

MAIZE

A LESBIAN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

SPRING 97



Mary Frances

MAIZE NUMBER 53 SPRING 97

MAIZE IS BY AND FOR LESBIANS

MAIZE invites Lesbians to contribute articles, interviews, letters, comments, news of Lesbians on the land. Cassette taped interviews, discussions, articles, are accepted for transcription. (Please limit to 30 minutes tape-time; this is more than 5 Maize pages.) Editing on any piece will be done only in cooperation with the author.

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

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 Letters to the editor may be published in full or in part, unless specified "not for publication".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

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

MAIZE will run free announcements of particular interest to country Lesbians, and free classified ads by Lesbians especially for country Lesbians. Display ads: \$10 (4 1/2h x 3 1/2w)

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MAIZE

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zana
etz t'enah
arizona

BUILDING COMMUNITY AT SPINSTERHAVEN



NORTHWEST ARKANSAS'S HAVEN FOR OVER 55
AND DISABLED WOMEN

Sustana
Spinsterhaven
Arkansas

I have felt like I was part of the larger Women's Community for some years now. I have lived in three different communal situations, two on the land and one in the city, plus having spent over two years in a working collective. But I lived there as an observer. I was looking for an alternative to the Patriarchal system that I grew up in, trying to discover the answers to our social problems. If I didn't like what developed I could always leave.

I've always planned on retiring on women's land so I've read everything I could find on it, plus feminist theory and lesbian ethics, and I never miss an issue of *Maize*. The book *Lesbian Land* was a real eye-opener for me. It included many things that did not work and a few that did.

Now that I have decided to settle down and become a permanent member of a women's community, my concern about how to make it work has become quite personal. This is my own life I'm looking at now. My readings mostly told me what not to do, and of course that is good to know, but my live, personal experience left one fact glaring me in the face: individual personality plays a larger part than anything else. Some women "get along" and some don't.

That made me stop and consider the women who did get along and look for what they had in common. What I came up with the first time was that they seemed to appreciate themselves, and had no trouble setting their own boundaries yet were able to accept other women as equals. Once I wrote that down I saw I was making totally subjective assumptions. That was just how they seemed to me. The only objective observations I could make was their behavior within the community.

The most obvious ones to me were:

(1) When this composit woman presented a new idea to the group she did not appear threatened, but could gracefully hear corrections and additions. (About those corrections, Clarissa Estes, *Women Who Run With The Wolves*, says that no true friend tells you, "that won't work" or "that is ridiculous" etc., instead she says, "I don't understand; explain it to me." That way you find your own errors in the explanation, or perhaps you did only need to explain it more clearly. Your friend has honored you with her interest and given you a chance to talk about it.) Our composit woman didn't seem possessive of the idea. She was willing for others to build on it. That made it feel like she was just one of the members with the well-being of the community in mind rather than trying to be a leader. In every community situation that I have experienced, any woman who tried to run the show, take over, be a leader was either pushed out of the community or the other members pulled out and left her holding the bag. A leader type is too threatening to women's independence. (2) When she interacted with others she talked and acted in a respectful manner. (3) When she talked about herself she spoke respectfully of herself. She gave the appearance that she trusted herself. (4) When another woman asked her advice she never told her what she should do, but gave of her own time to discuss the problem. (5) She set her own boundaries. For example, "I have an hour at 4:00; can we talk about it then?" (6) If she caught someone in a mistake, she never corrected her in public. This is very important if you want to keep others trusting you.

All of us could do some of these things some of the time, but the more we did them the better we were liked and trusted, and the better we felt about being in community.

This list of what appears to be positive

behaviors for a community dweller is not as simple or innocent as it looks. Most of the items have been used by the Patriarchy for remolding women into what the Patriarchy needs, with no consideration for women themselves. Because of this many of us carry resentments and rebel against them. However, I think it is not the behavior itself that is the culprit. I think it is the reason behind the behavior that makes the difference. If we talk and act in a respectful manner because we will be beaten, or socially ostracized if we show disrespect, it is quite different from talking and acting in a respectful manner because we honestly do respect someone. In the latter case we are coming from our own center, using our own power. In the former we have no power. Someone else is controlling us. I think we have to be careful not to discard something useful just because it has been misused by the Patriarchy.

