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MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SUMMER 98



Zena

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 minutes tape-time; this is more than 3 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CONNECTIONS" (listing of Dyke lands), Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication."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 to be withheld, as well as state of residence.

The contents of MAIZE do not necessarily reflect the viewpoint of the editor. Discussion is encouraged. Editor: Sustana, Spinstervhaven, Arkansas.

MAIZE will run free announcements of particular interest to country Lesbians, and free classified ads by Lesbians especially for country Lesbians.

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Kitt Redwing

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Jennifer Weston

REMEMBERING JULIE



Photo by Diana Bailey

Julie Hopp of Rainbow's End

hugs. Sometimes when I was sitting, you'd crawl into my lap and hug me for minutes on end.

Okay, I know this is long past the point you'd tolerate being the center of attention, so I'll change the subject for you. I saw a great horned owl in the top of the cedar tree on the east side of my house today, and one across the meadow. They were calling a third which I couldn't see. A lizard moved into my house a week after you died.

My heart is broken. I miss you.
Love,
Gani Et Se

I keep seeing Julie in my inner vision. I conjure her there because I am not ready to never see her again. I draw on my memories of her and she is so vividly there --- the texture of her skin, the incredible gentleness of her eyes, her calm acceptance, her enthusiasm.

She came to see me at the office the day she died. It was Wednesday, April 15, and it was Pesach. I had gone over to H&R Block, stressed out and frantic about money, to pay my taxes. When I came back I had only enough time to spread cream cheese on matzo and then she was there with her bright smile, so we ate matzo together. My Jewish sister and I -- we had planned to have a Pesach meal together but it had not happened so we arranged to have a meal together the following Wednesday. And on Saturday, she was coming to help me attach the flight to my canaries' aviary. Those planned for but missed events that come back to haunt, the lost opportunities, irretrievable.

Over the fourteen years I have known Julie she has worked with me on so many projects, always to the betterment of my life. She, with me helping and learning as we went along, rewired my house, put in windows in the living room, a glass door in my bedroom, and three of us built a deck.

We made art together, did arts and crafts projects with the Jewish children of Shalom school, talked about and recommended hundreds of books to each other, but most of all she made a place for me where I could speak my deepest heart truths with no fear of judgment, with absolute certainty that no matter what I told her, she would tell me back how good I was, how loving, how I deserved the best, how she was sorry I was hurting. ... She was many years my junior, but she was ancient and

Dear Julie:

I had imagined I'd write you when I moved from the land this summer. Now I find I've said I'd write about you. What, exactly do I write about a fairly private person?

You were born on September 20, 1961. You lived in Virginia till you were an adolescent, then in Los Angeles. You went to college, was it at UC Berkeley? You worked for the Peace Corps in Kenya. In 1985 you came to Rainbow's End for the first time; wearing skirts and with hip length hair!

When I moved to Rainbow's End, you and Fran were living in Raven House. The two of you had put together a lot of the finish work, and would do more in the five more years you stayed there.

On April 15, 1995, you left the land, making it clear that you would return. On April 15, 1997, you came back to us. On April 15, 1998, you left us for good. You died in the arms of Diana, your lover these last two and a half years.

I don't want to mythologize you, Julie. You were an incredible gift in my life, and I hear other women say the same. You almost always seemed to give of your time and attention to anyone who asked it of you. You were generous with everything but what went on inside you. You tended to turn any conversation from yourself to the ones you were speaking with.

You were so present in the moment, so often a source of joy for me. I will miss your laugh, your bright brown eyes, your delight at being fed. And your hugs! No mention of you would be complete without speaking of how you hugged. The longest

wise in her understanding of the ways of compassion and acceptance.

Since her death, I have tried with all my heart to search myself for how I could best honor her life, her passing, and I see that I must hold to my knowing of the infinite preciousness of life, which can be over in a moment, and rejoice in it. I want to practice more of her quiet acceptance and know that there are deep reservoirs of pain in people that, while they cannot be fixed, can be eased by one who listens with compassion and sincere caring. She left a legacy of many fine works, things she built and things she created, but over and over, everywhere she is spoken of, she is loved and appreciated for her gentleness, her willingness, and her kind radiant openheartedness.

We have lost a precious friend from our midst... I want to live up to my own higher ideals now, in the remainder of my life. Julie lived that way, she was an inspiration in her living, and learning from her death, we are all given the chance to choose what we loved about her and keep this way of being alive through our own ways of living as best we can.

Valerie Sorrenberg

A Journal Entry

Thursday, April 23, 1998

The robin lying where I placed her beneath last year's fern fronds is indeed transforming. Feathers slip from her chest and wings no longer held by the disappeared skin; her breast bone emerges uncovered; her face has receded making her beak appear longer in death than it was in life. The creatures too tiny for my eye have been doing their work, feasting on her flesh, her entrails, leaving behind what will take a slower route to soil.

We burned Julie's body. They say what she really wanted was to have her body tied to a tree so the vultures, whom she loved, could make meals of her. But we were not that brazen, not yet.

We burned Julie's body, after a full day of keeping her with us in the only way our grief could know. We lay her on the platform of the round house she was so joyfully building; we lay her on a thick foam pad and cocooned her with blankets as the sun and clouds came and went, now warm, now cool, as our moods came and went, now sobbing, now laughing. We touched her cheeks, stroked her porcupine hair, lay beside her, talked and sang to her, sang to her, sang to her. She was only 36; she

was back home at Rainbow's End at last and was making her house, making her life where she has known for years she belonged. She was so happy, so full of life, so overflowing with good will, compassion, wisdom.

And in her body she has carried her death, probably all her life. An aneurysm, a tiny flaw in an artery at the base of her skull that decided to burst and steal Julie's life on the 15th. I wonder if the robin, unmarked and lying dead on the ramp of my house, also carried a flaw, some anatomical whimsy that caught her in flight and tossed her to earth, dead. As did Julie, her head hurting, slide from her lover's bed to the floor, seeking ground, seeking earth -- and stopped breathing.

Of us old-timers around here, some of us say Julie was the youngest and the best. Like Chris (Chris Pierce, another dear friend, committed suicide on January 16. See MAIZE Spring 1998: "The Gift for Chris Pierce") a bright light, so generous with her energy, her love, her experience, her possessions. "Julie, this is such a fine tool." "Well, Madrone, you can have it." "Julie, can I please pay you to come split firewood with me?" "Madrone, it would be such a pleasure to do that with you, that would be pay enough."

Julie was here with me the day I learned of Chris's death, come to split that firewood. I did not know what to do with the shock other than go on up to the upper forest and strike with the maul again and again, Julie close by working away, her pile of split pieces growing twice as fast as mine.

Weeks later Julie is dead and we are crying her name to the Calahan Ridges above her house. We struggle to know illusion from reality, and watch the one give way to the other as Julie's body, like the robin's took on the specter of death. In another time, another age, we would have built a pyre on the land, kindled a flame fed by wood we'd cut and split; in another age we would have sat all the long hours and kept the fire hot, watched the burning, the transformation. In this age, when so much of what we know how to do has been usurped by law and order, by men's technology and greed, in this age we could push the tray on which Julie's body lay into the massive oven. ... It took four hours for the fire to do its work, as surely as the organisms slowly laboring in the robin's chest. None of us stayed that long, our vigils ended as we each let go of what was truly gone.

Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Oregon

THE NIGHT OUR JULIE DIED

By Bethroot Gwynn
with assistance from Katherine Jensen
and Diana Bailey

We never, ever imagined that we would be attending Julie at her death. She was 36 years old, virtually the youngest among us in this extended community of land dykes and townies, most all of us well into our 40's, 50's, 60 and beyond. Julie was the next generation, the epitome of robust health and vigor, who had lived creatively among us for 14 years. She was the one who blazed trail when cross-country skiing with friends; the one who would climb high up into the tallest tree to thin out limbs; the one who assisted so many of us with physical tasks that took extra stamina and muscle.

She gifted us with creation in wood, colorful design on paper, music; she carved and lettered and sketched, and built stairs for many of us because she was so good at geometry. She was a voracious reader, offering wisdom on countless subjects. But most particularly, Julie was a radiantly loving and joyful being.

With every encounter, her brown eyes were laughing. "How are you?" from her was a heartfelt inquiry, and her hugs were famous -- unabashedly long and close. She was an extraordinary woman, and Oh! her death was a tragic and mournful event. But the immediate aftermath of her passing had remarkable and empowering aspects, even as we were grieving, for those of us who were able to be with her body for almost 24 hours until and during cremation. We want to share our experience as part of the continuing dialogue in MAIZE about how we can care for one another's bodies after death.

We know that women at WeMoon Land in Oregon and ARF in New Mexico have set precedence for us in terms of natural burial on women's land. Julie's death was an opportunity for us to take responsibility for a loved one who had specified cremation in her will. No, we were not able to create a pyre and give Julie's body to Pele right then and there at Rainbow's End (Julie's lesbian land home)! Only a licensed cremating facility can do those honors. (I have since learned that if we were a "religious" group, we could apply to the State to create some kind of gas-fired cremating alternative on private land for our members.) As it was, we did everything ourselves that was legally possible, breaking some protocol as well.

On the night of April 15, Julie was staying with her lover Diana at Whispering Oaks lesbian land. Julie was suffering from a severe headache, "feels

like a muscle cramp in my brain." Diana, a massage healer, tried everything she knew how to do, but the pain got worse over the next couple of hours. Julie eventually passed out and stopped breathing. The nearest phone was 1/2 mile down the road at Liz's house, two gates away. Diana managed to get Julie into her truck and down to Liz's, doing CPR while her landmates phoned 911. Further life-saving efforts by the ambulance crew and at the hospital failed. Julie had suffered a catastrophic aneurysm, probably fatal at the moment she lost consciousness. She was officially pronounced dead shortly before midnight.

Several of us were at the hospital by then, and that's where our vigil/wake began. It is crucial to the unfolding of this story that one among us is a Certified Nurse Midwife. Katherine is known and well-respected by hospital staff. ER staff people were incredibly open to us -- responsive and caring. They provided a room where we could be with Julie's body overnight, and a steady stream of dykes came throughout the night as word spread. Her body could not be released until morning because the Medical Examiner needed more time, and consultation with a pathologist, to decide whether or not to order an autopsy. Whenever there is an unexpected death, the County Medical Examiner becomes involved, and in most cases, especially with someone so young, will require an autopsy to determine cause of death; to rule out foul play, to investigate drug involvement.

There certainly would have been an autopsy if Katherine had not had a brilliant insight: within seconds of Julie's death, she asked if they could do an immediate CAT scan to verify cause. The ER physician had never ordered a post-mortem CAT scan before. He did so; the aneurysm was clearly evident, and became part of the Medical Examiner's considerations.

Katherine and I spoke with him and made clear that we wanted Julie's body released to us, her family of friends, as soon as possible, and that we fervently hoped there would be no autopsy. Julie was Jewish, and autopsy is prohibited in that tradition.

We knew that State law required that Julie's body be either buried, cremated, embalmed, or refrigerated within 24 hours. (Refrigeration would have been an option only if Julie's mother, father, or sister from out of state had wanted to see her body and couldn't get here within 24 hours. A last resort for sure: Diana and Fran [Julie's former lover] were

clear; Julie loved to be warm!)

We knew that we are blessed to live in Oregon where burial laws are relatively liberal: legally, we could be the ones to transport Julie's body. Were we doing at-home burial, a professional funeral director would not have been necessary at all -- any one of us could have signed the part of the death certificate that requires someone to take legal responsibility for the "disposition" of the body.

But cremation would require resources beyond our circle. Katherine knew just the right funeral director to call for assistance. She explained that Julie's body was sacred to us, that it was part of our religion that her body be touched by no one except women she loved, that we wanted to take Julie to her home and be with her there as long as we could before bringing her to be cremated. The mortuary director had to confer with the Medical Examiner. (State law says that the Medical Examiner, or the physician signing the death certificate, authorizes transportation and destination.) However, our momentary fantasy that we could take Julie anywhere we wanted for the day (even go to the ocean) turns out not to be on track legally. The responses from legal officialdom were great: we could bring Julie's body to the Place of Fire, as we began to call it, anytime up to 11 p.m. the following night. We could take Julie home to Rainbow's End, and the house she was so delighted to be building, for the day. No body bag would be required. She would not have to be put into a box for cremation. We would be in charge.

The hospital vigil was a time of shock and grief, as women came to cry and be held by crying friends, to touch Julie's still-warm flesh. She was covered by a beautiful Balinese cloth brought from her bed at home, and a sweet bouquet of daffodils appeared. The difficult phone calls were made to Julie's blood kin and other close ones. Hospital staff brought milk, juice, coffee. Arrangements for the next steps were worked out. Julie's will was found. Her sister had to fax written authorization for cremation. Daylight came. More women came. Julie appeared to be resting deeply, but her stillness was final. At last the Medical Examiner arrived, saying there would be no autopsy; he did a brief physical examination, allowing Katherine to be present -- an extraordinary departure from the norm.

Katherine taught us how to create a draw-sheet impromptu stretcher. There were 13 of us at the time, counting Julie. We sang. And then rolled our friend through the Emergency Ward to Miatree's open bed pickup truck, with foam mattress in back. Julie was lightweight, easy to lift. She was wrapped in blue flannel, with her face covered through the hospital corridor, but opened to the sun as soon as

women were settled in the truck beside her. We were a cortege of 7 vehicles, flasher lights blinking, moving slowly through town and out of town with our beloved Julie. "This is important!" our lights, our pace, said to the world.



Photo by Osima

Julie working high among the complicated angles of her (soon to be) straw-bale house.

Julie had been building a 10-sided round house at the edge of Rainbow's End's long and glorious meadow. She had just finished putting up the rafters, having a wonderful time with the complicated angles. We placed her on the floor in the center of the building, with sun shining through the open rafters. More women, more songs / tears / laughter / stories throughout the day.

