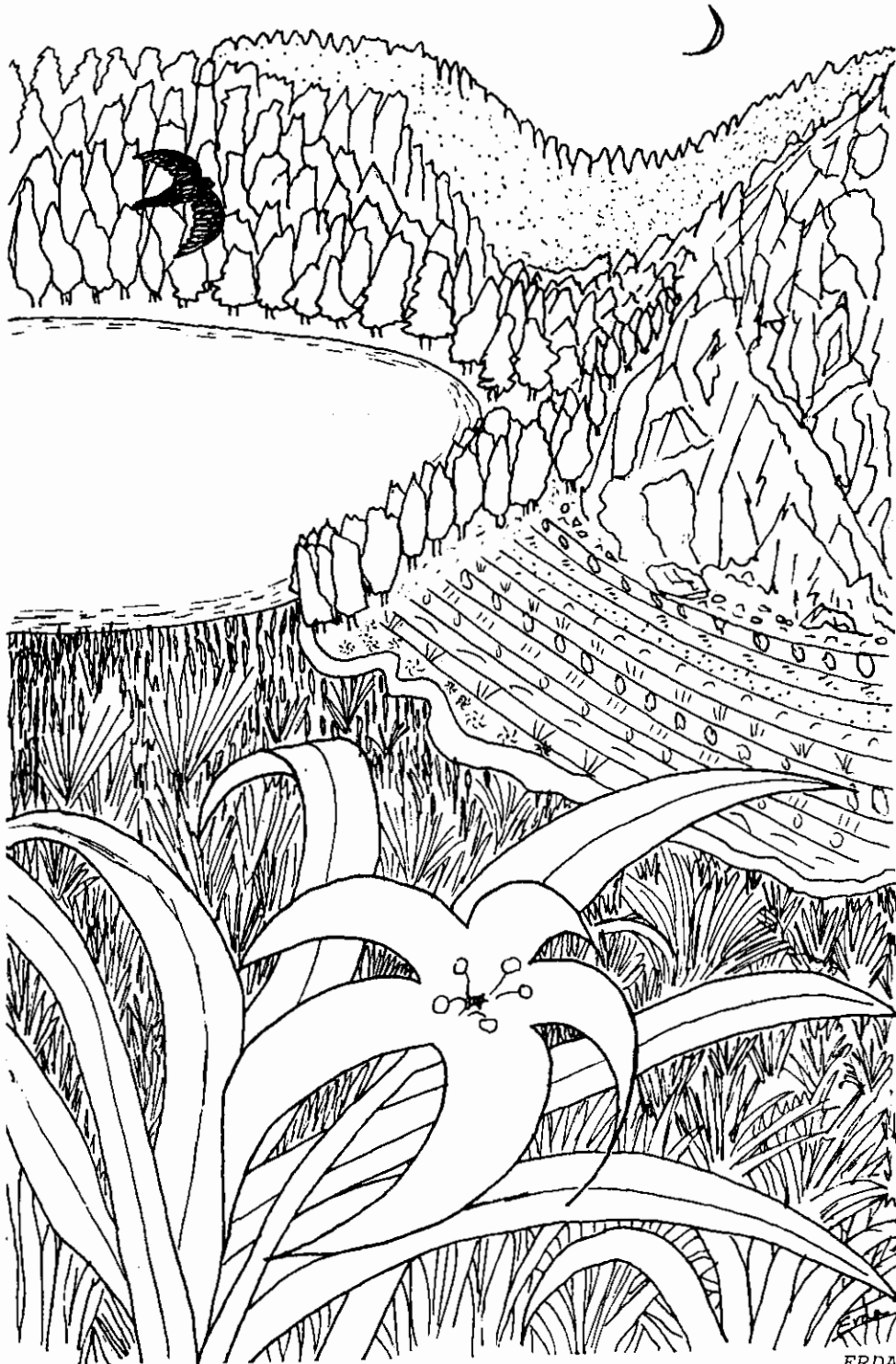


MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE #49

1996



ERDA

MAIZE IS BY AND FOR LESBIANS.

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

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute photos and illustrations. Photos may be black and white or color. Photos with good contrast print best. Illustrations need to be black pen on white paper. If you wish to have your work returned, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please note if the work you send has been submitted or printed elsewhere. Please include a biographical note.

Regular features include: "On the Land" (news from the land), "Lez Try This..." (handy tips for country life), "Dyke Well-Being" (stories of self-healing; what works?), "Land LESY" (Lesbian Economic System listing of offerings and requests), "Country Connections" (listing of Dyke lands). Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication". Names will be used unless you request your name withheld, as well as state of residence.

The contents of MAIZE do not necessarily reflect the viewpoint of the editor. Discussion is encouraged. Editor: Lee

MAIZE will run free announcements of particular interest to country Lesbians and free classified ads by Lesbians especially for country Lesbians. Display ads: \$10 (4½hx3½w)

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WEAVING WINTER INTO SPRING

Tamarack
The Web
Minnesota

We have a community wall weaving here at the Web. It has been here for over fifteen years. A lot has been woven, lots more to do. When you visit the Web you are invited to weave into it if you want to. I was invited to, when I visited here years ago. I was shy to weave into it at that time and the visit was short--full of other ways of strengthening ties, a community connection across distances. I did love and remember that invitation to be part of what is happening here, part of a work that so many had already put energy into, part of a very definite community existing, the evidence in a beautifully woven piece, so much there to see, so much room for more.

When I moved to live here at the Web, I knew that I would weave into the weaving, once I settled in. I put a Canada goose feather in a spot I wanted to work in. This winter as time slowed down and offered this season of long dark evenings and quiet indoor creativity, there was time for weaving.

I've never woven before. And so I approached this huge intricate weaving not knowing what I really had to offer, not sure just how to do something that would fit with what so many dykes had already woven into this, wondering if what I could do would work well with what they had started. I did believe that I had something to offer. I know that I usually do.

I decided where I wanted to start and what colours and types of strands I wanted to start with. I wanted to enhance this community work, to add something special, to change it in some wonderful direction, to make a change that would make it even more beautiful and more complete, but in the inspired direction that so many others had begun. I looked for what I thought was still missing, and thought about what I could add that would be uniquely a gift from me.

I moved in close, my hands ready to begin, right next to something someone else had carefully done. Dykes I have never met, dykes who are close friends

and dykes I am getting to know these days, all here. Some have woven pieces standing on their own, distinct statements, some closely blended with others' work.

I began to weave. Over, under, over, under, now my yarn touching the side of another's yarn and I am loving the beauty and creativity of what she has done, the boldness of her choices, the uniqueness in her decisions of what to do. I take great care to weave gently near her to not disturb what she has done, but to come close enough to link what I am adding.

Over under over under over under and I realize I don't like what I have done. It doesn't work. It doesn't look the way I thought it would. It doesn't convey the idea. It wasn't what I meant to do. It's not the right effect. It changes what is nearby in a way I hadn't meant.

I want to take it out, and I do. What a relief. I can change my mind, and it's easy. I start again, choosing the colours that I really wanted to work with in the first place, colours that I think are needed. I take a bold step and my idea of what I will do comes from a deeper part of myself. I begin again, with bright blues and purples, weaving into the sky. I dare to work in the materials I need, to offer what I have envisioned for this community work, something that I have dreamed up. I feel good about changing what I had done. I have moved into what I have been wanting to do. I realize that I can undo anything that doesn't work in the way I want it to. Underoverunderover-underover. Finger weaving. I believe that what I am wanting to do, will work. The whole piece begins to move with my gentle tugs to the warp strings. We are breathing together. I am coming close to another dyke's work. I want what I do to enhance what she has done. When she comes back again, I want her to be happy with the change. I weave to fit with what she began. What I am adding comes from me, and it is part of this collective community work. I move up to and touch hers, strands interwoven now as if we have taken each others' hands. The weaving is stronger and more connected than before. The idea of what this is, has grown.

I come across some warp strings that

have been left broken. I fix them, no problem, no big deal. Overunderoverunder-overunder.

I realize that I am so focused on what I am doing in the center that I am causing added tension to the edges. I hadn't meant to do that. I thought I was easing some of the tension that was there, and here I was adding to it without meaning to. I undo some, step back, look at the whole piece, then begin again, now watching the effects of my work on the whole, not just a part of it. I relax into it, take the time to look around more, make sure that what I am adding doesn't have the opposite effect to my intent. I loosen, trusting that this will hold together without my having to pull it too tight.

It was two visionary dykes who set up this warp, believed in a community project, found all kinds of bits of wool, string, feathers, wood to have sitting in a basket nearby. They got this started. They made this weaving a community project and have offered the chance to many dykes to take part. And dykes have been here, taken part in the Web of activity. And with those visits the memory of all that has taken place here, in this weaving, evidence of a community linked beyond even everyone knowing each other. A statement of work done together, of making something beautiful happen. Visionary community minded dykes began this, made it possible. It was put on the wall here at the Web, when the Web began.

Overunderoverunder I am adding to the community, I am making a change happen, I am offering what I have to offer, I am joining in on what others have begun.

Overunderoverunder. I come across a mistake. Two over, two under. What to do. Is it a mistake, or a variation that was meant? Does it really matter? Does every part have to be the same, have to be what is expected? This weaving has been here for so many years. Mistakes are woven in, and it is still here. The mistakes I make, I can undo, or I can leave them. I can see them differently, see that something different can be done through them, the unexpected. I see the difference between a mistake that I don't like and the unusual, the different way that can lead to new ideas. Some of my mistakes are worth fixing, others make room for what

can be done that hasn't been done before. Overunder underover overunderover.

And now I realize the magic of weaving, by taking the time to add something to this community work. I weave on, the colours have taken form. What I have wanted to add is now here, and I have touched the work of those I don't know, and those I do. We have worked together on this. And there is always more we can do. I am weaving in the sky. My thoughts have time to soar. I weave until my mind has carried on from what I have learned, to what other ways I can offer something as part of this community, this community that extends farther than those I know, but that includes so many close friends. I weave beyond the learning how to weave, beyond the obvious of what I had to offer until the weaving itself shows me just what I could add. I weave until my weaving comes naturally, easily, from that deep peaceful sense of having so much to offer. I weave until I am full of ideas of what can be done. I weave until I understand what is possible. I weave because I love to make change happen, to make connections closer, to strengthen the whole thing that so many of us are doing together.

When do I stop? I want to do all I can do, and I want to leave room for others who haven't been here yet, who have something to add, who will do something that I wouldn't have done, thought of doing. It will be all the stronger. Part of this is knowing that other things are waiting to be started. Some community minded dykes began this. Others have opened ways for us to be part of what they have begun. Each of us has something we can offer. Each time any one of us makes something happen, we strengthn this weaving of community, each of us offering what we can, each of us adding to what each other have started. It's winter, and I'm weaving into spring. A chance to make something new happen, growth beginning through the time of winter rest. A chance to seed what I haven't been able to seed before this spring. A hope that more and more are doing what they can too, and that we find each other. We need to keep weaving with each other. There is so much that we are doing. There is so much more that we can do. I'm weaving into spring, and I know that in weaving, there is magic.

DOING SEVENTY PROMISES, PROMISES

Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks
Oregon

One gloomy afternoon in December I sat at my table, nibbling fudge and staring at a half-burned candle. Days, even weeks, had slid by and I did nothing but read, nap, and keep the wood stove going. And eat. A lot. I felt guilty about unanswered letters. Anxious that no gifts were purchased, no holiday cards mailed. How would I get through Christmas? How could I keep my promises to go to all those Land Trust meetings and to take each of my 5 grandchildren to town to pick out their gifts?

"Here come 3 months of boredom and depression," I thought. "Darkness and isolation. The road will be muddy and icy, nearly impassable. No one will come. Winter is awful."

When I heard what I was thinking, I stopped. "Wait, I'm not doing guilt and despair. I'm going to trust my feelings and my body messages, trust that energy will come to do necessary things."

I went outside for a breath of air. Surrounding my cabin, spreading oaks, dark green firs and pines stood quietly. In rain, wind, pale sun and snow, their roots drank the moisture to nourish Spring growth and endure Summer drought. To wind and snow they gave up what was weak or dead. Leaves, twigs, branches decay to enrich the forest again.

The world was quiet. Where are the birds and animals? Hibernating! *Hiber* is Latin meaning "winter". Oh, my body wants me to join in nature's winter plan for renewal: "Come hibernate with me!"

Intrigued that my moodiness might be an urge to hibernate, I explored the subject at the local library. In the children's room I found the book I wanted. *Do Not Disturb: Mysteries of Animal Hibernation and Sleep*.*

I read that small animals dig a burrow making both a bedroom and toilet room. In the Fall they make a bed with soft grasses piled nearly to the top of their burrow. Then they tuck food under their

bed! That image charmed me. I wish I could store snacks under my bed but it has a solid frame raising me just 6 inches off the floor.

Bigger animals respond to a chemical in their blood that is activated by shorter hours of light, food scarcity and temperature extremes. They get sleepy but first they go on a food binge. Like bears in the blackberry patch, they eat to build up a store of body fat. They grow thicker fur and find a warm place to sleep.

Doesn't that sound like me? I dry and can my garden produce. I feast at Thanksgiving and at holiday parties and pot-lucks. I gain weight. I get out my jackets, sweaters, caps, gloves and boots. I heap up the blankets, stock my pantry shelves, patch the roof and add to the woodpile. My body knows how to weather the weather.

I learned also that I am a "walking hibernator". Like racoons, skunks and rabbits, I take long winter naps--up to 12 hours or more--then wake to forage for food. Since I can't tuck it under my bed, I go down the ladder from my loft to forage in my cupboards and shelves.

Then I sit by my fire, cradle my food in my warm blue china bowl, and eat. As I watch the flames, I let dreams come, images, ideas. I leave space for insights to rise as judgements fade, plans disappear. Time is a quiet pool around me. Climbing the ladder and into my bed, I pull blankets up to my chin and my soft knitted cap down over my ears. Stretch. Relax. Go to sleep. And yes, to dream.

Do bears dream in their winter dens? Yes, bears dream and so do cats in their naps and dogs in their sleep. I learned that sleeping dreams are vital to mental health (whether we remember them or not). Far from being impractical, I believe daydreams are as necessary as our night ones.

Our natural shift into winter inwardness has been medicalized into Seasonal Affective Disorder, S.A.D. Sad indeed. A disorder created by society's unnatural demands that our energy cycles fit a mechanical model of constant uniformity--all year and all our lives.



Cookie
Oregon

How hard it is to accept slowing down, lessened energy, lack of accomplishment in a competitive, work-driven inhumane system! I see how unnatural it is to rush about in darkness and cold winds to shop in crowded stores or work in city noise and artificial light during the season of rest and quiet.

Now I can see my lack of ambition and accomplishment as outward signs of my inner turning with the wheel of the year. As seasons turn, my energy and focus change. I stay in balance. Reflection and activity, each in turn. Winter is the season to let my spirit drift and dream. To let my mind roam over the past and wonder into the future. Over a lifetime of moving with the rhythm of the seasons, may I ripen into maturity and wisdom.

Sometime in my winter musings, I remembered that another Spring is promised. I was able to keep my promises this winter and Mother Nature always keeps hers.

**Do Not Disturb: Mysteries of Animal Hibernation and Sleep, Margery Focklam, 1989, Sierra Club/Little Brown.*

A SPRING KISS

Willa Bluesky
California

I look to Spring
to lift me up
from Winter's root cellar
where hands grovel for one more
gnarly potato one more shrivelled apple,
to take me up on broad
wings of flight.

Soaring in the Spring
I will taste blossom fragrance and
feel warm breezes in my hair
until one flower calls me
to her downy, powdery face.

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED

SINCE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

Susan Wiseheart
Hawk Hill
Missouri

Some things are no different in the country than in the city. For instance, without community I would have a hard time living through difficult patches in my life. It was true in the city and it is just as true here in the country. One of those rough periods began in June of 94 and is still going on, though its intensity has lessened. Once again, it is my loving friends who give me the strength to carry on.

A few of them are the same friends who helped me during other bad times. They were there in the city, they are here in the country. Others are newer friends. All of them are incredibly patient and caring, listening for hours to me spill out my deep-felt emotions, uncapping them so they will not sicken me, bottled up inside. Time after time they hear my anger and my pain and allow me to let go. They comfort me, give advice, encourage me and alleviate my loneliness. Some let me tag along with them on their dates, invite me to go traveling or to events, take me on walks when I am in the deepest despair, and feed me often. They laugh with me. Many of them loyally attended Dyke Talk most every week for ten months.

I am so grateful to them, especially to the Hawk Hillies and Gathering Roots, who are close by and bear the burden of my daily neediness with amazing good will. The more occasional help from other dykes in the "neighborhood" and the far flung Lesbians I have only communicated with by letter, phone and a few travels, contributes to the sense of widespread support that cradles me on those grief-stricken nights when I cannot sleep. In many ways, other dykes assure me of my

worth when I doubt it and of the possibility of joy if I do not give up.

I have said several times that if the close-by Lesbians had not been here, I would have fled to my old pals in the city. Because they are here, I have once again felt the true value of community. Whenever it seem impossible to survive, it is the dear dykes who convince me otherwise. I count my blessings every day, living in a land dyke community. I cannot imagine a better place to be when distressing events strike; surrounded by beautiful land and wonderful Lesbians.



Community

*Mary Frances Platt
New Hampshire*

WORK ETHICS ETHICAL WORK

Nett Hart
The Web
Minnesota

In my travels to dyke lands, visits with land dykes at festivals and gatherings, and dyke visitors at the Web, one of the conversations that repeats with tiring regularity is that of work expectations--for others. We tolerate such diversity in our community in all areas except work! At the same time we hear what we should have done that we didn't, we are told we work too hard, do too much. Arrgh!

I'm tired of being apologetic for my energy and the rhythm of work and relaxation that works for me. I keep saying I'm not working, I'm living. Everything I do contributes to the life I want to live as a land dyke in community. This is the work I choose to do. I want most of all to find my right place in this world, the proportion of contributing labor and love that makes the world I want to live in. After all, the work I do would not even be considered adequate for survival in most places in the world.

We all need to work at our own pace. For most of us our work lives have at some time been separated from our "real lives" because the decisions about our labor were made by others. In taking back our whole lives we need to extinguish the "supervisor within" who makes judgements about our productivity and that of our co-workers. Reclaiming our own rhythm is an essential part of this.

Work is erotic. It connects us with our deepest power of being. I find my freest thoughts when I am pattering happily, focused and open. The rhythm of repetitive physical labor frees both my body and my mind. Working with my hands is so deeply satisfying to me that breaking from it prematurely breaks the depth of connection. I need to settle down deep into my work to be present to

the process at hand. This gives me energy rather than takes it.

I nourish myself in many ways and rarely overtire. I value myself, my health, safety, and well-being above my project. I love to work until I am satisfied with the day's work and then sit and look at it for a long while, dreaming it into the next stage. My happiest work uses my whole body without straining any part and engages my mind. To connect with our work we cannot ridicule the satisfaction inherent in it for ourselves or others. We need to look at that wall over and over again or that poem. It is a means of remembering gratitude for the more transient products of labor as well--the garden dinner, the spontaneous song, the naming of trees on a walk. Satisfaction in work is a very important part of the process, of the connection, which too often we rob ourselves or others of by equating it with the sin of pride. Because as a community we curtail other dykes' satisfaction in their work accomplishments we decrease their ability, not just their willingness, to do that work for community. Sadly many dykes work outside the community because our Lesbian community wears us down with ingratitude, endless criticism and blame, and unrealistic expectations in lieu of pitching in and sharing the work.

I love to work with others. I do not feel I know a woman until we work together. This can be gardening, stuffing envelopes, cooking, hauling wood in the sled, roofing the barn. It doesn't have to be specialized work, just something in which we settle into a rhythm and enjoy the process. She and I may have different lengths of attention, different physical abilities and endurance, but if she is someone who engages herself in what she does, it is easy for us to drift from splitting wood to shelling peas to arranging flowers.

