a long way in a few years huh? Maize is looking really good!

I was going to send my slide show schedule but decided it would be old news for the issue! Can't do the "write up" on it til it happens, and then I will be on the go to the next event. Suffice to say that the show is scheduled to be seen by lesbian in Chicago, Minneapolis, Doe Farm, southern Oregon, northern California, and Seattle! It has been busy here these past few months between trips! Spent last winter at Carefree in Florida, the summer months in the east including Maine, and had a really outstanding croning ceremony with the witches of Belfast, Maine on Mt. Desert Island! The winter before was in Arizona, mostly and this summer I will be crossing the high grounds of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Oregon into Washington to spend a month near Puget Sound!

Since my travels, for the past 5 years, have allowed me to spread the word about the Wimmin on the Land Movement, I am especially appreciative of the wonderful articles in Maize which inspire me in this endeavor constantly. Nett Hart's "The Widening Chasm", in the summer 97 issue, really caught me where I live. "What we hunger for is Lesbian community, the presence of Lesbians who are present and to whom we may present ourselves as we are." That sentence captured so much of what we are all about for me that I wept at its depth! Thanks Nett, and all the wimmin who take the time and make the effort to write such inspiring articles for OUR magazine! I love you all!

Everytime I give the slide show I encounter wimmin who had no idea of the diversity among the lands. Several awaken to the possibility that there may be a place out there for them to realize their dreams of living with wimmin of like minds! When some of the wimmin see the slides of places close enough to travel to in one day, they start their journey of many steps into the wimmin's land movement! I have frequently met with wimmin who had no idea about lands just 2 hours away from their homes!



a rough map
not to scale.



Dawn Susun

Photo by Fiona

Fiona has now moved down to england and so at the moment it is just me planning to move there next year oncthe work is done on the house. I do want to live in community there. Dykes are welcome to visit--contact me for more details: Dawn Susun, Taigh a'gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh, Eilean Leodhais/Isle of Lewis, Alba/Scotland U.K. HS2 9RD. (phone 01851 880453).

We haven't settled on a name yet, but it will hopefully be a gaelic name. I am going to be away for 4 months from 27 Aug. till end of December '97. I am coming to the LanDyke Gathering in virginia and will be traveling in the u.s. for a couple of months so maybe I will meet some of yous. Hoping some of yous get to visit this incredible piece of earth.

Dawn Susun

Here at Woman's World, we have been working on making the campground a comfortable place for our May and Oct. visitors. The Solar shower is almost finished and the new all cypress outhouse should be done in a few weeks. We have already seen 10 work exchange women this year and have two apprenticeships filled for six months each this year! In October of 97 we will host another Construction Festival and will plan to conduct workshops in conventional building of small shelters along with some workshop time on non-toxic building materials and non-conventional building. Anyone interested in the Oct. festival should contact Woman's World for more information and schedules. This is the only Construction Course that will be offered to the wimmin's community for the rest of this year as we will not be open to visitors after October 31st. We urge all the wimmin who have written or called about coming to visit or learn carpentry to arrange to come in Oct. if at all possible! We want to teach you construction; however, after October, we will be on a working and building schedule that will not be likely to allow for visitors for at least a year!

We have also begun a discussion group for wimmin on the land on Saturdays at noon on the net! Come to aol private chat room called Old Dyke Community and talk with us about living on the land and other great ideas related to it! If you need help getting there email me at shewolfWW@aol.com

Blessed Be,
Shewolf

POBox 655, Madisonville, LA 70447

WOMENSCAPE

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

We would like to make you aware of a unique project, called Womenscape, that is underway in the Pacific Northwest, and invite you to become a part of it. We are seeking "dream expeditors", people interested in supporting us in a number of ways: as friends, cohorts, silent partners, outspoken partners, through donations of ideas, quality time, energy, and money, by challenging us and believing in us, and by sharing our vision with others in your

network so that we might mutually benefit from such connections.

Our vision is to create a land-based women's community and education center somewhere in the Pacific NW bioregion. From our Bylaws, our primary purposes will be:

- a) To educate and empower women and girls of all racial and class origins in the skills of sustainable living. This will include natural building, appropriate technology, small-scale organic agriculture, and the preparation and usage of native plants for culinary, therapeutic, artistic, and utilitarian purposes;
- b) To conserve and protect land, water, and natural resources by a) holding land in perpetuity for women and children, and 2) fostering the recognition of land as sacred heritage and resource belonging to all by teaching about land "tendership", conservation, and restoration practices and sustainable land use;
- c) To create and maintain a demonstration site and educational example of living lightly, sanely, and sustainably on the earth; and
- d) To experiment with and distribute information about innovative, nourishing (both to people and to the land), and enduring approaches to technology, as well as the use of natural and salvaged, locally-abundant materials.

Over the last decade or so, there has been an inspiring revival in building techniques using natural and sustainable materials. As conventional construction becomes increasingly mechanized, standardized, and toxic, time-tested building materials such as bales of straw, cob (hand-built earthen construction), rammed earth, light-clay straw, thatch, dry-laid stone, and earthen floors and plasters are being reconsidered. These techniques offer accessible, enjoyable, and potentially energy-efficient alternatives to owner-builders.

Our philosophy and intent is not to promote particular techniques and materials, but rather to encourage a grass-roots movement of empowered women, experimenting with locally-abundant materials (whether they be waste products like used tires or naturally-occurring resources like clay) and sharing skills, knowledge, and ideas about low-impact and environment-responsive ways to build and live.

We are choosing to focus on building alternatives because building is one of the most impactful, wasteful, and destructive things we do in this society. The product is often of low quality, not built to last, and when it falls down, the remains can be hazardous wastes, unreclaimable, or simply un-reclaimed material. In fact, about 40% of the waste in our landfills is building material, and over half of that is easily reusable.

We are currently in the process of searching for land that we love in the Pacific NW (preferably southern Oregon). We are looking for a semi-remote (still accessible year-round) piece of land (30-100 acres) with a diversity of resources as well as a need for restorative energy--to help the land recover from timber industry damage/over-development/mis-management.

We plan to be "off the grid" and to demonstrate myriad options for the low-tech harvest of energy, as well as the thoughtful and conservative use of energy resources.

Eventually, the land will be an education and demonstration site for sustainable technologies, innovative building, and women's empowerment. It will be a spiritual and physical home-base for women and girls, and a community which is healing to the people, the creatures, the land. We plan to offer many workshops every year as well as an annual summer camp for girls focusing on "Earth Skills". We will be supported primarily by our educational activities.

Our initial community will be our neighbors, our Board of Directors, and all the people who contribute to and participate in our activities. Our long-term vision is that the land will provide a home for many women who are our friends and work-partners. However, instead of forcing this to happen at the outset and attempting to create "intentional community", our hope is that community will organically evolve and that women will know each other well before they commit to living and working together. (We tend to agree with a friend who said, "Community is not an 'add water and stir' jello mix.")

Womenscape is a recently incorporated non-profit organization in Oregon founded and co-operated by Jill and Kyla, who are

also board members along with five additional members of the board. The land will be "owned" by Womenscape, not by Jill or Kyla. As such, it will be a land trust, protected from the real estate market and speculation--if Womenscape dissolves, the land will fall into the hands of another non-profit organization. (We have designated Lesbian Natural Resources as the beneficiary of the land. LNR is a publically-supported foundation which annually grants money to land-dyke communities.) Womenscape has been awarded a \$15,000 grant toward the purchase of land from Lesbian Natural Resources. We are extremely excited and determined to meet the contingency of the grant which states that we must find land within one year (with the possibility of a one-year extension.)

As a non-profit organization, Womenscape will be governed by its Board of Directors. As our Bylaws are written, both the Board and the staff of Womenscape will operate as collectives using a consensus decision-making process in all of our affairs.

Our Needs: This is where you come in. What we are proposing is huge--it is an endeavor that we cannot realize without the tangible support from our families, friends, and the larger community. We are seeking the following:

- tips on interesting land for sale/donation in the NW
- legal advice about non-profits, land-trusts, and bylaws
- relevant examples of successful federal tax-exempt applications
- workshop attendees--if you could share our vision and offerings with your communities, that would be great
- resources, references, publications and books for our library, and familiarity with other organizations potentially helpful to our project
- participation--willing hands to help us with restoration and building projects on the land (when we have land!)
- feedback on our project
- and, of course, we also need money (please make checks payable to Womenscape)

Thank you for your time and your feedback. We look forward to hearing from you. Please write to Kyla Wetherell and Jill Lorenzini, c/o 34360 Colorado Lake Dr. #1005, Corvallis OR 97333.

Sincerely,
Kyla & Jill

LANDFEST 97

KIMBILIO & EGG MOON FARM HAVE A PARTY

Kim Hill
Ohio

You know how, when you plan a get-together, there's always that nagging fear that no one will come, or it won't be any fun? That's how I felt right before LandFest 97, a weekend event held by Kimbilio Farm and Egg Moon Farm in Holmes County, Ohio, over Summer Solstice, June 20-22. It was the first time that we, the Egg Moon Farm collective had turned outward and invited women onto the 85 acres we bought in 1995. It was the first time the women of the collective had worked together on a big project (that is, besides forming a collective and raising the money to buy and keep paying for the land). It was the first time that the more established and much more experienced land women of Kimbilio had worked together formally with Egg Moon Farm on a joint project. It was scary.

We needn't have been scared, and maybe someday I'll learn that. There was something so amazingly powerful and comforting about seeing the women of these two sisterlands plan together for 6 months, work together for weeks, then work and play together all weekend among old friends and new friends and just-met-two-hours-ago friends. Women did come, lots of women, more than 110 over the weekend.

We had wonderful food cooked over an open fire pit. Friday and Saturday nights were filled with music--blues and folk and rock and instrumental solos and a choir. The back deck of the Kimbilio house was transformed into a twinkling night stage. The paths between Egg Moon Farm and Kimbilio were lit with magical luminary candles. The Solstice ritual Saturday evening connected us with each other and the land. We shared our skills, and wisdom, and life experiences, and visions for the land with each other at workshops. To me, it felt like a celebration of what we've been able to do and a kick-off party for where we want to go.

There was learning to do, easy stuff and hard stuff and some questions to work on still. The easy ones were about the

mechanics of making an event like this. How many porta-janes will do for how many women? How much washing water, and drinking water, is enough? What does accessible mean? How do you feed 100+ women with different dietary requirements? How can we distribute the work so that no one gets too worn out? The hard ones had to do with who we are, as an established land community and a new collective. Who are we in relation to each other? How do we make new women feel welcome and comfortable, when many of us have known each other for years? How do we let women know that we are truly an open collective, looking for the spirit and energy and commitment of women who want to be part of this lesbian land project?