Each resident at Spinsterhaven will be a member of the Resident Council. It's written in the lease. That way we all have equal power and responsibility when it comes to making decisions about how we live. I'm for as few rules as possible, but things will come up when we have to make decisions. We will each have to learn to think out what we really want, be able to express it, perhaps alter it and adjust it until it will fit someone else's needs and still fit our own. This is possible; I've seen it done. We will also need to set up some procedure for mediation that is acceptable to everyone, for the times when residents disagree and need a third party to help settle it. We will need to have regular meetings, but we can



Every woman is a Spinster; like Spiderwoman, she spins the thread that weaves the tapestry of the Universe.

decide how often and what happens at them. They could include lunch, a card game, or whatever makes us happy. I am hoping there won't be any more rules than that, but we do have to deal with things like, privacy being a big deal at Spinsterhaven, can I have my grandkids visit me without invading the privacy of my neighbors? and if so, how long can they stay? Etc.

I spent months looking for some sort of guideline for us to use, a center to work from, something that would bind us together enough to care for each other and still leave us our independence and autonomy. Out of the many things I considered, the only one that felt comfortable to me was "happiness". I want to be happy. It's that simple. I have loved living at Spinsterhaven this past year. It has been an experience with Nature, and an experience with working on my life dreams, both of which made me happier than I have ever been. However, I suspect the fact that I have just retired and don't have to work a job anymore had something to do with it too.

As other residents move here, Spinsterhaven will become more complicated, but that is actually a new experience that I am looking forward to. I don't know of any women's land in this country that has worked everything out and found all the answers, but I think the challenge to try could be an exciting adventure in itself. What has to happen in a community to make it possible for women of all different backgrounds to be happy there? or at least as contented as they want to be. And of course, I have met women who not only have never been happy, but it never occurred to them to have happiness as a goal. I wonder how they would react to the idea. I strongly suspect that our favorite emotion is just as much a habit as how we brush our teeth, or how we get dressed in the mornings.

Another thing I considered was that to find this happiness for everyone, perhaps we would all have to trust each other. It didn't take me long to realize that trust is not as simple as happiness. Trust is sort of a loaded concept. If anyone ever asks you if someone can be trusted, your answer should always be, "Trusted to do what?" Respect your property? Keep a secret? To not hurt you? and does that mean not hurt you inten-

tionally or does it mean not hurt you at all? That last one is probably impossible since none of us knows exactly what would hurt the other. We all have such different backgrounds, experiences and life stories that there are no two exact expectations or definitions of a trustworthy person.

I found a poem that a younger woman in the community had written about trust. It boiled down to: "when trust is your coin, wisdom is usually your purchase." There is something positive in that, at least it made me come up with one idea that I thought was possible. If someone does hurt you, first assume that they did it accidentally. You'll have to tell them you've been hurt, and then ask them if it was intentional. If it wasn't then you don't give up your trust of her just because she didn't act the way you thought she would. She is still the same person, but now you have a better understanding of where she is coming from. You can alter your expectations to fit your new reality and resume your trust.

It seems to me that trusting someone else is a matter of us thinking we can predict their behavior and assuming they care for us or our ideals. The caring part is what makes it hurt when the behavior becomes unpredictable. We feel betrayed. We feel like a fool.

The first person I discussed this with said I was laying the blame on the victim, and that wasn't fair. But the way I see it, this is just another case of a concept that has been misused by the Patriarchy. They've changed it to fit their laws of logic. Patriarchy says that every action has a reaction, everything is either/or, good or bad, if something happens it is someone's fault, blame must be laid on someone. It would work if we left that part out. It's a perfectly good, workable concept if we turn loose of Patriarchal attitude.

A few months ago I got a letter from a friend in which she said something that really hurt me. I felt betrayed. It took me two months to write back and tell her I was hurt. (At first I was just going to never write her again.) But when I finally did tell her how I felt, she was horrified to learn that she had hurt me. We are now trusting friends again. Then it wasn't a week later that I turned

around and accidentally hurt a different friend. I think I have convinced her that I didn't mean to hurt her. She is a wonderful woman and I really don't want to lose her friendship.

Some of the things I've gotten from working on this article are that until I became committed I wasn't able to really understand and apply all that I had experienced. So for me commitment has to be. I don't know if that will be true for others who move to Spinsterhaven or not. There are women who seem to be able to go anywhere and get along great. Me, I have to work at it. I like the idea of using happiness as my measure, and I hope it will work out for others, but my happiness is not contingent on it. It also helped me to work out the behavior of successful communal dwellers. It is so much easier to have a guideline than to just blunder along hoping I won't do the wrong thing. And my look at trust says to me that I carry part of the responsibility myself. It shows me that I am unwittingly making false assumptions about other women's lives, assuming their definitions are the same as mine. But this will probably not show up until they happen to act in a way I wasn't expecting. Simple communication on my part can do a lot to counteract the hurt and loss of trust that accompanies this.