The changes in Julie's body became more evident as time went on. Katherine explained: purpling colors where blood was settling; a yellowish cast where plasma was rising to the surface; some swelling of her belly without intestinal action to keep bacterial activity moving along. As the light began to change toward dusk, we added a warm comforter to Julie's wrapping. We circled together for farewell songs and mourning, then lifted and carried Julie again, from the house in the meadow to Diana's canopied truck, in which Julie had gone on many outdoor adventures in the past. Katherine called the funeral director to let him know we were on our way. We were a procession of 10 vehicles this time, again the slow pace, the flashing lights, the taking over of road space -- because nothing could be more important than what we were doing.

We drove into the rear parking lot of the Place of Fire. None of us had ever done this before. There was awkwardness as the funeral director opened the back door of his establishment and some of us glanced inside to see a basement-like room and a huge contraption. "The retort," he called it; the oven with its thick door standing open and its motor purring. This was no funeral parlor. This was a furnace room. He provided a gurney-like metal frame, and a thin plywood body-sized tray (a cookie sheet, Fran called it), upon which we moved Julie from the truck. Then we stopped for some moments -- the door to the furnace room was closed -- and we said our last good-byes under the stars, in the parking lot of a crematorium.

I have made a point of avoiding that word -- it is historically contaminated. I use it now to underscore the extremely difficult experience that Jewish women among us were having. They wanted to honor their sister's stated will, but it was overwhelming to participate in putting a Jewish body into an oven.

Two Jewish women were too distressed to stay; a third bit through her resistance and was glad that she continued with the process. Another woman also left early, sharing the next day that she has a clear sense of having been burned as a witch, and could not stay close to the experience. Next time -- for some of us will choose this way by fire -- we will know the scene and will hopefully be prepared for a more gentle transition. Perhaps we will ask for a "parlor;" some women may choose to continue vigil there, others may choose to move into the furnace room. Perhaps we will be able to bring beauty into that room, with candles and fabrics.

This time we went forward with the reality that was given. We let the man know we were ready, and when he opened the door, we pushed the gurney into the warm furnace room, to the retort, and slid Julie, tray and all, into this giant kiln. Some women imagined it as a womb, a channel. The man closed the big round door.

I had been told by a funeral director, that we could do all this ourselves, including push the Start button. Fran and Diana held hands, went over to the set of controls, both touched the Start button, and pushed. Motors whirred. Fran and Diana grinned at each other: "Julie loved to be warm," and we had carried out her wishes. These are two women who have not spoken to each other for almost three years. Julie's death was infused with love, as was her life.


We were told there was an observation window: a small glass viewer in the door, looking right into the kiln, into the transformation. It took some of us awhile to decide we could look. Actually, nothing

visible happened for quite a long time. Julie was still wrapped in the comforter, so her body was not in plain view. And then the flames began. We kept going back to the little window, watching this intense swirl of fire dance around and claim our friend. Looking each other deep in the eye, laughing, singing, hugging, crying. Standing around outside talking, wondering what to make of it all. Not everyone would identify with my experience, but for many of us, the words on our lips were, "Liberation. Release. Exhilaration. Freedom. Purification." From outside we could see occasional sparks flying from the chimney into the night sky. Cotton said, "It's OK, Julie's going to be with the stars!"

The funeral director needed to leave, so we had to. Next time, we can pre-arrange to stay during the entire process (four hours, plus cooling time); we can be present when the door is opened. We can receive our friend transformed.

We did ceremony for the next three days: a women's circle at Rainbow's End, a circle on the land that included Julie's blood family, a Jewish service in town at her mother's request. Each time, we marveled at the joy and love Julie gave to us. Would you believe it if I told you that a huge snake came crawling through the grass right up to us at the women's circle, right up to and underneath the circular house and out the other side? ... She is on the other side now. We are bereft. We are blessed.

We want to offer encouragement and inspiration to other women who will, in time to come, be dealing with medical and legal authorities as loved ones leave this life. Cultivate connections with people in the medical community. Any one of us who works in a medical facility, in any capacity, can be a familiar face, opening doors that might otherwise stay closed. Any one of us with prior medical training can be helpful with professional instinct and acumen. Funeral directors are learning to honor new expectations that are evolving around death. The hospice movement has shifted the limits of customary practice. Faced with the unthinkable, ask for the impossible, and be open for transformations.



The long slumbering earth song
Stirs the leaf mold.
Magic shadow patterns
Move under the trees.
Vapors rising
Warm under the life sun.
The earth-brown smell of mushrooms.
I lie close to the earth
breathing it in ~
breathing and breathing ~
I am grateful ~

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
PO. Box 266 Husum WA 98623

RESOURCES FOR ALTERNATIVE ECONOMICS

Reviews by Lee
Outland
New Mexico

INTEREST AND INFLATION FREE MONEY

Margrit Kennedy
New Society Publishers 1995

In the spring issue of MAIZE I talked about Genevieve Vaughan's book, "For-Giving," and about economic "fantasies." This book is a great fantasy/plan for economic restructuring. Margrit Kennedy shows how interest on money is a hidden redistribution system which constantly shuffles money from those who have less to those who have more. This is often called "making your money work for you," but she points out that money doesn't work, people work. Any money that goes to an investor in the form of interest or dividends comes from another person. 10% of the population benefits from interest the other 90% pay.

She outlines how monetary reform could replace interest on money with a user fee (which people would pay if they keep money out of circulation: hoard money). She points out that this would necessarily be accompanied by land reform (to keep land from being a way for investors to make money). In her system, land would belong to the community and be rented out to those who use it, combining communal ownership with private use. She also advocates tax reform, replacing income tax with product tax.

This does all sound like a fantasy ---not that it's not believable --- but how would we convince people it's in their best interest to change? While we wait/work for this to happen, we can create and utilize alternatives to the money system, like the barter systems (interest free) and alternative currencies that are growing worldwide.

Some books and resources where I've found more information on alternative economic systems are noted here. (I'd like to hear of any other information you all know of, and you can also write me for information on specific alternatives, (P.O. Box 130, Serafina, NM 87569)

WHOLE LIFE ECONOMICS:

Revaluing Daily Life, by Barbara Brandt, New Society Publishers 1995. It focuses on the environment, on investing, and on new ways of business.

BREAKING THE BOUNDARIES: Towards a Feminist Green Socialism, by Mary Mellor, Virago Press, London, 1992. Not so many concrete ideas, but more woman-centered than the other books. This is not any "socialism" we would recognize, much more alternative and feminist.

UNITED FOR A FAIR ECONOMY,

37 Temple Place, 5th Fl, Boston MA 02111.
Nonprofit organization working on economic inequality and redistribution of wealth. (Current focus on legislation to limit excess corporate executive salaries.)

A SIMPLER WAY

Margaret Wheatley, etal
Berrett-Koehler 1996
\$27.95 (Ridiculous price. It's not out in paperback.
Get it at the library.)

"Our plans are nothing compared to what the world so willingly gives us." (p. 75)

The "simpler way" Margaret Wheatley refers to in her title is nature's way. How nature "organizes" herself can give us clues to how we too can be self-organizing. Life is creative, it is unpredictable and uncontrollable, as it invents itself. But what life invents is order, structure, "systems" (such as ecosystems), as all forms of matter organize into relationships. Life seeks order for stability; stability provides support and peace; this supportive environment encourages experimentation and invention. So, everything is always changing, in fact, stability requires change. For example, an ecosystem created by its members for protection from outside turbulence, such as weather, is not a

closed system, but is always seeking "new food, new neighbors, new talents." (p 33) Order keeps emerging as the ecosystem explores relationships and discovers what's possible.

"Life seeks order but it uses messes to get there." (p 68)

Life experiments, explores, "plays", as Margaret Wheatley says. She calls this "tinkering", where solutions are discovered through doing, through creative, random, surprising activities of individuals (could be individual cells or individual wimmin). She says every self (cell or wommon) is visionary, wants to create a world where it can thrive. (p 56) The trick for us humans is to stand at the beginning, focused there, not at some future goal, and be willing to engage in discovery and to engage with one another. To participate more than plan. This creates conditions for self-organizing to flourish.

"When diversity abounds in an environment of freedom, the result is strong and resilient systems." (p 101)

MW observes that systems emerge as individuals (cells or animals or people) decide how they can live together. In nature this happens most often symbiotically, that is, organisms merging into collectives. (p 35) We were taught that competition is the rule, but not so. In hard times, rather than competing to destroy each other, species adapt, find new ways to live together using their differences. (p 43) Unity from variety. Stability from differentness, not sameness, as we might have thought.

"Our seemingly separate lives become meaningful as we discover how necessary we are to each other." (p 88)

Life is relational --- always we are working out conditions of life with others. Everything participates in the creation and evolution of its neighbors. And we all have access to one another's learning and information and to the whole. (MW reminds us that we have recently learned that the world's bacteria have access to each other's information.) All these relationships and all this information changes us. And every change we make changes many others.

"When living beings link together, they form systems that create more possibilities, more freedom for individuals." (p 19)

Who we become together is different from who we are alone. We hunger to discover who we might become together. (p 63) Only when we join together do our gifts become visible. (p 67) We become many tinkers, making many messes, coming up with many surprises and it is on this a group thrives. This experimenting comes from within as each exercises her own creativity --- systems do not accept direction or imposed solutions --- we have to do it ourselves! A healthy system does, however, expand, bringing in new individuals and new information.

It seems to me we have to make some changes (worldwide and in our communities) to be more attuned to natural processes. We are literally "fighting the system," resisting the self-organizing impulses all around us. How do we change? MW points out that we see the world through the self, the identity we have created. Our perception is made up of only 20% information from outside us, and 80% information already in our brains. (p 49) So change requires not only new information, but a change in our very self, our way of perceiving the world. MW feels that the source of change is our awareness of ourselves and our groups, who we are, what's in that 80%.

I found some good clues in this book for lesbian community. I've always felt our ways were quite "natural," that we have observed our world and found ourselves in it, that we have formed our lives and organizations with this in mind. Still, we are patriarchally trained, so this (not-wimmin's, not-feminist) book had helpful reminders of where we need to free ourselves of our "unnatural" thought and behavior.

Another author who addresses the interface between physical systems and human life is Danah Zohar. Her two books, *The Quantum Self* and *The Quantum Society*, are a good introduction to quantum thinking (we need to let go of those old mechanistic thoughts). She has lots of interpretation of what that means for us, from a non-feminist, even anti-feminist viewpoint, but still the books are thought-provoking. Again, a way to remember some things we know we know.

(Thanks to Shemaya [Massachusetts] for telling me of these books.)

AUGUST LAND GATHERING AT DOE FARM

Cybill Hawk
Alabama

The gathering is planned for August 2nd through August 9th or 10th at DOE Farm in Wisconsin. Dykes who gathered in Virginia at InTouch in the fall of '97 expressed needs to have an earlier gathering time to avoid conflicts with scheduled and necessary fall activities happening in their own regions, so dates in July and August were suggested as less conflicting gathering times.

These August dates may also be convenient for those of you traveling on to the Michigan Wimmen's Music Festival afterwards.

REGISTRATION: Please pre-register so the womyn at DOE Farm can plan appropriately. Send registration information in by July 15th to Jo at DOE Farm, 18134 Index Avenue, Norwalk, WI 54648. There is no charge to attend the gathering, but womyn may choose to donate funds to DOE Farm for providing the space for us to gather.

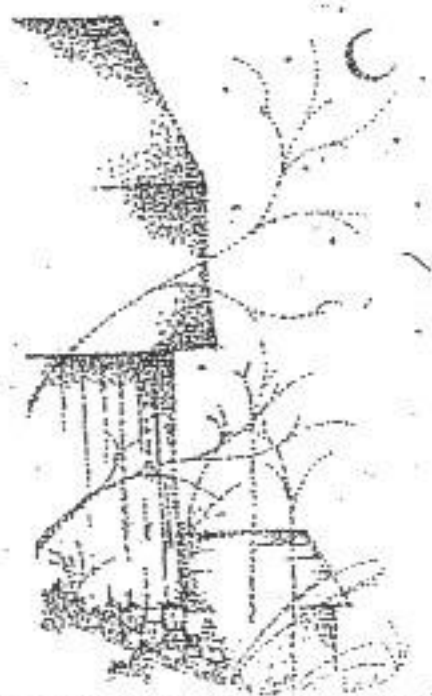
TRAVEL: Norwalk is a small town in southwestern Wisconsin, south of the town of Sparta and I-90. It appears the largest/nearest city is LaCrosse. If wimmen are arriving via public transportation (bus, train, plane) for the gathering, please contact Jo at DOE in plenty of time to arrange pick up and transportation to the farm.

Womyn traveling from Southern and South-eastern states are invited to "stop over" at Spiraland in Kentucky prior to the gathering. Those dykes interested in stopping at Spiral may want to plan ride-sharing and/or caravanning to the gathering. Let Mary at Spiral know ahead of time if you plan to stop there.

Mary H., HC F2, Box 94 - A, Monticello, KY 42633. Phone: (606) 348-1764.
email: maryspiral@kih.net

A travel fund will be created to keep the gathering financially accessible to all dykes and especially those traveling from greater distances. We will need donations in any amount from dykes with more resources to make the event accessible to those with fewer resources. Please send Travel fund donation and requests for travel assistance by July 15 to Cybill Hawk, 1726 Sharps Cove Road, Gurley, AL 25748. Phone: (205) 776-4953. Email: cybillah@asl.com. Makes checks for the travel fund payable to N. Kinsey.