The community interactions I am drained by are those of wimmin who withhold them-

selves, cannot respond to others, deem their own efforts inadequate. It is a particularly northamerican malaise to need to have our worth confirmed by others. I think some of the root of it is a continual deficit of producing less than we consume and knowing in many places in the world other wimmin are making up the difference. This is a spiritual crisis. We cannot heal our poor self images by focusing on why we are not working, how someone else's work makes us feel even worse about ourselves, manipulating others into not working or into doing the work while shaming them that they do.

I was at a dyke work weekend where fully a third of the dykes never did anything but watch though the work was varied, essentially unskilled and pleasant. I had to wonder why someone would not have any expectation of herself at a work party. All of what we need to reflect on regarding work and community is not class-related, but it is disgraceful how much our working relationships have been untouched by otherwise excellent class analysis over the Feminist Lesbian years. Who works, who does what work, who knows how to or figures out how to do the work, have everything to do with the expectations and experiences that surround us.

One of the hardest tasks before us is to learn to value the contributions of other community members whose work is outside our experience. I had a friend tell me that the math required to do accounting was more complex than that of a carpenter. Did her accountant ever do a roof? Does that say something about her unwillingness to learn how to do the math of carpentry more than any physical abilities? I think it does and I think the willingness to watch as someone else does the work has the same roots: some wimmin just do not expect themselves to do certain kinds of work. They are at a loss as to how to participate.

Life on the land offers us the opportunity to live as honest wimmin. Our heat, food, and shelter do not have to exploit the resources deposited eons ago, the potential of the future, or the labors of third world wimmin or less advantaged community wimmin. All of us have many new things to be learned because whether we grew up doing physical labor or not, as

land dykes we are doing something different. We have new patterns of respect and interaction to develop. We are learning more sustainable, humane, and loving ways to live on this planet. We are developing a non-capitalist/non-exploitive system of meeting our community's needs. We are not accustomed to this much responsibility for ourselves.

I recognize that apart from desire to create our own right living there are differences among us in ableness to do so. This is why we are communal beings. It is not necessary to measure our output against another's. Besides valuing all kinds of contributions that dykes make to create the life of Lesbian community, we need to recognize that some tasks take more effort for some of us to do them and some of us have less concentration or energy. If we all did the kinds and amounts of work that fed our souls, we could adequately feed, shelter, and clothe us all.

But I also recognize how often we squander resources because we do not expect certain dykes to do work or our lack of ease with them prevents us from doing work in a way that allows their participation. I have fed logs to a blind dyke with a chainsaw, loaded hay in a hand cart with a severely depressed dyke, run errands for a Lesbian conference with a dyke friend who is quadriplegic and her amazing lift van. I have watched as very young wimmin take on a task that those around them think is too much. We all need challenges and the ability to contribute. What I can do has changed with the years, some of it more able, some of it less able. I have had injuries that restricted certain kinds of work but did not mean I could not work at something that gave me pleasure as well as benefit the homestead. I have learned to watch as less physically strong dykes maneuver something I could not budge. I do not have to be the best at some collective project, in fact, I don't even have to notice that anyone is the best.

We need to break the equivalency between work and value, not just how much work each of us does, but also what kind. If as human beings, Lesbians in community, we were valuable to ourselves and others for Being, then the work we do would sig-

nify our contribution to community, not our value as Lesbians. Those who grow the world's food, resourcefully use discards to create shelter and clothing, or muck out a barn or composter have not been accorded much respect in this culture. To create right relationship with work we need to reevaluate our sullen hierarchies. Anything any dyke did would be a welcome contribution to the community's need to sustain and nourish itself. No kind of work is in itself demeaning.

Our relationship to work and our value has to be free of comparison, free of control. Everyone should be able to work at her own pace, on projects of value to her. Imposition of another's standards and judgements robs work of meaning as surely as being forced to do work for which there appears to be no utility. It is a root of sadism to sever the dyke from the connection to meaning in what she is doing and unfortunately there is a lot of that both in society as a whole and in dyke land culture. Anyone who robs us of our joy in doing by denigrating the work or the product seriously wounds our ability to enjoy work. And if work is not enjoyable, then we waste most of our days. For most of us this has happened over and over again in patriarchal jobs. We can restore our connection to our labors and be able to allow others theirs.

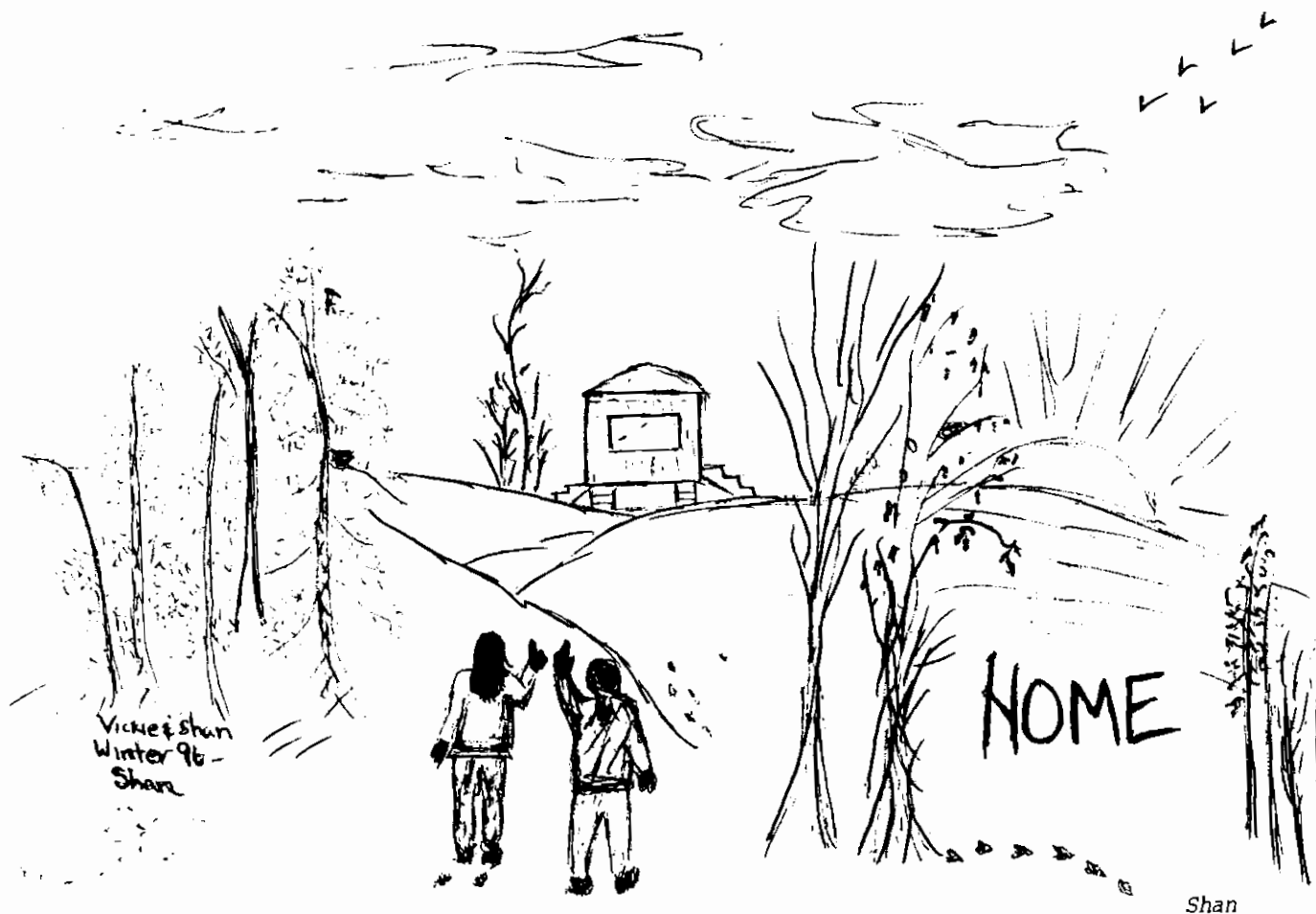
How can we work together, learn skill and expertise without comparing negatively our efforts to those of other dykes? How do we work together with different skill levels and paces? How do we share the experiences that teach us, including the freedom to fail, with other dykes without assigning over and over again the more skilled work to those with more experience?

I have learned a lot about the skills needed to maintain the rural dyke homestead. I have learned from other dykes but I have also learned by struggling to figure it out alone when necessary, and from books. As a community our unwillingness to struggle causes us to call in the "experts" and give over our power, and give over our ability to work through the problems. I know how many jobs I would have thought too difficult to tackle are difficult, no matter who does them. There are things learned from experience but that does not mean all things that are

difficult for us are easy for others. Sometimes it just means someone is the dyke who takes on the responsibility to figure it out, to stretch her personal limits, to be momentarily uncomfortable in order to do what must be done. There are jobs that probably no one enjoys but are necessary (sorry, Sonia) so the value of that work is in it being done and the contribution to community sustainability. One way we both avoid responsibility and over-value some dyke's work is by declaring it to be something we could not do.

I think the lack of respect we show one another and our lack of communitarianism certainly drain us of the energy we could use to build Lesbian community. I think of all the time, energy, and love depleted by dykes who are trying to be important/self-important by dragging down other dykes. I think we also need to address addictions in our community, not as a "program" or therapy issue, but to look at the community productivity lost to addictions to substances, therapy and telemedia. I am not referring to poetic creative idleness which is needful, but to mind-numbing, soul stunting obsessions. Beyond our concern for individuals and the quality of their interactions with us, I think we need to examine the costs to community that individuals' addictions accrue and speak out more often. We, as a community, seem to have an in-your-face attitude about one another's work ethic and a hands-off attitude about leisure/pleasure decisions. Why? Work ethics are much maligned yet I believe it is the secretive nature of our pleasure ethics that are the direct descendants of the Puritans. To the extent that our recreational choices are private/sacrosanct, they enforce a dichotomy between individual play and community responsibility.

I would like to see a new emphasis in our Lesbian communities, especially our rural Lesbian communities, on working together, finding in the rhythm of sustainable living the connections and concern we have for one another. In the contentment of collectively looking in wonder and appreciation at a row of jars filled with tomatoes or a stack of wood, we could settle into the value we have for the life we are dreaming and making happen--together, all of us.



WET PATIENCE

Vickie Spray
North Carolina

If the Muses prepare you for an adversity, you can be confident the preparation was necessary. For instance, Shan and I were given a snow shovel soon after our arrival to North Carolina by one of our land dyke neighbors. Two days later, The Blizzard of 96 visited two naive, courageous, self-transplanted Florida wimmin, sat us down and spoke to us about what would and what would not take place during the performance. As Shan wrote in our newly acquired Land Log Book, "...everyone waits in the sidelines to do bit parts..." Metaphors abound around this odd, white wetness.

Our trailer sits on blocks in a cleared area on the north ridge of our land. The earth is too wet to transform this setting into a warm and dry place in which to call home. The septic field can not be

dug, the well can not be drilled, the electricity can not be brought to us. We phone the septic tank and well guys almost every day thinking that if they are bugged enough they will risk taking their 30,000-pound machines into the red clay muck, but they know better and so we wait.

We are renting a house from another land dyke neighbor until our trailer is habitable. It just so happened one of her rentals came available two days after the snow started to fall from the sky. Remember the Muses? It is a comfortable house with the kitchen facing a patch of flat wooded ground that attracts hawks, rabbits, and birds we are yet unable to name.

Intent on being productive, we drive to the land, park in a safe, we-probably-won't-get-stuck-here place and trudge to the trailer. Each step that is taken adds another inch of wet clay to our boots,

so much so that we soon look like two winterized Frankensteins out on a country stroll, lifing our feet up high in the air and plodding them heavily back down into the wet clay, lifting them high up into the air...You get the picture.

While we repair the leaky roof, paint, de-mouse our future habitat, we dream. Wildflowers will be happy in the old tobacco field if some horse manure is added from the stables in the next small town. A vegetable garden, too, will do well after a few healthy doses of digested nutrients. The cleared sloping ground needs ground cover. Fast growing ivy is agreed upon. There is a place down by the creek that is flat enough for many reposing lesbians. We envision them lying about with their breasts unhindered and their bodies open to a leaf's caress.

The garden will be watered from the stomach of a cistern we are going to obtain as soon as one can be found. It is going to collect rain from the small pole shed that will be built as soon as we get moved in. And there are enough pines on the East side of the property to give us a good start on a log cabin. The lesbians who live next to us and who also introduced us to these nineteen acres, know how to build log cabins. They have draw knives, chain saw attachments and winches. We sometimes go over for dinner and ask them questions about the difference between building with poplar and pine, squared logs and round and the other hundred things necessary to know. January is the best time to cut, they say. The sap is down. "And be sure to skin the bark right away or you'll have a time gettin' that stuff off." We listen and read up on the different types of notches a woman might make on the log ends of her future log home.

They are predicting rain for the next few days and freezing temperatures for the next three nights. We know now what it means to hope for Spring. And soon, we will know what it feels like to live on wimmins land, land that is touched by wimmin, loved by wimmin, cared for by wimmin, honored by wimmin and celebrated on--by wimmin. Yesterday, the same woman who gave us the snow shovel gave us a Bluebird box. The wonderful thing about the Muses is they will also prepare you for pleasure.

LESBIANS ON LAND

Barbara Ester
Utah

From south Florida--Lesbians on lands
Warmth and greens...ocean air
To mid-California--Lesbians on lands
Warmth and greens...ocean air
Wild growth--plants--greetings to spiders
Birds--lizards and squirrels
Altars of feathers and stones
Forests-rivers-prairies-valleys-mountains
In between--greens to browns to
reds to white snows to greens
to blues--skies
Patches of lands--loving dykes--warm embraces
Conversation--opening hearts--opening minds
Touching souls
I travel--move to new places and we are there
A Fine-Proud Lesbian Culture



Barbara Ester

LILLI

María
Wildwood
Oregon

I used to think there was something wrong with me that I couldn't figure out how to live on womyn's land and still support myself. Why couldn't I make enough money in 2-3 days a week to pay the bills? Why couldn't I live frugally enough to be on the land instead of at work.

I come from farm stock. I'm sure my grandparents didn't have a clue about how to "make a living" off the land. I looked for ways of making money on womyn's land, but discovered many on land preferred to leave it wild...pristine.

Gradually, I began to realize that most of the womyn I knew living on land full time, didn't have to work for money. This information flooded me with relief. It was not my fault! Luck was the trick. If you are lucky enough to not have to work for money; you can live differently, make different choices than you might otherwise.

I understand luck. But, what could I do? I have no rich relatives, no luck at gambling, I'm not even very good at saving, but mostly I'm more interested in doing what is satisfying work than lucrative.

For two years I commuted 25 miles (one way) to work 5 days a week from my 100 year old school house on the Smith River. It was falling apart so the rent was cheap. An owl guided me home, a raccoon peered in my bedroom windows, a single bald eagle nested nearby, and the ghosts whispered to my dreams, but it took me three hours to drive to writer's group every three weeks. After 2 statewide

*A few exceptions can't work for money and receive disability payments. I am not referencing these women in connection with LUCK.

anti-gay rights initiatives it's pretty scary living a secluded lifestyle in survivalist territory, even/especially closeted. I am addicted to the deep quiet of the country, the open spaces, and womyn's community.

Right now I'm renting land from a lesbian. It isn't cheap. My lucrative job(in town) went away, so I have a land-mate, and three very part-time jobs; I look for work, and dream of owning my own land, (fat chance at 56 with no savings and iffy credit)...dream of living on land that "makes a living".

I'm not the only one in this soup it seems, so some of us have been talking about how to make land more accessible for womyn who have to work for money, who have no wealthy relatives, and/or have physical limitations. This means most of us also need access to things like hot running water and telecommunication with the rest of the world. These things cost more, too.

Well, as I said, we've been talking, and decided there's no reason why we can't incorporate as a non-profit, and write grants, and fund-raise to buy land for us. We call ourselves LILLI, Low-Income Lesbian Land, Inc. We're looking for about 15-30 acres, to accommodate three to five lesbians, close enough to Roseburg* to commute, where we can grow food, a cash crop, where we can develop economic self-sufficiency, where we can learn country skills and inter-dependence. Where we can do workshops and conferences, and have visitors. Where we can live with young adults and elders and children...growing dreams, crops, kids, and respect for wildness, too.

For more information or a copy of our by-laws write to POBox 371, Roseburg, OR 97470, or call 541-672-4478.

*Roseburg is a mid-size (19,000) town in a large rural county.

ON THE LAND

HOWL

HUNTINGTON OPEN WOMEN'S LAND
VERMONT

Dear Maize,

Here is a photo of our sauna. Actually we still have to install the stove before we can really use it. It's taken a while to find the size stove we need. Building the sauna was great fun and a little nerve wracking as we did not want to waste any of the beautiful tongue and groove local douglas fir we had purchased.

During our workshops we paid conscious attention to our ways of interacting and communicating. Our goal was to be aware of power and the need to be peers as we set out to accomplish the goal of building a sauna.

What a learning experience it was. Our first session included women who had rarely used tools, some who had carpentry skills, women from Vermont, Canada and Scotland. We labored over math, sipped rescue remedy and struggled to remain calm as we collectively figured out how our plan could be actualized.

Life is good here at HOWL and we have been experiencing success with many of our goals. This is such a beautiful place to live, this mountain side, and the farmhouse is sweet and cozy. Work is always happening and as I write we are readying ourselves to finish off our large common room upstairs on time for our self-imposed deadline...Winter Solstice.

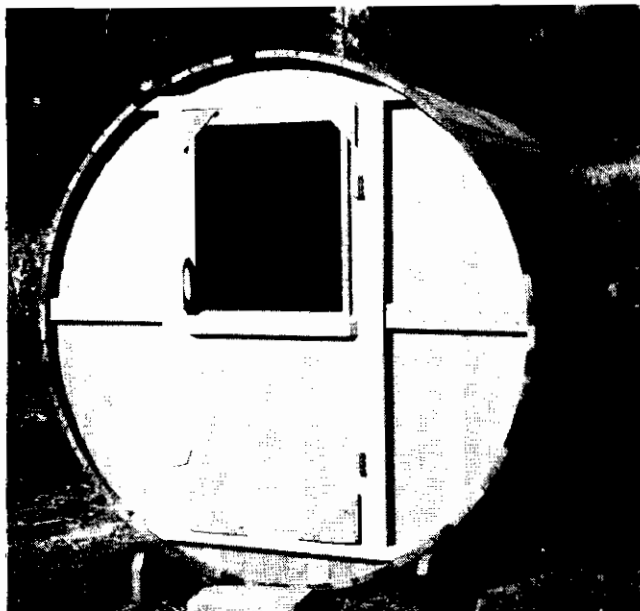
The nights are beautiful here. Even on the longest coldest nights...we can put a fire under the outdoor tub and gaze at the stars. We are blessed and we want to share our blessings.

We invite women to come visit and experience the beauty of Vermont. Come play, work and be in the excitement of all-female company.

For more info call 434-3953

Glo, for HOWL

HOWL POBox 53, Huntington VT 05462



HOWL Sauna

Photo by Puck

WOMEN FIRST

NEW YORK

Dear Maize Readers:

Yeah! We finally got our land! After nearly two years of looking, we're about to use our LNR grant to purchase a home for lesbians!

The land is 10 acres in Cortland, NY, south of Syracuse and east of Ithaca, so we're close to lesbian community and cultural events. We're not far from the Peace Camp, either.

The land was cleared many years ago, farmed, and then abandoned. We plan to reforest at least half of it, using native species, to make a home for our wild sisters, too. There's also a small pond and an old apple orchard.