The only firm rules that Spinsterhaven has in addition to any mentioned here are in the Mission Statement. It is to be a community free of sexism, racism, and homophobia; nontoxic and free from physical, verbal or emotional violence, and that all residents are responsible for protecting the natural environment. The foundation of Spinsterhaven is mutual support and sisterly compassion.

This whole article has been my attempt to figure out how we can bring that about. I want any woman who reads this to know that these ideas are just mine, one resident, one member of the Resident Council and there will eventually be at least seven more residents with equal say and probably just as many ideas as I have. All our ideas should eventually mesh together.

For more information on Spinsterhaven and one free copy of the newsletter, write to Spinsterhaven, POBox 718, Fayetteville, AR 72702

OREGON GATHERING

BETHROOT

Some of us Oregon land dykes got together recently to talk about issues that are evidently making their way around lesbian land communities throughout the country. Longevity on land, decision-making, power imbalances, women new to the land, communal living, autonomous households, dyke land neighborhoods, the village model, old age and death and the future of the land, non-profit corporations, rights of survivorship, collective ownership--the list was long and substantive, and it was so delicious to sink my teeth into this material in the company of women who also had appetite for it. We have all been on land for several years; some of us first met 20-23 years ago in the early days of the women's land movement. We get to look back now, as women who have matured in our relationships with land and land companions. We have some things figured out; some puzzles are enduring, and we are looking toward a host of unknowns.

I have hovered around a particular question that I first saw raised in the pages of MAIZE, and I shared it along with the answer that satisfies me. Many lesbians make their homes in the country and on land, but only some lands are lesbian lands, right? What is lesbian land? To my mind, when lesbians imagine that the land we live on will always be held by lesbians--that it won't be inherited by non-lesbian blood family heirs or sold on the open market either during or after our lifetimes--that's lesbian land. There is a sense of permanence about claiming the land as women's space, a sense of heritage about the culture we are creating at this place on the earth. The questions that are most provocative to me, then, have to do with lesbian land future. Having been in on the early heyday of the women's land movement, I am asking--Where did everybody go? Where is the next wave of land dykes? And as Jean Mountaingrove so poignantly wrote in a MAIZE article (I paraphrase), am I devoting my life to create a world that no one wants to carry on? I guess generations of country folk have asked some version of this question:

"How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" I was comforted to be among women sharing these concerns, and heartened by a reminder that was uplifting: we may be in an ebb tide of the women's land movement, but what we are doing is remarkable, crucial, and new in history--We Are Lesbians Holding Land.

Two learnings crystallized as I listened to these mature land dykes talk. It would seem that it's been hard to keep 'em down on the farm in these parts, not just because of the blandishments of Paree/urban culture (and, to be sure, economic necessity), but also because of power dynamics on our lands. Women new to the land often have a hard time finding/creating space for their own visions. Talk reported in MAIZE from the National Land Dyke Gathering in Virginia echoes this reality, describing now a plethora of dyke lands being set up by one or two women who all want to do it their own way. (The next wave is particles?) A corollary statement emerged in our discussions and seems to be a piece of distilled wisdom from some of the 20+ year old dyke land settlements in Oregon (as well as from other land communities): longevity on land seems to favor those women who live in autonomous households, and those communities where individual autonomy is a strong weave in the fabric of everyday life. Among us there are several lands



Bethroot, *Fly Away Home*

Billie, *WomanShare*

Photos by Annie Ocean, *Rainbow's End*

held by women who started out as lovers/couples and who have "divorced", transitioning into land partnerships with separate households. (This is Fly Away Home's story, where I live). Two long-standing collective land partnerships in our neck of the woods are Rainbow's End and WomanShare, each offering a different and instructive model of organizing life-on-land (Rainbow's End: autonomous households with a "minimalist" approach to communal involvement; WomanShare: communal Main House and kitchen, separate cabins/studios, commitment to collective living).

We will talk more. Some of us will have a further, more detailed discussion of non-profit corporations as land-holding, land-willing options. Several lesbian lands are close by in the WomanShare area, and women there will be exploring neighborhood and village concepts. Some conflicts emerged around the shape and definition of a next get-together; we decided to come together again with some guided focus on conflict resolution. As we walked outside for a closing circle, the song that came to me was: "Step by step the longest march, can be won/Many stones do form an arch, singly none/And by union what we will, can be accomplished still/Drops of water turn the mill, singly none."