Womyn's Land In Wisconsin



WHAT TO BRING: The gathering is essentially an outdoor event although there will be shelter for meetings and sleeping in the barn. Bring anything you'd need for outdoor living and your comfort: camping gear, bedding, chairs, flashlight or lantern, rain gear, personal items, toilet paper, eating utensils and food for yourself. Also bring food to share if possible, as in the past we will probably have a "community" kitchen with womynn rotating responsibility for preparing meals. Does anyone care to volunteer to be kitchen coordinator??

LAND LESY exchange will be ongoing during the gathering. Bring anything that you care to give to other landdykes and take what you need. Suggested items to bring: books, tapes, CD's, puzzles, magazines, clothing, tools, herbs, remedies, recipes, poetry, art, crafts - be creative!

We'll share information and stories of our lives and the ways we live on or want to live on Lesbian land. Bring your personal stories, tales and songs to make this gathering a special time to remember for all who attend.

REGISTRATION
August (2nd-9th) Gathering at DOE Farm:
(Due by July 15, 1998)

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ E mail _____

Estimated time of arrival _____ Leaving _____

Plan to: Camp? _____ RV/Van? _____ (RV's must be self contained.)

Do you need indoor space? Lodge _____ Trailer _____

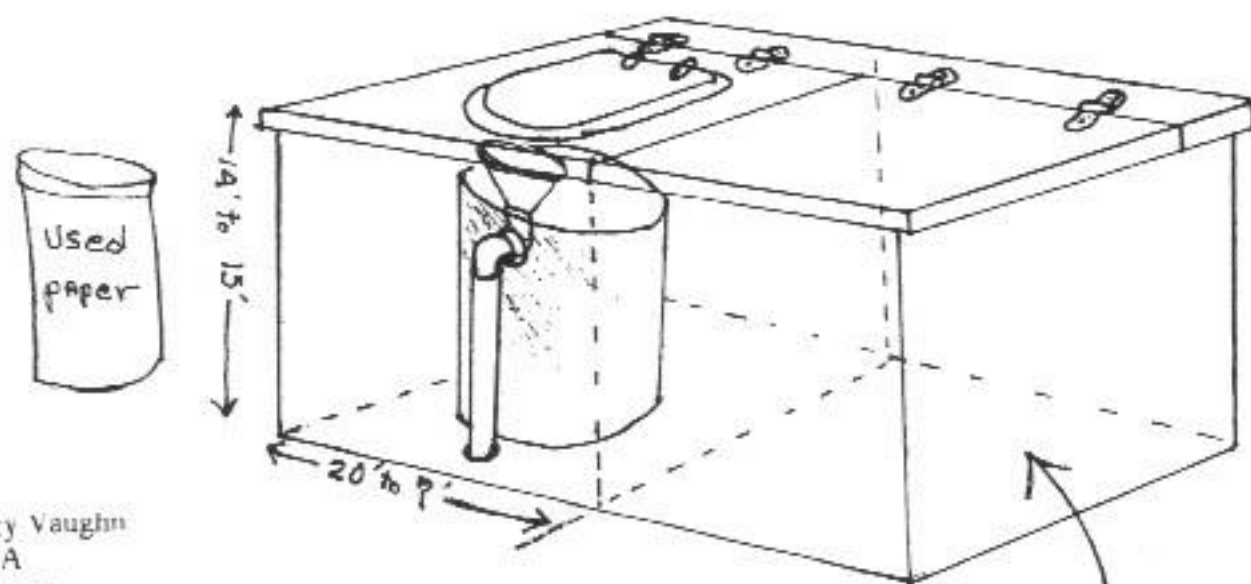
.....
Please fill out and return to DOE Farm at our NEW address: 18134 Index Ave., Norwalk, WI 54648, so we can provide the best space possible for the gathering. Also please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your registration to receive further gathering information and a map to DOE Farm. (We haven't moved; the post office just gave us a new address.)



madelaine zadik

You are the reason
my heart pounds
why my spirit
resounds
is magic to the
moonlight
will you not look
upon Her face
and whisper my name
to the stars
tonight. iolsto©

COMPOSTING TOILET INFORMATION



Nancy Vaughn
OLHA
Arkansas

A few months ago a woman who was planning to build her own house wrote to me and asked for information about our composting toilet. She had heard about it from someone who had visited our house. After answering her letter, it seemed to me a good idea to share the information with others. As my friend Joanne says, "When landdykes get together, within an hour they'll be talking about shit."

One of the most important things, I feel, about composters is that you separate the liquid waste from the solid waste by using a funnel for the urine. The urine in our system joins all the other water draining from the sinks, shower and tub, (known as the "gray water") and is piped out of the house to a large hole in the ground where it stands for a time before slowly seeping into the ground. The hole has a foot of sand in the bottom and is then filled with rocks or gravel. It is approximately eight feet in diameter and three feet deep. Cover the top with dirt and plants will grow on it, living off the moisture from the gray water.

Urine comes from the excretory system; it is sterile, and will not contaminate the gray water with disease germs. The solid waste, on the other hand, comes from the digestive system and does contain germs that may cause disease. Proper composting kills these germs and renders the waste, and the organic material used to cover it, (such as sawdust, dirt, ashes, etc.) very usable in the yard and garden later on.

Storage for
Sawdust
vinegar
T. paper

I cannot give you specific times; it depends on the amount of waste, the organic covering material used, how large the collector is, etc. A neighbor of mine has a system that works very well. She has five 55-gallon drums (with covers) which she uses for the storage. When the last one is filled it is time to empty out the first one. This comes out to about 18 months. A year and a half for each barrel to decompose. She lives alone but has quite a bit of company so this would work for approximately two people.

The final and important note about this separation is that, the urine is what causes most of the bad smell associated with "outhouses." When funneled away and the solid is covered, there is very little foul smell. We find that it is important to keep our urine funnel and drain clean by regularly pouring water down it. Periodically we use white vinegar or baking soda dissolved in water to clean or "flush" it.

We use mostly sawdust to cover our solid waste, and it's good if you can find some old sawdust that has begun to look a little like dirt again. We go to a local sawmill about once a month or six weeks and get a garbage can full. If it's raining, we get sawdust from a wood shop; it just takes longer to decompose. When available, ashes from the wood stove can be used. I've known people to put cedar chips in because they smell good, but they won't compost well at all. Some people use loam. Sand does not work as well.

The composting toilet can be large or small. The simplest one (which I will call model #1) is a wooden box with a hinged lid-seat containing a 5-gallon bucket that has a small circle cut out on one side to accommodate the drain from the funnel. When the bucket is full enough, you remove the funnel and end joint on the drain so that the bucket slips off the drain and can be carried outside and dumped into your larger collector.

Another friend had a backhoe dig a large hole in the yard near the garden and we made two wooden chambers with a concrete floor. When one side is full, switch to the other; when the second side is full, the first is ready for the garden.

We have a large composter in our 2-story house. (One bathroom upstairs and one down, but not connected except for the vent.) The composter is for the upstairs bathroom. (This is model #2) The walls of the composter are concrete block with Thoroughseal painted on the waste side. There's a poured concrete wall in the middle to form two chambers. Their size will depend on what fits your building. We used one side for almost two years before switching to the other.

The way you switch sides is have your bathroom a two-seater, and just use one seat at a time. We took the handle off the second seat and laid magazines and books over it so no one would think it was for use. When our second side is filled we will go outside, open a metal door (regular 3 foot wide door) and see two "gates" made of stainless steel mesh tubing that we had welded locally. The stainless steel was bought from a metal salvage yard.

One family I talked to about their composter had used regular iron wire and it was rusted away after nine or ten years. We'll remove the gate and shovel the composted material, which will look like rich soil, into a cart and use it on the yard. (We live in the woods and don't have a vegetable garden near the house.) The family referred to above, empties one side about once a year. They move the compost to an outside place where it is covered with hay or black plastic to "cook" for a couple of months before using it.

The actual "potty" part is a 5-gallon bucket with a hole drilled in the side for the funnel drain. This is true for both models. For model #2, holes were cut into the floor so that the buckets go down a bit below the floor and are screwed through the sides to the floor boards. (The bottom is cut out of the bucket in Model #2.) When you clean the toilet, you're actually cleaning the inside of a bucket.

The top of the box is also cut very exact so that the bucket fits tightly. Caulking is done whenever possible so that cold air and possible smells are kept to a minimum.

On most composters a vent pipe is rigged from the top of the box to the outside. If possible, a small vent fan is installed in or near the pipe and can be flipped on when the toilet seat is raised. On Model #1 (the whole bucket that you empty), we decided not to vent it just to see how it would be. There is no window in that bathroom, and it has been hard to keep the room odor-free. Used toilet paper is thrown in a trash container to be burned.

Postscript:

An update is needed. Since I wrote this article we have emptied one side of our composter container, not knowing what we would find. A pleasant surprise was that cleaning out the composter was not bad at all. I had visions of having to use a screen to sift out paper or whatever, but it was very nicely composted. The only inorganic thing we found were three elastic bands from when someone dropped (?) or threw away a pair of panties in the toilet. All paper was totally composted and as a result of our findings, we now drop much paper in.

A word about gray water: It is my opinion that if the gray water is dealt with as we do, it is perfectly all right, ecologically speaking. However, I would not recommend using gray water from a composting system, directly on a vegetable garden because of the possibility of contamination. (Sometimes people might accidentally sit askew of the funnel.)

ON THE LAND

The Visit

Diane Maria
Oregon

The sun outlines each blade of new grass, daffodils shine their bright yellow glow in random clumps. The road wears the usual spring potholes, but the new (very expensive) upper road is holding up well. No one has lived here (full time) all winter, but She doesn't feel abandoned. Cotton has mowed the grass, the tools are put away with care. The main house is clean, neat, and welcoming.

I am so grateful for the privilege to be here to feel such ownership. My heart swells with pride. I have been in town too long; without access to x-lover's land I've become antsy and anxious.

At first I wander in and out of spaces: into the library, out doors, into the old woodshed, out of the garden shed, up the path, into the trees, out of the meadow, down to the garden space, into the bath-house, out of my mind, in and out and around. It is --- quiet --- here.

I have plans, have brought tools to make magic, but the land calls me, talks to me, She wants me to notice Her. She wants me to hear the stream trickling by, see the berry vines (still dormant) on the brink of wild freedom; She wants me to smell spring. Left alone from season to season the blackberries will grow in and out and over everything in it's path. Time and neglect will continue the crumbling of buildings long past repair and usefulness. The fruit trees will feed the deer, the creek will dry up in summer, re-route itself in winter. The woods around the meadows are expanding; sending seedlings out into the grasses. The grasses who will grow tall as a woman in a few months, creating habitat for yellow jackets, snakes, and such.

Periodically, as I wander, I let out a loud cry, from deep deep down in my belly. The kind of cry one can rarely let loose if anyone could hear. The kind of release I've needed since losing both job and lover within two short weeks. I am here with a plan loosely formed in my mind, but OWL seems to have plans for me. I feel peaceful, grounded, and very much not-in-charge. I can be as big or as small as my imagination. I can be as loud or quiet as I need to --- I can become ...

Eventually, I nestle down next to the fire pit with stones formed into the Latin symbol for woman. I

bring out my "tools:" a candle in a holder, matches, scissors, paper and pen --- wonder how I could have forgotten my drum. Make do. Watch the candle flame, let my conscious mind take flight. Write on paper, snip mementos burn in the fire pit --- sing softly --- make magic.

Walking slowly away, I stop briefly to clip one yellow daffodil to bring home with me. The next time I'm here, I'll bring something to give to the land. I have heard OWL speak to me, She is fine. She is only in need of tending and pruning to meet our needs. The buildings are expendable. It is we who are in need of Her. She is not in need of us beyond the protection of her borders. She simply is and teaches me to simply be.

April, 1998



Note: Oregon Women's Land (OWL) was purchased over 20 years ago (22?) by women who wanted to create a new world, or at least wanted life to be different somewhere. The primary principles of OWL are sound ecology --- living with the land, women-only, drug and alcohol free space, and providing access to the landed life-style/experience to women who might not otherwise have it. As many of our lands have from time to time, we have recently been through some difficult times trying to decide whether the original concept is still viable.

Diane Maria, a frequent contributor to Maize, is a Social Worker (trying to retire), a writer (trying to get a book published), a Lesbian-UU/Pagan (trying to find a way to live on land while raising a boy-child), a custodial grandmother (trying to get a-minute-alone) living on the edge of chaos, writing to survive.

CHANGES

Shewolf
Woman's World
Louisiana

It seems that all of the women who came here and trained for (carpentry) crew work have now become involved in working for a living. I have contacted all of them and there is no one available this Summer or Fall for work on the land.

Things here are taking new turns and I am regrouping for the coming year. I want to do more traveling in '98 and '99 so will not be having too many functions here after May '98. Weather here has taken its toll also. I am finding myself interested in new adventures so I may be sending women to other lands when they contact me for time at Woman's World this coming year.

Also, I want to put into Maize something about our Yurt that we want to sell to some woman who wants a home she can carry with her and put up easily with a little help. The Yurt is 12' diameter round with window and door, all cypress wood walls, sturdy canvas walls and roof. It originally cost \$1200 for the canvas and another \$200 for the wood and hardware to build it. There is no labor costs involved in original prices.

We are not using it enough to warrant keeping



Yurt & builders: Clair Lynn, Red Moon (in back), Susan Webster & Shewolf

it on the platform we could be using for other things here, so would let a woman have it for \$500 cash if she will come and get it herself! She could pack it into the back of a pickup truck or large van and carry it to another land. She would be welcome to come here and see it, and (if I am here) she could live in it for a week first, if that would suit her, before taking it off to another place.

It would also make a nice visitors space for any women's land if there is a flat space to set it up. It is a cozy place for a woman and can be set up on the ground or on a platform and makes a wonderful private inexpensive home, especially in a woman's village or community of some kind.