Most of the Egg Moon Farm collective women are city-livers, grabbing what time they can at Kimbilio and on our land when they can make the weekend trip from near-by Cleveland or Akron. We watch in awe and confusion as the Kimbilio-livers do their daily, country lives--feed the goats, grow the vegetables, drive the tractors, tend the land. We listen intently to stories told by Chris and Sarah and Jane about how the Kimbilio vision began: first, a tent, then, the cabin, now a log house and barn and indoor pool and organic herb and vegetable beds, and a growing community of full-time land dwellers.

For me, the biggest lesson of the weekend was learning exactly what I need to be on that land--physically, I mean. We need to build a composting toilet. We must cap our artesian well to get a steady supply of drinking water. We need to clear camping spots for shade-protected tenting. I feel a little silly admitting this to all of you brave and self-sufficient land women, but these are things I don't know how to do. I'm off to the land tomorrow for a work day of clearing multi-flora roses so we can make our way back into the woods.

If you want to contact us, please write to the Land Collective, POBox 18771, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118-0771.

RECYCLED RAISED BED GARDEN RAG

Mary Frances
Camp Mary
New Hampshire

A wheelie wanted a garden,
that she could water and tend,
cucumbers, squash, flowers galore,
tomatoes that never end.

The wheelie knew that she must raise,
the gardens from the ground.
Expensive wood, expensive soil,
there must be something else around:

to build up gardens wheelchair height,
where love and hope can grow,
alongside broccoli, basil, and beans,
this bounty won't be too low!

To weed and harvest from wheeling level,
a leaky old boat will do.

The corn grows tall and the lettuce does thrive,
who needs something brand spanking new:

to lay down seeds and watch them grow,
wringer washers do just fine.
Non working crock pots, inaccessible stairs,
old car doors for vines to wind.

A fallen tree cut and stood on end,
holds soil in a manner just right.
Along with milk crates it does make
a garden of delights!

A broken wheelbarrow it now does hold,
plants for healing colds and flus,
a rusty washtub painted red
all summer long impatiens grew!

Now whenever I see a piece of junk,
I imagine blossoms and bees.
Meanwhile, got any tires to spare,
next year they'll be sprouting peas!



Mary Frances



FROM WILD PATIENCE

Vickie Spray
Wild Patience
North Carolina

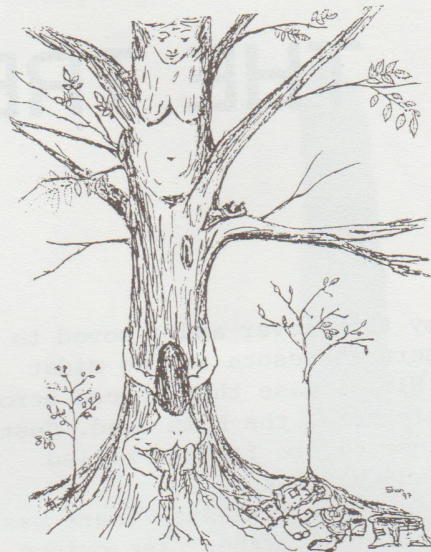
A year ago Shan and Vickie moved to the foothills of North Carolina--two Florida girls searching for Home.

The seed said to the earth, "I would like to become a tree." I have said to the land, "I would like to become myself." and so the me that was falls like leaves in autumn and now there is compost at my feet. In this stillness, I grow.

As I shed the me the world created, I see a me emerging that I am liking and would like to know more. The land on which I now live is my witness and my hero. On this small piece of earth, I dance before the trees in my new robe, stretching for blackberries, picking abundant offerings of squash, leaning over to smell the Moon Flowers, jumping back from a Copperhead, nestle intimate on a hammock with my lover, tilt my spirit's ear toward the silence; lifting compost toward the air where more dying and birthing take place.

My Hero, the land, sets the rhythm. From her I learn to listen. The trees are being themselves, unpretentious and sturdy. The grass grows in spots of sunlight. The poison ivy live amongst the wild rose. Two separate streams glide over, flow around or through the hinderances of fallen debris. All accept and all continue. When the high winds come or heavy ice or times of drought, there is adjustment. The broken limb falls to the earth, becomes the earth's skin. Another green bud appears, becomes a perch for a small creature or shade for the fern. Fallen trees, their roots which have been thrown into the air like a pulsating heart torn from a body, live still. Some grow back toward the sky. Some live lying down while nests are made in their hair--a splendor, still, to moth or person.

In the Winter, the sap in the Pines recedes, the branches of the Maple become bare, the Dogwood fade into the grays and browns of the season. They live in their own way, being who they are and what they are constantly becoming.



Shan Chaney

I am learning to adjust. I have spent my life moving from one town to another--from one house to another. I was comforted by the type of change I could control. Packing and unpacking boxes was a rhythm that saved me from having to witness the passage of time. I scampered and hid, avoiding the me that needs quiet and the smell of rain and the sight of bright stars at night and wet earth on the palms of my hands. And though the noise and haste prevailed for so many years, my seed lived and spoke softly saying, "The land is where you will become you." And I am.

The me that recognized the fluttering of a butterfly's wings as a hello from the spirits, awakens. I smile and nod my own hello. On walks with my dog, while he sniffs at wide-angled Turkey tracks or the prim hoofprint of deer, I notice how the woods live. I see a young Redbud leaning toward an opening in the canopy where there is sunlight and a place to grow. I stand facing the small tree and lean my body in the same direction. I feel the sunlight on my head, the tip of my nose, on the tops of my shoulders. It is delicious. And yet, I am not comfortable. My back hurts and my neck feels stretched. This becoming who I am goes against the me I've known. Leaving the familiar takes courage. And sometimes I falter. But the steadfastness of the land props me up and then I am sure again and able.

Who is this woman who left the hustle of red light strewn streets for the rustling of tender leaves? She is living on the land. Becoming.

THE TREES KNOW

Jae Haggard
Outland
New Mexico

In 1974, my then-lover and I moved to land in northern Minnesota in the midst of the Dutch Elm disease that spread across the u.s. Simply said, the Elms died. Just like the disease before it that killed native American chestnuts.

Our second year at EarthHue, there was a drought. We blamed further tree crises on that stress. A goodly number of the white birch died.

By the middle of my nine years there, communities of wondrous elder Red Oaks stood leafless, framed against the summer sky. A fatal disease that spreads through the roots so that any neighbor tree also succumbs wiped out many of the Red Oaks.

Early this June, I returned home from a visit to another Dykeland to an Outland as lush green as she ever gets. June is usually our hottest, driest month--the weeks native grasses turn into crunchy spears rooted in parched clays. We always have numerous wildflowers, yet this year wildflowers carpet the land and flowers we've never seen are blooming with the unusual rains. Ahhh, the year for the browning Pinons to finally return to normal after years of less-than-usual rain. But what's that? It's not the dry years that caused the browning? We learned that there's a bark beetle infesting Pinons throughout northern New Mexico. Pinons grow slow, real real slow. A 35' tree big round as a basketball is probably 400 years old. Our tennis and volleyball sized trees easily pre-date statehood. Many of these trees are affected by the beetle and whatever other environmental stresses. Simply stated, we are losing many Pinons.

This ecosystem is called the Pinon-Juniper woodlands--that's mostly what's here along with a few scrub oaks, bushes like mountain mahogany and Limonade and Apache Plume, and an impressive array of high desert grasses, wildflowers and cactus. Males consider the Juniper weeds and use caterpillars and chains to drag them out of the ground to pretend

desert can be grazing land. We of course rather treasure the Junipers, and they're far more abundant than the Pinon. They spread as wide as they are tall and they feed a host of creatures. The Junipers as far as I can tell grow some faster than the Pinon, but not enough to quibble about in the context of a few centuries. We've found trunks as big as finger-touching encircled arms can embrace--wood so dense you just cannot even see the growth circles to count them. Pinons too are dense and are prized for firewood because of the fragrant smoke. They're not dragged, but they are massively 'harvested'. The pinons left now wither.

It broke my heart to see/feel all the dying trees in Minnesota. I thought here would be different. I thought here the trees were safe. I thought here we're remote enough in an unpopulated state that the trees could continue to thrive. I was grateful there are still some parts of the u.s. not so polluted, not so raped, not so clear-cut. Yet, here the Pinons are suffering.

Like we Dykes, the trees know. We live in a remote area a mile and a half from the nearest neighbors. We remove ourselves from the city energy and systems as much as possible. We surround ourselves with the voices of wimmin and Earth. We think and be Lesbian. Yet we know that psychically/in Spirit we cannot remove ourselves from what is happening to all Lesbians and all women, nor would we want to.

On this Land like on any Land, we have I think more opportunity to drop the protective barriers closer more daily contact with mainstream systems demands for Dykes to survive. Filters and shields that I suspect carry over into how much we can open in our relations with each other too--at least that was sure true for me and the wimmin I knew in the city. How much varies with the situation and woman, but always there. As we on Land learn that we can release those shields as we open ourselves to ourselves, to the Earth and to each other, I think we also open ourselves psychically. Many of us intentfully put

effort into expanding our 'psychic' aware-
nesses and communications--and we open
further.

The more open we are, the more we are
in connection with all Lesbians, all women.
We may not know all the specifics of what
is happening to womyn, but we do feel/know.
Oh indeed we do. What's continuing to
happen to women in this world where all
outrage has accelerated to such boggling
extremes affects all of us everywhere. The
physical and psychic/Spirit effects of
what's happening to Earth and Life every-
where is of course felt by these precious
Pinons as it is felt in all the stressed-
out plants and trees. As it is felt by
all that is and all who are life-loving.
We are all stressed, and too many of us
are withering with dis-eases.

Today, I sit with this incredible Land.
I relish the peace that surrounds me. The
awesome peace where plants and creatures
and Land and wimmin move in harmony with
the cycles and with each other. I settle
into mySelf as I settle into the whole-
ness around me. I settle into all around
me as I settle into mySelf. In the settling
is more understanding. In the settling is
more healing. In the settling is Connection.

And I know what a rare moment this would
be in the lives of most women. And I know
that if more of us could have these mom-
ents, lives would change. Possibilities
would change. Life would change. The
world would change.