This summer, we're going to be building a straw-bale, passive solar house with a 5-ton masonry wood stove and a solar composting toilet. Sound exciting? Come join us! We're looking for dykes of peaceful heart, radical feminist vision, and wild spirit to work and play with us this summer. Girl children are very welcome, too. College credit may be possible since we are officially a non-profit organization. Drop us a note if you're interested.

In sisterhood,

Lierre

for the Women First Foundation

WFF, POBox 372, Greenfield MA 01302 ✓

HIGH DESERT WOMEN'S LAND COMMUNITY

NEW MEXICO

We are a group of five feminist lesbians who are forming an intentional women's land community. We have 106 acres of unimproved land on a mesa above the Pecos River valley, near Ribera, New Mexico, 50 miles east of Santa Fe. It has small meadows between pinyons and junipers, a few ponderosa pines, a large cleared area, a beautiful red rock canyon, a seasonal pond with cottonwoods, and views for miles beyond the red rock mesa edge. We are looking for additional members for our community.

Our aims are to provide a safe place and rural retreat where women may live in community, and that will be a resource for women for camping, gatherings, workshops and retreats. We own the land as a non-profit land trust, allowing the land to be passed on to future generations of women with similar values. Three of us are in our late 40's, two are in our early 50's.

We plan to have small individual dwellings and a community gathering area. We bought the land in August 1995, so are just starting at the beginning. In the Fall of 1995 we put a roof on an old building to have a dry space for storage. We will be building a community outdoor kitchen and several of us will start to build individual houses in Spring 1996. When we have funds, we will build a main house with kitchen, gathering space and library, and a bathhouse. In the future we will also be building workshops and studios. We will eat some meals together, and some separate. When we are on the land more, we will be able to host campers and visitors in the Spring.

The elevation of the land is 6300 feet. Because this is high desert, summers are not extreme, and winters have snow and cold. Commuting time from Santa Fe is 1½ hours. Las Vegas, NM is a little closer. There are 4 miles of dirt road to get to the land. There is no well and no electricity. We are building rainwater

collection systems on our structures, but will have to bring in drinking water until we can raise money for a well. It is more economical for us to use solar electricity. There are other lesbians on land in the surrounding area.

Provisional membership will be for 6 months if someone lives locally, or one year if living out-of-state, with visits, so that we can get to know each other. We would like local provisional members to participate in work parties and weekends at the land and meetings as much as possible, the same as full members. Contact us at: HDWLT, POBox 304, Ribera NM 87560. Please send SASE.

LAUGHING R.O.C.S.

ARIZONA

Hello Maize,

Well, where to start. My name is toryn and the land I live on is called Laughing R.O.C.S. This piece of Mother Earth is well treed with Juniper and white pine, mostly flat with three sides overlooking valley for miles and big, BIG! Rocks Laughing themselves off the sides. I live here with two dogs and one rabbit and two cats, which I am sneezy about, so I am doing urine for 2 months now, about 3 dropper full. I am so happy to read others are helping themselves also.

This land is 39 acres and there are two houses so far. I have been here 2½ years and would love and need wimmin here. I haul water from my neighbor a mile down the road and collect off my roof. The road in is 4 miles and well maintained. I see this spot as a safe place for wimmin and children to build our self awareness and esteem. The land is paid for and half is for sale, so anyone interested let me know. Also if someone would like to live here there is a house mostly finished and would cost nothing as long as you will improve it. My friend Earth is living near here and I have met 5 other lesbians and there is a music festival in aug. just down the road!! So come and see this strong and beautiful land if the spark of interest occurs. Live Long and Prosper**

Toryn Labreque
POBox 2125, Snowflake AZ 85937

UMUA

AOTEAROA

We are planning to have a "lesbians on land" weekend here April 5-8 for any lesbians interested in land issues specific to us. There'll probably be discussions about gardening, the native vegetation and things to do with being drug/alcohol free too. Who knows what our garden will be doing by then but if all goes well there will be a few fruit and vegetables ready. Hopefully the corn will be ripe and we are already eating new potatoes, just on summer solstice, end of December, nice too. There was a "lesbians on land" weekend last October and this will be the next one, with another one same time same place as the first October one. Our weekend here will be lesbian only, of any age, as our land is lesbian-only, and it will be drug/alcohol etc. free too, as is always here. We'll maybe have something on vegan organic food too, it's what every dyke who comes will eat while staying here. There's lots of maybe's and probably's-- it will depend on the lesbians who come how it goes. One of the things we'd really like to discuss will be to do with indigenous lesbians land issues.

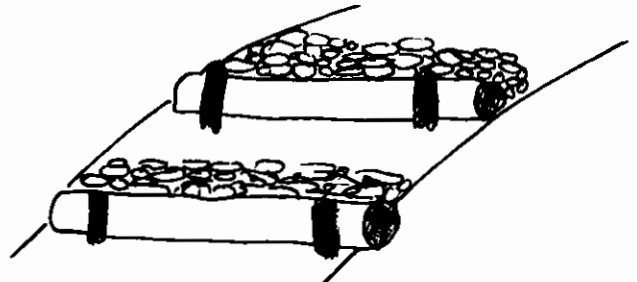
The only thing we want to get done before it is to fix the bath. The frame collapsed the last time we had a bath and the ferns have grown quite bushy over it too so we are going to move it a little. Closer to the copper and in the open a bit more. We pulled out some old wooden fence posts for the new frame, the wood is totara and very solid still. It's always something for us when we organize an event to be here as we don't get a lot of lesbians visit or stay here, only a few a year, usually not into double numbers. Even since one of us, Cilbey, cut her hair, which she hadn't done for 10 years, or brushed it either. But no, it didn't draw crowds of lesbians. We had to make a comb because we didn't use one for so long, out of a piece of Kanuka wood. It carves easy but is hard. We do enjoy the peace and quiet though, and each others company very much so it's usually okay.

In our last piece, a bitch is a female canine, we don't call a bitch a dog because a dog is a male canine and is used

like "man" to include both genders. We know it does not so use bitch. It's used as a derogatory word but so are several other female's names, like cow, vixen, dyke etc. You know how it goes.

We also forgot to tell you last time, with the comfrey recipe, after you put the ripped up leaves in the jar and seal the lid *don't* open it until the two years are up. We don't know why, maybe the air will ruin it, but don't open it, just let it sit. After a year it will start to sort of dissolve and it does take its time.

In the meantime, we've gone and done the bath frame, now we have to shift the copper over because where we had to build the frame is a bit close to the side of the copper and we don't want it to catch on fire. Then we'll have to finish the steps up the side past the water tank. In our usual way of laying a small log across the slope, hammer in a peg each end and fill in behind it with twigs and leaves. This saves digging out anything and holds up the slope at the same time. It also cuts down on run-off of water down the path as the mulch behind the log soaks it up. We saw this in a photo of a forest in Asia of females walking up this path with steps like this or tree roots naturally growing across the slope. This would save damaging tree roots too by making the steps on top. Anyway we do it like this and it works very well. Occasionally the pegs or a log need replacing if soft wood is used.



We are going to have a walk around the garden now, it's been drizzling with rain and cloudy for a week and everything is really growing. Just how we like it. We hope all you lesbians are happy.

na Cilbey maua ko Raewyn

SONORAN DESERT

ARIZONA

Visitors welcome to our lovely 4½ acres in the lush Sonoran Desert NW of Tucson, Arizona. Experience this riparian, braided wash area, wonderful sunsets and sunrises, mild winters, hot and dry summers--relieved by the monsoons with amazing lightening displays and flowing water.

Space for RV with electric hookup and possibly water. Toilet, shower/tub, stove/oven, microwave, telephone etc. available in either Carol's mobile home or Phoenix's 5th wheel.

Ever take a walk with a cat on a leash? Join Phoenix and a very self-led 7# calico on their daily rambles through ironwood, mesquite, palo verde, cholla, saguaro, prickly pear, creosote, sage and other native vegetation. Sample cactus seeds and fruits, legumes and hackberries right from the source. Watch and listen with us for cactus wrens, phainopiplas, Great Horned Owls, Harris Hawks, horned lizards (horny toads), Gila monsters, Spadefoot toads, Colorado River toads(huge), jack-rabbits, cottontails, ground squirrels, and coyotes(these and more are seen on our land) and as always be alert with us for new sightings.

Share our pleasure in games and puzzles or sit and be prepared for a lap-happy feline ("any new person is my current favorite human"). Or avoid all animal contact in the 5th wheel. Help plan the area for future garden and goats, or the coyote-owl-and-hawk-proof kitty enclosures.

Lots of lesbian and gay/lesbian cultural activities and other wimmin on land nearby(8 miles to Saguaro Sisterland and Adobeland).

Will mail map and local lesbian newsletter. Early AM phone calls ok. Have message machine and sometimes screen calls. 520-682-7557.

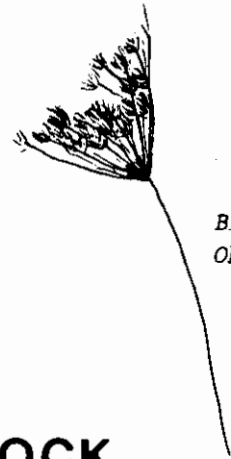
Sisterly joy and peace,
Phoenix Wheeler

POBox 544, Tucson AZ 85702

Phoenix Wheeler is a 58 year old anglo (English, Scotch-Irish, etc.) dyke who lived in intentional communities for over a year, then visited over 30 groups (about 1/3 women only) seeking one with self-sufficient industries, communal meals,

child care, etc., and where she could share pleasure and pain, work and fun with other lesbians. After 8 years of legal blindness (less than 20/200), surgery restored her vision. At last she could realize a life-long desire for cooperative living, shared resources and amenities, freedom to choose which domestic tasks to avoid(cooking) and the opportunity for multiple intense emotional relationships.

In the late 80's she laid this dream aside and settled in the Tucson area, becoming involved again in feminist organizations(NOW, etc.). Phoenix's major focus for the past 2 years (facilitated by a legacy) has been designing, locating a cooperative builder, and currently monitoring the shell construction of her final home(mobile--so it can go wherever she might go).



Birch Land
Ohio

TURTLE ROCK

PENNSYLVANIA

Womyn, thank you for your support and energy on keeping our space filled with womn-energy and keeping trespassers/hunters off. Last winter (94-95) we felt we cleared a lot of those problems. We enter this hunting season still with some anxiety, yet feeling Turtle Rock a safe haven for the four-leggeds and free of those who encroach.

We had our first land visitor last summer and several other inquiries. Though we are a small land (10 acres), we are between Philadelphia and NYC--anyone travelling through, please phone or write for camping availability.

Earth blessings,
Debi and Pamela

GARDENING IS A CHALLENGE

Julie Sabia
Cielito Azul
New Mexico

The weather has been warm for winter, it's in the high thirties today. Last night it was 10 degrees. The last snow has just about melted away but snow is forecast for this week. It's January in New Mexico.

For me it's very exciting to look out my window and see the snow covered Sangre de Cristo Mountains and then look down at my seed catalogues and dream about summer.

All of the frustrated gardeners in my neighborhood sit down this time of year and swap catalogues, seeds and horror stories--"Last June on the 15th it frosted so hard all my plants turned black!" (A true horror story.)

We love living in Northern New Mexico but gardening is a challenge. Like many land lesys we live on marginal land for growing plants. Our altitude is 7500 ft. above sea level. We get 10" of rain a year and the wind blows all the time across the treeless mesas. If that weren't bad enough, our soil is great for making adobe but too clayey for successful gardening.

Over the last three years we have learned some skills to help us beat the odds. We use wind breaks--straw bales or screens of plants like sunflowers. We catch water on our roof and reuse our "grey water" from our sinks, washer, shower.

We make compost all the time. Kitchen scraps, human waste, sheep manure, wood chips and whatever else we can get. Our planting beds are all raised. Our ground stays cold until June and we have a short growing season. We made two beds out of straw bales, laying them end to end on the ground and then filling the rectangle:

with our dirt, compost, etc. The straw bales will last at least three years in our dry climate--and when they fall apart we'll just have more mulch. The beds seem to be staying moister and it's easier on my back to garden in a raised bed.

Another necessary "trick" is to start everything indoors and transplant when the weather is stable. The last thing is to mulch heavily to prevent evaporation and conserve water. We use straw, wood chips, sawdust and even rocks in some places.

We also plant things closer together than recommended. We trellis beans, peas and other trailing plants. This conserves space and allows us to concentrate our water in a smaller area.

I would love to hear from any of you gardeners out there especially in areas with similar problems.

Here are my favorite seed catalogues:
Native Seeds/SEARCH
2509 N. Campbell Ave. #325
Tucson AZ 85719
1-520-327-9123
They support seed saving from Native Americans, some organic.

Seeds West
POB 27057, Albuquerque NM 87125-7057
1-505-242-7474

Seeds of Change
POB 15700, Santa Fe NM 87506-5700
1-505-438-8080
All organic. Their catalogue is gorgeous.

Julie: I moved with my sweetheart Cynthia to New Mexico three years ago. We fell in love with the open sky and beautiful views of the high mesa lands outside of Taos, New Mexico. We spent a year and a half building our solar powered house and now have more free time to develop our gardens.

Julie Sabia, POBox 1428, El Prado NM 87529

A WALLED GARDEN

zana
etz t'enah
arizona

for years i was a frustrated gardener. there are parts of gardening i'm able to do very well--planning, planting, weeding, saving seeds. other parts that involve heavy work or standing are out for me--preparing beds, watering. in two land communities i tried cooperative gardening. someone else would dig beds, and water what i planted. sometimes it worked. other times, wimin forgot to water my plants and they died. or my waterer took off on a trip, and no one else was around to take up the job. it was very painful to me to watch plants die after investing months of energy and love in them.

when we first looked at the land that became saguaro sisterland, the first thing i noticed was the garden. it was a wonderful oasis in this hot, dry area--shaded by actual trees! someone had built a beautiful stone and timber wall around it, high enough to keep out rabbits (most of the time!).

when we settled in a bit, i asked the group if it would be okay to plant a few things in this garden. i saw that the soil was already loose and fertile--wouldn't need much preparation. and i could water it myself by sitting on the edge of the wall. one woman suggested it be "my" garden since it was near my house as well as being easy for me to use. i was stunned! i'd only thought to plant a few greens--now everyone was agreeing i could use the whole garden however i chose!

i have to say i've always believed in communal gardens. what could be a more fitting expression of our choice to share our lives than to work in the garden together, producing food for everyone? and for me, most outdoor physical tasks are too strenuous, so i don't often have that kind of working-together relationship with my landsisters. i miss it. but trying to garden together hasn't always worked well. seems like wimin will put some energy into communal gardens, but really prefer their own garden near their house--one where they make all the decisions and put their best energy. now



Photo by Debby Earthdaughter

i was being offered that choice too. and i snapped it up! i still like the idea of communal gardens, but have greatly enjoyed having one that's all mine.

that first year i put tremendous amounts of my scarce energy into clearing out weeds and digging in the manure and compost brought to me by landsisters. i work sitting on a thin board on the ground; i can't dig deep, but using a short-handled mattock and a child-sized rake and hoe, i can cultivate a few inches down. it was enough--i grew the best vegetables i've ever produced! the two-foot-high wall was perfect for watering. i did have to move myself and the hose several times, but by planting in strategic locations, i could sit in one spot and reach several areas with the hose.

having the use of this garden was an amazing blessing in my life. when i decided to leave the saguaroland community, my garden was the thing i found hardest to give up. i doubt i'll ever again have such a perfect garden, or one that's so perfect for my physical needs. but now i have more ideas of what works for me. i realized a simpler garden could be fenced with chicken wire and have several benches around the inner periphery, where i could sit to water. now in my new home at etz t'enah, i have begun just such a garden.

to the stone walled garden i said a fond farewell, hoping its next caretakers appreciate it as much as i did.

NATURAL HEALING

Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Oregon

I planted the pole beans yesterday, and then some flower seeds in a little space at the end of the row of three quadrupods on which the bean vines will eventually grow. As it was May 12th and the last frost date for this area of the Pacific Northwest is supposed to be the 10th, I assumed I was safely obeying the "after all danger of frost is past" instructions on the seed packet. But when I got up at 6:00 this morning there was a light frost on the roof and the thermometer on the back porch read 30 degrees. So much for assurances about safety. I sent a silent blessing to the newly planted seeds, wishing them well on this cold morning. Since the vegetable garden lies further down the tiered hillside from my frosted house, and is thus protected somewhat in its bowl-like environment, perhaps those seeds didn't feel the nip of Lila, the trickster goddess, this morning. Or, if they did, I can hope they have the spunk to persevere beyond the trial their packet so clearly warns against.

I needed a jacket, and still shivered a little, as I walked among the flower beds beside my house and my toes got chilly from the cold dew collecting on my thin shoes. I ambled past the middle of the three iris beds with its yellow and purple blooms, said hello to the first big pink and orange poppies that have unfolded, stopped to breathe the red intensity of the roses on the climber down at the side of the hen house. Then to the wildbed to see how the coral bells are doing, plants that I recently thinned out of the big tub further up the hill where they'd been blooming and multiplying for years. They appear to be still making up their mind about whether they will survive the shock of separation and the relative inhospitality of the clayey soil of their new home. It didn't look as if the frost had done them any harm, thank goodness. They have enough challenges for this season.

A few days ago I planted the old-

fashioned pink climbing rose at the base of the wire fence that marks the lower boundary of the large area around my house that is fence-protected from the deer and hens. A community dyke work party helped me erect this fence a few years ago to enable me to make peace with those creatures who were eating or scratching up my flowers. This rose is a cutting I got last year from a good friend, another Lesbian who loves her garden as I do and who, at 68, knows a few things about challenges and survival. This cutting was one of four she gave me from the plant that climbs on her garden fence, the only one of them that survived months of my invitation to grow roots in a temporary bucket of soil in a sheltered place on my house deck. When I set the survivor in her new home I pinched off the top few inches, wanting her to send up more stems from her new roots. On this chilly morning I went to check on her progress. To my great delight not only was she firmly standing her twelve or so inches tall, but there was already an inch of a new stem showing above the ground. Maybe sometimes a shock here and a nip there are conducive to strength.

If I needed any further suggestion of that, the hollyhocks provided it this cold May morning. The mother plant has now multiplied and become a veritable bush, already reaching my shoulder height. I noticed a tall fiddleneck fern pushing up in the middle of the bush and as I was reaching in to pull it out my eye was stopped by an oddly misshapen side branch of one of the hollyhock main stems. It curled way down, then made a U-turn way up again. The leaves and flower buds seemed none the worse for this detour from the normally steady upward growth. Looking along the branch to where it emerges from the main stem, I saw the cause for this irregularity. At some point in its early growth, perhaps when Spring herself was new and tenuous, the branch was broken, though not completely severed. It hangs now by a barest thin strip of outer skin, the inner part of the shaft grey and dried up, lifeless. I marveled at the strength that that mere wisp of a fiber must have in order to support and

nurture the life-demanding branch.

As I look around all these flower beds wrested from the tangle of brush that once covered this hillside, flowers that have braved adversity and survived, I see my own bravery and survival. I began to dig up the poison oak and blackberries, the wild honeysuckle and ferns, and sift out the rocks and debris left by former land-owners at a time in my life when staying alive was my biggest challenge. My mate's life had dramatically changed and she left our home, our relationship, and my spirit plummeted and threatened to succumb to a permanent state of despair. A friend described me as like an injured cat who hid beneath a porch licking her wounds. An apt description. I shied away from company, left the land rarely. My body manifested my spirit's pain as I ached all over, my joints acting like they'd prefer not to move at all. If I had been a plant I would have said the frost, the late heavy rains, the poor soil were just too much for me, and, like the hollyhock branch, I was broken. But the land herself pulled me into a U-turn, calling me to make floral beauty where there was straggly bush.