LESBIAN LAND IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES

Sun Dyke
An Talamh
Scotland

Have you ever dreamed of living away from patriarchy with other dykes? I know I did for years. I was brought up in the London suburbs and moved from city to city. In 1990 me and another Dyke made the big move away from city stuff to live in the wild beauty of the isle of Lewis, Scotland.

Now I am preparing to move from the small cottage which has been my home since then to 27

acres of Lesbian Land by the sea on the small island of Bearnaraigh. The land has a dilapidated stone house which is about 90 years old and hasn't been lived in for 40 years. The house is eligible for a local authority grant for repairs but I am going to be struggling to pay the loans on the land and so I don't think the grant is a possibility yet.

The land is called "An Talamh," which is gaelic for "the land" and pronounced Ann talove. It has many areas that are private, especially by the sea. There are three pebble shores, a small tidal loch, and a tidal pool. It is situated at the end of a small village of six houses. I am thinking of moving there permanently around autumn into a small caravan. I know that the hebrides may be a bit wild for many dykes, but I do hope that this land will be

a place Dykes visit and enjoy. I'm not sure who else will come and live here; that is an adventure in itself.

I had the opportunity of visiting the U.S. last autumn. I went to a landyke gathering in Virginia and traveled across the U.S. visiting ten different women's lands. I listened to other landykes talking of their experiences, about different values and set-ups, about power and ownership, about the good

times and the bad times.

I am currently sorting the values by which I want to live and have respected on the land. The land is a croft and as such it has to be held by one named person. I am also interested in finding a way for this land to be held as a Lesbian Land Trust. I do need financial help to pay off the loans on the land, but I don't want anyone to come into this as an investment.



IT'S AUTUMN IN AOTEAROA

(New Zealand)

Cilbey and Raewyn
Aotearoa

Kia ora Kautou, Ko nga uha mo uha anake.

We are slowly moving through autumn-fall here, still very mild, warm sunny days and lots to do in the garden, planting and transplanting, for winter to spring vegetables. Our turnips are growing well and we've put in some mustard too for greens.

Our "lesbians on land days," (four days here at Umua) was wonderful. We just relaxed and didn't expect any dykes to come, when a few days before, two lesbians wrote they were coming. We had a fantastic time, everything was perfect and we had beautiful weather. Warm during the day and before the full moon rose, the sky was incredibly starry. The whole weekend was lovely, lots of laughs.

The Worcestershire Sauce that we make for winter meals was enjoyed so we'll share it with the rest of you too. It's simple to make and tasty.

INGREDIENTS: 15 large apples, 6 large onions, peel of 3 small oranges, 12 cloves of garlic, 2 Tablespoons cayenne pepper, ½ cup stevia, 2 tablespoons kelp, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon ground cloves, 3 pints (1½ litres) cider vinegar, all organically grown, it's sweeter that way.

DIRECTIONS: Cut up apples, garlic and orange peel and mix all ingredients in a large pot. Boil for ½ to 2 hours depending on how you like your sauce. Push through sieve or blend till smooth and bottle while warm. It makes about 4 or 5 bottles. This sauce keeps very well and you can add more or less of any ingredient depending on taste desired. We really enjoy it over winter as it has a hot but sweet taste and warms up a cold meal. Nice with taro chips too.

We had a very good summer for our taro this time, and will be eating a lot next summer. We can replant the tops we cut off the tubers in summer and in a few years time will have another clump to eat and replant. Our taro patches are growing.

We are still on our cross-cutting up fallen pine tree logs in the dry mornings. This morning, instead of struggling to cut through the final few inches of the log (as it's flat on the ground) we hammered a wedge of wood into the cut at the top and whizzed off those last few saws. Which is still quite slow as we don't believe we need to rush these things and cross-cutting needs a good rhythm. Oh well, at least we did it. We are now only half way along so the next half will be easier. Cross-cutting is hard work as it is, without the saw jamming at the end. We've left it a bit long (in time) and the wood is perfectly dry; perfect for burning but we should have cut it up a few months ago when it was a little sap-wet still and not so prone to jam the cross-cut saw so much. It's a good job on cool mornings to warm us up.

Le Not-so-femme Nikita

(otherwise titled)

The Quiet One

Kim and Nancy
WOLN*
North Carolina

The arrival of the puppies last June was a major event. We took a week of vacation to assure that we would be there for their births.

Twelve soft squirming, squeaky pups graced our home. We watched over the weeks as they grew and developed personalities. We laughed as they rooted around in the gruel that was their first taste at something other than mother's milk. We cried as each one left with their new owners. Three remained with us and became part of our family.

Nikita was the first one to sit up and there was something about her that made us know that she was the one who was to become "Nikita." She looks like her dad with a big blocky head. She reminds us of her mom with her long lanky legs that hold her inches above Kayla and P.D. She is the quiet one in the bunch. Not barking like her sisters or mom as a car pulls into the driveway or something gets their attention in the back yard.

She is the gentle one - she gets to stay in the house with Tasha when her sisters are put "to bed" in the kennel when we leave the house. That's why her actions that day surprised us.

Nancy was out back taking care of the animals. As part of the daily routine, she went into the smaller chicken yard where Buffy and her surrogate chicks are. (Another story for another time.) The "chicks" are as big as Buffy: one hen and a rooster. "Rooster Cogburn" is a cross between a Barred Rock and Colombian Wyandot. He is a beautiful rooster who has developed quite a loud crow - and an irritating one at 3 a.m. We have noticed that he is becoming quite "cocky," strutting around and charging the fence at times when we walk by. His increasing meanness has put him in line for the next holiday meal as the main entree.

On this particular day Nancy walked into the pen to check the water and feed and collect the two eggs left by Buffy and Lady. She had not latched the gate behind her and didn't consider that Tasha and the pups were milling about in the back yard. Rooster was in one of his moods and launched an attack on Nancy without provocation.

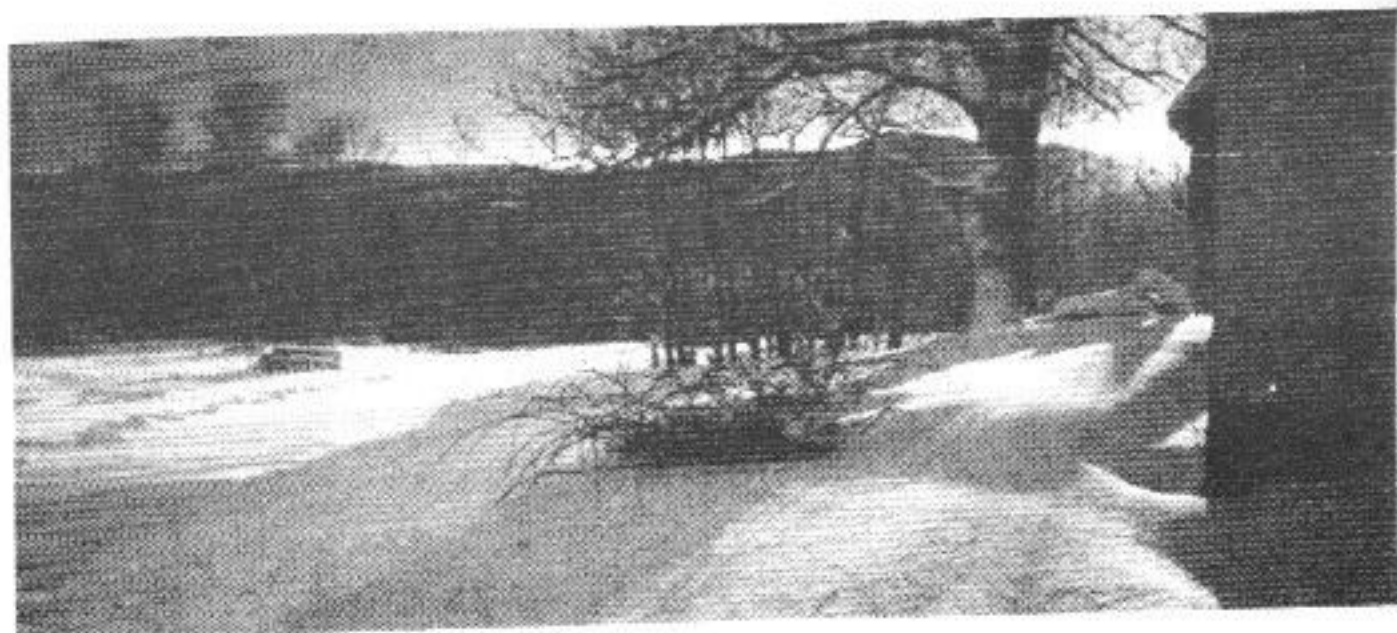
Preparing to defend herself with a swift kick to his chest, Nancy was surprised when Nikita charged into the pen, tackled Rooster and pinned him down to the ground for the ten count. Nancy exited the pen and called Nikita who released Rooster and took her place beside Nancy. Rooster picked himself up and ran to the back of the pen with his tail feathers tucked under him. Quite a blow to his cocky little ego.

On occasion I have had to chase the puppies around the yard, yelling at them when they found sport in chasing and attacking a stray hen who had gotten out of the larger chicken yard. They find the chickens much more interesting than Tasha does. Tasha raised the "peeps" and watched over them as they grew.

The puppies, however, don't feel like big sisters and take every chance to run around the pen or paw at the hens from outside the chicken yard. I would have expected one of them to catch a chicken and break its neck, thinking it was a booda bone rather than a live animal. Nikita proved that she knew the difference between playing and protecting. The quiet one continues to patrol her yard silently. Awaiting another opportunity to protect her human for a reward of puppy cookies and a belly rub.

*The Womyn On The Land Network Newsletter.





A winter view from the house.

News From HOWL

Glo
HOWL
Vermont

Spring is here and our work is cut out for us. Chccred on by hyacinths and daffodils we begin work on our next building project... which is to create another "Crone Space" in the barn. Glo is living in the first space which was built with the help of many women last year. Toryn will be here as apprentice builder / gardener / community organizer. Michelle will also be here learning building skills.

This winter we just cut and cleared a trail from our land to the "Catamount Trail" and we will now be able to get there easily for hiking and cross country skiing and snowshoeing. We are naming the new trail "Brenda's Way" to honor Brenda, who recently retired from being on the collective for many years.

There are six of us presently on the collective: Glo, Kris, Autumn and Pat. Toryn and Amethyst have just joined on, and it's great to have new energy.

One of our goals is to begin to move HOWL toward Intentional Community ... with the emphasis on intentional. We are looking for mature Dykes of any age or race who want to do what it takes to make community. What does it take? Willingness to communicate in gentle ways seems paramount. Having some sort of inclusive spiritual orientation

and practice seems also to be helpful.

I'm curious to hear from any of you about how to proceed and how to move toward manifestation of this dream. HOWL still wants the land to be open to visitors and available for events. Having an intentional community of wimmin here who support these goals will only make it easier to do the work. HOWL owns the land outright and therefore it will take only small monthly donations from each woman to get our taxes and other bills paid.

Fundraisers are fun --- but with each woman kicking in a bit of cash, we can have free events and still pay the bills. There's room for four wimmin in the farm house and there could be four wimmin in crone spaces when they are completed. So, all you wondrous, fun and responsible dykes, come check us out. Write: HOWL, P.O. Box 53, Huntington, VT 05477, or telephone (802) 434-DYKE. e-mail: wehowl@juno.com



Huntington Open Women's Land

HAWK

Fiction
Diana Rivers
OLAH
Arkansas

How curious it is, that longing for the past, that nostalgia. There are scenes that come to me over and over now, glowing clear and bright out of another time and tug at my heart. One of them is of Esther standing with me on that slope, that spot between the old apple tree and the house. (The tree's gone now, just a stump. It split in the ice storm.) It's a blue day, warm already and the apple tree is blooming. She has her hand on my arm and she's saying, "I see us being old women here together. Old women walking these hills, planting the garden together, sitting by the stove. Old women on this land together. I see it in your face as clear as words. Do you see it in mine?" She'd put her hands around my face. I still hear her words just as she said them. I don't remember my answer. It seemed such a strange thing for her to be saying. She was so young, in her twenties and I was forty some. Since then she's gone away and come back, gone away and come back, wanting to sing, wanting to be a dancer, torn between that and living on the land. And now she's had it all and here we are, old women together just the way she saw it, or at least I'm old, seventy-nine soon and she's following me fast. Her hair was such a bright red then. Now the red's all mixed with gray. Mine's still stubborn black with just a streak of white. I swear it will be black when I die.

Did I believe her then? I saw it as a vision in her young eyes. I think I shared it for that moment. But there were so many places we might have ended up --- each of us. So am I a vision now? A vision projected by those two women, standing on that spring hillside more than thirty years ago. Do we become what we see?

There are other scenes with Esther that come back, her saying to me, "I'm afraid of you. You intimidate me. You seem to have all the power," gathering her courage to say it, stopping me on the

stairs or on the path to the garden. She used to tell me that a lot. Other women did too.

"Why," I'd ask, feeling amazed and guilty --- hurt too. "What do I do?" At that time I was so scared inside. How could I imagine scaring someone else?

"I don't know, something about you --- your tone of voice, the way you stand, almost arrogant . . ."

For a while I tried to speak softly, to be careful --- but it didn't work. Esther got annoyed. "Why are you whispering and shuffling around" I can't stand it. What are you trying to prove?" So I went back to being myself. And she got over her fear of me. She grew more confident living here, even a little arrogant herself. There were times when she bullied me. But I was getting stronger too, learning who I was, becoming the woman other women saw in me.

I understand it now, it's true. I have a lot of power. Sometimes new women coming here, especially the young ones, have a hard time with me. But that's how it is. I'm too old now to be anything but myself. They work it out. They get stronger themselves.