And I am reminded why Lesbian Land and
Land Lesbians are my focus, my lifework.
I am reminded that the efforts and work
of so many of us is exactly that--about
Life, for Life, of Life. Wherever we live,
we do what we can in town, we do what we
can on Land--with dedication, with deter-
mination, with consciousness, with intent,
with heart.

I am reminded that there is hope,
there is possibility, there is spontane-
ous combustion. It's two months since
I started to write this. There is vibrant
new growth on the pinons.

*Jae: I turn 50 this fall. It's amazing
to me that I've lived nearly half my
life on Lesbian Land. I am ever more
awed at our Landyke possibility. My
deep thanks to Lee for all she has
done for so long to nourish our
Landyke web and culture.*



saguaro cactus in fruit photo by zana
etz t'enah
arizona

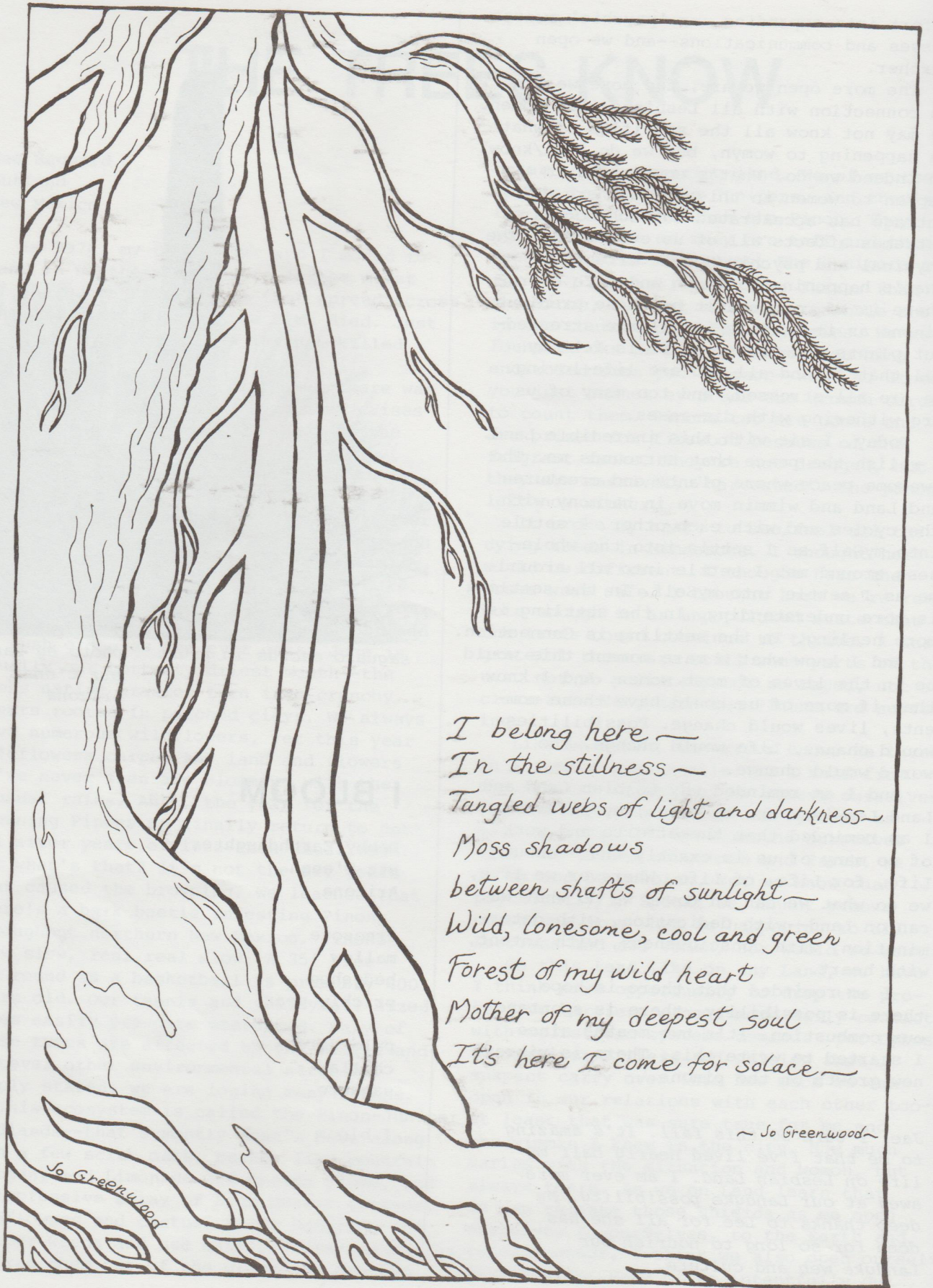
I BLOOM

Debby Earthdaughter
Etz T'enah
Arizona

creosote
mallow
hedgehog
prickly pear

palo verde
cholla
saguaro

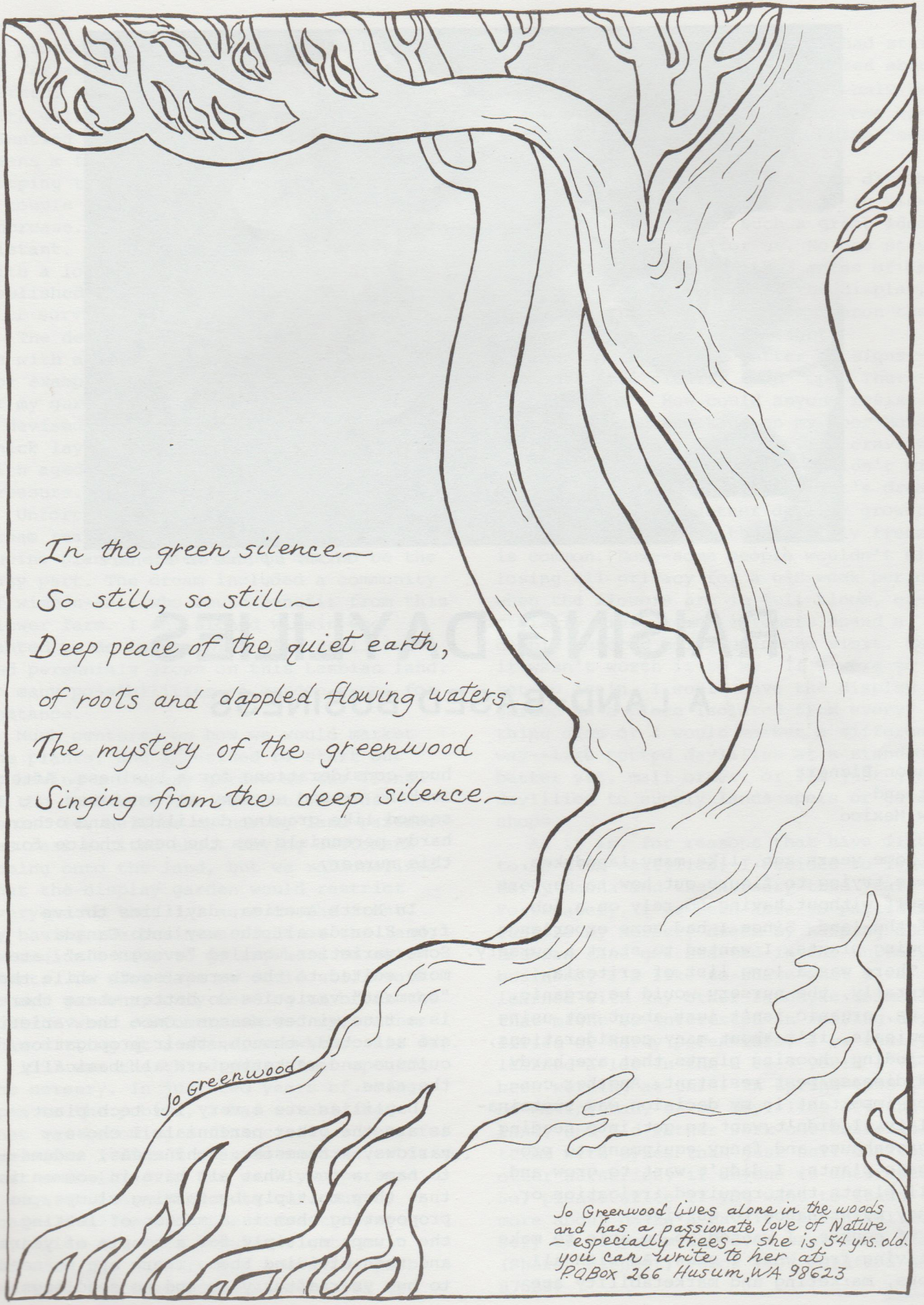
I bloom



I belong here —
In the stillness —
Tangled webs of light and darkness —
Moss shadows
between shafts of sunlight —
Wild, lonesome, cool and green
Forest of my wild heart
Mother of my deepest soul
It's here I come for solace —

~ So Greenwood ~

So Greenwood



In the green silence~
So still, so still~
Deep peace of the quiet earth,
of roots and dappled flowing waters~
The mystery of the greenwood
Singing from the deep silence~

Jo Greenwood

Jo Greenwood lives alone in the woods
and has a passionate love of Nature
~ especially trees ~ she is 54 yrs. old.
you can write to her at
P.O. Box 266 Husum, WA 98623



Photo by Sharon Bienert

RAISING DAYLILIES

A LAND-BASED BUSINESS

Sharon Bienert
Outland
New Mexico

Some years ago, like many landdykes, I was trying to figure out how to support myself without having to rely on a job off-the-land. Since I had some experience growing plants, I wanted to start a nursery.

There was a long list of criteria. Naturally, the nursery would be organic. To me, organic isn't just about not using chemicals, it's about many considerations, including choosing plants that are hardy and disease/pest resistant. Another concept important in my decision was sustainability. I didn't want to get into needing a greenhouse and fancy equipment to propagate plants. I didn't want to grow and sell plants that required irrigation or fancy maintenance to survive.

Of course, I wanted to be able to make a living from what I grew. As with all crops, marketing and marketability are

huge considerations for a business. After looking around at many alternatives, it seemed like growing daylilies and other hardy perennials was the best choice for this nursery.

In North America, daylilies thrive from Florida all the way into Canada. Some varieties, called "evergreens", are more suited to the warmer south while the "dormant" varieties do better where there is a true winter season. Once the varieties are selected, though, their propagation, culture and marketing are all basically the same.