Bethroot Gwynn
Fly Away Home, Oregon
Oregon

FRAN

During the week-end of Jan. 18-19 I participated in a gathering of land dykes at WomanShare, lesbian land in Southern Oregon. The women present had come together by invitation of Jean Mountaingrove and Billie Miracle, both women with more than two decades experience creating lesbian community and holding women's land. The twenty women at this gathering represented a combined total of 300+ years of country living and 200+ years of that living in community.

Jean set the tone for our meeting by asking us to focus on questions that faced us as land dykes, to seek answers to those questions, to talk about what works, not what doesn't, and to speak to reality rather than fantasy.

With these goals in mind the group decided what some of the questions were:

How can the lands we hold, privately and collectively, be passed on to lesbians, remain in lesbian hands? Can we create new/different ways for women to live together on land, in community? How can we deal more successfully with power imbalances, control issues, treat each other responsibly and with respect? How do we attract the women we want/need to continue communities on land? What can we do to revitalize lands that need women energy to maintain/restore the physical, spiritual and emotional structure? There was special interest in WomanShare around this particular question.

We met in small groups of our choice to talk about specific issues, reforming the whole group again to report and expand discussions. What I report here are some of the answers I heard to questions that are important to me, as well as my personal perceptions of those conclusions.

How do we insure the lands we now hold privately and collectively will stay in lesbian hands? Some answers: deeds with "rights of survivorship" clauses (wording specific to Oregon law) naming the woman or women we want to hold title to the land after we pass, formation of non-profit corporations (a relatively easy and inexpensive process in Oregon) with Articles of Incorporation and By-laws that specifically state how the land will be held and passed on, the classic view of Land Trust in which a land trust of women hold title to the land and form lease agreements with individual or groups of women, the umbrella idea in which an incorporated non-profit, tax exempt organization (501c3) holds titles to several autonomous nonprofit incorporated lands.

What I heard: a unanimous desire to see land stay in lesbian hands, some need to direct who those women would be and how they would keep the focus of the community on the "founders" goals, some hesitancy to let privately held lands become collectively held until after the present owner's death, and the confirmation that the very fact that lesbians in Oregon presently, and have for twenty years and more, held land for lesbians and are committed to that land being lesbian land forever, is important and valuable work.

How do we deal with power imbalances and control issues? Some conclusions and answers: private ownership and the creation

of community who doesn't "own" the land creates a power imbalance, community with power balance has been created and is stable when women agree what their commitment to living on the land in community is, how women will enter and leave that community structure, an apprenticeship to the community for a specific time before full partnership is reached, autonomy in private living spaces that the community owns, respect for the autonomy of the woman who occupies that space if and when it does not affect the community's commitment and agreement as to how they will live together on the land.

This model is exemplified by Rainbow's End, collectively held lesbian land in existence for twenty-one years and where I have lived for nine. Two points were made about this community. It was not "open" land, and restricted by agreement to five women. And it had no "mission" other than providing safe space for five women to live together in community in the country, and remain "lesbian land forever."

The groups I participated in stayed focused on the goal, talked reality instead of fantasy, spoke of what worked, for the most part, and not about what didn't.

I came away from two days of positive, productive energy, fed by delicious food and deep love and respect, knowing, re-affirming what we had created as Oregon land dykes and what we were agreed to go on creating.

I came away with sweetness in my mouth and I went home with a familiar sour taste. I need to talk about my perceptions and the conclusions I reached in the last meeting of that weekend. In some poignant ways that meeting, its tone and interactions speak to the reality that many of the women present could easily call, "The Oregon Women's Land Trust Meeting syndrome", Oregon Women's Land Trust, a wonderful idea caught up and held captive by By-laws that hinder its ability to function as a decision making body, focusing all of its attention and energy on administering its only asset and what has become its greatest failure--OWL Farm, open women's land.

Many of us are haunted by the spectre of OWLT meetings past, meetings in which women spoke to one another and to issues in ways that were neither responsible nor respectful. We sat and allowed it. We were without the skills to change it, hard as we tried.