There's so much herstory we've shared, those of us who were here at the beginning. I remember the day after this became women's land, how we walked up from the creek together, naked, all of us with our arms around each other, singing. "The earth is ours, sister, the earth is ours, mother," stamping our bare feet on the ground, our voices echoing back from the bluffs. I was next to Esther, liking the feel of her body against mine. Her red hair was blazing against the sky. We became lovers after that but it didn't last. We were both too angry at the time. We fought too much, struggling to be ourselves.

Those were glorious days. We women were drunk with having land, our own land. We sang and danced and beat the drums. We planted a huge garden. Those days come back so clearly to me now. But we were scared too. We'd never done anything like that before. Could we manage by

ourselves? Could we survive?

So much has happened between that time and now but we've stayed friends, Esther and I. We're better at being friends than lovers. She still goes on singing tours. She plays the guitar, her flute, sometimes the drums. Each time she comes back to us so weary from all that world out there, ready for a sweat bath and massage, ready for women's hands.

Her sweetest songs she's saved for us, written just for this place. No one else will ever hear them. Sometimes she improvises, music that happens only at that moment, that will never be again. Those are times of magic, times when the Goddess is with us. How strange the changes in my life, that I would be talking about "the Goddess." I never used to be religious. When I was a child I hated Sunday. I had to get dressed up and sit in church, still and bored, trying to be good, listening to some man talk about some other man. It's different with the Goddess. You can be singing or making love or lying naked in the water and if you leave space for her she enters. She brings joy. You don't have to kneel down. She doesn't care if your socks are clean.

Esther doesn't dance out there anymore. She's gotten heavy -- thick and solid like a tree. "What do I need this for, all this flesh?" She hates it but I



love the way she looks. I have this vision of her taking root with leaves sprouting from her finger tips. But she won't root. She's never still. Except when she's asleep she's always moving, making something happen, not fast, not hurrying, just always moving. She still dances here with us and it seems more beautiful to me than when she danced

on stage. Her dancing is slow and ageless now, the way a tree would dance. How much we've all danced together, danced and talked and loved.

When we first came here we were all so different. Mira had left five children. Omi had never been with a man. Some of us grew up poor and some rich, some came from the country and some from the city. There were those who cried because it felt good and those who never cried at all. We thought we'd love each other because we were all women -- but oh what fights we had. We struggled over everything. Political struggles, personal struggles, sometimes both together, shouting and crying. "You don't deserve to live with women if you're not willing to share. Why don't you go back to that office you worked in?" "I'm sick of you all, sick of your trying to run my life. It's worse here than in the damn convent." "Well, I don't trust you. I think if it gets rough here, you'll run back home." So much anger. At one time it got so bad I left. I was sure I'd never come back. We've grown more tolerant now or lazier. We don't feel so responsible for each other's virtue.

And living here has changed us. This rough land has shaped us, worn us down a little, rounded off edges, sharpened curves, sculpted out spirits. This land has been our mother, sometimes hard and sometimes loving, always present. And we've changed her too by living here. She's been women's land for more than forty year . . .

I realize I've lived this last part of my life almost without men. They used to be so important to me. Even now there are times when I miss them. I wish they'd stop ruling the world and be our friends and our children again, really be our brothers. But I know I won't live to see that. Not in this lifetime I tell myself and I'm not sure I believe in any other.

That world out there with its men and machines . . . I used to be so political. I listened to the radio and scrutinized the papers, got angry, wrote letters, organized and marched. That's how I met Mira. We were both in Washington at the same time, running from the tear gas and the cops. I was coughing and crying. She pressed a wet rag in my hand. "Put that over your face. It'll help." Later we sat over coffee, our eyes tearing and talking about our lives. Mira was leaning forward, banging the table. "I'm sick of this circus, sick of it. The boys can have it. I want to live with women." She said a lot to me that day about women, things I'd never thought of before. I wrote down her phone number.

After a while I saw that the news was always the same, belligerent voices, wars and the threat of wars, hot wars and cold wars and missiles ready to fire. "my prick is bigger than your prick." The

same story, different faces, actually the same faces, different names. Capitalist countries, communist countries, interchangeable men --- the same faces. They run it all and understand none of it. I remembered what Mira said about living with women and called her up. "Mira, I want to hear women's voices. I want to live on the earth, no more pavement." That's when we started looking for this land. Here I can listen to the big old oak trees hold their year long conversation with each other. I can listen to the rocks . . .

For a while now there's been something calling me, something that's on the other side of all those things people want or think they want, money or houses or cars or clothes or even children --- another level of existence. I catch glimpses of it at the edge of my vision, sometimes in the shimmer of the creek or the absolute beingness of a tree burning green on the sky. I hear it in the wind. It's here on this land. I'm outside a lot now, searching for it, listening, poking around. Everyday I climb up to some high place and look out as if I'll find it in the landscape below me or maybe in the height itself.

I have to walk with a stick now. It's come to that. Even being such a good walker I've had a few falls. Yesterday I went with Mira to pick herbs in the lower woods, tap-tapping my way to her cabin with my hickory cane. Jessica cut and peeled it for me. She carved a hawk's head at the top . . . "for love and protection." There are herbs hanging all over the house now so that I have to duck to go in the kitchen.

Mira and I have walked these woods together for more than thirty years. She's left and I've left but we've always come back here. She walks with a stick now too, has a stiffness in her joints. "It's not arthritis," she says forcefully as if naming it would make it worse. She has other uses for that stick. She can turn over rocks, knock apples out of the tree. Yesterday she flipped a copperhead out of the path. I was about to step on it ---just a foot or so away . . .

"You should look where you're walking," she told me in that sharp way she has. It must have frightened her. That's how she is when she's upset, sharp and bossy, as if she's still in charge of five children. --- Take off your boots and don't track up the floor. --- We used to have big arguments about that, other women too, telling Mira she was being bossy parent to the rest of us. Mira would be crying and defending herself. Now I don't care. Let her be how she is. I'm just glad she was quick enough with that stick.

And the truth of it is I was looking right in front of me. All I could see was dry leaves. I used to

have such sharp eyes in the woods, seeing everything, seeing things no one else noticed. Now I can hardly see at all close up. My vision is changing. When I try to read it's all a blur. What does it matter, I think, what is there to read anyhow? Either I've read it already or it doesn't interest me anymore. I write my own stories in my head . . . all that past. But I can see far off very



clearly. I can see things further and further. At times it seems to me that I can see through as well as far, through trees, through mountains, to other views. And I can recognize someone coming long before the others can. That's how I got my name. They teased me so much about being farsighted, calling me Hawkeye and finally Hawk that I couldn't be Betty anymore. Hawk seemed right.

We even did a naming ceremony, going up to the bluffs at night with candles. For the last part of the way I was blindfolded. Esther and Mira led me. We made a fire in Nightwoman Overhang and the moon came up. Orni shaved my head. She was our priestess for the night. We burned the hair. Each woman threw on a handful of hair from the pile and said what she wanted to say about my new name and my life and her own life. The stench of burning hair was terrible. It was scary for me. I'd always had long hair. It was my pride. It grew back of course but not for a while. Mira held the mirror up so I could see my naked skull. "Oh, it's so beautiful," I kept saying. I didn't know. I'd never seen it before. It glowed back at me in the moonlight. I kept rubbing my hands over it. I was as pleased as if I'd found a treasure, some beautiful smooth shaped stone. The other women came one by one to put their hands on my bare head. "Hawk, you are now Hawk." Then we took a bundle of my old clothes, ones I had from years back and buried it there. We buried Betty that night.

Hawk was a symbol of my new self. When I was younger I was round and fleshy, almost plump. But for a long time I've been getting thinner, drawing in on the bone. By the time I die, there'll be nothing left, not even for the buzzards. I'll have died on my feet, over the years.

I used to love little round furry animals, rabbits and squirrels, the softness of them. Then it was foxes and wolves. I liked the way they prowled over the land, fierce and self contained. I even liked the fox that ate our chickens. Now it's crows and hawks and buzzards I feel a kinship with. I envy them their heights, their access to the sky. My own hands grow more like claws every day. All the bones are clear music, how they connect, how they move, bone and sinew and skin. The flesh is leaving, there's no roundness anywhere. Only sometimes by the end of the day, my ankles swell and I have to sit with my legs up. By morning the bones are clear again. It pleases me to think I'll be all used up by life, not wasted, not all that flesh wasted and left to rot.

It's more than the flesh going away, it's what the flesh contained, the things that mattered before, hopes and ambitions. All that striving seems very far away. It's on a different scale now. If I get that patch of garden weeded I'm elated. If I don't it doesn't matter. If the stove is hot it's a pleasure. If its not I bring in more wood or doze by it in the cold. It doesn't matter.

The young women who come here now seem so sure of themselves. They haven't had years of being tamed and domesticated. I love to watch them, how they move their bodies, how they use them. Jessica sets her baby in my lap. "She needs a strong older woman to relate to. I want her to see a future." So am I the future? She holds my bony fingers in her fat ones and looks seriously into my eyes. I stroke her round legs.

So many new women coming through here. Sometimes my soul feels weary. Yes, more than my body --- my soul. How much can one mind, one spirit absorb? All that past, all the passion and turmoil, all those memories. And now more. It seems endless. It might be very peaceful to have the slate wiped clean. Not that I'm ready to leave yet. In fact I find myself getting up earlier and earlier as if I can't bear to miss one dawn and each day I'm driven to make that high climb. It took me awhile to accept walking with a stick, now I use it as my guide. Up, up, it always takes me up before it brings me back again. I'm learning to follow the hawk's head.

"You should say where you're going. If you don't come back how will we know where to look?"

But I don't know where I'm going. I tried once to say and then I didn't go there after all. I go where my stick leads me, always some place high, always up. "If I die there it's no use coming for me anyhow. There'll be nothing left but bones."

"What if you broke a leg and were stuck there?"

"If I take myself up to somewhere I can't get back from then I deserve it."

"Hawk, you're so hard," Jessica says. "We love you. You don't care about the rest of us." And she looks like she's about to cry.

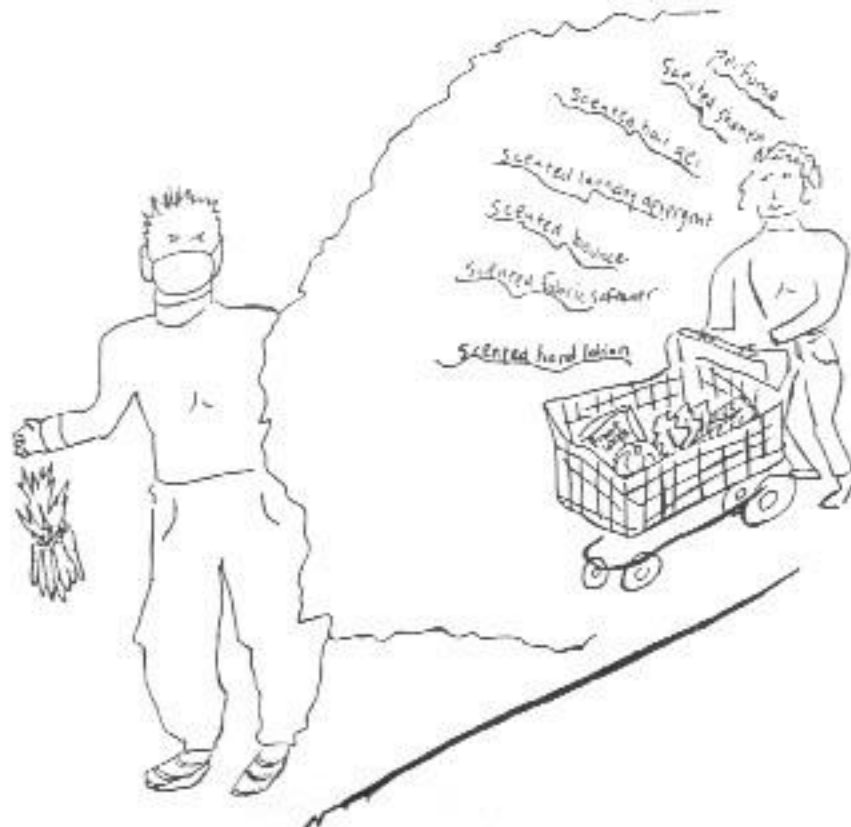
Secretly I'm afraid. I could easily step between two rocks, or slip down a gully. I could get bitten by a snake. This isn't gentle land. How would it feel to lie there alone waiting to die or be found. But I don't want to account for myself and say where I'm going. That would be all my freedom gone.

Climbing up I sometimes wonder how it would be to stay, to sit there in Nightwoman Overhang or Hawk Bluff, high over the valley, over my world: the creek, the pastures, the lower woods, the next hills, to sit there and not go back, not bother to eat any more, gradually dry out, diminish, memory and body together, all that past going, men I've loved and women I've loved, my children, friends, people coming through my life and leaving . . . all the pain and grieving, all the terrible longings, all gone, and my body's needs, all its demands for food, for sex, for affection, to be warm enough and cool enough and to be comfortable. . . . none of that mattering, all going, going, fading like smoke into the blue sky, till nothing is left but this moment, the sweeping view in front of me and these eyes to see it with --- until that too dims and fades . . .

ISLAND LESBIAN CONNECTION is a newsletter by, for and about gay women in Hawai'i. Subscribe for \$10-20/year, based on your ability to pay, or send \$2 for a sample issue. Short articles, reviews, stories, poems, interviews, announcements of events, drawings, cartoons, & positive energy are welcome.



ILC
Ste 171 Box 356
Paia HI 96779
(808) 575-2681
fax (808) 579-8558 attn. ILC



IF YOU SEE SOMEONE WEARING A **MASK** AND YOU ARE WEARING, PERFUME, COLOGNE, OR USE ANY COMMERCIAL PERSONAL CARE PRODUCTS (which are heavily laden with perfumes and toxic chemicals).