Daylilies are a very low tech plant, as are the other perennials I chose-- yarrows, artemesias, Echinaceas, sedums-- to name a few. What all have in common is that they multiply by forming clumps, so propagating them is a matter of letting the clumps multiply for a couple of years and then dividing them. There are no seeds to buy year after year and no seedlings

to protect from late spring cold. Basically, as far as growing these plants is concerned, the essentials are: starting out with well-weeded, well-amended beds, planting out "liners"(with daylilies that means a fan or two per 12-20 inches), keeping them weeded, then, at some point a couple of years later, selling off the increase. Daylilies are very disease resistant. They love water and do better with a lot of it, but after they are established, a few weeks after planting, they will survive in pretty dry conditions.

The description above is simplistic. As with all growing, there's an art to it. For example, in the southeastern U.S., most of my garden time was spent weeding, so I devised a way of mulching the beds with thick layers of newspapers weighted down with aged sawdust to cut down on weed pressure.

Unfortunately, for me, this nursery dream really was much bigger than producing plants, which turned out to be the easy part. The dream included a community of wimmin--all who could benefit from this flower farm. I envisioned wimmin who wanted to do landscaping with daylilies and perennials grown on this Lesbian land. So many possibilities--a garden shop, for instance.

Much centered on how we would market the plants, and I decided to start out by having a display garden at the front of the land with the production beds behind it. Neither me nor my land partner was real excited about having customers coming onto the land, but we rationalized that the display garden would restrict everyone to that 1/3 acre in the front. By having the business right on the land, we wouldn't have to go anywhere to sell plants. On slow days we could still work in our gardens, only needing to break the routine when customers showed up, rather than sitting at a stand somewhere all day.

1997 was the third year after opening the nursery. In just two years of being open to the public, I had established what was becoming a financially successful business. I didn't even do much advertising, just a small ad in the weekly paper and a sign at the entrance to our country road--16 miles from the nearest town! Daylilies are very popular right now, and once the nursery got known the problem wasn't attracting customers. In my

case, a big problem was that I had started out with too few plants. I offered about 500 varieties of daylilies, but only had a few of each. Invariably, everyone wanted the same ones, so I ended up being "sold out" way too often.

It turned out that having the display garden right there on the land, in view of our houses, wasn't such a great idea after all, at least for us. No one stayed in the display area. With 3 acres of daylilies in full view behind the display, how could they? During bloom season the garden was a magnificent sight.

Then there was the matter of signs--the ones that clearly said "Open Thurs-Sun 10AM-5PM". How could anyone resist driving up and knocking on my door Monday at 7 pm when they had a daylily craving? After all, I lived there, I wouldn't mind!! Not exactly a Lesbian separatist's dream...

In talking with other daylily growers, I've discovered that this daylily frenzy is common. Now--some people wouldn't mind losing all privacy for a 6-8 week period when the flowers are in full bloom, especially since some customers spend a couple hundred dollars in one visit. But it wasn't worth it to me. If I were to set up again, I would have the display garden in a place isolated from everything else or I would market a different way--like potted daylilies at a stand or, better yet, mail order, or I'd just grow daylilies to supply landscapers or garden shops.

As it is, for reasons that have little to do with daylilies, I decided to leave Merry Macha and the nursery this year. Fortunately, I've been able to partially realize my nursery dream by helping another Lesbian land get started in the nursery business. I'd like to share what I've learned with any other landdyke community that might be interested in raising daylilies or hardy perennials; I've really learned a lot in the 6 or 7 years I've been working at this. In spring 1998 I'll be moving many of my daylilies off the land, and I'd rather work out reasonable terms with dykes than just sell out to other nurseries, if anyone is interested. So, please write if you want to learn more about doing a daylily/perennial nursery or if you might even want some plants. (Sharon Bienert, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569)

TRUE ADVENTURES

Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Oregon

I pondered a book reviewer's opinion that it is necessary to leave home in order to have an adventure, and decided that if, by "adventure", is simply meant an experience out-of-the-ordinary, then I'd say that I do not have to go away in order to have one, though I may have to pay deeper attention to where I am. Like when I looked up from the book I was reading over a mid-Spring breakfast to be surprised by the rare appearance of a Black-Headed Grosbeak, vying with the much smaller Goldfinches for the sunflower seeds in the hanging feeder. Between them they wore several shades of bright yellow, splashed with the Finch's black cap, both with their black and white wing bars, coloration I associate with the tropics.

Another rarity greeted me one morning as I watered the flower boxes that outline the deck around my round house. A motion outside the fence at the far end of the vegetable garden caught my eye. I stopped my watering and spied a very large tannish-brown animal sauntering through the tall grass, soon out of my sight. I figured the little nasturtium seedlings could wait while I fetched my binoculars and headed on out the lane for a better look. The animal was facing away from me when I got just past the intervening grove of evergreens. Its rather huge rump suggested perhaps a neighbor's horse was on the loose and wandered the whole way up our hill, looking for greener pastures. I had a good close-up view with the binocs when said critter lobbed her--his?--head around her shoulders to stare back at me. I would have been delighted to thus meet a horse face-to-face, but this was no horse! I was making the brief acquaintance of a wild Elk. Brief, because when she took me in she promptly eased out of my view, and had disappeared into the forest by the time I got further out the lane. I've lived on this hill for twenty years and I had never seen an Elk here, and never knew they were easily as big as a full-size horse. It was like I had been

on a twenty-year adventure whose time had come.

Yet another adventure came when Bethroot and I took action against the serious competition we'd been having in the strawberry beds for the past two years. We had tried covering the three beds with plastic tarps at night, which was a hassle, and wasn't effective enough anyway. And somebody was digging in the vegetable beds at night, perhaps the same person. We suspected a raccoon. So this year we bought a big trap, the kind that catches the critter alive in a cage. In early June, just when a few strawberries took on a pink blush, I baited the trap-cage with some store-bought big red succulent specimens, and placed it on the path between the beds, hoping to catch whoever might threaten to steal the promising-looking harvest. First thing the next morning I could see from my deck that the door had been sprung and sure enough there was something sizable pacing inside. Still in my slippers, I rushed down for a closer look, and found, not a Ringtail at all, but a Gray Fox! Normally a rodent-hunting carnivore whose presence near the garden I might be grateful for, this fox apparently had a taste for juicy strawberries, through her angry snarl testified that the berries had not been worth her hours of confinement.

I got some breakfast in me, and fed the cats and hens, before Muphin and I trudged up the hill to awaken Bethroot. When I announced a fox in the trap Bethroot was amazed and excited. She had mourned the two fox kits she had seen dead on the county road in recent months, so was grateful for this opportunity to be up close to a live one. While she dressed, I returned to the house with Muphin, filled her bowl with home-made kibble, and explained that the wild creature down in the garden was someone Bethroot and I needed to handle without her curious, and likely hostile, company.

The Gray Fox half-barked, half-growled as we covered the trap with a cloth, hoping that if she saw less, she'd have less to be nervous about as we lugged the bulky cage and its cargo out of the

garden and up to the lane, to Bethroot's station wagon. We drove down our hill, then east on the county road, and up the mountain into the Umpqua National Forest, to Red Top Pond, about an eight mile drive. We carried the cage to a little clearing in the forest, removed the cloth, and I slowly turned the wire box on its side, then its top, the fox preoccupied with adjusting herself accordingly. The door was thus released and fell open, and our would-be strawberry thief fled into the forest. Bethroot and I sang a blessing to her, wished her well in her new home.

I reset the trap, just in case there might be yet another critter interested in the berries, and two mornings later, voila, another Gray Fox! This one was a little smaller and darker, so we knew the first had not simply come back. So off we went again on an early morning trip to the pond. In the ensuing weeks there were no more captives, except for the big Robin who tripped the lever when hopping toward the bait intended for a less common thief.

Grosbeaks, Elk, Gray Foxes: extraordinary fare in the day-in and day-out simplicity of my life. But the ordinary is no slouch for that matter. In early June I watched quite ordinary little brown Wrens making a nest in a corner under the eave of my house. Actually, the initial nest-builder was trying out several corners, depositing twigs as though to start construction, then moving on to yet another corner of the twelve-sided house. The place finally chosen was the one between the cold frame and the row of deck chairs, about six feet above a potted blue lobelia I had set on a short table. For many hours each day one-by-one they brought twigs and fitted them together in the small recess between the overhanging rafters. I often watched out the window, and sometimes from a chair on the deck at a respectful distance. They knew I was watching, would look at me from their perch on a peripheral flower box or the lobelia table, and hesitate to go to the nest. Sometimes they'd go on up, and I felt known and trusted; other times they flew off with the twigs still in their beaks, and I understood I was just a bit too close. I assumed I'd never see the interior of this diminutive maternity ward, never feel the soft lining of chicken-down or dog hair that I imagined. The adventure was that these tiny birds,



Kiwani
Amazenji
British Columbia

with a song big enough to fill the flower garden around my house, chose a part of my home as theirs.

One memorable day, the first of June, I spent a mellow afternoon communing with bright orange poppies in full bloom, the red climbing rose parading on the hen house wall, the last of the irises waving their purple flags behind the pink snapdragons in the Wildbed, and on and on around the flower beds, paying my heartfelt respect to an assemblage of relatives. At that time I was not absolutely certain there was more than one Wren. I had seen them often, but actually never more than one at a time. I sat here and there among the beds all afternoon, and listened to the magnificent song of one Wren perched on the fence post while, yes, another flew to the nest-in-process, and yet another skittered around the house and among the leafed-out wisteria branches. So then I knew a mating pair was possible.

As the weeks went on it seemed that the nest was occupied more frequently, and the songster of the pair spent more time on the fence post, outdoing even the volume of the fussy Stellar's Jay with his loud refrain. Smaller than the Purple Finches, and even the Goldfinches, this little brown bird with the mottled white chest could easily get my attention while I was busy with tasks indoors, or down in the vegetable garden. I could almost always find him atop the garden post, or on the adjacent fencing. Watching as much as I did, I felt these birds, as well as the flocks of Finches and Jays at the feeder, were a melodious, colorful part of my most intimate family.

Then I was gone for a week, to a women-

writers' workshop, where I loved working among lots of other writers, inspired by good teachers. I did miss Muphin, and mused about the birds at the feeders, and the Wrens, all of whom eventually found their way into the material I wrote. When I returned home on a Friday, I had unpacking to do, a meeting to go to an hour's drive away the next day, and sleep to catch up on. I almost immediately watered the deck boxes, happy to see how much the nasturtiums had grown, but it wasn't until Monday that I went out to look up at the nest, hoping to see some activity. Somewhere between conscious thought and a mental twilight I had been missing the song of the Wren, though it took me three days to investigate.