And so I began, with loppers and shovel...and determination. My mind quieted as I worked, my heart took a break from grieving, my joints began to loosen. I created a rock garden around an old tree stump, hauling large rocks from down the road, some I could just barely lift. I went after blackberry roots that maybe were older than I am, that travelled many feet underground. I tugged and spaded and carried away the debris, and over the months, years now, over a dozen lovely flower beds have come into being.

I look around, too, at the Lesbians in the Southern Oregon Community and I see others who have also braved adversity and are surviving. Our lives sometimes seem to hang by the merest fiber. We venture into new realms, and relationships; braving the dangers; we deal with illness and disabilities and accidents; we push ourselves to do the mighty work our lands ask of us; we struggle in ourselves, and with each other...and still we keep being beautiful, keep coming back each year like the hardy perennials we surely are. Maybe sometimes a shock here and a nip there are conducive to strength.

ETERNITY



María
Wildwood
Oregon

María

Day before
Yesterday the iris bloom, and
My soul stops to drink in
The delicacy of their fragile
Petals, so much like
Mine.

Last year I tried to hold onto them;
Picked them and
Took them home
To put in glass jars,
To give to friends.
They shriveled and died,
Unbound.

These are the wild ones, Not
Hybrids so grotesquely
Enlarged, that last so long
After picking, with no fragrance
At all.

A field near here has
Soft lilac and dark lavender hues
Two or three are deep purple.
My eyes are drawn most strongly to these.
Soon they will be gone
Making way for daisies,
Wild ones.

María: 56 year old lesbian pagan writer and trouble maker living on lesbian land called Wildwood with various wild and domestic creatures, flowers and fauna. Lunar Beltane, on the full moon in Scorpio, May 3rd, 4:49 PDT, Friday, is a very good time for an all night bonfire, celebrating re-generation...re-remembering... Will you join us from wherever you are in whatever is your sacred way?

ANOTHER ALTERNATIVE TO A SEPTIC SYSTEM

Earth
Snowflake, Arizona

For many years I have been searching for an effective, non-polluting way to deal with my human waste. A lot of us come from cities where we flushed away the problem and thought no more about what happened. When I moved to the country I lived in a cabin some of the time and a house the rest of the time. The house had a septic system and our only contact after flushing was to have the septic cleaned out. At the cabin I used an out-house for the solids and poured the urine on the ground killing the plants.

When I moved to women's land in Arizona, the zoning required the owner to have a septic put in but some of us dug holes for our solids and put the urine on the land where with the heat and dryness the area would often smell badly. While on land trust land in Arizona, I worked on a septic system and was appalled that this was what most country people used. It stunk badly!

Since July, I've been using a very simple system. I had thought about doing this for some time but didn't think it would work. It does. I'm using garden worms in a plastic bin for the solids. The liquid either goes in the compost or is diluted 5 to 1 and used to fertilize my garden.

Several months ago, a friend gave me a shovel full of worms for me to compost my kitchen scraps. I decided to try using the worms for my solid waste. I thought I would need four bins to keep from burning the worms but I only had one so that's what I started with. Well, the worms multiplied rapidly and the one bin was enough during the summer. Now that it's winter, I'm using two bins.

When I first started in July, I put holes in the bottom of my 17"x24"x12" bin for drainage, filled it with wet peat

moss and shredded cardboard and about a shovelful of worms. I used a couple of 2"x4"s for a seat. I dug a trench in one end, made my deposit each day, filling in the trench. When it was filled, I dug a trench next to it, moving to the other end. By the time I was ready to go back to the first place, there was no trace of the waste, the worms had eaten it all. There was no smell and no trouble with flies.

Now, I'm living in a house and have the bins inside. I use one for a while then go to the other. It's odorless even in a confined space.

A family near here is using worms also, but differently. I think mine is more effective and uses less materials. They put some worms and bedding in the bottom of their bin. After using the bin, they put dry peat moss on the solids. When the bin is full, it is emptied into an outdoor bin, measuring about 4' wide by 3' long and 12" high. They let it compost farther and periodically take some out to use on trees as fertilizer. I like keeping the bin wet as the worms do better with moisture and reproduce faster.

In the spring, I'm planning on changing the bedding material and using it on the fruit trees growing here.

I'm really excited by this system. It is easy, inexpensive and works very well. If anyone has any questions, I will gladly answer them if I can. I want to thank Mary Appelhof for her article on vermiculture in Organic Gardening magazine back in 1984 that has inspired me.

Earth, POBox 1783, Snowflake AZ 85937

Editor's note: Mary Appelhof is a land sister, and has a book, *Worms Eat My Garbage*. Flower Press, 10332 Shaver Rd, Kalamazoo MI 49002. \$9 + postage. (She doesn't talk about composting human waste in this book--just lots of info about worms.)

get

RURAL FIRE FIGHTING

Dawn Susun
Taigh a'Gharaidh
Scotland

Living in a city where a fire engine can get to a fire in a matter of minutes meant I never thought much about fires. Moving to the country where the fire engine will take about an hour to get here from town has made me much more fire aware. In remote areas like ours it is local voluntary fire-fighting units that are very important. They can be at a fire so much quicker and have the local knowledge of where the nearest fire hydrant is or a source of open water.

Me and Fiona decided to join our local unit for our area of south Lochs so that we would know how to and be prepared to deal with a fire. We are the first females to join this unit and there was some opposition to it. Those men have now left and two more females have since joined. In total there are nine firefighters in the unit. Of course we would prefer an all dyke unit! It is a way of earning a bit of extra cash. We get paid 4.75 pounds an hour, for a fire drill or for attending a fire. We have a fire drill once a month for a couple of hours.

In our area nearly every house has an open fire and/or a stove. The most common fire is the chimney fire. There are occasionally other house fires and also fires on the moors. Chimney fires happen when soot lining the chimney catches alight. You will know if your chimney is alight by the noise. It is an incredible roaring noise. Also the flames may come out of the top of the chimney--especially if the soot catches fire at the top.

In a stove a chimney fire is easy to deal with. Immediately stop air getting to the fuel, by shutting all air vents. Within a short space of time the roar will stop. Leave the stove unlit until the next day to allow everything to cool down. You may want to sweep the chimney before



Fiona: Dyke Firefighter Photo by Dawn

relighting. You should probably call the fire service anyway in case the fire has spread from the chimney. If you don't want to call them out then check on either side of the chimney--feel for heat in the walls. Also check any loft space for smoke or wood charring. Be aware that if you don't call out the fire service and a fire does break out you may have problems claiming on insurance.

For a chimney fire with an open hearth, pour water on the fire in the grate. The evaporating water will help cool the chimney. Take out most of the fuel from the grate. Some fuel left in the grate can help to soak up extra water later. If you can easily get to the top of the chimney a quick method is to pour water down the

chimney--but will leave you with a mess inside, if you are not really careful. If possible have someone inside the house to be able to shout to you and tell you what is happening. When the water is first poured down it will evaporate in the heat. Once water reaches the grate the fire should be out. You can make a semicircle of towels or old materials to contain any water overflow. The dyke inside can shout up the chimney for you to stop pouring or hosing! Once it is out check the area of the chimney as above and leave everything to cool.

The equipment we use is a "stirrup" pump. This pump is put into a bucket of water and then the head sprayer which is on the end of a long hose is pushed up the chimney using rods. It is a hand operated pump and very easy to use but needs two people. It is very effective and makes very little mess. If there are problems with your chimney or there are a few cabins on your land it may be worth buying one of these just in case. An old car side mirror is useful to enable you to look up the chimney to see if anything is still glowing.

On a prevention level:

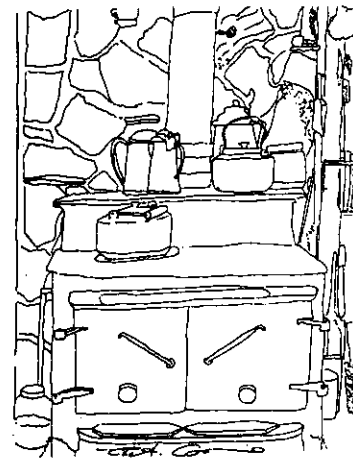
*Every time you light a fire let the fire roar for 5-10 minutes to clear the soot.

*Make sure you sweep your chimney if it seems to be getting blocked or at least once a year.

*Fit smoke alarms outside bedroom doors. I know they do have some radioactive element in them but I have read that you can get nonradioactive ones--if anyone knows of the brand and supplier you could let Maize know. You can also get ones which have a reset button which is very useful for times of burnt toast!

Some chimneys seem especially prone to fires. It may be useful to ask if you are buying a house or cabin if they have had any problems so you can be aware and then keep it regularly swept. We have been to several chimney fires now and the adrenaline rush is reducing when we get called out these days. We have some great kit. The big yellow helmets emblazoned with "Highlands & Islands Fire Service" are very fetching. If you do call out the fire service remember you could get a dyke firefighter like me or Fiona!

If you have any good firefighting tips do send them into Maize.



Tee Corinne, Oregon

OUTLAND ADDITION:

Reading Dawn's article when it came in the mail reminded us of our firey experiences. These are things we at Outland or wimmin we know have dealt with.

*Wood ashes/embers. In January, we took a hose to a 30x50 foot smoldering area. Grass and accumulated leaves/needles under bushes/trees burned, and pine branches scorched. This fire started the day after we dumped ashes that were already two days old. The ash can was dumped onto an existing pile, but still managed to spark and blow. We thought we were being careful--ever since a smaller fire burned the same place two years ago. We've decided an old shitter hole will be our perfect new ashhole.

*Toaster ovens. Corn tostada shells seem to be crisping just fine one moment and flaming the next--quite impressive flames for that little bit of overheated oil.

We lost the oven as well as the tortillas.

*Oily rags. Neighbor Lesbians had a closet fire when some oily rags become a demonstration of spontaneous combustion--oily materials can self-combust when they have an oxygen source. We're more careful now since we have several oily rags around for mineral-oiling our casita wood and from cleaning chainsaws/working on vehicles. We store all oil rags in plastic bags or covered containers. Same with throw-away oily rags.

*Candles. Back in Minnesota a few years ago, a candle turned a curtain into a torch. The leaping cat that tipped the candle was perhaps as surprised as the wimmin who'd for years carefully used candles and kerosene lamps for all lighting.

Jae Haggard

RURAL OLD LESBIAN

Emma Joy Crone
British Columbia

R.O.L. has lived in a
Canyon
With many lesbians
in cabins,
Trillium, Star,
Rainbow.
Outdoor living
Clitoria
Outdoor beds
Under the stars.

R.O.L. has lived
on acres
Amidst towering trees
Slept on the ground
In a tipi
in a trailer
in a henhouse in a sheep pen.

R.O.L.
has danced nude
under waterfalls
In pools
Moonlight glistening
on naked bodies.

R.O.L.
at 49
learned to chop wood
raised a tipi
Discovered her rural self
Had her first Dyke haircut
in a field
Cooked for 12 women
outside
one tap
No stove.

R.O.L.
ate a peyote
in a circle
shared visions
heard stories
Lesbian stories
women's pain
women's joy
singing songs, dusk to dawn.

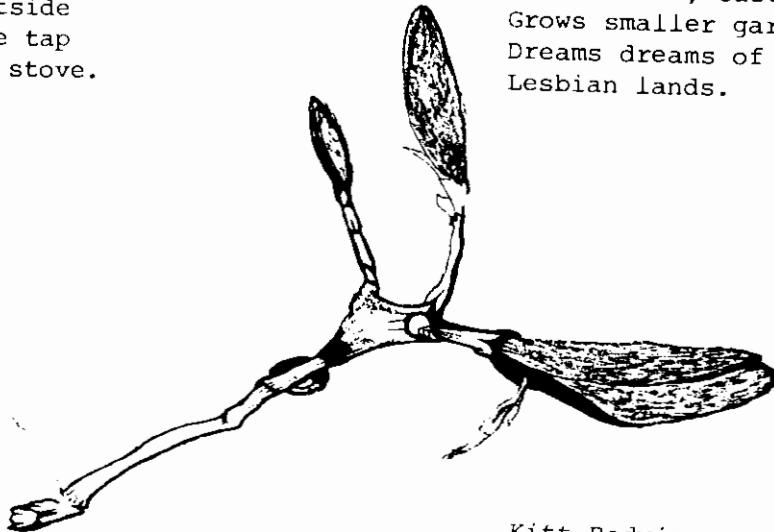
R.O.L.
lived with lesbians
in Denmark, Wales, France and
England, Oregon and Canada.

R.O.L.
travelled to Greece
with ritual lesbians
musicians.

Looking for Sappho
Singing and loving
across continents.

R.O.L.
has grown many gardens,
eaten their produce
in many lands
harvested the Green Goddess
shared in her growth
Taken a new name, Pennyroyal.

R.O.L.
Lives on an island
is 68
Grows herbs, casts spells
Grows smaller gardens, harvests seeds
Dreams dreams of lesbian nation
Lesbian lands.



Kitt Redwing

COUNTRY LESBIANS

AND SISTERS ON THE ROAD

Thyme S. Siegel
California

I am researching and writing about itinerant, migratory and earth-based lesbians of the 1970's. My research includes a background picture of independent women travelers and hobos of the twentieth century, particularly of the 1930's. These aspects of lesbian life have never been sufficiently documented.

In the Depression years, many poor lesbians took to the road for financial and emotional reasons, and love of freedom and adventure. Some were anarchists, radicals or Wobblies who organized a Women's Hobo College, Women's Hobo Union, and "Sisters of the Road", to provide much needed services as a group. In contrast, 1970's affluence brought lesbians out on the road and into the country for these and many more reasons. The Lesbian Feminist Movement, arising out of Women's Liberation generated a whole new constellation of ideological underpinnings for action.

In the 1970's, a new kind of mingling occurred between lesbians of various classes, races, ages and ethnicity who met on the road, at music festivals, on women's lands, and in the nation's campgrounds. They formed traveling bands which reflected their hippie and new left backgrounds; they were visible in beads and feathers and bare feet. They held workshops on "class and race" and encouraged each other to share money. Some lesbians were at the survival level financially, but some were rich. They began to share money, food, vehicles and homes. A vision of lesbian utopia united them, an image of a place where lesbians who connect with the earth would belong, utterly.

The group setting envisioned was called "tribal". Although they were a gamut of races, they viewed themselves

as an indigenous people who belong on the earth and are interconnected with all of nature. A working model for life together was a women's cluster of huts in a tribal village where traditionally the women keep the stories and pass them along in song. Music: playing acoustic instruments and singing was a big part of this life where frequently electricity was not available. A poster from 1975 shows four women naked on a meadow in a choreographed dance. Captioned underneath is: "Remember the Future." The inspiration for this bonding was the search for utopia through the lens of feminism. Fighting the patriarchy was insufficient, as was just avoiding the violence of the cities. A new world was being created. The lesbian culturalists considered themselves radical feminists.

Survival in the 1970's was much eased by group living, shared bulk food, and the food stamp office. These young and old lesbians did not work full-time jobs. The counter-cultural back-to-the-land movement, the rural hippie life, had taught many of these women how to share resources, children and living space. The opportunities to live and work together came in many forms. Land trusts were formed with the help of women with money. But also, migratory work from festival to festival was available, as was fruit picking and forestry work. All-women crews which lived in a particular national forest for months at a time worked either directly for the forest service or with a re-forestation co-op. There was house-sitting, and living on the beach (especially in Hawaii) as well.

Simultaneously with urban lesbian feminists, rural lesbians were producing books and magazines. *Country Woman* magazine from northern California and *Woman-Spirit* magazine from Oregon attracted great numbers of lesbians to the West Coast. These magazines served as beacons

showing that it was possible to live in the country with lesbians and they were unifying forces for the far-flung "tribe". Country communities were intricately interconnected with the movement in the cities. Individuals went back and forth on the question of where they should live when. In spite of all this individual movement, the concept of "tribe" was a very important organizing feature for this population.

The way in which independent women have moved around in the 20th century is unprecedented in history as we know it. Lillian Faderman's groundbreaking study of the 20th century lesbians completely misses the phenomenon of the migratory lesbian world, and puts everything about country lesbians in the past tense, as if what was started in the 1970's is no more. The continuation of many of these formations, economic and social networks and places to be, are known to me and thousands of other lesbians who have participated in the last twenty years of lesbian history. But the focus of my research is unknown to most academic feminist scholars. What is visible today to the professional middle class is the disappearance of the 1970's idealism coupled with the appearance of expensive spirituality workshops and camps for women. These retreats attract those women who can pay for structured leisure. They are outgrowths of work that was done ad hoc for free in the 1970's but they are not all that is happening now. Even at these events are itinerant workers who travel from gathering to gathering to live and work with women with a minimum of expenditure, managing to live the life of their dreams now.

To give you more of a taste of the material with which I am dealing, I have gathered some quotes from interviews with country lesbians of the 1970's. These deal with settlements in northern California, Oregon, and Denmark. (Interviews by Barbara Bernstein, KBOO radio, Portland, Oregon.)

"I wasn't getting along very well in Berkeley because the dykes went to bars and I had been a hippy for so long and was used to living on land and eating brown rice and tofu, so I came up here to Mendocino (northern California coast)



Kiwani
British Columbia

and joined a commune of women like myself who wanted to be separate, live with only women and create a whole new culture."

"I came from New York City to California in 1969 and lived on very rugged very isolated hippie land in the mountains where I gave birth to my daughter. After a year and a half, I connected with some coastal lesbians living on rented property with a whole bunch of little structures. All the women were coming out. They were very fierce lesbians even though most of them had not yet been with a woman."

"The woman I was involved with ran off with somebody else and I was heartbroken. One of my friends took me to a land in southern Oregon and it really helped me to get over my heartbreak. And I started thinking--wouldn't it be wonderful to find lesbians who lived like this? And I did--seven miles up a dirt road two women were renovating a cabin on an old mining claim. I was really inspired by this. I wanted a piece of land I could put my energy into and know that even if I left what I did would be there for women. I began researching land trusts. I had worked in the civil rights movement in Mississippi. I was familiar with a land trust there for tenant farmers."

"We had a workshop on 'Class and Money' out of which emerged a plan for a women's land trust where the land would be held in trust for all women and any woman could go live there."

Although the word "women" is used continually in these statements of goals, the fact is that the land trusts were

very much entwined with rural lesbian life, as were the other all-women's lands which developed. The excitement of this historical moment produced an intensity which brought out many women. This was the era of the slogan, "Any woman can be a lesbian", which appeared in story and song.

"We were creating a new magazine on the Mendocino coast, 'Country Women'. Working on the 'sexuality' issue we had a large collective and we got very turned on reading all the articles that came in. We would stay late at night--nobody wanted to leave. One of the women wrote an introduction to the issue and said: 'We are eleven women working on this issue. This one is a lesbian. That one is straight. That one is bisexual.' Everyone exploded and said, 'No, I'm not straight, I'm just ---(laughter). Everyone identified herself as differently from what she was actually doing. People started coming out. Ten women left their husbands and boyfriends, in a very short time. There became a core group that loved and lived and worked together. The energy just exploded. It was very exciting but it was also a mess. Because we didn't know what the limits were. In my own relationship we were very much in love but we were also in love with everybody else. We thought we could share it but of course we couldn't. However it wasn't such a mess that we didn't keep the magazine going. We also had a weaving collective that was viable for a couple of years, and we connected on so many levels as friends, neighbors, helpmates on our lands.

By the mid-1970's, lesbians were flocking to southern Oregon where *WomanSpirit* was produced for a decade. Many wanted to live on land and did not have the means to buy it. Those already on land could not accommodate this migratory wave. The analyses of privilege which came out of political discussions produced an expectation of fairness. Some were angry that access to country living depended on how your father got his money--most of the rich women land owners had inherited their wealth. The call for a land trust where land would be held in perpetuity for all women emerged. One hundred to two hundred women created what is now Owl Farm, Oregon Women's Land Trust.