BE COURTEOUS

DO NOT APPROACH THEM.....

BACK UP.....

ALLOW THEM TO PASS AT A SAFE DISTANCE
(50 to 100 feet or more)

AND DO NOT BE OFFENDED!

IF THEY RUN THE OTHER WAY...

MULTIPLE CHEMICAL SENSITIVITIES
is a **DISABILITY!!**

ACCESS FOR THE CHEMICALLY SENSITIVE
DEPENDS ON PUBLIC AWARENESS...



By Sustana
Formerly of Arizona

Arizona, Arizona, land of my dreams,
Monuments reaching, silently teaching,
Whispering sand that seems
To hold a world from outer space,
An alien land of Martian face
With canyons deep and craters wide,
Where meteors from the stars abide.

Arizona, Arizona, land of my love,
Cougar prowling, Coyote howling
Singing his old song of
Eons ago the Navajo
Welcomed spirit Honta To,
She spread her hand across the land
And painted rainbows in the sand.

Arizona, Arizona, land of my own,
She took the ancient forest and dressed
It in immortal stone.
She sighed and hushed the flow of time,
And made a place for hearts like mine,
For wanderers who ere must roam
She's waiting to welcome you home.
Arizona, Arizona is the land of dreams.

To be sung to the tune of Offenbach's Barcarolle.



LETTERS

Dear Maize:

Among other reasons for subscribing to Maize, I'm pleased when I occasionally pick up some practical tip for living a better rural existence. Although I doubt I'll ever buy one, I thought it was great that Lida Dowlearn wrote in about a mowing machine she could recommend to other women. We need more sharing like this, sharing of our trials and errors and solutions.

I would like to let others know about a product I recently discovered. I went to my local building supply store looking for something not too toxic to protect the wood floor of my greenhouse. I anticipated being ridiculed, told that what I wanted could not be achieved without the chemicals I wanted to avoid.

Instead, the woman employee I approached replied immediately, "I know just what you want." She showed me a pamphlet for a wood preservative called "Lifetime Wood Treatment." It sounded like a wonder product; made from naturally occurring plants and minerals, non-toxic, preserves wood for 50 years and more, one-coat application, no maintenance...

I mixed a little bag of powder with a gallon of water. It looked a lot like Italian salad dressing, little bits of herbs floating on top of clear, khaki-tinted liquid. My doubts grew as I applied the stuff; it felt like I was painting with water. My cat walked across the wet floor and didn't leave a mark.

The floor dried quickly and looked the same as before. It was only when I laid a piece of unstained wood next to it that I could discern a colour change. The floor was grayer than before; the same sort of gray as weathered cedar.

The pamphlet says that coloured stain can be applied over the wood treatment, or that it can be left to weather and will become more attractive with time. We'll see.

I can't vouch for the effectiveness of this product - only time will tell - but the Canadian park service has been using it for the last 15 years and recommends it. And it's nice to have an alternative to pressure treated wood and toxic preservatives.

I don't know where "Lifetime" can be purchased in the U.S. The manufacturer's address is:

Valhalla Wood Preservatives Ltd.
1931 12th Avenue SW
Calgary, Alberta, T3C 0R9
Canada



Telephone: (403) 228-5193 Fax: (403) 229-9365

Or you could contact the distributor:

Eastern Green Distribution Ltd.

P.O. Box 1666

Truro, Nova Scotia

B2N 5Z5

Canada

Telephone: (902) 668-2532 Fax: (902) 668-2579

email: egreen@ns.sympatico.ca

Shane, B.C., Canada

Dear Sustana:

I love what you're doing with Maize. Thank for taking over. I miss the regular columns such as the one by Jean Mountaingrove...and, it's nice to see new voices too.

Diane Maria, Oregon

Ed. Note: I miss them too, but I can only print what you send me. I would like to print 48 pages without using my own stuff.

Kia ona Sustana:

... I think New Zealand is actually Dutch, the Zealand anyway from that Dutch bloke that sailed past here once, and they didn't ask if the place already had a name. ...

Raewyn & Cilbey, Aotearoa (New Zealand)

CONTACT: Paula Mariedaughter (501) 677-2235

Radical Lesbian Feminist Uprising!

October 1-4 1998

Near Kansas City, MO

If you are a radical lesbian feminist or are seriously considering becoming one, attend this gathering. Activities will include workshops, small group discussions, community meetings, good food and our own home grown entertainment. Expect political discussions and personal connections as we laugh and plot about the post-patriarchal future. The lesbians attending will create all events. Bring what you need to take part!

Important Information about the event:

Where: A rural conference center/camp north of Kansas City, MO

Accommodations: Multiple occupancy rooms with bunk beds. A few private rooms available. Heat, air conditioning and hot showers.

Accessibility: There is a limited number of wheelchair accessible rooms. Please contact us about any disability related accommodations or other specific needs as soon as possible.

We would appreciate it if you would refrain from wearing scented body products (soap, shampoo, deodorant, cologne, perfume etc.) or clothes scented by detergents or fabric softeners. Some of the dykes attending are made ill by any exposure to such products.

Cost: The recommended fees will be available with our final flyer. Let us know if you want to receive one. The cost will be on a sliding scale, more if you can, less if you can't.

Food: Vegetarian, vegan options.

Policies: The purpose of this gathering is to discuss and practice radical lesbian feminist concepts. The organizers of this event consider sadomasochism and pornography to be patriarchal tools that condone violence. For that reason, this event is not open to sadomasochism in practice or paraphernalia, in public or private. The event is open to womyn born womyn who are not in the process of taking male hormones for transsexual or transgender purposes.

For more information contact:

Mail (USA): RLF, Carla Biersdorff, P.O. Box 32983, Kansas City MO 64171

Email: Jeanne Neath jneath@comp.uark.edu

Telephone: Paula Mariedaughter 501-677-2235, Carla Biersdorff 816-842-3439

TDD: Susan Wisheart 417-683-5499

Canada: Ursa Jeanettechild, 23 Hawthorne Av #2, Hamilton ON Canada L8P 4P7

Telephone: 905 523-8471. Email: ursa.jeanettechild@hwcw.org

RAEBEY'S CROSSWORD #22

By Cilbey & Raewyn

British Spelling

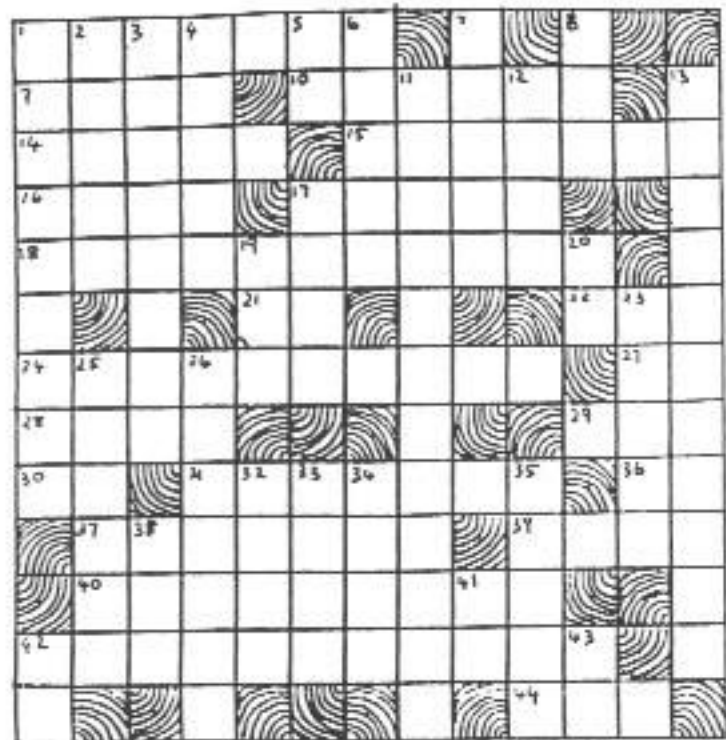
DOWN

1. Pattern and cycle of life.
2. Large south Asian country where your Leshian girlfriend is your jami.
3. Wear zero corsets to ride these two wheelers.
4. A sloping channel from the Dutch ute.
5. Expressing the position of.
6. Complete; sum of.
7. Parts of speech.
8. Baldmoney, a small herb.
11. Pensive brain.
12. Play things.
13. A miracle worker.
17. A kind of sorghum, native to Africa, Asia and America.
19. Intended to go to.
20. South-East (abbr)
23. South American ruminant.
25. The season of harvest.
26. Dramatic plays there at the stage.
32. Run to.
33. Instead; in the place of.
34. Even if it's sour, it's yours and mine.
35. A feeling of guilt or remorse.
38. We regret the start of the eruption.
41. North east (abbr)
42. Pertaining to.
43. The note before 27-A.

29. Very important part of our body where we store calcium and produce some estrogen, also keeps us warm.
30. Short for mountain.
31. Speeches or writings of praise for some Dyke.
36. Twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet.
37. Radioactive material found in pitchblende, abused for nuclear bombs and power plants.
39. Close by
40. "It's grunt time," she was mumbling.
42. A sour sense or much oppressiveness
44. A foot stabilizer.

ACROSS

1. I cut bistro in half for a crunchy little snack.
9. Your chin looks about 2.5 cm.
10. Write in symbols or signs.
14. Do our scents smell?
15. Is the path rough from end to end?
16. The trio protested strongly.
17. Small flower for making necklaces.
18. Much odiousness in the false sun.
21. Maybe it's this; maybe it's that.
22. Large deciduous tree.
24. Bright yellow food colouring, code 102; an active ingredient in a herbicide to kill aquatic weeds; provokes asthma, rashes, hyperactivity and migraine and linked to aggressive behaviour in children.
27. A note to follow so.
28. Be quiet!



From: "sandra smith" <earthrider@hotmail.com> [Save Address](#) [Block Sender](#)
To: earthrider@hotmail.com
Subject: Maize
Date: Fri, 16 Jan 1998 08:27:58 PST

[Reply](#) [Reply All](#) [Forward](#) [Delete](#) [Previous](#) [Next](#) [Close](#)

To: Anyone who would like to use the internet or email, but who does not own a computer.
From: Sandy Smith email address: earthrider@hotmail.com

Wimmin who don't have a computer or who are on the road can have free email accounts. Interested? Here's how:

You need to find "internet access." Some ways I have used are: a public library (mine offers 1 hr. free and I can reserve a time by phone), internet cafe (often charges small fee), university computer center, a friend's system. I will assume for now that you have some knowledge of computer operation or can find someone to help you. Those needing more details on this can contact me. 330/832-4932

At the computer terminal, look for the rectangle near LOCATION. It will display the location fo the "home page" where you are.

1. Delete whatever characters come after the <http://www>.
2. Type in hotmail.com to access hotmail's "web page."
Your location will now display: <http://www.hotmail.com>
3. Hit the ENTER key

You will see choices such "as who should sign up" and "how to sign up." Clicking on these will give you details. Hotmail is a free service paid for by advertising.

To register you will be asked to fill in a survey of educational and income information as well as your own name and address. You will choose an internet name for your address and a password which is secret. The use of the password keeps your account private. But remember, internet isn't to be considered private.

To send your first message, click COMPOSE at the top of the screen. You'll enter someone's email address and type your message. You will then click SEND.

When you receive a response you'll see a SAVE ADDRESS choice in color near the top of the page. Clicking this will allow you to start storing names and email addresses. You may leave rest of the information section blank.

Another free email provider is Yahoo.com. I'm not as familiar with them. There are probably other providers as well. I'm printing this out through my email account so you can see how it will look on the screen. Let me know if it helps. Sandy

Sandra Smith
737 Phillips Rd NE
Massillon OH 44646-4865

LAND LESY

Land LESY (Lesbian Economic System) is a regular MAIZE listing for Dykes on the land or readers of 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 many or how long, when, 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?

Please update your listing each issue if there have been any changes, and respect the privacy of the wimmin listed here.

AMETHYST, P.O. Box 30204 Philadelphia, PA 19103-0204. Phone: (215) 772-1015. E-mail: amethystwomyn@hotmail.com.

OFFERS: *Taped music, mixes as well as individual artists like Sade, Sting, Tania Maria, Milton Nascimento, & Lesbian folk music like Alix, Cris & Tret, Alice Di Micele. Blank tapes appreciated, but not necessary. I'll pay postage. Send Long SASE for list.

*Info about dyke scene(s) in Philly.

*Info, resources, recommended book list for wimmin survivors of incest.

*Inspiring quotes on postcards (handwritten).

*list of performance venues for Philly singer/song writers.

REQUESTS: (I'll pay postage) *Unscented soap, shampoo, laundry detergent. * Any types of candles (scent OK)

*Info about, or connections with other Haitian American dyke artists/musicians/writers.

*Inspiring quotes. *Anything by or about JEB (Joan E. Biren, lesbian photographer)

*Empty tuna/cat food cans (decorate, add wick & wax, you've got a beautiful, recycled candle!)

*Pen Friends, I am an Aquarian Pagan, Haitian

American artist. Interests include live food lifestyle and intentional communities.

AWI, RATHGASKIG Cottage, Ballincary, Co. Cork, Eire (Ireland)

OFFERS: Moon flower moon calendar, starts Samhain, 97. A3 & A4 on colored card.

BREN YAU, 408 Gordon Rd, Thorneywood, Nottingham NG3 2LL, England

OFFERS: *Taped

thinking/feeling/inspiring/funky/chillin' music, eclectic range from J. Siberry; PJ Harvey; McGarrigle sisters; Billie Holiday; Sinéad O'Connor, (send IRC's for compilation tape)

*Mutually supportive & creative correspondence with/ pen pals.

REQUESTS: *Exchange of ideas, inspiration, news, contemp arts & feminist politics, and gardening advice for small, partly shady garden.