I stood just a couple feet away from the house wall, the nest about three feet above my head, and soon became mesmerized by a very very odd scene: one of the Wrens on the outside of the nest, unmoving, her legs attached to the nest, her feathers matted. I just stood there. Time stopped. I wanted to see her move, I longed for this scene to be replaced by something else, something that would make my hanging jaw close with a smile, with relief. She did not move, not a foot or a wing, not a feather. I had to get closer, made myself turn and walk a pie section's worth of the deck to where the wooden stop ladder stood in its place, carried the ladder to beneath the nest and set it up, climbed so that my head was only a few inches below the nest. And still the little Wren did not move. Nor would she ever.

I gently pulled the Wren from the side of the nest, which one of her feet still clung to, and lifted her into my hand. Wrapped around her other foot was a single strand of white filament from a plastic feed sack, like the ones the hens' food comes in. The strand uncurled a few inches, then disappeared inside the nest. I pulled on it, at first tentatively, which had little effect, then tugged in earnest to extricate a wad of the plastic that had been woven into the lining of the nest. Standing there on the ladder, the Wren in my palm, the white strands trailing, I was swept into another dimension, now seeing the little bird taking off from the edge of her nest only to be violently jerked back by the unsuspected shackle on her leg. I saw her grab the side of the nest, then try again, and again, and again... I

heard her fluttering struggle, felt her panic. Again a leap, again the jerk. Did her leg break that first time, or after repeated thrusts? Did she hang there for days and die of starvation, or did she die quickly from a broken heart?

The pain, the struggle, the despair pulsed through my body. The shock erupted in a raging howl. I pounded my fist on the top of the ladder; sobbing as deep and loud as I have ever known boiled from my belly and chest. Muphin lay nearby, quiet and watchful, as I stood on the ladder wailing, tears washing my cheeks, my nose dripping. I held onto the ladder and sobbed until my legs were too weak to support me. The Wren and her fetter still in my hand, I let myself down the ladder and eased into a deck chair, where my sobbing transformed from rage at the unjust universe, into an overwhelming sense of loss.

The Finches were busy at the feeders when my bawling had softened to a moaning cry. But there was no live Wren singing atop the fence post, no sight of the mate of the dead bird in my hand. The horrible thought suddenly came to me that maybe there were baby birds in the nest. I did not know how to care for hatchlings, having always left that work to the mama hens. When I felt steady on my feet again I lay the body beside the lobelia and climbed back up the ladder. Slowly I walked my fingers over the edge of the nest, then down into the twiggy cavity. To my relief there were no birds, only the thwarted promise of them: I carefully lifted out four little creamy-tan eggs, each about as big as my thumb nail.

There was no happy ending to this story. No miraculous resurrection, not even the reappearance of the widower with a new mate to sing for. I buried the Wren, with her sweet tiny eggs, beneath a new Rock Rose down near the fence line. My grief grew into resignation and acceptance. This, too, was an adventure, the kind that ends in tragedy. Mountain climbers are sometimes swallowed by an avalanche, voyagers drowned at sea. And the stay-at-home variety of adventure has death for its eventual and certain destination, as surely as does all of life. The Gray Foxes hunting up the mountain, the ambling Elk, the flocks I feed...Muphin... and I, will each be pulled by a fatal strand toward our demise. For that ultimate adventure, I won't have to leave home either.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Missouri

Well, a few things. And yes, maybe I knew them in the city, too, but I am getting more aware of them all the time.

1. I can't go away every weekend in June, throw a huge party the first weekend in July, work nearly full-time, and have a well-tended productive garden. My garden is small this year and it is productive, but it is not well-tended. I never gave the beans a pole, so they are sprawling all over the bed. Everything is weedy. Still, I am eating broccoli, tomatoes, squash, basil, and cabbage and the brussels sprouts are coming on. There are a few other herbs ready to harvest. I've eaten peas and frozen broccoli and lamb-quarters. But I miss a fine big well-tended garden. At the same time, I like how I am sticking to keeping it inexpensive. My seeds were bought at premium prices or someone gave them to me. I am trying not to make the garden cost more in money, time or energy than I feel I can afford. And, as is the way of gardens, there is always next year.

2. Things happen. I am getting ready to leave for a month on my annual summer trip to Michigan. I will see friends and relatives, visit Beaver Island, go to the Festival for the 22nd year, camp with pals on the lakeshore. I scurry to finish up work projects, pack, and prepare the house, garden, houseplants and cats for my departure. I allow plenty of time, I think. Then I lose an entire day's worth of non-paid-work-time hours during which I planned to advance my preparations.

In the morning, one of my cats scatters quarter-sized spots of blood throughout the house in a frantic trail. I can't find anything wrong, so off we go to the vet, a two hour round trip. It is not serious, a burst anal abscess, a relief, but I am late to work and must stay late to make up for it.

After work, I go to say goodbye to my neighbor, Helen, who is going to water

and harvest my garden while I am gone. She feeds me and regales me with stories told in classic Irish fashion. When at last I break away, I am backing out in my normal way when I hear a squall. Horrified, I stop, go forward, look back. I see one of her many outdoor unnamed cats, crying as she drags her hindquarters, trying to get away from my truck.

We rush her to the vet, who is dressed to go to a funeral and has come to meet us at the clinic. She sends us home without much hope and, sure enough, the poor cat dies. It is traumatic emotionally for both Helen and me. We are sad, upset. I don't pack or do projects that night, either.

By departure eve, I have stayed up way too late for several nights and am tired and cranky. I've lost another evening to the vital necessity for a nap. It is very hot and humid, normal weather for July in the Ozarks, but I am going to Michigan, where it can get into the forties at night. I must pack warm clothes while I am totally unclothed with fans blowing on me and the necessity of showering off every couple of hours. I can scarcely stand to touch the heavy fabrics and find it hard to believe I will really have to wear these jackets and sweatshirts. I know I'll be glad I packed them, though.

This is also the night everyone calls to say goodbye, to give me last minute information, to chat about their lives. It is the night I must make calls about upcoming and past events so they are out of the way before I go. Instead of concentrating on packing, I find myself carrying the phone around trying to read lists and gather items as I talk.

In the morning I drag myself toward the deadline of 10 a.m. I am almost ready when my travel companion calls to say she is running an hour and a half late. We are in no hurry anyway, so I don't care. I am going to go lie down for awhile.

3. Life is such a contradiction. I say this part of Hawk Hill is the kind of animal sanctuary where I don't kill animals. Mice invade my oven. There is no way

to stop them. It begins to smell of mouse pee and poop everytime I turn it on. I try live traps. No one ventures near. Finally, in desperation, I get regular old mouse traps and kill off an entire clan in a few nights of six-at-a-time. I hate doing it.

A visitor dyke doesn't say anything, but a few days later I am given a gift of yet another live trap by her next hostess, courtesy of the visitor. I grumble to myself and try to think of ways to stop it happening again so I don't have to kill anyone. I have little ceramic turtles, snakes, mice, and cats around to remind me of who I have killed. I should have reminder ceramic flies, ants, ticks, and mosquitos, too.

In the winter, a black feral cat who has lived here as long as I have, maybe longer, comes in my cat door and eats cat food in the kitchen. I know he is doing it but I don't stop him. It is bitterly cold and hunting is sparse. I feel sorry for him. I start calling him Merlin. I talk to him when I see him outside.

He still runs from me, but sometimes he lolls on the porch in the meager sun and looks at me when I look out at him. A few nights I am in the living room late when he sticks his head through the cat door and stares at me with his big gold eyes before fleeing back outside. I know he comes in after I go to bed. One night I startle him in the kitchen in the dark. I reassure him verbally and hope he doesn't claw down the plastic I've painstakingly installed over the windows. He gets past me and runs out.

Another night I hear him coming in about 10 when I am nearly asleep. His usual pattern is to eat, then go back out. I don't give him a thought at 2 a.m. when I get up to pee. Again I scare him, as I lumber through the house. He streaks past me in a panic and slashes the side of my foot in a big dangerous deep scratch as he goes, protecting himself. I am hurt, angry, frightened. My friends and neighbors help me take care of the slash so it won't get infected or give me cat-scratch fever. It takes several days to begin clean healing. I close the cat door, trapping my two, who are used to freedom of movement, inside or outside. They are not happy. Neither am I.

A few days later I am in the truck in the late afternoon half asleep in the sun,



Jenna Weston

having just arrived home from work. Murranda, my own sweet middle-aged black cat, has been out to visit me and is sitting a foot away on the ground near the sawdust pile. I abruptly awaken to the sound of a cat stand-off. There is much growling, yowling and hissing. He is about to attack her. Two black cats, face to face. I scream at him to go away. It is then I know I must remove him. He has become a danger to me and to my beloved pets.

I do some research, contacting a couple of vets, reading a story about a feral cat capture by Louise Erdrich my daughter recommends, talking to the Conservation Department, my landmates (in the past he has attacked two of their kittens with intent to kill), neighbors and friends. All agree I must capture him. Some suggest attempting to tame him. Others say he will always be a danger. I am advised most strongly to have him put to death. The vet agrees to do it if I am able to trap him. Release is another possibility.

I borrow a live trap from the Conservation Department, then let it sit there for nearly a month. I can't bring myself to do it. I can hardly look at it. I see him around, at his ease in the driveway, running when I drive by. When at last they demand it back, I realize my problem is partly because of the type it is, a long plastic thing he couldn't even see out of. I return it and on the way home, after

anguished cogitation, buy a wire Hav-A-Heart trap.

The first night I set it, nothing happens. That day, Patsy and Cindy's dogs, who are down visiting, chase another feral cat that has been hanging around. They corner him on some hay bales and savage him before we get them off. He runs off, but not before I see that he is trembling, in shock, fluid dripping from his nose, eyes beginning to glaze. I am certain he died out in the field. That is when I know that if I catch Merlin, I will take him to a wilderness area and release him. It is the best I can do.



Jenna Weston
Gathering Root
Missouri

The second night I set the trap with sardines (a la Louise Erdrich) as bait. Patsy and I are coming toward my house on our early morning walk when she asks me how it is going, and I realize I haven't even checked. She reaches the view of the trap first and says "There's a black cat in there." My heart drops. Sure enough,

He's in there. I am shocked. I never thought I would really catch him. I am not sure it is really him. He is quiet, staring at us with those beautiful gold eyes, worn out. I notice blood, though, and see that he has torn a claw off. I pack the trap, two dozen eggs and the rest of the sardines in the truck. He flings himself against the sides of the trap as I move it and I am profoundly aware of how very wild he really is.