"It was kinda funny looking for land because we'd go to the realtor and ask about these huge pieces of land and then go to the food stamp office. We were living on next to no money. But we did it. We bought 147 acres of beautiful farmland for \$65,000."

"It's the whole top of a mountain, a bowl-like shape with vast open meadows framed by woods. Full of cedar trees and huge madrone trees. There's a two story log house and a chicken coop that we fixed up."

"Two hundred women came to the first meeting on the land. It was an incredible celebration. We were dancing all over it, doing t'ai chi and karate and singing all night around campfires. All these women wanted to live there and brought things--chickens and goats."

"It was conceived as a sanctuary from the violence of the cities, a place where women could feel really safe. We wanted to be open to all, but ended up limiting the 'caretaker collective' to 35. The main house was basically one big room with a kitchen. No electricity. We always had a communal dinner, held hands to sing, almost always played music afterwards. There were a lot of really good musicians with guitars and fiddles and we had a piano. We shared all our money. Everybody who got a check would put it in."

"That was in 1976 and people arrived in need of great healing. There were no rules, no authority."

"We were like a battered women's shelter in the country. We didn't have private space. We weren't private. We had 'feelings meetings' every week. We had political meetings of incredible intensity about all the issues. Women would come up from the City and say, 'You can't fence the goats in. It reminds me of when I was in prison. That's classist.' The entire expectations of the West Coast women's movement focused on that piece of land. When I left I went and lived on an island by myself in British Columbia."(laughter)

The phenomenon of migratory lesbians in the country was not limited to northern California and Oregon. A network developed which encompassed Arizona, New Mexico, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Arkansas, Missouri, Vermont, New York, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Tennessee, West Virginia and

Florida, as well as Europe, Mexico, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

"I went to Europe to get away from women's land. And within three weeks of being in Europe I met a group of women who were wanting to start women's land. They were traveling in four vans together, mostly from Germany. They had read *Country Lesbians*, which had been translated into German. (Written and published in Oregon by the WomanShare Collective, 1976). It was about how to find land, how to process living together as a collective, relationships, communication. They were totally inspired, had left their jobs and been off wandering around for months looking for land and had no money and no place to live."

This migratory band heard about Kvindelandet in Denmark and traveled there. Danish women had founded this international piece of women's land in the middle of flat conservative farming country.

"They just set up and said, 'Women of the world, come'. Danish women are wonderful. They brought everything we needed, pots, pans, clothes. It was sixty women on twenty five acres."

"I thought I was coming for three weeks but I stayed for a year and a half. I thought we were crowded at Owl Farm but it was nothing compared to Kvindelandet. But it worked. I was very impressed by the farming. There was a huge underground house where vegetables were stored and about seven acres of garden. They had two tractors and we raised enough food to feed ourselves."

"In Denmark there was not so much desperation, so much clawing at each other. Maybe European women know how to share small spaces better than Americans. They weren't so brutal to each other, being right on or right off about everything. People cooked meals because they wanted to, or worked in the garden. I would say, 'Well, she doesn't do anything,' and the Danish women would say, 'Well, she plays the guitar.' I had judgements. And they would just say, 'Cool out' (laughter). They were more accepting."

"The Danish women lived in harmony with their native culture whereas we were fighting ours on more levels. Their grandmothers' things were around, beautiful sweaters their great aunts had knitted. They put these things out for us to wear.

All was provided. We didn't have electricity, and the distractions it brings. No TV, stereos, cars. We were just being there with who we were. It was wonderful."

"I felt like the Danish women had learned things from our experience at Owl Farm by osmosis, through the cosmos, even though we didn't talk much about Owl. They knew how to live together better than we did, that was all. There were hardly any rules. Three rules: No meat, no men, no alcohol."

One of the interviewees pointed out that women own one percent of the world's real estate. She saw this political fact as a guiding force in her search for more country spaces. Much of the consciousness which developed included a global view of the conditions of all women. It was common knowledge that women do much of the agricultural labor in underdeveloped countries, and that industrialization tends to deprive them of even that base of power. But agriculture in the U.S. was not the only purpose to which women's land was dedicated. Campgrounds, RV parks, festival gathering places, summer camps, workshop and feminist schools, wilderness preservation, hiking, worksites for cottage industries and simply places to live near town where one could find a job, were some of the other conceptions.

A whole new generation of lesbians is now and will be searching for these networks and places in the years to come. The age of cheap living and lots of leisure is now overlapping with an economic downturn which has produced high rents and house prices. This has been coupled with high unemployment and insufficiently paid jobs. Many precedents have now been set for women to take to the road and for women to settle together in the country. It is certainly not as startling now as it was in the 1930's to join with other lesbians and cut loose from the settled life in the cities. Although the 1980's saw many lesbians return to school and become professionals, the 1990's are once again a time when many cannot successfully deal with urban financial burdens. They either cannot or do not want to do so, because the thirst for a more integrated way of life has become increasingly compelling, generating new migrations.

THE BEAUTY OF YOU

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

*You speak
Of Beauty
And I see you*

*You speak
of Sweetness
And I smell you*

*You speak
Of Always
And I hear you*

*As the darkness
of the Night
Was illuminated
With Stars
You illuminated
My Soul
My Path
My Vision*

*As the darkness
Was filled
With the Fire
Your warmth
Hath comforted
My journey*

*As the echoes
Of my pain
Consumed me
Your tender arms
Surrounded me*

*For your beauty
Hath depths
Of no end
And no beginning*

*I hail
Your arrival*

FEATHERED SERPENT

WOMOON

*Ah, ho!
Womoon Lover
Born on Lovers' Moon*

*Seer of places
Only shot arrows see*

*Serpent Womoon
Now earned your Wings
Quetzalcoatl
Ancient Goddess*

*You have journeyed
To the place where
Life begins*

*You have walked to
The Crest of Death
Joining the Motherhood*

*All Strength
All Courage
Shone on your face
As you passed
Life into breathless Life*

*I honor you
Womoon Lover
Sister, now Mother*

*Flex your wings
Fly unhindered*

Ah, ho!

Sun Hawk: I am a 40 year old lesbian chaman renegade. First generation Mexican American Indian (Coahuilateco Nation of Northern Old Mexico). Eldest daughter of a traditional working class Mexican family of eight. Living in a remote region of the Ozark Mountains with chosen sister, partner of 10 years, 6 year old son and all our wilderness relatives.

OUR ROOTS

LIFE AND LOVE AMONG WOMYN

Zed
Terra
France

A little primvert has peeked its deep rose colored head out to see if spring is here yet.

Over the slightly frosted grass, I take a bucket of organic waste to put on the compost. Out of the forest I see an animal running across the field. Its very bushy tail is tipped with white and I realize it's a fox, not a stray hunting dog as I thought.

"Oh, please, please find a safe place to be! Over here!" But she'll go where she thinks it's best.

I go on to chop wood for the week and as I raise the axe, a second fox comes rushing by not 3 metres away from me. Yes! They're going back to their home. A magnificently dug out spot with a great view from Terra's woods down into our valley. Lovely.

Tea. And winter darkness by the stove. Wondering what spring will look like this year with all the new plantations. I'm halfway through the winter issue of *Maize* and happy, comforted and connected in receiving the special issue of *Land Lesbians* this morning.

There's so very much I'd like to say, develop, think over with all of us on our many lands. Great Diana! Did I ever think I'd live to see the day when I would be able to write such a line!

A dream came to me this winter while I sorted through every thing I have. I burnt many things in great bonfires in the firecircle on the plateau. Certain things that I once felt were precious. It was a powerful release inside to see those "precious" museum pieces of my life become ashes on this beautiful land where I now live and where I hope to die.

So during this time I had a dream. All the 150+ trees we planted had grown and I was sitting at the base of one of the acacias musing on the day we had put them in, Therese and I. Some Womyn passed

by me and said, "Hey, Zed! Is it how you thought it would be?"

When I woke up I thought, "Zed, rings a bell." A few nights later, I finished putting together pictures of my life as I remember it until now for the last time. These picture albums and my 20+ years of journal writings are in a "remember box" in my barn home. I pasted a picture of myself as a 4 year old striding up the beach with that look of "Well, here I am and don't I like being here!" That's when it hit me. Violette(my mother) had taught me the alphabet in French back then and I had stopped on the letter "Z"(pronounced"zed"). From then on I insisted I was "zed". apparently I must've given up on the idea since everyone else kept at me with Viviane (which I do like as it is Violette's gift of a fairy name to me).

But Zed is me. And Zed came back to me on that field as I started letting go of so much of these 46 years that isn't me.

This is connected to my connection to you all. Each time I read and re-read *Maize*, I look to find where I connect. What is this culture we are creating? Like my own naming, what are we deciding, what do I take on as my own?

I feel as old as Terra in this: 2 years old. As young trees put down their roots and decide how they will grow, so it is with us Terraneans. How are we putting down our roots? How are we going to grow?

Some womyn came through and were surprised to find that some of us smoke, some drink alcohol, some eat meat and some of us use sheepskins to keep warm. Some wrote to ask if we accepted "het womyn" on the land. Others wrote that they were interested in having info on Terra if we were a Lesbian Land and not(underlined three times) if we were a womyn's land. Some lesbians at a dyke picnic called us "facist" because we want a womyn only environment(no gay boys, no nice visiting brothers or sons, etc., no men's music,

or praise of their cultures, etc.). Most of the lesbians in the nearby city of Dijon(50km) aren't interested in coming to Terra because it is an only womyn environment and therefore too "radical" for them.

Sigh...This is when feeling like we are part of a growing Lesbian Land Culture starts getting hard. That's where Maize comes in:

When Sunlight from Deep Dish, California writes:"Love is at the heart--love is the heart of our lesbian land culture", or when I read Lee from Outland: "Ours is a culture of wimmin-loving-wimmin, of earth-loving wimmin, of life-loving wimmin", then I look at Terra and think over these two years here and I can say--these are the roots of Terra: life and love among womyn.

When Mary Frances Platt from Camp Mary writes that "It is an amazing feat every time a raised poor woman with or without disabilities gets to some kind of feminist-thinking-womensland", I know that is true. Terribly true. The three of us who are at the core of Terra's creation come from different places, but we have all fought(and still fight) to be recognized as lesbians. But we are all conscious of the amazing feat (and leap) it was for all of us to find womyn who really love and value womyn and whose concept of "lesbian" was not limited to having sex with another woman.

Most of us were called "het women" at some points in our lives. I was even issued a warning, about 7 years ago, not to get too close to one of those "het women" with whom I am now building Terra (this warning came from radical dykes on a womyn's vacation land in France). One womoon from Algeria might not have come to Terra had we decided this would be Lesbian land: could she be included? Since then, she has phoned her aunt back home that she is indeed a Lesbian. Enthusiastic about this new world, she went to Paris to visit the Lesbian bars. Called up Terra and said that was just not her world. Came back and planted her garden and is planning a cabin. Or how about the womoon who has never been to any lesbian or feminist anything and yet was a flaming Amazon in an underground group in defense of women who are victims



Roofing at Terra Photo by Catherine

of men's violence? Catherine sent her a brochure of Terra. She cried upon reading it and will come--SOON. Shall we consider her a "het woman"? No way. There would be something terribly wrong if these womyn could not be welcomed on lands where we are womyn loving womyn.

We want Terra to be open to all womyn who are looking to live however long they choose to live with womyn because these womyn love womyn. I won't assume they're "het women" and therefore limited in their love for womyn anymore than I will assume that a lesbian loves and respects womyn. As Sarah from Kimbilio puts it: "I have been able to let women be whatever state they come in and care that they feel loved and accepted and that they see the possibilities that they can dream and that these dreams can become realities."

There is much more to discuss, to develop around this; I know we'll all keep on with this whether in TLC circles or around the firecircles or where ever. Thanks so much to all of you who are out there everywhere. That primrose has totally bloomed this morning, incredible...

WOMEN IN REVOLUTION

ALLOW INTRUSION

Shewolf
Woman's World
Louisiana

Lands have similarities and diversities
Communities create lives of their own.....
Each heartbeat is vulnerable and keeps striving
To beat together and still thrive alone.....

Here we are mingling our passions with women
Following thin threads, puzzles we must solve.....
How can we be at peace in this jungle mire
So that each essence of self can evolve.....

Is there some magic we haven't yet discovered
Of this lesbian linkage that's alive.....
Intangible juice about to flow among us
So wisdom about interchange can thrive.....

How many truths must we embrace deeply before
We let the ego release "being right....."
Before we soften to cries of another's bleed
Before we admit all we know is "might".....

Like ending with a lover, without knowing why
We leave, unraveled not, for other space.....
Self vindications, unexamined, stone the heart
Into no improvements in the new place.....

Will the next community be any better
Clad with our old pain to make new trouble.....
Lingering thoughts of past hurts now cloud our visions
Coverups, angers, and problems double.....

Revolt inside can change us only if we let
Ourselves release from "right", to cling to love.....
We just won't know unless we allow intrusions
In our soul, of her shattered ego's dove.....



Becky Bee
Oregon

NETWORKING LANDS IN THE NORTHEAST

Shewolf
Woman's World
Louisiana

It was hot in mid June as I drove out in my Chevy Van pulling a Casita travel trailer. It looks like two white tubs with one flopped over on the other and sealed in the middle with a silver band. Made of fiberglass, light weight and it pulls like a feather. My second trip with this rig, and plans were to go to Nova Scotia, perhaps, but to the northeast and Quebec, for sure!

Traveled to Bold Moon Farm near Greensboro, N.C. to meet Sine Anahita who had been in letter and phone contact with me for a couple of years. What a thrill to finally meet her; she is a bundle of joy, wrapped around the goat farm with warm women helping to make the weekend festival a really pleasant occasion. In addition to giving the Wimmin On the Land Slide Show on Saturday night, the women had arranged for musical entertainment, art displays, and workshops throughout the weekend. I want to return.

I parked my Casita in the middle of it all, not too far from the playful goats in the field, plugged into electricity and water and was set for the night. On Saturday I took a ride with Lynn Hicks over to Full Circle Farm, about 20 miles away, and toured that grand place. The large old farmhouse is massive and welcoming. We discussed improvements she wants to make and how the place used to produce outstanding organic crops. New women are moving in to start up again and hopefully the fields will soon be singing with growth activities. It is a beautiful place where the residents seem to have the zest to make it happen! Meeting Lynn was worth the trip!

The Celebration of older dykes in Provincetown, Massachusetts, with Christine Burton of Golden Threads turned out to be four days of social interchange with older dykes all making new friends around the country. This year the gathering was

filmed for a documentary on old lesbians and one part of the Celebration included an inspiring workshop on ageism by OLOC. Old Lesbians Organizing for Change is an organization for lesbians who are 60 years or older bringing ageism to the forefront. Next time you see birthday cards for old women notice how far down they put old women; watch the words that make OLD bad and only YOUNG good. For years I have been turning ageist cards around and putting them in the back of the racks in drug stores and card stores so they seldom get sold. It works to reduce the money going into the pockets of exploiters! One company, Avita, actually publishes some "old is good" cards; check it out!

I accepted an invitation to spend time in Chatham, about 40 minutes from P'town on a women's land where I could hook up for a few days and visit with the local women. What a week that turned out to be! Met the locals, visited the UU church, enjoyed several great meals with discussions, and went fishing in Nantucket Sound on the 4th of July! Caught an 8 pound Tar- taug(Black Fish) which we respectfully ate that day at Sally's Sanctuary. This land is covered with beautiful green lush growth, a small cottage waiting for the main house to be erected, a lake across the road with a beach for swimming, and a river on the edge for oar driven boats. Sally is fun and interested in lesbian visitors in the future. One woman vacated a tent and another moved in for the weekend so along with local visitors there was a continuous mingling of female energy.

Polly's Playground in Wiscassit, Maine, my next stop, is a newly developing women's campground in conjunction with an apartment complex and recycling store outside the city. Polly graciously toured the area with me and discussed plans for her expansions. I parked my Casita in her yard for a few days of touring the Maine coast. We saw the Puffins(colorful birds being introduced to the island) on a boat out

of New Harbor off Monhegan Island, did candlestick bowling on the pier, and drove to Boothbay Harbor.

Arrangements were made enroute to visit in Belfast, Maine at Nan's lesbian settlement and give the Slide Show in the city of Belfast at the women's center. Belfast captured my heart from the first day as I drove down main street almost into the ocean (actually Belfast Bay). One day, Susie, Cathy, Nan and I paddled kayaks into the Bay for about 2 miles; for most of us our first trip. Since my first kayak experience last February with Joan in Tampa Bay, I had been looking forward to doing it again; it was great!

In the center of Belfast is a wonderful Co-op food and health store where all alternative lifestyles are honored. I had only been in Belfast for a few days when I was running into lesbians I knew at the co-op, the laundry next door, the UU church, and at the Aids Alliance Office on main street. I had the pleasure of setting up my little house at Donna's place, a heaven of a women's land in the country, several miles outside of Belfast. Donna has a 10 year old wildflower garden that covers aperiodically about half an acre of soil amidst houses, tents, trailers, and other shelters for women and animals. Sue and I worked on a cabin on a nearby land to house a woman who can "watch out" for Mary, an old lesbian who lives in the main house. Some of the women of this community have taken on the job of caring for Mary who is in need of intermittent attention. I met Mary and then saw her in *Family*, a beautiful photographic tribute to gay and lesbian common lives.

One of the highlights of this stop was the Circle at Nan's place with 13 women from the area; the "Witches of Belfast" (my name) left an impression on me I will long remember and cherish.

When I left the area, after seeing a couple of women's baseball games and cheering for the all lesbian women's team, Sue was organizing work on Mary's cabin, Cathy and Nan were discussing their pending trips to help research teams in the Antarctic for 6 months, and Zigi was off to visit another land. Lesbian life in Belfast was going on quietly after the end of the parade down main street which included a lesbian and gay, Maine Won't Discriminate float which was well received

by the townspeople. I felt good about the world and our place in it!

The next visit was to a small strip of private land surrounded by national forest in New Hampshire near Glenn. The nearby town of Conway is a maze of discount shops and tourist attractions that crowd up in the late summer and fall. The L.L.Bean outlet's parking lot is a haven for lesbian sightings! In contrast, June's Jewel was a stunningly small women's space perched on the edge of the forest with a road that knew the hoof marks of Moose and Bear! Nancy and I drove to the edge of the mountain on one trip and later she and I went with June to photograph valleys and look for special fallen branches. June wittled steadily until they came alive as walking sticks for women of the spirit. I own a beautiful thick lavender wooden support for my future journeys.

I spent two weeks in southern Quebec, including a visit to a women's land managed by Suzanne outside Sawyerville. This land, called Chez La Salamandre, nests in an area similar to the rolling green hills of Kentucky amid farms and flowers. Both French and English are spoken fluently here and the visitor may spend time swimming in a pond, canoeing, cross country skiing, or just getting a deep body massage or a Tarot reading. The porch of the large old farmhouse in the front of the settlement overlooked a garden of vegetables, flowers, and a slope that dips into the neighbor's hay field far away.

Suzanne and I talked about building community and developing our network trail from Canada to Louisiana where French is also common. Before leaving I put Suzanne in contact with the owner of Larkin's Landing, another lesbian space west of Sawyerville, outside the area called Lac Brome. There the land is managed by a French Canadian who had spent many years in the USA before returning to establish her "shangri-la"; and that it is! A picturesque sun-colored house atop a low hill overlooking a small lake with a serene deck. Nearby is the guest cottage, bright yellow, sitting on green lawns manicured and trimmed with colorful flowers and trees. This is newly forming into a space for short term visiting.

I crossed the Canadian border with my Van and Casita in tow to hang out with friends gathering at Bevjoy's Baliwick,

MISSING

many gardens and have on-going projects around the place for recycling and art creations. It is a wonderful, warm, inviting gathering place for women to discuss everything; no matter how personal, intimate, or disturbing. I want to return!