*Feminist, Goddess, nature related stories for children. *Alternative treatment advice (self-help remedies poss?) for children's diseases such as diphtheria, whooping cough, rubella, etc. as opposed to orthodox vaccinations.

*Herbal remedies *Recommended children's books (7+)Feminist/Lesbian journals, newspapers fanzines book catalogues. (I pay all postage.)

CAMP MARY, POBox 374, Pelham NH 03076

OFFERS: Anti-Ableism Discussion Facilitator's Handbook. Send manila envelope with \$1.40 postage.

DEBORAH-MARIE, 41 St. Paul St. #2, Belleville Ontario K8N 1A7 Canada

REQUEST: *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. Correspondence may lead to friendship.

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

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

*Feminist oriented crossword puzzle. Long SASE, 32¢ postage. *List of new and used books seeking new homes. Long SASE, 32¢ postage. *Copies of

thought provoking articles I have enjoyed; specify your special interest areas. Long SASF, 55¢ postage. *Some of my favorite vegi recipes. Long SASE, 32¢ postage.

REQUESTS: *Lesbian & feminist word puzzles, brainteasers, jokes and 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?, and Fundraising for Social Change Newsletters (edited by Kim Klein), Hag Rag issues Vol. I, 1-6 and Vol. II, 1-6. Feminist Bookstore News, all issues for 96 and 97. I'll pay book rate postage. *Gently worn all cotton tees and long-sleeved cotton work shirts. Reds, blues, purples in XXI. or XXXL. I'll pay postage. *Your favorite vegi recipes to be gathered together with mine and offered here and at lands I visit.

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

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silk Hope/Liberty Rd.
Silver City, NC 27344
OFFERS: *Info/instruction in organic gardening, farming, greenhouse, carpentry, renovation.
REQUESTS: *Work: carpentry, gardening, orchard, general work on the land. (Experience not necessary.)

GWEN AND GAIL, Rt.5, Box 100, Holly Springs
MS 38635
OFFERS: *Homemade flower essences, preserved in alcohol or vinegar. Individual stock or dose bottles: black eyed susan, broccoli, cosmos, evening primrose, daffodil, impatiens, lemon, pansy, red salvia, sesame, squash, peach, zinnia. We will psychically choose for you, if desired. Send symptoms or needs, if you like.
REQUESTS: *Temporary help with carpentry and land upkeep, no experience necessary.

HEATHER, Box 809, Lumsden Sk, Canada
S0G 3C0
OFFERS: *Handbound soft-covered journals, I pay postage.
REQUESTS: Handmade paper for books.

JENNI MOON, By The Sea, GB 4B Comp 8, RR1,
Walton, NS B0N 2R0 Canada
OFFERS: *Organic heritage veggie seeds.
*Info on growing/living with indoor houseplants.
*Handknit all cotton personal/dish cloths, various

colors. *Correspondence/Info on vegetarian and vegan cooking, recipes.

REQUESTS: *Info on how to grow mushrooms.
*Info on growing sweet potatoes in a northern climate. *Info on organic control of spidermite and scale for indoor plants. *Resources or info on building a greenhouse with old windows.

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 to live here.

*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.

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

JODI, POBox 841, Great Barrington, MA 01230

REQUESTS: *Help with, or info about repairing:
telephones (phone itself, not wiring in wall)
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 10 years) 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 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 the prices.) Or, can anyone recommend a mail

order company that carries it?

*Cassette tapes of the out-of-print records of Baba Yaga and BeBe K'Roche.

JONI MITCHELL, 5071 Lobelia Rd, Vass, NC 28394, (910)245-7148,

jmittchell@mindspring.com

I would be willing to pay half of the shipping.

OFFERS: *Women's music on records.

*Pioneer record player (works fine, requires a receiver). All free to a good home. I have the following record titles: From Women's Faces
Therese Edell: A Lesbian Portrait, Linda Shear; Foxglove Women, Trish Nugent; Green Sneakers and More Than Friends, Robin Flower; Women's Orchestral Works and Moon Circles, Kay Gardner; Oregon Mountains (2 copies), Woody Simons; Sisterfire; Live Dream and Heartsong, June Millington; 3 Gypsies: Songwriter, Margie Adams; Testimony, Ferron; At Carnegie Hall Meg Chris; Berkeley Women's Music Collection; With a Little Luck, Deidre McCalla; convicted, MS DeMeanor; Let it Be Known and The Ways a Woman Can Be, Teresa Trull; Fire and Rain, Holly Near; What We Did While Waiting for the Moon, Mimi Jones and others; Linda Tillery; The Reel World String Band; Lucie Blue Tremblay; I know you Know, Face the Music, and Turning it Over, Meg Christian; The Changer and the Changed, Chris Williamson; Lavender Jane Loves Women, Alex Dobkin; Celtic Harp Secrets from the Stone, Judith Pinter and an album by Fred Small, The Heart of the Appaloosa.

JUDITH SARA, POBox 278, Montague MA 01351.

OFFERS: *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.

JULIAN, 522 E State St, #4, Traverse City, MI 49686. Phone: (616) 922-9583

OFFERS: *Carhartt jacket, size 44, blanket lined, like new. (worn once or twice) please pay postage.

REQUESTS: *Knitting patterns for socks & sweaters (women's & small children) Knitting paraphernalia (I'm just getting started & have only one pair of needles). I'll pay postage on request, but contact first.

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 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 color in) or colored in. B&W can be used as menstrual chart.

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

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.

PIERRE KEITIL, 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.

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.

MAIZE, P.O. Box 670, Fayetteville, AR 72702

*REQUESTS: a tape recorder. Can be old, just so I can still find tapes to fit it. We need it in our process of tapping the magazine for wimmin who can't see well enough to read hard copy.

MFL/BARBARA ESTER; P.O. Box 383,
Richmond, UT 84333
OFFERS: Music For Lesbians, "Day To Day"
Please send \$1.00 for postage.

MYRA LILLIAN, Savonet 43, Curacao, N.A. (The
U.S. post office will not accept this address as
complete. Editor.)

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: *Info on lesbian menopause and 50+
healthcare. *Women's/lesbian music. *Someone

who has access to SunRider products (I will pay

for them.) *Someone who can send me KavaKava

Root capsules from Solgar (I will pay for them)

*Someone who can send me FemPlus vitamins
from Essential Organics (I will pay for them.)

NANCY EVECHILD, POBox 7612, Minneapolis
MN 55407

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

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 the 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 the tapes and postage.)

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

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Scrafina NM 87569

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

OFFERS: *Any back copies of MAIZE that we
still have. *Info on building: adobe, round, non-
toxic (send specific questions.) *IMPORTANT

PURSUIITS, 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: collards,
lambquarters red + green chard, rutabaga,
hubbard squash, acorn squash, hopi-blue corn,
rainbow-inca corn, pole beans, green + purple,
scarlet runner beans, yellow wax bush beans, dill,
calendula, 4 o'clock, zinnia, marigolds.
REQUESTS: *Organic seeds (not hybrid).

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.

*One aluminum mesh basket with handles. I've
been told it's for collecting eggs. It collapses on
itself when set down, and hangs like a net bag
when picked up.

REQUESTS: *Pre-1940's light fixtures. They don't
have to work (I can do rewiring). Write first and I
will pay postage.

RACHAEL ROSEN: 536 41st Street, #19, Oakland
CA 94609

OFFERS: Correspondence/friendship with radical
Dykes, especially other Disabled Dykes. Jewish
and separatist positive, non-smoking, non-
drinking, anti s/m only. Please send unscented
letters cuz I've got Environmental Illness.

REQUESTS: Canceled and uncanceled stamps
from all countries, especially ones with nature
scenes, i.e. animals, landscapes, trees, flowers, etc.
and any honoring females and resistance
movements.

SANDY SMITH, 737 Phillips Rd, NE, Massillon,
OH 44646

OFFERS: *A place to stay for a few days in North-
east Ohio. I'm 20 miles south of Akron. I travel as
much as possible and would love to host traveling
wimmin.

REQUESTS: *Gifts of good wishes & energy hugs
for me and Egg Moon Farm, a women's land
collective with which I am associated.

SOMETHING SPECIAL, 7762 NW 14 Ct, Miami,
FL 33147

REQUESTS: *Heat tolerant veg/flower seeds.

SUMMER FIKE & Bren Eve Smith, RR5, Bridge-
town NS B0S 1C0 Canada. Postage appreciated
when possible (U.S. bills fine).

OFFERS: *Homemade tapes of women's music.
*Handmade recycled cards and stationery, *Seeds:
dill, cilantro, squash, echinacea, beans. *Nettle
tincture. *Seashells & stones from our favorite
beaches. *Surprise packages *Plans for
inexpensive furniture ideas. (bookcases, couches,
tables, etc.) *Herbal information.

REQUESTS: *Info about making soap without lye.
*Gardening supplies (seedling trays, pots, small
tools, etc.) and seeds.

*I lost my Laura Kemp (Oregon) cassette; I'm
looking for a copy. *Feminist/Lesbian utopia
fiction or non-fiction books. Temporary loans fine.
*Lesbian artwork, magazines, etc. for our guest
cabins and work spaces *Info on natural herbal
rearing of goats & chickens. (Book suggestions)
*Surprise packages.
*BrenEve desires warm, supportive correspon-
dence with sober dykes. Literature on lesbians in
recovery also appreciated. *Beginner info on
fiddle playing.

SUNDYKE, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh,
Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD, Scotland.

OFFERS: *Aromatherapy oils made up personally
for you. Physical and emotional difficulties? How
about a lavender, juniper, rosemary mix to ease
those tired aching muscles? Postage negotiable.
*I have lots of open pollinated lupin seeds which
are likely to be pink or cream or a mix of the two.
Also corn marigold and what we think is red
campion very easy growing and not bothered by
slugs. Postage paid.

REQUESTS: *Seeds of osteospermums, red basil
and lemon basil, woad, vipers bugloss geranium
renardii, skullcap. Either self-collected or unused
bought seeds.

*A drum (no animal skin), I'll pay postage.

SUNLIGHT, Deep Dish Ranch, POBox 368,
Albion, CA 95410

OFFERS: *4X6" postcards of drawings with short
quotes from "Being."

SUSAN LAUHLAN, % Womland, Inc.
POBox 293, Belfast ME 04915

OFFERS: *Womland notecards, packet of 8. Please
send \$1.00 postage for each packet.

SUSAN D. SMITH, RD 3, Box 880, Port Matilda
PA 16870

OFFERS: *Organically grown catnip, packaged in
recycled plastic from bags my dialysis supplies
come in (small bags).

*Plastic tubing from my dialysis supplies; this
tubing would have had only sterile solution in it,
no body fluids.

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

OFFERS: *A true fairy tale on cassette, "The
Curious Princess" by Viviane and Doris.

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

WEST WIND, POBox 304 Ribera, NM 87560

OFFERS: "Creating a Women's Land Trust." What
you need to know about philosophy, incorpor-
ation, tax-exempt status, loan pools. Please send a
stamped, long, SASE.

ZANA, HC 2, Box 6872-044 Tucson AZ 85735

OFFERS: *Book of my poetry and art, "herb
woman" (send 6X9" self-addressed envelope with
\$1.24 postage. *Journey To Another Life (past
life meditation tape).

REQUESTS: *hickory nuts, *butternuts.

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

Please respect the privacy of the wimmin listed here.

AMAZENJI, RR2 S11E C3, Burns Lake British Columbia V0J 1E0 Canada
(250) 694-3630 (before 8am, after 8pm)
Open to traveling womyn and children (boys under 5) and work exchange sisters. Camping from May-Oct, Alcohol and drug free. Womyn's gathering, Zen retreats.

AMAZON ACRES, HC 66, Box 64A, Witter, Arkansas 72776.

APPLE SCHIRAM ORCHARD, 1300 Mt. Hope Hwy, Charlotte, MI 48813. (517) 649-8957. 40 acres, 17 in apple trees, rest in small grain, hay, grass rotation and wood lots. Certified organic since 1990. "I'm always looking for help!"

ARCO IRIS, HC 70, Ponca, Arkansas 72670-9620

ARE/New Mexico Women's Land Trust, POBox 707, Tesuque, NM 87574

BELL 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, El safer Women's Community that strives to provide a rural, waterfront, out-door experience for severely disabled women and their friends. We provide anti-ableist education and integrative access consultation. Visitors are

welcome with advance confirmed reservations. Cabins, tenting, RV and gathering space are available for a pre-arranged donation.

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 & 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 miles west of Nashville. Campers and visitors are welcome.

DEGREES OF FREEDOM, 10055 Kline Rd. R.D.#2, W. Salem, OH 44287 (419) 853-4892
e-mail: degreesoffreedom@juno.com
Guest rooms, cabins, camping, RV hookup, pond, organic gardens, vegetarian, retreats, workshops.

DOE FARM, Wisconsin Women's Land Cooperative, 18134 Index Avenue, Norwalk, WI 54648
Camping, lodging, membership, summer work.

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silkhope-Liberty Rd, Silver 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.

HARMONY HILL FARM/Northern Minnesota Women's Land Trust, POBox 124, Cotton, MN 55724.

HOWL/Huntington Open Women's Land, POBox 53, Huntington, Vermont 05462. (802)434-DYKE
Seeking community members of all races and ages.

INTOUCH, Rt.2, Box 1096, Kent's Store, Virginia 23084. Camping and events center.

KIMBILIO, 6047 TR 501, Big Prairie, Ohio 44611. (330) 378-2481 or Kimbilio@Valkyrie.net We are 6-7 permanent residents living on 37 acres in northcentral Ohio. We are a diverse community. We have a bed and breakfast as an income source, rooms and small cabins for short-term, non-paying visitors (donations welcome) and short-term camping space. Barter welcome. Large gardens. We are adjacent to a new womyn's land, Egg Moon Farm. Visitors welcome, but call first.