I talk to him aloud and in my mind as I drive, telling him he is going where it is wild but where there are people near enough he can maybe find some animal food set out in the winter. I tell him the hunting will be good. One of the reasons I didn't want to release him is because of the harm he will do other wild animals, but I just am unable to have him euthanized, despite all the advice to do so.

I take him to a trail head and gingerly set the trap on the ground, put on the gloves to go with my boots and long pants and sleeves. I get out the long stick I've brought along. Taking deep breaths, I make a nest of the eggs and sardines, so in case he hangs around he will have a few easy meals. Then I pull open the door.

He is gone so fast I almost don't see him run away. It is only this last fleeting glimpse of him that convinces me, by the way he moves, that he is the same exact cat that scratched me and threatened Mur-randa. I feel a deep sense of loss as he disappears into the forest.

I am psychically with him for days, feeling bad, feeling mean and cruel, feeling like a terrible person, feeling sad, missing him, hoping he will be okay, wondering if I've done the right thing. I imagine him determinedly making his way home, as I've heard tales of animals doing, to the "animal sanctuary" here on my tract.

One of the things I love about living in the country is all the new things to learn, the new cultures with which I come in contact, the stimulation. Sometimes the lessons are hard. I make choices I don't always like. Plans go awry. There are contradictions. I love all I am learning, though. It makes life interesting and satisfying.

TIPS FOR DEALING WITH DIFFICULT MATERIAL

Debby Earthdaughter
Etz T'enah
Arizona

In the winter issue, I gave a reading list around ritual abuse. It can be extremely emotionally difficult to read about ritual abuse. I've developed strategies for dealing with difficult material. Some of these may be helpful to others stretching to deal with difficult things, either from their own life, or in working to learn about issues affecting other community members.

PACE/PLANNING

Sometimes life simply puts something in our faces, and we have no choice but to deal with it then, no matter how disruptive it is. At other times, we have the option of working with material at a pace we can regulate. When reading something difficult, sometimes we get distanced from our feelings and/or just want to hurry up and get it done with. But if we remember we are reading something to learn and grow, it makes more sense to go slow and really get what we can out of the material. In *Safe Passage to Healing*, Christine Oksana* inserts breaks in the text every few pages. These breaks are reminders to breathe, check in with yourself to find if you need to take a break and process feelings, or if it's enough for now and it's time to stop. It's possible to take this system to working with other difficult reading material by simply placing bookmarks at intervals. Or setting a timer for reading, listening to a tape, or watching a video. We can also apply it to listening to something really intense someone is telling us. Politeness may tell us to keep listening no matter what. But it can really be more respectful to the speaker as well as ourself to say, I really need time to think about what you said. Or that it brings up feeling for me also and I need time to deal with them, so I can't hear anymore now. Glazing over and hearing without listening doesn't fulfill the true intention of talking--real communication.

It can also help to plan when we will read material that may bring up intense feelings. I try to approach difficult material when I can make time to process feelings afterwards. And to then follow that with a planned grounding activity. Otherwise, I may go about the rest of the day in a ragged emotional state.

PROCESSING

After bringing up feelings by reading difficult material, it's useful to have processing options. These may be talking with people, either friends who can deal with the material that is up, or the more structured approach of co-counseling or therapy. Going to a support group for abuse survivors or partners/friends of survivors can be helpful. While action groups themselves exist for carrying out specific political plans, they can also be places to meet others who are also willing to deal with the feelings brought up by confronting racism, classism, etc.

Journaling can be very effective in transforming feelings. And you don't have to be a technically skilled artist to benefit from drawing or making collages. Dancing and singing can also really shift feelings. While all of these are done initially to get out feelings, sometimes later showing art, publishing a poem, etc. can be part of a larger transformation around an issue by helping others confront something.

Doing martial arts or hard physical work can release anger quickly. For those of us with limited energy, yelling or more limited arm and leg motions also help.

While I personally think of meditation as a more grounding activity, simply watching feelings and thoughts shift can also be a way of processing.

GROUNDING/BALANCING

After doing intense emotional work, it can really help to then do an activity which is grounding and/or pleasurable. This might be cleaning, preparing food, doing laundry--basic life-sustaining tasks. It is very grounding to work in a garden, observe nature, sit on the ground, or go

barefoot. Any kind of exercise helps orient to our bodies and the present moment. Simple meditation which focuses on breathing is very grounding. Getting a hug from a friend or talking about other things is also helpful. Eating if hungry helps. Otherwise, preparing and drinking some herbal tea can be very soothing. Doing a fun activity is a reminder that there is more to life than whatever difficult material we are dealing with. I think of doing a grounding and/or fun activity as what I need for balance. Thinking of it as a reward for dealing with the difficult material can be problematic--this may encourage overdoing.

REMEMBERING GOALS

It can help to remember why we are

going through these difficult feelings. It isn't out of obligation, or to punish ourselves, it's because we want to learn and grow. In the case of dealing with abuse, it is in the service of changing the patterns of thinking, feeling, and acting that were set in motion by the original abuse. In the case of oppressions, facing the painful reality of past and present oppression is part of "cleaning house" in preparation for creating better ways of living. Any activity can be evaluated in terms of whether it is serving these goals.

*Chrystine Oksana, *Safe Passage to Healing: A Guide for Survivors of Ritual Abuse*. New York:HarperPerennial. 1994. Print.\$15.



Cartoon by Oak. Oak is one of many in The Treehouse People. "Switch" is when someone who has multiple personalities changes from one person to another and they may or may not remember what happened when someone else was "out". Multiplicity is a coping mechanism developed in early childhood to deal with extremely traumatic abuse. Amnesia protects the child from the horror of what is happening to her but when it continues after the abuse has ended, it can make life interesting.

DYKE WELL BEING

POISON IVY

Each May I begin my struggle with poison ivy. This year I kept the rashes to a bare minimum by rubbing them with the inside of banana peels several times a day. This seemed to stop the itching and cause the rash to disappear in just a few days, and, as an added benefit I walk around smelling like a banana split!

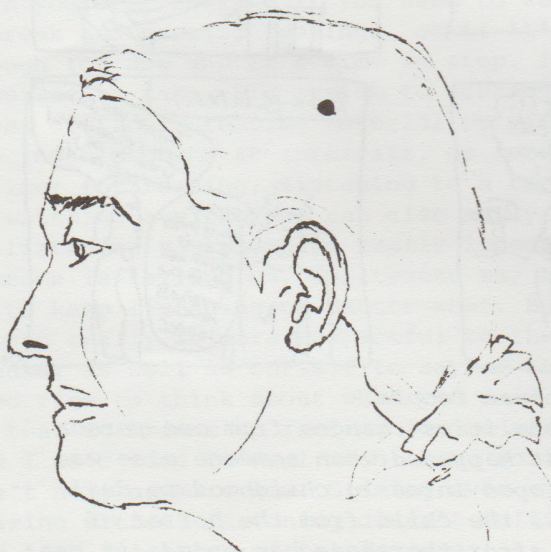
On really itchy spots I rub baking soda toothpaste. I think both the baking soda and the mint stop the itching, and the paste helps keep them on the skin better than just using a paste of baking soda and water.

Sharon Bienert
Outland, New Mexico

TOOTHACHE

I have had a bad toothache lately, and whilst in much pain last week I intuitively started to massage and knead my head. I found a spot that when rubbed and pressed firmly gave a sensation in the same spot as the toothache. Within a quarter to half an hour of doing this the worst of the pain had gone. A great relief I can tell you. Anyway, it was about 3" above my ear, on the same side as the pain, on and around the knobby bit on my head. I don't know if there would be a different spot for different teeth, this was my very back bottom one, not my wisdom tooth.

Cilbey
Umua, Aotearoa



Raewyn

BLOOD PRESSURE CHECK

Squeeze firmly middle long finger on the fleshy pad at the end. If flush comes back quickly, blood pressure is higher, if flush comes back slowly, blood pressure is lower.

Raewyn
Umua, Aotearoa

PASSAGE

You think you have a fever off and on? Chances are you have entered the change. You are afraid of Alzheimer's disease? Probably just pre-menopause short term memory loss. Feeling like a volcano? At the most unexpected moments blowing up? Screaming at your beloved ones? Suddenly bursting out in tears? It all belongs to entering menopause. Not every woman goes through the passage the same way. I somehow believed that lesbians are amazons, young and agile forever, always building structures carrying heavy loads, full of energy. Menopause was for housewives with empty-nest-syndrome? Not so.

Susun Weed wrote an excellent book, *Menopausal Years the Wise Woman Way*. If you are still young it's good to know that if you eat calciumrich foods in your 30's and 40's, preferably always, you build up bonemass. During the passage/change calcium loss seems unavoidable as the body in those years doesn't seem to absorb calcium, so bone loss seems less harmful the more bones you have. Skinnier womyn have more risk too, so gain a pound a year. Susun's book is full of advice and recipes for womyn 30-90. It gives advice for hot flashes, sleepless nights, etc. etc., and advises a year off to fully live the passage into Wise Woman. This practical guide is lovingly written and I keep going back to this treasure, published by Ash Tree Publishing, POBox 64, Woodstock NY 12498 (cost \$9.95 + postage).

Another book that is a real comforter for me is *Off the Rag: Lesbians Writing on Menopause*, edited by Lee Lynch and Akia Woods. In this anthology about forty lesbians share their stories and experiences. And each story is different, with common threads. Knowing that others have lived through it, are going through it, helps. I just take it easy now, and after a few years I'll

have gas again. We learn to work, be productive, do and do and do. This year is for me a time to learn to give priority to my body, heed her messages, look at my life and see what elements of it I want to keep and which are outdated, become a burden, rather than a pleasure, learn to be sweet to my limits, love myself and gear towards comfort and enjoying the gift of life. *Off The Rag* is published by New Victoria Publishers, Inc., POBox 27, Norwich VT 05055 (cost \$12.95 + postage).