I visited the Susan B. Anthony home on the 75th anniversary of the passage of the right to vote for women. It was thrilling to watch the lively colorful parade and celebrate this day in her town and see the pictures of women on her walls. Plans are underway for a complete restoration of her house and furnishings along with the house next door that once was sister's. Seeing the small group of ERA supporters in one corner of the square that day made me think about how we have used that right to vote over the past 75 years!

Degrees of Freedom in Ohio is a women's land with three full time residents and many visitors and workers who participate in its events. Helping with the Straw Bale Project to turn the pavillion into an enclosed building was a wonderful learning experience. Pat, Marcia, and Sue, the residents, involved us in building and learning while they worked, cooked, fetched materials, and kept the groups organized. Sharon, Bonnie, Cathy and I laughed, worked, ate, and somehow got bales up in spite of our inexperience in this building method. The pond invited the women in when it got too hot! The pace was individualized nicely by Bernadette, our fearless leader, who guided the process from foundation to bale cutting! The women of this community, total strangers to me at the outset, were warm, fun, and easy to be with during the project.

I next presented the Women on the Land Slide Show to the residents, campers, and visitors at Kimbilio, another lesbian community in Ohio. This land is filled with gardens, woods, and beautiful greenery laden walks. The main house is large and comfortable with several other living shelters on the grounds. One large building houses a swimming pool and another building has an art room, composting toilet, and a meeting room downstairs with residential facilities upstairs. The women who live here seem to work very hard to improve the facilities, keep up the gardens, conduct meaningful gatherings for the women, and permeate the land with a spirit of loving interchange for all who

motivation, I thought. She read silently the inscription on the Wildflower Book I had brought her; her eyes brightened and a tear slid down her cheek; I knew she had understood the message.

Northeast of Northampton, outside of Wendell, is another lesbian/women gathering place on several acres; homes of several women are bordering it while Ann and Carol are residents of a central spot. Here the pond invites nude bathing, the porches seat a dozen women at time, the kitchen feeds the wandering groups that travel in and out on "party" days, and the poker party was wonderful (I won!). The women keep

are there. I felt appreciated during my much too short visit with the women who fire Kimbilio.

Adding several stops to the expected ones meant I was now three weeks late returning, so I stopped one night in Nashville with Lyla and headed home. It was good to see the green trees of Woman's World. Three months on the road had been a little too long; many letters to answer and many bills overdue. There were many chores that needed immediate attention and the plants had suffered from a hot dry summer this year. A little too long to have been away, but what memories, what women, and what grand networking interchanges had been enjoyed. It was worth the time, for sure!

Shewolf is a crone caretaking 100 acres in southern Louisiana on Woman's World, a developing village of lesbians living in harmony with mother earth.

MISSING



Birch Land
Ohio

LETTERS

Hi to Maize Folks--

Thanks for very very wonderful, rich, fat issue(#47). I immediately passed mud pies info on to dyke friends who are just beginning their strawbale house.

I especially loved Gail's piece on working--so very much like those beautiful Silver Circle dykes as I've known them. It reminded me once again to be gentle with myself, to always do my work slowly enough so that I can enjoy it; otherwise, what's the sense in doing it at all? If something has to be done, rather than rushing to get it over with, I can slow down, find the pleasure in the task, enjoy my work; because my work is my life.

Love,
Merril

Dear Editor of Maize, February 5, 1996

Immediately after this letter I'm curling up in the solar pouring through our south window wall with your Special Issue of Maize which I'm thoroughly enjoying. I don't usually start out a Monday morning by the luxury of reading. But I'm not even going out to replenish the four bird feeders until the thermometer tells me that it has at last reached up to 0 degrees!

In our first SuBAMUH brochure we stated "our climate is temperate. Only 8 or 9 days above 90 degrees and seldom dropping to 0." We have had to delete that description from the brochure in process at this time. YIKES, have we ever had temperature extremes in the past 4 years but are fortunate to not have experienced floods, hurricanes or high winds. (I've just put this weather trivia in so that you southwestern sun lovers can be glad you fled the north.)

The range of articles in your Special Issue is wide enough to interest both landed and non-landed wimmin. We appreciate your work.

Our next community effort at SuBAMUH, after we've had enough sledding, will be the completion and renting of the "barnhouse" shell. We hope a community explorer will want to rent it, but with our recent community shake-up and debt we will have to realize some income from this dwelling.

As we are only 20 minutes from a large university we have no trouble renting to feminists but eventually they move on to jobs or further education. But hope for new community members springs eternal.

In sisterhood,
Mary M. of SuBAMUH
POBox 5353, Athens OH 45701

My Sisters, Daughters of the Moon,

I am a land-loving, womon-loving, nature-worshipping, hardworking, creative, active, intelligent, 42 year old single womoon, with 2 farm friendly 4-legged friends, looking for a lesbian-feminist, non-stereotypical environment to garden in, live amongst, share, grow, wisen, worship, and play in between and betwixt others who are lovers like myself. Any suggestions/referrals? I'm ready to move this Spring '96. I work as a nurse, massage therapist, and can do landscape, kitchen, farm jobs as well. All help is appreciated.

Karina Sabot
POBox 3074, C'ville VA 22903
804-984-3141

Greetings--

Outstanding special edition of Maize. It made me feel special, unique, empowered and "chosen" somehow to be a woman--a lesbian. I never felt that "pride" as much as when I finished each and every page, turned out the light and drifted into a peaceful, grateful sleep. It is truly a "special" edition, and each of you who put it together must be pleased.

How fortunate you youngsters are to now have publications like Maize, L.C., etc. and support groups of loving women to guide you to your inner self and help you manifest it outwardly. In "my day" (50's-60's), there were no publications, no contact lists for gay women, no rallies or guidance that I was aware of. The forbidden gay bars were only in large towns--Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, and were constantly harassed by the police. We were carried off in paddy wagons if our pants were men's pants, levis, slacks, "impersonating a male". Then old Percy Forman took pity on us (remember him, the famous attorney?). He brought clothes designers from all the high fashion stores in Houston to court to testify that women were wearing zip fly slacks and pants,

had been for years and even suits would soon be in style for women. All charges dropped, no more harassment.

Anyway, the only place to meet other women that I knew of was the bars--and I became enamoured of the bars, the excitement of wall to wall lesbians, 60's music, and I lived for the weekends, the annual invitational softball tournaments bringing in women from all over the U.S. and the parties for the whole week of the tournaments.

In the process of years' of cruising bars, I become a full fledged alcoholic. Having to live a dual life--"fluff career woman" by day, dyke by night, afraid my family would again commit me for being gay. (American Psychological Assoc. ceased calling homosexuality a mental illness around 1974. In the 60's I was considered "mentally ill").

I'm now "elevated" to crone status and I feel good about it. I'm independent, sober, free to travel in my "covered wagon" (RV) and visit around. Most of all, I'm free. You see, I've been in a self-imposed exile from gay life and relegated to the ranks of the living dead--"the closet"--for years. A violent gay bashing in '71 nearly killed me. Having already been institutionalized in '69 for homosexuality (ignorance--my parents didn't know any better), I decided on a life of obscurity and safety where I lived out my life in recurring depressions and finally a disabling panic disorder. I'm now on a good disability income, but my productive years of my career are lost to me. I attribute by chronic depressive episodes to a "mental temper tantrum" against a world I wasn't wanted in unless I "conformed". I could be *anything*--just not a lesbian. "A closet is an upright coffin."

I'm 55, and this is my *second* "coming out" experience. I feel free, whole, hopeful and grateful to all you who keep these publications and support groups alive and kicking--our younger sisters should be spared the isolation, violation, discrimination and humiliation so many of us have suffered and are still suffering. Can you imagine how wonderful it feels to be "home"? It was just a matter of time. I'm one of the lucky ones whose suicide attempts were sheer failures!

I'll hopefully be going back to the land in a couple of years, maybe sooner if my mother grows stronger and recovers from the loss of my father. I enjoyed *real* wilderness living in 1990-91--alone but for my dog and my books. I was so far in the woods of So. Central Texas, the game warden brought me my mail once a week and occasionally staples (corn meal, flour, etc.). It was a personal sabbatical for me and I felt like I was really in tune with life and Spirit for the first time. No electricity or running water for me, no fire--I "tuffed" it, which added to the pleasure of becoming self reliant. My old camping-in-the-woods experiences as a child guided me through the adjustments to wilderness living, but "something else" led me to find new ways of keeping warm, cooking over an open fire (and making homemade tortillas on hot rocks!), hauling and boiling water and keeping varmints and predators away from my campsite.

Well, I have my memories now of that wonderful period of pain-induced growth, and I returned to "society" to face my future. Several months later I was awarded my Social Security Disability--*more* than I expected it to be--seems my "jaunt" to the woods had been a deciding factor in my case. "Anti-social behavior, sexual identity crisis, depression"--can't work because she can't get along with people, they said! (male bosses, generally)

I have been blessed these past five years, being able to reflect on my choices in life, to finally come to terms with who and what I am and to now have a network of friends whom I love. I escaped the world of male-dominated industry like NASA where job discrimination was blatant toward women. My world will now be a world of women and OUR issues, OUR priorities. I feel full of love for my life now *and* for others. And I finally am becoming involved to further our goals.

Now I'm ready for advocacy and activism. I'm open to any suggestions where to direct all this new energy. Would enjoy networking with like-minded women who survived the bad times, overcame drugs and alcohol and "landed on their feet", or are still struggling. Are you out there?

I want to visit you in the future-- all of you. I'm an RV person but anchored at present. "So many sisters, so little time."

Alpha Woman

c/o Ellison, Rt.3,Box 74EllCA, Galveston TX 77554

Dear Lee,

A lot of us are no longer in touch with what's happening in the gay community--as we dropped out in the 70's and moved singly or in pairs to rural areas where not much of these kinds of things were circulating.

I ran into Maize quite by accident, when I met Enid in Gypsy Camp in Prescott, AZ, 3 years ago. She showed me some copies and told me about Womins' Lands and what had been going on in the movement since I left Venice CA in the early 70's and moved to Joshua Tree National Monument in the High desert. I was happy to hear things were still moving on. I was especially jazzed about Womins' Lands! We made a pact to save our money and buy land in So. Oregon and do something to become a part of the movement again. And so we have.

It was in Maize that I first read about EI and realized I wasn't alone. That had a profound affect on me. It was also in Maize that I saw a drawing of a pair of feet done by Jean Mountaingrove and read her article about candlemaking as a means of lighting and realized how primitive some womins are living.

Enid and I lived primitive for a year and a half to save up enough money to move and buy our land. I really believe it was fate that we got this very special place. The old owners had lived here for 50 years, they dropped the down payment from \$20,000 to \$8,000 so we could afford to buy it.

I now hear the old Lady took a lot of flack for selling to us. I later found out she has a gay son. For the first few months no one talked to us--just watched. Then one by one, they started coming by, and now we know almost everyone on the creek.

They all like me because I love plants and animals(they've given me quite a few) and because I can joke about being gay and make them laugh. They now see we're just like everyone else, in fact, we

fit right in. It was a plus for us that others had paved the way before us, along with the womin of Owl Farm. Now, my best friend on the creek and lupus partner is selling out to a lesbian couple, so that's my new thing--everytime I hear of someone selling, I'll see a lesbian couple or single is able to buy. It's good for all of us.

By the way, in answer to the article, Where have all the Witches gone? We are dispersed in California and So Oregon. I'd be glad to communicate with any who wish to write or visit. I've been a practicing witch since 1969. I was initiated at the Ram Center in Hollywood, Ca, and taught classes, ministered and helped run the occult shop for 14 years. I also had a radio talk show on KUFM and have been interviewed by almost every radio station in L.A. I founded the Church of W.I.C.C.A., making it a legal religion for the first time in our herstory. PBS did a documentary on us too. It was during this time that I received the Good Citizenship award for work in the hearing impaired community and Audio Visual Broadcasting, which became closed caption TV and Comex Corp. which became the TTY and TTD systems telephone for the hearing impaired. Little did they know it was a *gay Witch* receiving it! But isn't that the way herstory is usually (half) written?

So far I've gotten one response from the Maize article. I was very upset by it. I had taken a whole day off from my work and projects to greet and show her around the property and she treated me like trash. What has happened to mutual respect and good manners? We, as womins, are making an attempt to leave the mainstream culture, to leave behind us the rude treatment we received in the male dominated world and learn to live together and nurture each other and our individual talents. To pull together to create a "new" society in which all that macho crap is frowned upon and not accepted as the norm.

My question is where have all the winner womins gone? I want Amazons. Strong, understanding, nurturing, warrior womins. Not little shy fearful women who can't look you in the face and say what they think.

What is this, "Oh, she's just sick, you must learn to overlook it"? That is not how I wish to be viewed. And for the

record let me here state that being sick is making me fight harder for my right to be viewed and treated as an intelligent adult who is actively working to change the old stereotype of the weak and silent woman who lets her man make the decisions for her. Are we expected to allow this type of attitude and behavior into our Woman's World? If so, why bother to separate?

I still have to fight for my human rights, sick or not. And it takes a lot of energy to do it. But I must find and use that energy not only for myself but for all women. It's called by many names, among them are dignity and self-esteem. Unfortunately they are not freely given but must be earned. And earned over and over again. It is the quest of the warrior to fight to earn these rights for all women. So that one day we can receive the rewards we rightly deserve, the respect we've earned, and the unity to be able to honor and trust each other.

Love & Light,
Cookie
Moonshadows; Oregon

We are hoping to build an extension so we are busy with designs and looking at building material options. We are particularly excited about having a turf roof. After our problems with the chlorinated water supply we have found a maintained well just down the road from us which we can use. The water is delicious with a hint of that melted snow taste all year round. We also have a water filter for the times we haven't got to the well. The well was originally dug to serve the inhabitants of the stone block house there at least 60 years ago. The water is at ground level so it is easy to scoop with a jug or a pan--no heavy lifting. Apparently it does occasionally dry up in the summer but there are others in the village which never dry up.

Our store of wood and peats continues to keep us warm and give us hot water. I hope that you all have kept warm through the cold times. Spring Blessings to you.

Dawn Susun
Scotland

Maize,

The days are starting to lengthen again as we move away from the dark time. We have had a lot of very cold weather, a load of snow and heavy frosts--the coldest, snowiest time we have had here and apparently this is unusual for the islands generally. There was a two day electricity cut but it didn't worry us. Our stove heats water for two radiators and the system works with gravity. What was more of a concern was that the frosts were getting to our shed-stored vegetables and fruit. We had done a bulk organic fruit and veg order in middecember but in the end I only had a few cucumbers that had to be composted. A friend in the next village had her work cut out sorting out her apple crop which had frozen solid but she managed to get it into her freezer. Her potato crop has not been so lucky. Our potatoes are fine which is a relief--we are self-sufficient in potatoes and we are just now (mid jan.) coming to the end of our onions. The onions did really well in that lovely hot summer we had. The weather has settled back now to the more usual winter norm of wind and rain with mild temperatures--apart from the wind chill.

Dear Landykes:

My name is Carol "Rascal" Meier, and I am the new Coordinator of "Dykes Exploring Land" (or commonly known as the Landyke Welcome Wagon), a committee of Lesbian Natural Resources. The purpose of the "Welcome Wagon" is to disseminate information to lesbians who are exploring the possibility of living on land. Aspiring landykes always have many questions about how to make the transition from urban life to rural life: how to choose a piece of land or land community, how to survive economically, how to feel safe, etc.

I would like to put together a brochure or a packet of information that would be distributed in mailings or at gatherings which would address some of the questions most often asked by aspiring landykes. As lesbians who have already made the transition to rural life, you are our resource for answers to all of those questions.

I would appreciate it if you would take a few minutes and in a few sentences

tell us about your transition to rural landykes. Here are a few questions for your consideration, but tell us anything you want to.

- **Why did you move to the country?
- **How did you choose a piece of land or land community?
- **If you do not have a "regular job", how do you earn a living?
- **How do you handle health concerns?
- **Do you have any concerns about safety? If so, what steps have you taken to alleviate your concerns?
- **What are your living accommodations? Did you build your own home? Did your land group have dwellings available?
- **Do you have utilities such as indoor plumbing, electricity, telephone? How do you heat? Please explain how you handle these items.

Please include any information that you feel would be of interest to dykes exploring land. If your community has printed material or brochures that might be appropriate for an informational packet, please include a copy with your response. I'll try to use as much as I can in our packet. Send your responses to me, in care of LNR. Thank you for your time and attention and for your commitment to lesbian land culture.

Thank you to the Landykes that have responded. I am still gathering information, so now is your chance to add your response.

Rascal

c/o LNR, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408

Dear Maize,

Hi. I'm a city bound Dyke with rural longings, yet my disabling illnesses keep me trapped here in all the shmutz and chaos. Because of severe EI and CFIDS, and not being able to do paid work, the physical and financial opportunities don't exist to move--even to a less toxic, health damaging place in the city. Kind of a vicious cycle: I keep getting sicker with all the crack, incense, laundry, perfume, and smoke fumes, etc. from other tenants in the building. As I get more and more chemically reactive (anaphylaxis, cysts, mood swings...) my ability to travel and find a safer, affordable place to live that I could tolerate becomes less and less possible. Frustration!!!

I love much of the writing and art work in Maize and I'm so glad there are Dykes living on the land and figuring things out in different ways. It gives me hope. Though sometimes it also breaks my heart cuz I'll probably never have the opportunity to live that way myself.

I think it's a great idea to have Lesbians writing in about their experiences with natural healing--herbs, homeopathy, foods, etc. I believe in our potential to be our own best healers. This can give us more independence and less chance of victimization.

But some of the advice given and the way in which it was given in #47 felt really oppressive and insulting. A lot of the things mentioned cost a lot of money! They assume we all have the physical and financial resources to do things like buy water filters, go to environmental allergists, and have access to fresher air. One article recommended that dance classes with drumming would benefit people with immune disorders and/or chronic fatigue. For many of us, loud drumming could cause seizures, migraines and all sorts of awful symptoms. Many of us have trouble standing up and walking, if we can at all. CFIDS is much more than being "trapped in the doldrums." Immune system illnesses have severely disabled me to about 10-15% of my previous functioning. And common symptoms of CFIDS are sensitivity to noise and movement.

I think writers should be really careful not to assume what's available and successful to them is for everyone. Better ways to offer suggestions may be "if you can afford..." or "If you are able..." The healing experiences I enjoyed the most were when Dykes just talked about how they did stuff and how it worked for them, not assuming anyone else could or should do the same.

I'd like to read more about self/natural healing that doesn't include ableist, money privileged/classist assumptions. I don't need "If you only did this and that your health could improve" attitudes coming at me and others in lousy situations. Believe me, we're surviving the best we can with what we've got.

Rachel Rosen
Oakland, California

DYKE WELL-BEING

SINUSITIS

Penny Wilson
Illinois

The healing booklet series is a fantastic idea. I used to have sinusitis alot, and went to a western eye-ear-nose-throat specialist. The antibiotics (and allergy shots) he gave me helped in the acute illness, but whenever I went off of the antibiotics, I would get another sinus infection within a month. After a couple of years of being on antibiotics every other month, my doctor (who had been pushing sinus surgery all along) told me that I had to get surgery (to clean out my sinuses) if I continued to get sick. Then I finally tried my grandmother's method of healing colds, sinus infections and other respiratory infections that involve nasal drip or clogged up nose.

Take ½ teaspoon of salt, put it in an average size mug (like a cup or so) and fill up with hot water. Stir to dissolve the salt. Take a mouthful of the salt water and gargle with it, and spit it out. Pour some of the salt water into the palm of your left hand (cupped). Use your right hand to hold your right nostril shut, dip your left nostril into the salt water in your hand and suck it up into your sinus. Let go of your nostril and blow your nose. (Usually to help loosen the stuff, I throw my head back, like when I gargle, after sucking salt water into my nostril, before blowing and spitting it out.) Repeat this procedure using your right nostril to suck up the water. Then go and gargle again. Continue in this way, gargle, left nostril, right nostril, until you are done with the whole cup.