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 travelers, 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.

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, Sarafina, 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, % 25650 Vanderburg Lane, Arlee, Montana 59821. (406) 716-3662.

PUMPKIN FARM, RR5, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia B0S 1C0 Canada (902) 665-5041. Organic farm, womyn's CSA, summer apprenticeships available, seeking lesbian residents and visitors. Send \$1. for farm catalogue, brochure, or apprentice info. (We can't accept US stamps, so we can't list it as SASE.)

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 pack 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, % Rathgaskig Cottage, Ballingearry, Co. Cork, Eire. (Ireland) Simple living, inside space & camping. 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 and camping. \$5./day includes meals.

SAGUARO SISTERLAND, 12101 W. Calle Madero, Tucson, Arizona 85743

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

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH (SHE) Box 5285, Tucson, Arizona 85703

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. Creating nurturing community
homes for aging and disabled women. 48 acres on
river in mountains. One house, one trailer and one
house under construction. Seeking tax-deductible
donations for environmentally friendly
development.

SPINSTERVALE, % Sunshine Goldstream, Box
429, Coomb, British Columbia, V0R 1M0 Canada
(604) 248-8809 Any traveling woman is
welcome to stop by Spinstervale on Vancouver
Island, BC. We have a few small cabins (\$5/nite
per 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 WOMEN'S LAND
TRUST, (SUBAMUH) POBox 5853, Athens,
Ohio 45701. (614) 448-6424. Seeking
community members, visitors, campers. Work
exchange available. House rental. Advanced
notice required before visiting!

SWIFTWATERS, Rt.3, Dahlenega, Georgia
30533. Riverfront campground or bed and
breakfast.

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

TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview Lane, Upper
Black Eddy, Pennsylvania 18972
(610) 982-9012 (9a - 9p only please.)
Camping and guest room for womyn traveling
through. Companion animals welcome outside
only. We love company.

WEST WIND, POBox 304, Ribera, New Mexico
87560. Community of 7 lesbians (Dianne and

Earth are now members!) on 106 acres seeking
committed residents for a larger 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 have housing for visitors yet,
but have a primitive community kitchen and good
camping weather April-Sept. 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
concert, within one hour of New Orleans in clean
air, fertile soil, and secluded woods! Also
opportunities for women to buy 5 acres and live
next to us and decide on entering the community
later if seems desirable. Getting to know the land,
the outside community, the country way of living
is sometimes more important to tackle first.
Adjusting to a new community takes a lot of
energy and time, too. Write for more specific
information and/or to schedule a visit in advance!

WOMEN FIRST FOUNDATION POBox 372
Greenfield, Massachusetts 01302.
10 acres in New York.

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM % Kate Millet
 195 Bowery, NYC, New York 10003
 Summer: Writers & artists work exchange
 Spring and fall: landswomen and builders work
 exchange.

WOMEN'S RETREAT, POBox 330, Tyrone, New
 Mexico 88065. Phone: (505) 535-4127.
 \$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.

*White daisy yellow daisy
 Red clover and blackberries
 Cat crunches baby mole*



bittersweet (celestina)

Birch Land



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sharon Zuck

FOR SALE 20 acres (more or less) very near two other Lesbian lands. Some flat, some gently sloped. Wet weather spring. Cash price \$1000/acre. Call or write Silver Crone, Rt.2, Box 149A, Elkins, AR 72727. Phone: (501) 643-2226.

ALSO FOR SALE BY SILVER CRONE: Six poetry books, \$6.95 each, Self help books: "Death, Have It Your Way," \$9.95, Plays (for puppets) \$4.95 & "Why Is It Forbidden For Feminists To Laugh?"

WOMEN'S LAND FOR SALE, Northern California, 20 private acres. Two houses with out-buildings and orchard. Alternative energy. Near other women. 225K. Collective possible. Contact: (707) 937-5504.

1st ANNUAL RADICAL LESBIAN FESTIVAL (RadLesFes) will be held July 2-6, 1998, on womyn's land in the Fingerlakes region of New York. The RadLesFes is a lesbian festival open to all radical feminist women. All proceeds are to benefit the Womyn's Peaceland in Romulus, NY. For more information, send a SASE to R.L.F., P.O. Box 813, Northampton, MA 01061. (See notice in this issue.)

THE TENTH ANNUAL DYKE ART RETREAT encampment (DARE) will be held June 28 to July 5, 1998 (Sunday to Sunday) at Rootworks, wooded women's land near Sunny Valley in Southern Oregon. One exciting week of focused group and individual self-initiated art projects in a supportive environment. Rustic cabins, tenting space and three nourishing vegi meals a day are provided. Limited registration, \$160-\$185. For information and registration brochure send SASE (self-addressed, stamped envelope) to DARE, 2000 King Mountain Trail, Sunny Valley, OR 97497.

ANOTHER resource for Dykes building their own buildings is "Building Round - Dykes Do It," a 1991 issue of MAIZE. It's available free from Outland, P.O. Box 130, Serafina NM 87569.

RAGING DYKES NEWSLETTER (RDN) is again available. RDN is an International newsletter & network for Radical Lesbian Feminists and Separatists. For more info write to: RDN, P.O. Box 238, Preston, Lancashire, PR13GP, England.

LESBIAN HOMESTEADING APPRENTICESHIP available at Wild Browse Farm. Learn Country self-sustaining & homesteading skills on Lesbian Land in rural MASS. Organic food production & preservation, working with nature spirits, forest care, construction skills etc. A summer of cooperative work, learning & fun. For more details write or call Sharon at Wild Browse Farm, 87 Bullard Pasture Rd., Wendell, MA 01379. Phone: (978) 544-6347 before 9 PM (E.S.T.)

COUNTRY CRONE CONNECTION:

Free pen-friend list for country women over 45 years old. Send S.A.S.E. plus name, age, address, description of self, pets and interests in 60 words or less. (Please type or print small.) Send to: Greenwood, P.O. Box 266, Husum WA 98623.

HAVE SPACE FOR WOMEN TO LIVE:

A meadow in the forest. Priority given to elder women. Traveling women welcome to camp. No smoking, no dogs (because of deer). Please write at least one month in advance to: Greenwood, P.O. Box 266, Husum, WA 98623.

YURT FOR SALE. Woman's World is selling their Yurt. \$500 - You pick it up. See story and picture under "On The Land."

FOR RENT: Looking for one or two lesbians to rent sweet, small two bedroom cottage on 17 acres of beautiful forested land near Grants Pass, beginning July 1st. \$300/month. Call Shannon @ 862-2447, or Sally @ 488-7624 for details.

JUNE 26 - 28th, 1998 The 12th Annual **GOLDEN THREADS** celebration at Provincetown Inn, MA. Lesbians from all over the U.S., Canada and other countries will converge in P-Town to celebrate the Joy in being a lesbian by experiencing this weekend of total acceptance of who and what we are. We make friends, play, dance and laugh. This is a weekend of empowerment. There is a Thursday soiree for early arrivals, Friday night's entertainer, by popular demand, is Suede! Saturday offers a massage therapist demonstrating lesbian "hands on" techniques, an author of a Wimmin's Lands "Zine, a medical doctor explaining mind-body medicine, two G.T.'ers showing a romantic trip to Bali, and a Line Dancing teacher. Single

lesbians are offered "special activities" to meet other singles before our Saturday night Banquet! At this late date you better contact via email: GOLDENTRED@aol.com

GOLDEN THREADS is a worldwide network designed to end loneliness and isolation among midlife and older Lesbians. It is a discreet contact publication for Lesbian women over 50, (no woman is excluded because of age) The publication is free to members. For more information contact: Golden Threads, P.O. Box 65, Richford, VT 05476.

CINDY WELLS. I sent a package to you through LandLESY & it was returned to me. If you'd send an updated address, I'll mail it to you again. Summer, RR5, Bridgetown, N.S., B0S 1C0, Canada

MOON MOTHER Wimmen's Festival. On dyke land in Nova Scotia. July 10-13. Third annual. For info: Pumpkin Farm, RR5, Bridgetown, NS, B0S 1C0, Canada.

AUGUST 3 - 8, 1998 DYKE ART CAMP at Art Springs Gaston, Oregon. Daily life drawing, assortment of workshops, group and individual time, Three delicious vegetarian meals daily. Espresso bar, outdoor waterbed, hot tub, woods, ponds, camping and RV space. Some indoor space available, Drug free, alcohol free and pet free. Paid in full by June 1st = \$320. After June 1st sliding scale = \$350-\$380. For informatin and registration call: (503) 985-9549.





Lesbian Natural Resources

P.O. BOX 8742 MINNEAPOLIS MN 55408

We would like to thank each individual lesbian who donated money to LNR. It is these open hearted gifts from lesbians to other lesbians that makes LNR and Lesbian community work.

We, the '98 Grant Committee, are lesbians with broad rural living experiences. We were honored to be asked to form this year's funding committee. We came together from diverse regions and experiences, and found a strong, shining bond emerging in this coming together. In sharing of our individual experiences, we were able to recognize many shared values which aided our decisions.

Our decisions were based on LNR's guidelines and funding priorities. We were not able to fund all proposals or provide all that was asked for, but it is our hope that the amount received will help land dykes achieve their goals. Not every group that applied for a grant received funding, although every project was important and valuable.

We would like to encourage all lesbians living on land to become involved with LNR. LNR is the only lesbian group we know of whose grantees are also the donors of funds.

We hope the spark of LNR assistance feeds the flame of lesbian community in everyone's hearts.

Sincerely,

Yako Myers, Mohawk-Ojibway living in Minnesota
Barbara Ester, living in Utah
Ayla Heartsong, living in Mississippi



LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES GRANT RECIPIENTS 1998

LAND DEVELOPMENT GRANTS funded by LNR Community Land Fund

LAND PURCHASE

Icaga Con (renewal)		\$15,000*
Dreamstone (renewal)		\$15,000*
Maat Dompim		\$15,000*
Access Ability Alternatives Inc.		\$15,000*
Womenscape		\$15,000*

LAND DEVELOPMENT

WWLC/DOE Farm	building repair	\$4,300
Blue Moon Mountain Ranch	composting toilet	\$1,000
Spinsterhaven Inc.	housing	\$5,000

MORTGAGE

Rancho de Todos Colores		\$5,000
Spiral Wimmin's Land Trust		\$5,000*

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT GRANTS funded in part by donor designated funds

COMMUNITY

Sugarloaf Women's Village	land dyke gathering	\$ 500**
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ACCESSIBILITY

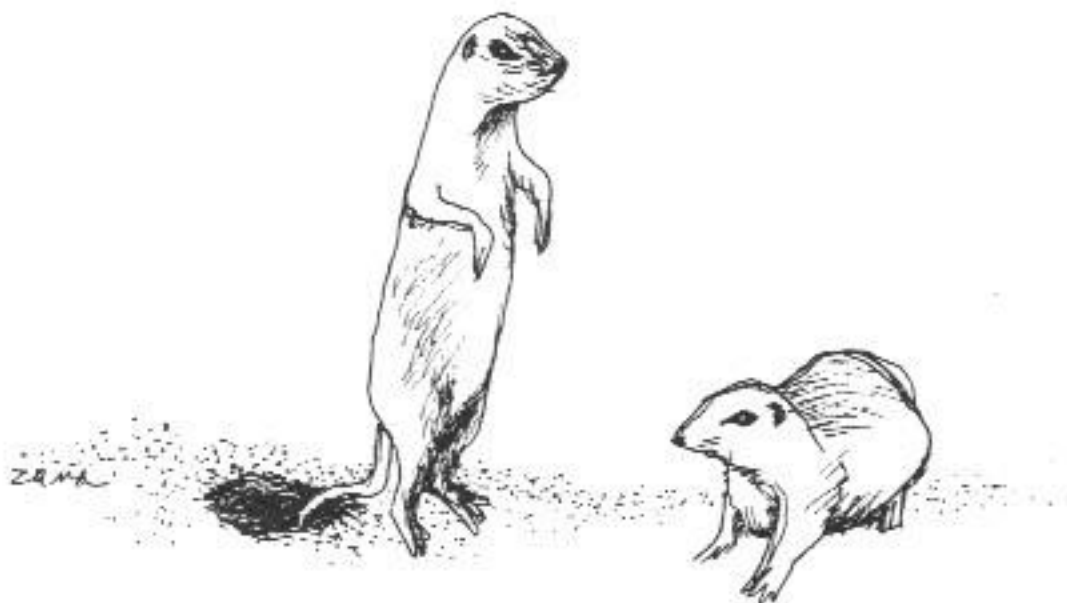
Camp Mary	wheelchair access	\$1,500**
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ECONOMIC SELF SUFFICIENCY

Wisperwood	bridge/road safety improvements	\$2,000**
Wolf Pen Hollow	solar water for claywork	\$1,895
Light And Color Magic	candlemaking business	\$ 500**
Moon House	medicinal garden business	\$1,925
Momona Fruit Company	market garden tiller	\$ 950**
Fire In Belly	studio/greenhouse	\$1,000**
Pumpkin Ecological Farm	barn/workshop	\$2,000
Salamander Spring	woodworking shop	\$1,200**
Mud Mamas	jewelry studio	\$1,200**
Judith Blazer-OLHA	history project	\$1,250
Anne Shelley-Cross Creek	Lesbian columnist	\$ 750**
Isis Brown-Cross Creek	studio heating system	\$ 780
PatH Walker-Cross Creek	community garden	\$ 650**
Silverwood	craft studio	\$1,000**
Dragonheart	greenhouse	\$1,000**
Twinhawks Hollow Farm	water system for truck farm	\$1,837**
Crystal Mountain	access for tie dye business	\$1,000**

* contingent grants

**donor designated grants



zama