Since there is a good chance your body thermostat goes up for a few years during transition into menopause you may want to consider a cool climate for those years? I didn't know, moved to a hot Caribbean island, so volcano inside my body and bright shining sun outside is quite a bit of fire to deal with. Acupuncture and oat-straw infusion help. Susun Weed's book is filled with suggestions and remedies, doing six steps. It is a good self help manual. I find the books complementary: personal stories tell me how it is for other lesbians and gives a resource list; the other full of practical information, so I can well informed live this passage that is a very special time for myself.

A friend told me low energy is only a few years, so now I enjoy not making demands on myself, not criticizing myself (as much), giving my body what it wants, riding the waves, living timeless the days I don't go to town and blessing my solitude. A doggie, two cats, 4 chickies in the coop, once a week to town is plenty company. This is a great time for me to do (guided) meditations, Reiki, hang loose, learn to be, find inner peace and harmony. It seems a time of emotional and mental cleansing and changing habits. I'm determined to grow old in grace and by giving myself permission, I gradually get a picture of how to live in spiritual, emotional and physical well being. As an incest survivor I abused my body, but survived. That trauma has healed and it's a relief not to have to struggle into another day, but sort of flow into it, give my body smiles, envision stars, smiles, flowers nurturing organs and all cells. I smile as often as I can to all parts of myself.

Seems the volcano in me, the waves of fire-hot flashes move me into non-judgmental being. 25 years of being abused, 25 years of healing, now I want 25 years of

comfort and enjoying life. For now I'll just hang loose, take days as they come and I am learning a lot that later will have definition.

Acupuncture and massage help me a lot, eating and drinking herb teas, taking rests, riding the waves, a passage, looking at where I come from and at where I'm going and how I want to live, which has a lot to do with attitudes. My inner world is what I'll always have, no matter outside conditions, so making that inner world a good place to be and look at how to nurture that inner world is one of the aspects of my journey. No matter what my body does, if my attitudes are geared towards joy and thankfulness, life be ok.

Life has as much meaning as you give it. We have the power to define. This inner journey seems dynamic, revisiting many places and people and the sweats cleanse me. Everyone on this trail of passage into menopause, may you travel well into cronehood becoming a wise woman, or becoming what you wish.

Myra Lilliane
Curacao



Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks, Oregon

LETTERS

Dear MAIZE Wimmin:

In the last Issue of MAIZE I told about how much we enjoy having Landykes stop by to visit Spinsterhaven. I have gotten lots of criticism for that, and part of the problem is that I didn't make it clear that we only accept visits from wimmin we have invited here. These wimmin follow the tips listed in *Tips for Visitors to Lesbian Land* which you will find in each issue of MAIZE.

We think that is very important, but we didn't realize just how important until recently when two incidents occurred in one week. First, we received a letter from two city wimmin who said they wanted to visit, and then proceeded to list what we would have to do to make them comfortable, and that they would not do any work because they had just been through too much anguish in their personal lives. We did not invite them to visit.

The other was a woman who showed up in the community one night, didn't know anyone here, and expected us to take care of her. She had bought land in the area but had never seen it. When she tried to go there the road was so bad that it ruined her car and she was now without transportation or money to pay for fixing the car.

Any city woman, any woman at all, needs to know someone in the area and make arrangements for the visit before she leaves home. You never know what conditions you will run into, whether they are physical or social. You should always have the phone number of someone who has agreed to support your visit.

Spinsterhaven does not take in strangers. We are not counselors, and we can't afford to take in stranded wimmin. One other point: you don't come to the bible-belt with purple spiked hair. We are a community but we have to blend in with the locals enough to be accepted.

Sustana
Spinsterhaven
Arkansas

Kia ora, ko uha mo uha anake.

We have been following the discussions on land issues with interest. There are many things that are similar to what we

have experienced here too (in Aotearoa). We think colonisation, not by urban of rural as Nett writes, but Europeans colonising lesbians of colours lands is an issue. Europeans also displaced other Europeans many times, yet many of these displaced Europeans went on to colonise others' lands themselves. Anyway, we think colonisation is a factor in the problems we have with the land, in colonised places. We have found that a lot of European lesbians have this colonising attitude, whether "owning" land or living on others' land. As with colonisers there is a need, or something, to have an immediate impact on the land, to change established ways without a knowledge of the land or her ways, to take from the land and give little or nothing back, to put European values, structures, methods onto a land that is not European. And the land herself, is she acknowledged?

As Diann wrote, to leave the land after 6 years was very difficult, to extract herself unwillingly, to be forced to leave, and we hope she is okay. How must this experience feel if a lesbian has been living in a certain area for 6,000 years, for 60,000 years. There is this idea that lesbians are very close to and connected to the land, so how can we ignore the grief, the pain of this separation, and we believe the land also grieves, is still doing so, because of the forced removal of indigenous lesbians.

We have discussed this with other lesbians a lot, but it is a difficult issue and a lot of European lesbians didn't consider it important, only something that happened long ago and of no relevance now. We have tried to imagine/remember how it would feel for the land and lesbians involved, and if we were in a close relationship together--the land, lesbians, we were/are one and the same, we are made of each other, the indigenous lesbians of any land--then to have been torn apart and a new relationship enforced, we would never forget that. And how could we give to the new relationship when the beginning was so violent and loveless. There would be a bitterness and unrest, a lot of conflict. We don't have any ideas how to completely resolve this situation, apart from not ignoring it.

Raewyn and Cilbey
Umua, Aotearoa

REVIEWS

DAY TO DAY: Music for Lesbians
Songs and Improvisations Created by
South Florida Lesbians
Barbara Ester and Friends
M.F.L., POBox 383, Richmond UT 84333
\$10 + \$1 postage for first tape, 50¢ for
each additional tape

Reviewed by Jae Haggard

Barbara Ester, my favorite singer/songwriter, has done it again--along with 15 other south Florida Dykes. Lesbian culture and Lesbian experience--sung, drummed and celebrated. Music and rhythm rising from deep Lesbian selves. Yes, a treasure indeed.

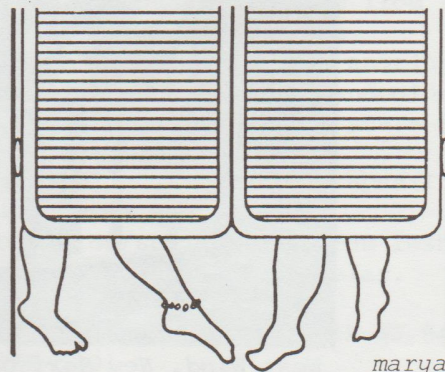
Barbara has been living on land in Utah and is a long-time Maize subscriber/contributor. This 60 minute tape includes some of Barbara's songs. Barbara's voice is so wondrously real and present. Her songs heartfully and consciously express our Dyke lives. I always want more, much more, when the tape is over.

Another delight about *Day to Day* is that it includes the songs, improvisations and rhythms of lots of Dykes. These are good recordings of the majik that happens when Dykes circle to sing/drum/create together, expressing our Lesbian selves and culture.

I'm delighted with the in-the-moment and from-the-heart voice and sounds. This is truly wimmin coming together to create-it-ourselves. In this consumer society, every time Dykes create, build, envision, repair, heal or listen, doing-it-ourselves and together instead of hiring the 'experts' we discard the consumer and I-can't-do-it attitudes so socialized into women--we lose so much of our potential when we are passive consumers and we lose the majik we can build and experience together. This tape records some of our majik and inspires more.

F.Louise and Maryanne, also longtime Maize contributors, are much present in this tape. F.Louise sings and drums on several songs. Maryanne did much on the insert and booklet. Some songs were recorded live at their place, *Something Special*, in Miami. I'm greatly impressed with *Day to Day* as an expression of Dykes in connection, in harmony, in community, as a diverse people.

If anyone doesn't have Barbara's other tapes, I super-highly recommend them. The incredible Dykely *More of It* (songs by Barbara and Bairbre) is my favorite tape ever (\$10) and the shorter *Spirals* (\$6) has really catchy tunes.



maryanne

DANCING IN THE KITCHEN

A Vegetarian Cookbook

From the Kitchen of *Something Special*

\$15 ppd, checks payable to

Maryanne Powers, 7762 NW 14 Court,

Miami FL 33147-5771

305-696-8826

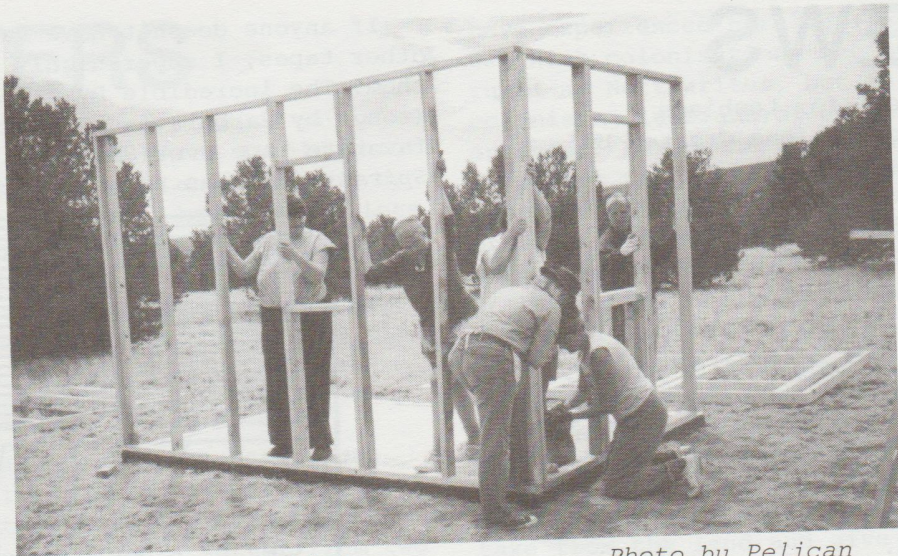
Reviewed by Jae Haggard

The same time that *Day to Day* arrived, along came *Dancing in the Kitchen*, a dandy new vegetarian cookbook by, once again, F.Louise and Maryanne. So quite the *Something Special* presence at *Outland* that week. Love it!

This cookbook covers many basics of vegetarian cooking with lots of hints on how to make foods tasty. These are the recipes they use to cook for Lesbian diners at *Something Special*. I hear the food and the ambience of Lesbian culture is Great! I love the integrity of their prices-- "The cost of your food & drink is left to your discretion." And their philosophy-- "Food does not have to be cooked to be healthy but food must be healthy in order for us to obtain health from it. We believe that food is a vital component of any social fabric." (from the introdyktion)

The book looks and feels good, and includes several of Maryanne's drawings. I enjoyed reading through it page by page. And I treasure the Maize connection.