Do this once a day for the sniffles and 3 times a day when you are sick or have an infection. How do you know if your sinuses are infected? If the stuff that comes out of your nose, or that you spit up from the back of your throat is yellow or green, you have an infection. If it is clear, that is normal.

Since doing this (3 years ago) I have not needed to see the doctor, have surgery, or take antibiotics. It feels really good to be able to handle this without spending alot of money!

BLEEDING CRAMPS

Jenni Moon
Nova Scotia

I have intense bleeding cramps and have found some relief in taking raspberry leaf and comfrey root teas regularly. One big spoonful in a mug or small teapot to steep with a lid for 15 minutes or so. On alternate days, I drink a cup of each herb and try to do so every day (not just when I bleed). After about three months, I noticed an easing of the cramps. I also have less exhaustion at my bleeding time.

SOYBEANS

FOR YOUR FEET

Jenni Moon
Nova Scotia

I love a foot massage. Especially I've found how nice it is to begin my day with feet relaxed, all those crunchy tender spots worked out. Tingling. Here's what I do: Fill a cardboard box with soybeans. Any box will do as long as you can get your feet in it with a bit of room to move. 5-7 pounds of any beans, though I use soybeans because they're cheapest to buy. Enough to come up to your ankles. Get in your box and walk about, letting those soybeans form a cool fluid as they press and work at the points in your feet. I find for me about 10 minutes seems good or until my feet start to feel hot. Some dykes I know leisurely step one side to the other, letting the sounds of the soybeans lull them in their daydreaming. They don't spill a bean. For me, I like a high energy massage and vigorously step, changing directions, even getting my knees into the action. And I don't mind a bit when there's half a pound or so on the rug. Finally, don't be surprised when you pull off your sock at the end of the day and a soybean or two still snuggle your toes.

ONE WAY TO STOP A HEADACHE

Suewillow
Outland
New Mexico

Close your eyes and focus on your breathing by taking a few deep breaths... Now engage the energy by asking yourself these questions or by having a friend ask you the questions...

What is the shape of my headache?

What color is it?

How much water can it hold?

Say "hello" to your headache.

Have your headache say "hello" to you.

Repeat this sequence til your headache is gone.

I have had migraines around my bleeding time for years. I first used this technique while in a highly stressful situation, being in the hospital for depression. When I felt the usual pre-migraine pains coming on, I mentioned it to another patient-friend. (She is an M.D.) She began to share this exercise with me. Much to my surprise, it worked. Even though we were interrupted a few times during the process, my experience was that my headache got smaller each of the three times we went through the sequence til it rested at the back of my neck. I went and rested for a short while and when I got up, it was gone.

That was last month's cycle. This month when I started feeling the migraine precursors, I was in a much more supportive environment in my own space here at Outland. So I did the following things which I have tried and which have worked for me in the past to varying degrees.

- 1) Took 2 dropperfuls of Hypericum tincture
- 2) Did the visualization sequence in which the headache was reduced to the size of a dot, like a period, after two times.
- 3) Masturbated to orgasm.

Then I rested. When I woke up a few hours later I was a bit shaky but the migraine was gone. My usual routine with migraines had been to take to my bed for 24 hours and try to sleep through the pain, because if I took any kind of over-the-counter pain relievers they just masked the pain

for a number of hours while they were in my system but extended the length of time the migraine lasted.

Feverfew tincture taken twice a day (a dropperful) for about 2 months also alleviated these monthly migraines at another time in my life.

HOW FOODS AFFECT MY BRAIN

Susan Riebel
Arizona

After ten full years of work on healing my body and being unable to work outside my home, I have made many important discoveries about my body, and most especially my central nervous system/brain.

I had long suspected that my major allergens in food affected my behavior and thinking dramatically, but only after about 9 years was I able to have enough recorded data of my own (from my record keeping and journalling) to positively say how wheat and eggs in particular affect my brain.

Wheat triggers major insecurity and emotional upheaval. Eggs (even a *small* amount in the morning) cause aggressiveness and behavior modification. My most blatant example occurred with my best friend when she was helping me repair something. After 3 bites of scrambled eggs and 10-20 minutes later, I criticized her for not being able to understand the directions I was giving her. I caught myself in the act and realized that this was not my normal behavior and that the bites of eggs had triggered that behavior. Needless to say, I haven't eaten eggs since then.

In regards to wheat, what I now know is that when I eat it (and am under some stress) I get extremely insecure and my mental thoughts go wild. If I eat wheat (in small amounts) and I have no current stress, only very mild insecurity occurs (and sometimes none if I am doing fun things).

My mental reaction to wheat used to last a day or two. Now that I am doing so much better, that reaction only lasts a few hours. My reaction includes not only the remembering of some *current* relationship difficulty, but that is

followed by years of other problems that occurred with other people. This same reaction can occur when around perfumes, hair spray, and other highly scented products, but it doesn't seem as severe as when I eat wheat. I have researched gluten intolerance and am well aware that I have that.

Wheat in the form of bread produces a different mental reaction and I believe that yeast is the difference. When I eat bread, I get depression and become very quiet for about 30-60 minutes. I almost never eat bread.

Foods can be definite drugs to me and I'm very grateful to know this. I am now able to control most of my reactions by eating properly (for me that means high protein and lots of steamed vegetables and some raw salads). I also need lots of olive oil and coconut oil (it is a myth that coconut oil is harmful for cholesterol level). More later.

ROSEMARY AND YARROW

Jae Haggard
Outland
New Mexico

I tried a tip from the winter Maize "Dyke Well-Being" stories. It works, and aren't I ever-so-glad! Lee was just finishing typing Raewyn and Cilbey's description of using rosemary and yarrow on wounds. Timely, since I picked that very moment to bounce the sewing machine needle off the bone of my left pointer finger. Blink of an eye distraction and just that quick both ends of the broken needle were sticking out of my throbbing finger. Oh but it hurt. Lee jumped up from the typewriter knowing just what to do.

After Lee pulled the needle out, I headed for the peroxide and bandages while she pulled heated water off the woodstove and dug out the herbs--rosemary to bring oxygen to damaged tissues which eases pain and promotes fast healing, and yarrow to stop bleeding. I soaked my finger for several minutes in the infusion. Then I surrounded the finger with the wet herbs and wrapped it with an infusion-soaked cloth which I left on and resoaked for

the rest of the afternoon. I should add that I also toned when it happened and while soaking it.

Majik. Soon the pain disappeared and most of the intense throbbing stopped. Already the next day there was hardly a sign of entry or exit. There was no infection, scar or recurring pain, although the bruised bone was tender for a couple of days.

Yarrow. Using the yarrow reminded me of a friend who gouged a deep cut below her knee a couple of years ago. While visiting here, she stumbled in a hole hidden by a drift of snow and landed on a sharp rock. She let it bleed good to clean it out and then poured finely ground yarrow from her herbal first-aid kit into the gash. The quickness of the healing and faintness of the scar were impressive indeed.

CLAY

Jae Haggard

Clay is reputed to be great for most any ailment and I'm inclined to believe it. I use it in several ways. In my occasional trips away from Outland, I use it mornings to prevent much of the uncomfortable gas that change of food and water most always cause. What gas remains loses much of its poignant personality. Same thing if I take it before eating gaseous foods like sun-roots (jerusalem artichokes). I prefer to put the fine food-grade green clay in a cup, add about an inch of warm tea to cover the clay taste, stir well and gulp it down quick. I follow it with another cup of tea or something with a taste of its own.

When the psoriasis behind my ears flares up, itching and weeping, I spread on a wet-clay paste. Definitely eases the burning and seems to speed the return of more normal skin. Cleaver, elderberry or comfrey salve help too (thanks Nett!) Outland red clay works fine for the psoriasis and also for mosquito bites. Quick relief for me who's such an inveterate scratcher. By the way, to repel mosquitos (when no one here reacts to the smell) we rub feverfew leaves or blossoms on exposed skin. Takes frequent applications but works pretty good.

LEZ TRY THIS

BODY CARE PRODUCTS

TOOTHPASTE: 1 teas. baking soda, charcoal or powdered strawberry roots, 2 drops essential oil of peppermint. Add enough drops of water or peroxide to make a paste. Use when needed.

SHAMPOO: 2 Tbsp. chopped or ground soapwort root, yucca or jojoba, a large handful of chamomile, 2½ c. boiling water, infuse for ½ hour or more, let cool.

Doesn't suds, but cleans and is gentle.

CRACKED WORKHANDS CREAM: Mix olive oil, vit.E oil and liquid from lecithin gel caps with aloe vera plant gel and peel, mashed up good. A little ground oatmeal helps make a paste.

FOR SORE MUSCLES OR IN A BATH: Slowly bring to a boil 2½ c. cider vinegar, a handful of comfrey, ladies mantle, spearmint, yarrow--any one or combination of these herbs you have.

Cookie
Oregon

INSECTS

FOR FLEAS, TICKS, COCKROACHES, OTHER PESTS: Dr. Bronner's pure peppermint oil soap will keep them off pets and people, also good as a carpet shampoo.

Diatomaceous earth can be sprinkled on carpets and put on pets, sprinkled where your chickens dust, on goats, bunnies, etc. It is nontoxic to humans and animals and works better than most herbs.

Boric acid sprinkled around baseboards and in cupboards and around doors and windows gets rid of ants and roaches.

OUTSIDE BUGS: If you have a fly, mosquito, cricket or grass over-growth problem, may I suggest geese or ducks or a combination of the two. They are very easy care, beautiful, lots of fun and eat grass better than any lawn mower ever made, fertilize soil, eat bugs and their larva, and give wonderful eggs.

Cookie

REPAIRING WORK GLOVES

During my first season on land, while despairing at "the holes" and my need for yet another pair of workgloves, the obvious finally occurred to me. Repair them. I cut finger pads off a holey pair



Elizabeth Kelly Photo by Jae Haggard

of leather ones and using pliers, needle and fishing wire, sewed patches onto my current gloves. After a time the wire may loosen in some spots, but it's easy enough to snip and re-do. I'm proud to say my workgloves now have seven patches, none even beginning to wear. I've also repaired used winter gloves and slippers.

Jenni Moon
Nova Scotia

USES FOR RICE/SOY MILK BOXES

I transplant my tomato and pepper seedlings into ricemilk boxes. Cut off the folded top, few holes in the bottom, and set them in a tray. Easy to pull out for planting. Also try plastic bags folded down for seedlings. The bags are good for giving the roots lots of room, if you think that's important.

In the garden, I use the boxes around celery plants so the stalks grow up. Helps prevent soil from getting in the hearts. I push them in the soil so they don't blow away at our windy seaside garden.

Finally, I use them for freezing. Remove the top, cut down at the corners, fold and tape. Works good for veggies that freeze individually so you can get varying quantities. All berries, celery, onion, leeks, peas, beans, corn, peppers, herb and veggie "cubes".

Jenni Moon

Dykrostics

By Marnee Kennedy

CLUES

- A. Horizontal linear arrangements; lines of adjacent seats; boisterous disturbances or quarrels..... 70 14 76 82
- B. Lack of emotion or feeling; lack of interest in things; indifference..... 39 109 6 72 18 91
- C. The shelter of a wild animal; lair; small room for study or relaxation 44 27 66
- D. Lacking flavor or zest; tasteless; dull; uninteresting 51 36 75 34 108 5 31
- E. Period of time in a person's life between birth and puberty 28 38 54 1 85 101 47 63 79
- F. The joint, consisting of bones and related structures, that connects the foot with the leg 61 30 95 20 56
- G. A woman identified woman; a women who loves other women 118 59 3 22 103 65 50
- H. The land surface of the world, as distinguished from the oceans and the air; soil; third planet from the sun 107 90 88 10 26
- I. To make pleasurable or gratifying; to make bearable..... 92 13 102 84 106 121 60
- J. A sudden reddening of the face from modesty, embarrassment or shame..... 4 24 114 71 73
- K. A plant that yields a blue dyestuff, dark blue..... 110 120 16 119 112 35
- L. Inspiring an emotion of mingled reverence, dread and wonder..... 21 98 94 9 116 48 87
- M. Midday; 12:00 in the daytime..... 111 29 81 7
- N. To cause or allow to be seen; to display; to conduct or guide to point out..... 45 86 77 46
- O. To entwine as to produce a single strand; a spin or twirl; a sprain or wrench as of a muscle..... 17 62 32 100 80
- P. The handle of a weapon or tool, especially a sword or dagger..... 41 8 53 40
- Q. A female sheep..... 2 89 68
- R. The quality of something that renders it desirable ; the quality within a person that renders her deserving of respect..... 57 97 15 115 93
- S. Frequently; Repeatedly..... 42 117 37 19 52
- T. Without a female parent..... 64 113 33 11 49 78 43 23 105 83
- U. Human remains especially after cremation..... 69 104 67 12 99
- V. The ordinal number in a series following the eighth..... 96 74 55 25 58

1	E	2	Q	3	G	4	J	5	D	6	B	7	M	8	P	9	L	10	11					
11	T	12	U			13	I	14	A	15	R	16	K		17	O	18	B	19	S				
20	F	21	L	22	G	23	T	24	J			25	V	26	H	27	C		28	E	29	M		
30	F	31	D	32	O	33	T	34	D	35	K	36	D		37	S	38	E	39	B	40	P		
		41	P	42	S	43	T	44	C	45	N			46	N	47	E	48	L	49	T	50	G	
		51	D	52	S			53	P	54	E	55	V	56	F			57	R	58	V	59	G	
60	I			61	F			62	O	63	E	64	T	65	G	66	C			67	U	68	Q	
69	U	70	A	71	J			72	B	73	J	74	V	75	D			76	A	77	N	78	T	
79	E			80	O	81	M	82	A	83	T	84	I	85	E			86	N	87	L	88	H	
		89	Q	90	H	91	B			92	I	93	R	94	L			95	F	96	V	97	R	
98	L	99	U			100	O	101	E	102	I				103	G	104	U			105	T	106	I
107	H	108	D	109	B	110	K	111	M	112	K				113	T	114	J	115	R			116	L
117	S			118	G	119	K	120	K	121	I													

1. Place answers to clues over numbered dashes
2. transfer letters to numbered squares in diagram
3. When diagram is completed, quotation can be read
4. The first letters of the answers spell the name of the author of the quote

LAND LESY

Land LESY (Lesbian Economic System) is a regular MAIZE listing for Dykes on the land or reading MAIZE. LESY includes anything we want to give, offer or pass along to each other, as well as specific things that we need. Everything is Dyke to Dyke, for our personal use (not to sell or give to someone else). (See article in MAIZE #41)

LESY is not money-based: no buy/sell, no barter/exchange. No Dyke needs to offer something in order to accept something and visa versa. LESY works when we give what we have to offer (no sacrifice) and when we accept as much as we need or want. We each find our own balance in giving and receiving.

With each response to an offering or request, the Lesbians decide between themselves the details of the transfer--how, when, how many or how long, who pays for gas or shipping or materials, etc. We will create our Land LESY as we use it. Yes, use it, that's what it's for!

PENNY WILSON, POBox 59267, Chicago IL
60659-0267

I'll pay postage on anything I offer.
Offers: *34 peacock feathers; most are in great shape, but a few are damaged
*40 rolls of blue 1/4" wide rayon curling ribbon. Each roll holds 55 feet. Curls up if you pull it taut and run it between your thumb and a knife edge.

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

*3 dark blue glass lenses, shaped (curved) like the lenses on the front of traffic lights in the U.S.A. One is 5 1/2" across, 2 are 4 5/8" across

Requests: *Pre-1940's light fixtures--they don't have to work (I can do rewiring).
Write first, and I'll pay postage.

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

Offers: *Homeopathic remedies, open and unopened. List available.

LA ESTRILLITA (Little Star), POBox 45384,
Rio Rancho NM 87184

Offers: *Tenting inside house; listening to the wind; housebuilding exchange (ideas, labor, etc)

Requests: *Good company; knowledge of the stars; organizational, carpentry, tile skills

SUSAN RIEBEL, POBox 406, Rimrock AZ 86335

Requests: *Wimmin to help build straw bale home between March and June 1996.

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 SilkHope Liberty Rd
Siler City NC 27344

Offers: *Information/instruction in organic gardening/farming/greenhouse, carpentry renovation

Requests: *Work: carpentry, gardening, orchard, general work on the land (experience not necessary)

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

610-982-9012 (10a-9p only, please)

Offers: *Her 60 minute relaxation tape
*Ideas (I enjoy helping others brainstorm and problem solve)

Requests: *Suggestions for rituals (tried or not) for particular Sabbats, moons or purposes

*Interesting rocks

JUDITH SARA, POBox 278, Montague MA 01351

Offers: *Burdock root (limited quantities)

*dried peppermint, dried culinary sage, both organically grown

*Instruction/information on firing pottery with sawdust; basic information on handbuilding clay pots & sculpture

Requests: *Pottery books, tools, supplies and equipment

*musical instruments (I'd especially like a clarinet)

*Please write first. I'll pay postage.

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

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

NISSA, W4213 CoRd 360, Daggett MI 49821
906-753-2315

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

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569

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

Offers: *Any size or style of Red River
Menstrual Pads(for your own personal
use) Write for brochure.
*Any back issues of MAIZE that we still
have copies of
*Information on building: adobe, round,
non-toxic(send specific questions)
*Organic open-pollinated seeds from
our garden: pole beans, scarlet runner
beans, corn(rainbow inca and black
aztec), daikon radish, chard, lettuce,
dill, sage, hollyhock, cosmos, marigold,
zinnia, calendula, *Desert 4:00(wild)*
*IMPORTANT PURSUITS, Questions of Value
for Radical Dykes(by Lee). A set of
170 cards to stimulate thought and
discussion. For Lesbian use only.
*THE WIMMIN OF OUR DREAMS, By Jae
Haggard. Homespun fiction about a
Lesbian world. A LandMade Book(150p)
*Keep Breathing and Loving Myself,
Healing Myself (by Lee): booklets in
the Dyke Well-Being Series (Write for
info on participating in this series)
Requests: *Organic seeds(not hybrid)
Anyone have golden bantam corn?
*Used COTTON fabrics, sheets, for
rag rugs.
*Ideas for discouraging gophers in the
garden without destroying them.

SOMETHING SPECIAL, 7762 NW 14 Ct, Miami FL
33147

Offers: *Over 50 1-2 oz. amber glass
tincture/oil containers with eye-dropper
lids. Clean! \$ for postage appreciated
but not necessary.
Requests: *Heat tolerant veg/flower seeds

ZANA, MSC 044, HCO 4 Box 6872, Tucson
AZ 85735

Offers: *Book of my poetry and art, *herb
womon*, (send 6x9" self-addressed envelope
with \$1.24 postage)
**Journey to Another Life* (past-life medi-
tation tape)
Requests: *hickory nuts
*butternuts
*organic dried hibiscus flowers,
sassafras roots

SINÉ ANAHITA, POBox 93, Beaver IA 50031
515-275-4763

Offers: *will mentor lesbians interested
in keeping goats
*information about recycling school bus
as living space
*40 recycled windows and doors
Requests: *e-mail correspondence with
landykes jjensine@aol.com

HEATHER, POBox 809, Lumsden Sask S0G 3C0
Canada

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

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

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

ANNIE THE WEBSTER, (aka Browning) 343
Soquel Ave #312, Santa Cruz CA 95062
Offers:*600dpi 8 1/2x11 laser output from
Mac(ASCII or text only) diskettes
(send self-addressed 9x12 envelopes
w/postage to cover your output)
*Excellent editing skills (English
grammar, punctuation, etc.)