As you read imagine "two happy dykes in a kitchen not much bigger than the size of a walk-in closet, cooking, laughing, singing, loving---both the food we're preparing and the wimmin waiting to be fed." (from the introdyktion). Yes!



West Wind, New Mexico
Diane, Sunflower, Kya, Rebecca, Spes, Earth

Photo by Pelican

LEZ TRY THIS...

PEST RESISTANT PLANTS

As an organic gardener, I've noticed that plants grown in "live" soil tend to be sweeter and more pest and disease resistant. Soil microorganisms and bacteria excrete humic acid which breaks down mineral elements into available nutrients, which certainly contribute to growth and higher sugar content.

Recently I read an intriguing explanation* for why organically-grown plants are more pest resistant. Contrary to what we might expect, insects do not favor plants with high sugar content. The sugar gives them a paralyzing stomach ache. If that doesn't stop them from eating, soon the sugar turns into alcohol in their system, and they fall off the plant!

Also, healthy and sick plants radiate different electromagnetic spectrums. Insects recognize the difference and attack "sick" plants first.

*I read this in *The Elves of Lily Hill Farm*, Penny Kelly, who cites *Mainline Farming for Century 21*, Skow and Walters, published by Acres USA.

Sharon Bienert
Outland, New Mexico

RAINWATER COLLECTION

This was my first year with an "official" apprentice and it was an amazing experience for all concerned. One of our projects was putting a "roof" on an old pump house to collect rainwater in a trough. What I liked

best about the project is that it cost just under \$2--for the nails. We used skids (pallets) from the co-op, the lumber yard, and the hardware store plus recycled tin, logs, and wire (to anchor it in high winds). Now if it ever rains again, the goats will have a water source at this end of the farm (where I can keep an eye on them).

Mary B-J
Wit's End Farm
Tennessee

TOMATO JUICE WITH A FUTURE

Cut bottoms of tomatoes, put in compost. Squeeze tomatoes into container, put remaining tomatoes in blender. Sieve contents of container, wash with water till seeds are clean, put liquid in blender. Add tamari, lemon juice, garlic, onions, basil. Blend and chill. Salud. Dry the seeds for the next growing season. Cucumbers can be processed the same way. Tomato-cucumber juice is even better. It is possible to freeze for less abundant times.

CUCUMBER JUICE WITH A FUTURE

Peel cucumbers and slice in half. Put seeds in container with water, cukes in blender. Put seed-liquid through sieve and into blender. Wash seeds more if necessary and dry for next growing season. Add lemon juice, soya sauce and dill to the mixture in the blender. Blend and chill. Salud.

Myra Lilliane
Curacao

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!

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.

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 \$s 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.

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.

DIANN BOWOMAN, c/o Briggs, 263 Matta Ave,
Youngstown OH 44509 (I'm on the road
for my work, so responses could some-
times 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 Ways, 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, pre-
served in alcohol or vinegar. Individ-
ual 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.

ZANA, MSC 044, HCO 2, Box 6872, Tucson
AZ 85735

Offers: *Book of my poetry and art,
herb womon (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 dtnip, pack-
aged in recycled plastic from bags my
dialysis supplies come in (small bags)
*Plastic tubing from my dialysis
supplies, this tubing would have had
only sterile solution in it, no body
fluids.

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

Requests: *Organic seeds (not hybrid)

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.

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.

SOMETHING SPECIAL, 7762 NW 14 Ct, Miami
FL 33147

Requests: *Heat tolerant veg/flower seeds

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 LAUCLAN, 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

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

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

DAWN SUSUN, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrab-
hagh, Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD, Scotland
Offers: *Aromatherapy oils made up person-
ally 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.

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 appre-
ciated 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.

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 meno-
pause 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 vita-
mins from Essential Organics (I will pay)

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 BON 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

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)

*Mutally 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
womon writing.

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 on Tennessee River and Kentucky Lake, 65 mi west of Nashville. Campers and visitors welcome.
- 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 conservation 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)
Simple living, inside space & camping, money no obstacle. Mountain, pinetrees.
- 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, apprentices, 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

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
email address: shewolfWW@aol.com

The village concept is developing with
an Old Dyke Community in the center of
it all! Apprenticeships for lesbians to
learn construction and rural living from
loving women! Private land ownership
and community land stewardship in con-
cert, within one hour of New Orleans in
clean air, fertile soil, and secluded
woods! Write for information and to
schedule a visit in advance!

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS



*The Great Blue Heron at Moonshadows
By Cookie, Moonshadows, Oregon*

HAVE SPACE FOR WOMEN TO LIVE: A meadow in the forest. Priority given to elder and disabled women. *Traveling women welcome to camp.* No smoking, no dogs (because of deer). Please write at least one month in advance. Jo Greenwood, POBox 266, Husum, WA 98623

COUNTRY CRONE CONNECTIONS: Free penfriend list for country women over 45 years old. Send SASE plus name, address, description of self, pets and interests in 60 words or less. (Please type or print small). Send to Greenwood, POBox 266, Husum WA 98672

LOOKING TO BUY a case of organic limes and some organic avocados. If you know where I can find them, please contact: Sharon Bienert, POBox 130, Serafina, NM 87569

PROPERTIES next to ours are for sale. Dyke neighbors welcome--especially if you have chemical sensitivities or respect the needs of those of us who do! This is a semi-rural neighborhood, 40 minutes from downtown Tucson. One undeveloped acre is \$17,000. There are also two 2-acre parcels with utilities, one with a travel trailer and one with double-wide mobile home. For more info, contact zana, HC2 Box 6872-44, Tucson AZ 85735, (520)822-2643

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

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES is a non-profit organization established to support rural Lesbians and Lesbian community land projects. Grant program, apprenticeships, advocacy, outreach. Donations help make possible the many programs of LNR. LNR, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408

WOMYN ON THE LAND is a regional monthly newsletter for country lesbians and wannabees. Focus on Southeast U.S. Events listings and articles. \$15/year. POBox 412, McLeansville NC 27301

THE WOMYN'S GRAPEVINE is a newsletter for the southern Oregon Lesbian community. Monthly. Focus on events. \$15/year or \$8 for 6 issues. POBox 2233, Roseburg OR 97470

Lesbian singer/songwriter
**BARBARA ESTER
 AND FRIENDS
 DAY-TO-DAY
 MUSIC FOR LESBIANS**

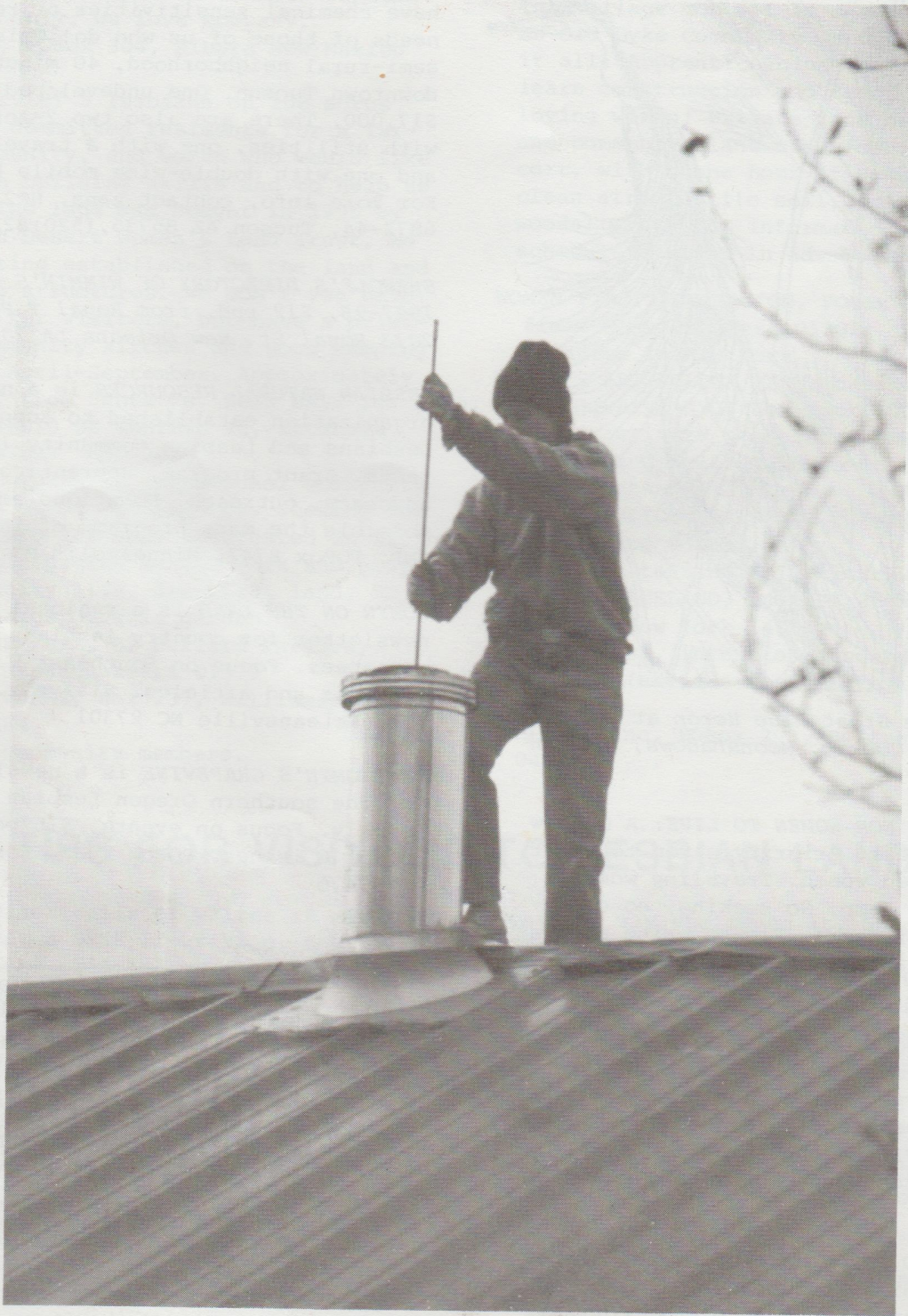
M.F.L.
 BARBARA ESTER
 P.O. BOX 383
 RICHMOND,
 UTAH 84333

\$10.00 Ea.

Add \$1 for postage
 + 50¢ for each
 additional Tape

\$4.00

NUMBER 55



Jae Haggard