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

Offers:*Building, gardening, general
labor to women within a 2-3 hour drive
of NE Missouri (I'm a beginner, but I'm
willing to learn)

Requests:*Dyke penpals, visits from land
lesbians

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

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

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

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

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

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

KARINA, POBox 3074, Charlottesville VA 22903
804-979-0684 e-mail: NICK NICH@AOL.COM

Offers:*Radio air time, live or on tape/
CD on WTJU-FM Charlottesville. Send
your songs, stories, poems, jokes...
*Very informal B&B, place for people
to stay en route, can sleep in 1 room
of 3 room cabin

Requests:*Correspondence with womyn living
in community.

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

DAWN SUSUN, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrab-
hagh, Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD, Scotland
Offers:*Aromatherapy oils made up for
various conditions and problems,
physical and emotional difficulties.
Postage negotiable.

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

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.

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

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

BREN YAU, (Baca II), C/O Victoria Studios,
Nottingham Trent University, Shakespeare
Street, Nottingham, England

Offers: *Holiday accomodation sharing with
myself and my young daughter
*British native and nonnative herb,
ornamental, tree and veg. seeds
*Natural child rearing support
*taped music
*mutually supportive and creative corres-
pondence with like minded pen-pals
Requests: *Exchange of ideas, inspira-
tion, contemporary art, and feminist
politics by letter or e-mail
*Looking for a child-friendly dyke
community for a 3 month summer working
holiday in '96--need help
*feminist/Goddess/nature identified
stories, songs or chants, esp. for
children, on tape or music sheet with
lyrics
*herbal remedies
*recommendations of children's books (5+)

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

- AMAZON ACRES, HC66, Box 64A, Witter AR
72776
Visitors, primitive camping, 240 acres
- ARCO IRIS, HC70, Box 17, Ponca AR
72670-9620
- ARF/New Mexico Women's Land Trust,
POBox 707, Tesuque NM 87574
- BOLD MOON, 5780 Plowfield Rd, McLeansville
NC 27301 910-375-8876
e-mail: jjensine@aol.com
21 acres near Greensboro NC. Camping
for dykes who write or call in advance.
Also 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 OR 97470
- CAMP SISTER SPIRIT, POBox 12, Ovett MS 39464
- COVENTREE, Chris of Coventree, Troy ME
04987
Camping, visitors, apprentices,
community members
- DANCING FISH LODGE, 627 Wisteria Lane,
Waverly TN 37185
Seeking a co-housing communal living
commitment from women gardeners, musi-
cians, writers and artists. Currently
a 6000 sq.ft. retreat center on Tennessee
River and Kentucky Lake, 65 mi west of
Nashville. Campers and visitors welcome.
- DOE FARM/Wisconsin Women's Land Cooperative,
Rt 2, Box 150, Norwalk WI 54648
Camping, lodging, memberships,
summer work
- DREAM CATCHER CREEK, Creative Women's
Community, Mitzi, 2 Sundance Drive,
Weaverville NC 18787
Acre, 4 acre plots for sale, rooms to
rent, central studio space. 15 min from
Asheville.
- FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 SilkHope Liberty Rd
Siler City NC 27344 919-742-5959
Visitors, camping, community members,
work exchange
- FULL MOON ENTERPRISES, POBox 416, Hopland
CA 95449 707-744-1648 or 1190
Cattle ranch, camping
Womyn's festival in June
- HARMONY HILL FARM/Northern Minnesota
Women's Land Trust, c/o Audrey Freesol
POBox 124, Cotton MN 55724
- HIGH DESERT WOMEN'S LAND COMMUNITY, POBox
304, Ribera NM 87560
Seeking community members and women
interested in helping build. Camping
available. Please send SASE.
- HOWL/Huntington Open Women's Land,
POBox 53, Huntington VT 05462
802-434-DYKE
Open to all women and children.
- INTOUCH, Rt. 2, Box 1096, Kent's Store,
VA 23084
Camping and events center
- KIMBILIO, 6047 TR501, Big Prairie OH
44611 216-378-2481
Artist residencies
- LAUGHING R.O.C.S., POBox 2125, Snowflake,
AZ 85937
Looking for residents (wimmin and children),
land partner
- LESEPS, Community of Separatist Country-
Dykes, Pf 45, A-7400, Oberwart, Austria
We offer a room for lesbian visitors
who are looking for support or want to
share experiences about selfhealing.
Write for more info.
- LUNA CIRCLE FARM, Rt 1 Box 126, Gays Mills
WI 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 con-
servation 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 OR 97484 503-825-3603
Seeking residents
- NORTHERN MINNESOTA: Barbara Hodges,
1403 Savage Rd, Cook MN 55723
218-666-3114
Come share work and friendship. Visitors
welcome. Very primitive camping.
- OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569
Remote Lesbian Spirit Community seeking
residents committed to self-sufficient
living based in Lesbian culture and spirit.
Write for info on becoming a part of our
intentional community.

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

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

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

RAVEN'S HOLLOW, POBox 41, Cazenovia WI
53924; 608-767-3175 or 608-983-2715
Visitors welcome

Looking for residents/partners interested
in self-sustaining woman-centered living.

RIVERLAND, POBox 156, Beaver OR 97108

Lesbian art retreat, community members,
write for more info on either.

ROOTWORKS, 2000 King Mountain Trail,
Sunny Valley OR 97497

Women and girl children. No dogs.

Cabins and camping, \$5/day includes meals

SILVER CIRCLE SANCTUARY, Rt 5, Box 100,
Holly Springs MS 38635 601-564-2715

(6-8pm CST) One hour from Memphis TN
Camping, visitors, apprentices

SISTER HOMELANDS ON EARTH (SHE)

Box 5285, Tucson AZ 85703

Saguaro Sisterland, 12101 W.Calle
Madero, Tucson AZ 85743

SKY RANCH, C4, Site 20, RR2, Burns Lake,
British Columbia, V0J 1E0 Canada

Seeking residents. Write for info, send
SASE(Canada) or an IRC(USA)

SONORAN DESERT, POBox 544, Tucson AZ
85702 520-682-7557

Visitors welcome

SPINSTERHAVEN, POBox 718, Fayetteville
AR 72702

Our mission is to create and maintain
nurturing community homes for aging
women and women with disabilities. Have
43 acres with one trailer now, goal of
6-8 residents. Seeking tax-deductible
donations for environmentally friendly
development.

SPINSTERVALE, c/o Sunshine Goldstream,
Box 429, Coombs, British Columbia,
V0R 1M0, Canada, 604-248-8809

Any travelling woman is welcome to stop
by Spinstervale on Vancouver Island, BC.
We have a few small cabins (\$5/nite/
person) and camping is always available.
Work exchange, too, by arrangement.
Herbs, goats, gardening.

SPIRALAND/Spiral Women's Land Trust,
HC 72, Box 94A, Monticello KY 42633

Visitors, work exchange

SUSAN B. ANTHONY MEMORIAL UNREST HOME
WOMEN'S LAND TRUST, POBox 5853, Athens
OH 45701 614-448-6424

Seeking community members, visitors,
campers. Work exchange available.

SWIFTWATERS, Rt 3, Dahlonga, GA 30533

Riverfront campground or bed & breakfast

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

TOAD HOLLOW FARM, 605 Ferris Creek Rd.
Dubre KY 42731

Seek Lesbians to share land.

✓ TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview Lane,
Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972

610-982-9012 (10a-9p only please)

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

WE' MOON, 37010 SE Snuffin Rd, Estacada OR
97023 630-3628

Wimmin-only rural intentional community.

35 miles SE of Portland OR. Seeking new
members who are very interested in living
and participating in the work and play
of community life. Beautiful land, 52
acres, large organic garden.

WILD BROWSE FARM, 87 Bullard Pasture,
Wendell MA 01379

WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport
OH 43164

Seeking community members

WOMANSHARE, POBox 681, Grant's Pass OR
97526

Seeking collective members

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

Work exchange for landswomen, builders,
and gardeners to improve rural living
and construction skills, about one hour
from New Orleans. Developing community
with land ownership as well as community
land ownership of women-only space.
Please try to write for invitation to
visit and for rural living experiences
at least two months in advance.

WOMEN FIRST FOUNDATION, POBox 372,
Greenfield MA 01302

10 acres in New York

Seek lesbians and children to work and
play during summer building season

WOMEN'S ART COLONY FARM, c/o Kate Millet,
295 Bowery, NYC, NY 10003

Summer: writers and artists work exchange
Spring & Fall: Landswomen and builders
work exchange

WOMLAND, POBox 466, Searsport ME 04974

women's earth home

FIRST WOMYNS NATURAL BUILDING SYMPOSIUM AND HANDS ON EXTRAVAGANZA, June 1-8, Grants Pass, Oregon. For women builders and women in related fields, environmental activists, networkers and musicians interested in creating healthy healing homes and sacred spaces. Come together to co-create magic with our hands, earth, straw, wood, stone, recycled windows, agricultural bags filled with rammed earth and homemade plasters and paints and ?

Sliding fee \$200-300 includes vegetarian/vegan meals prepared for you, materials for building, use of library, camping space, a hot shower or two and tons of fun and networking opportunities (some worktrades available).

June 8th, Saturday, will be a natural building fair open to the female public, entrance fee \$5. Symposium participants are invited to give mini workshops, lectures, set up displays and sell stuff. Come share your ideas, your spirit, your experience and your magic.

For more info please contact:
Groundworks, POBox 381, Murphy OR 97533
541-471-3470



SEEKING DYKES for an ongoing phone workshop on ritual abuse for highly chemically sensitive dykes who are excluded from other workshops and groups due to lack of access. We have funding for phonecalls. For more info contact Debby Earthdaughter, HC4, Box 6872-044, Tucson AZ 85735, 520-822-2643 (I would call you back). If you don't have a way to be currently reached by phone, please enclose a self-addressed envelope. I have wrist trouble and would use that to mail you a cassette tape.

WOMEN-MADE HOUSE FOR SALE on Spiral Wimmin's Land Cooperative in Kentucky. \$15,000. Write Joy Lohrer, 5780 Plowfield Rd, McLeansville NC 27301 or call 910-621-3118, about buying the house. Write Spiraland about community membership at HC 72, Box 94A, Monticuello KY 42633 or call at 606-348-7913

DYKE SEPARATIST CELEBRATION: Lesbian Separatists will be gathering near Oakland, CA on Saturday June 22, 1996, for workshops, networking, potlucking, dancing and fun. Lesbian Separatists put Lesbians first in our lives; we are committed to building strong Lesbian communities and to fighting heterosexism as well as all other oppressions. This celebration is being organized by SEPZ, Separatists Eliminating Patriarchy with Zeal. We invite female-born Lesbians who identify as Separatists to join us for a day of camaraderie, strategizing and merriment.

In order to make this gathering as safe as possible for Separatists with Environmental Illness (EI), this event will be fragrance and scent free, drug and alcohol free, and smoke free. (No smokers please!) In keeping with Separatist ideology, no bisexuals or transgendered persons or sado-masochists will be admitted. This event will be child free.

Pre-registration is required. Separatists with special needs let us know ASAP. Wheelchair accessible. Separatists, please respond with a SASE and your enthusiasm and ideas to SEPZ, POBox 1180, Sebastopol, CA 95473-1180.

WOMEN AND FRIENDSHIP: We invite you to submit your writing for an anthology on Women and Friendship. Drawings and photos also welcome. Proposed deadline for submission is Dec. 1996. Write for more info: Pentheselia Unlimited, 6715 W. Roosevelt Rd, 2nd Fl., Berwyn IL 60402

DYKROSTICS ANSWERS:

Radicalesbians: The Woman (-Identified Woman)

Lesbian is the word, the label, the condition that holds women in line. When a woman hears this word tossed her way, she knows she is stepping out of line.

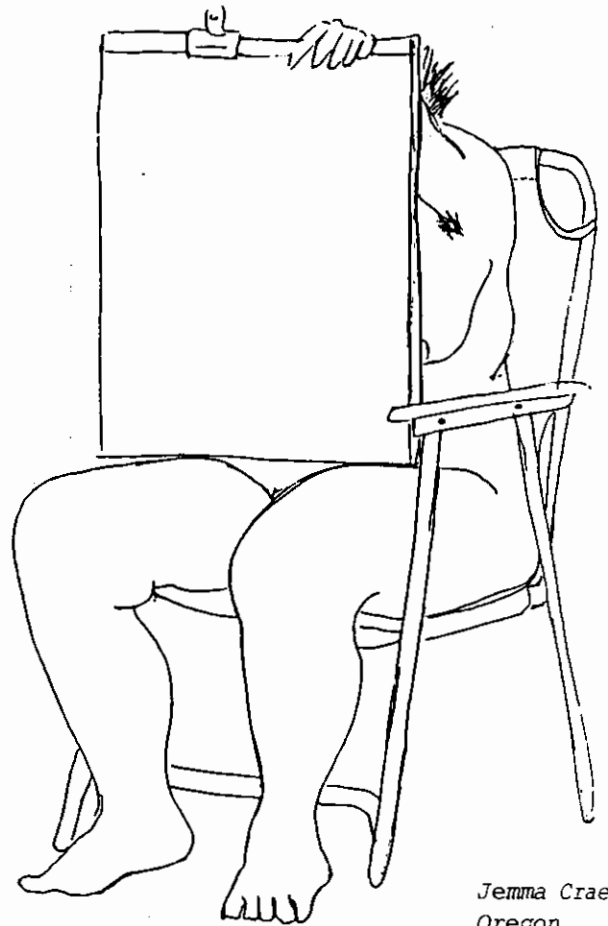
A. Rows	L. Awesome
B. Apathy	M. Noon
C. Den	N. Show
D. insipid	O. Twist
E. Childhood	P. Hilt
F. Ankle	Q. Ewe
G. Lesbian	R. Worth
H. Earth	S. Often
I. Sweeten	T. Motherless
J. Blush	U. Ashes
K. Indigo	V. Ninth

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CABBAGE LANE LAND TRUST: Cabbage Lane, located near Wolf Creek, OR, has been women's land for over 20 years. Her rugged and magical 80 acres are currently held as sacred wilderness space by Cabbage Lane Land Trust. Two more land payments are due before the land is paid off (\$2500+ in summer '96, and \$2500+ in summer '97). CLLT raised \$1160 with a wonderful auction in December, and is now conducting a funding campaign for the remainder of this year's land payment obligation. *We need 100 women to donate (at least) \$13 each!* Send donations to CLLT, POBox 2145, Roseburg OR 97470 (tax deductible is made out to OWLT, earmarked for Cabbage Lane). In return you'll receive a beautiful hand-crafted certificate of appreciation and a tree at Cabbage Lane named after you.

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES is creating a slideshow tracing the development of lesbian land community and culture from its inception to present day. The slideshow will be used for community building and outreach. We're asking landykes and former landykes to help us create the slideshow by submitting slides, photos and artwork of rural landyke community life and aesthetics. Include a brief description of each submission. We encourage all landykes whether living in community, on private land or in alternative rural communities to contribute to this show of rural dyke culture and sensibility. Material submitted will be returned upon request, otherwise it will be held in the permanent collection of the Lesbian Land Archives maintained by LNR. Send material to Etas, c/o LNR, POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408-0742.

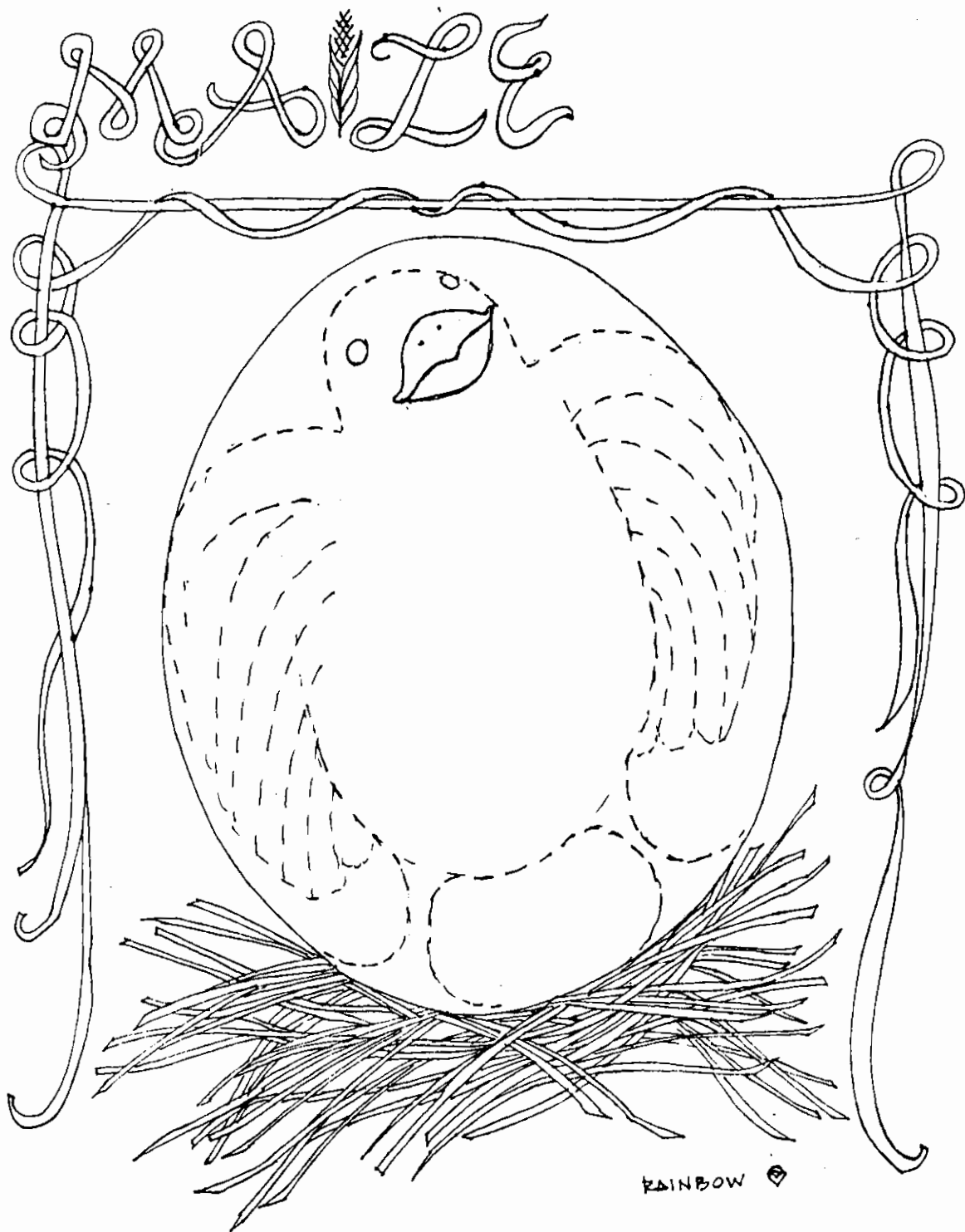
JEWISH WOMEN ON LAND: Ecology, nationalism, nature, rural anti-semitism, environmental activism, essays, reviews, poetry. Special issue of *Bridges Jewish Feminist Journal*. \$7.50 incl. p/h. Box 24839, Eugene OR 97402



Jemma Crae
Oregon

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL DYKE ART RETREAT ENCAMPMENT (DARE) will be held June 30-July 7, 1996 (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 vegetarian meals a day are provided. Limited registration, \$160-\$185. For information and registration brochure send SASE to DARE, 2000 King Mountain Trail, Sunny Valley, Oregon 97497.

OWL FARM: The proposal for a collective to contract with Oregon Women's Land Trust for maintaining Owl Farm, as discussed in the winter issue, was not accepted at the special OWLT meeting in Nov. A new proposal for the administrative separation of Owl Farm and Owl Trust, with Owl Farm remaining "pretty much" open women's land, is being considered at the March quarterly meeting.



\$4.00

SPRING 96

NUMBER 49