When the women gathered at WomanShare Jan 18-19, sat together to decide the questions of a next meeting, specifically the question of opening future meetings to all women who met one of the criteria for this by-invitation-only meeting (having lived on women's land for 4-5 years) and it was asked why some women had not been invited to this gathering, the bones of old skeletons began rattling in our closets, knocked open the doors to old behaviors, using survival skills appropriate to and sometimes successful at OWLT meetings.



L to R:
NiAcadagain (ex-Owlle)
Becky Bee, Groundworks
Shannon, WomanShare
Madrone, Fly Away Home
Fran, Rainbow's End

We were there so quickly, the old fears, the familiar control issues. Women asked for exclusion of specific women for safety reasons, wanting only the women who were present at that moment to be included in the next gathering. When asked why, reasons like, because we know we can work with them; a reference was made to women who were emotionally stable. Women became accusatory, directed questions to whose responsibility was it to guarantee safety in groups? Was that even possible? Were we willing to be called elitist? A woman answered, "Yes." A woman who had never been to an OWLT meeting, probably not having any idea that many of us were "grinding an old axe", offered her conflict resolution skills. Another woman became defensive, apparently feeling that offer of help had been directed to her, said she had done that work for ten years and was not going to do any more.

I am dismayed at and soured by our unresolved issues. I believe we must collectively exorcise the spirit of meanness, and self-serving manipulation that pervade too many OWLT meetings past, as well as ask women individually to take responsibility for their own cleansing in order for us to go on in groups when hard issues surface for women who suffer still. Let it begin with me.

There will be a meeting on March 29th at Rainbow's End, open to all lesbians interested in discussing the advantages/disadvantages of non-profit incorporation that names lesbian land as an asset of that corporation. 541-440-2272 (Fran)

Fran Carroll
Rainbow's End, Oregon

MUSAWA

WomanShare. Billie Miracle and Jean Mountaingrove call a get together of friends who have lived on the land for at least four or five years to talk about where we are at as communities and issues that are up for us now. "Family reunion" is the word that gets used to describe what it feels like being in this group. It occurs to me this is both our family of origin(as in the origins of womyn's land community) and our family of choice (as in lesbians choosing to be family/



Lori and Musawa from We'Moon

community with one another and to make ourselves at home together with the earth). And that it has been a stretch to get from one to the other...the stretch from the seventies to the nineties, for one thing, the first twenty years of womyn's lands in this country. This is where it started, here on Oregon Women's Land.

For me it was a call for a council land lesbian elders. This is my affinity group. We are all lesbians who are committed to lesbian land community and are still here doing it. These womyn are my extended family, lesbians who, despite all the differences among us and our land communities over the years, have come to respect and love one another for who we are and the life we are creating as lesbians on the land--if even from a distance. We have chosen this path and we are choosing each other to come talk with together now about how it is going and what happens now... Just seeing us gathering in circle is a huge affirmation of our choice to be who we are and to do what we are doing.

If we didn't do anything else but file into that room and sit in circle together and look around, that would have been enough for me. I feel it in my gut: this is a momentous occasion. It's not that it is so new--we have been gathering together in circles like this for one thing or another for over twenty years now, some of us. But it *feels* new. As twenty odd land dykes come up the driveway, one by one, two by two and four by four and unload from their cars(that are much newer, comparatively, than the ones we used to

travel in to gatherings like this), and walk up out of the picture of the big picture window (overlooking the meadow we drove through to get to WomanShare) and come into the room of the main house... there is a definite hum in the air. We exclaim away, as one or another old friend shows up. It is a surprise and a joy to meet each one, whether they are old womyn's land gathering cronies or ones who have been on the fringes for a long time, quietly doing this or that but not particularly into showing up for group scenes. or whether they are coming into this circle of S.Oregon land dykes for the first time.

No one knows what to expect. But whatever it is that has brought us here, we feel it immediately; it is palpable, in the room as the womyn come in and we see who are gathered here. That old tribal feeling comes back. "Womyn who love womyn have strong faces..." That song always pops up when I look into the faces of lesbians in circle, lesbians who also love land and also have strong minds and spirits. We know because we know these womyn and we have faced many of the same things together in one way or another. Somehow, though, it feels like we are coming together to do something we have not been doing for a long time: circling with the specific intention of talking about community.

Another phrase that emerges over the day and a half of meeting together is 'ebb tide'. It feels like lesbian land communities here in Oregon have been at low tide for a long time, that the great wave we rode in on so enthusiastically in the seventies has ebbed and that many undercurrents have been pulling the other way. Is this what a wave feels like when it rolls up on the shore as far as it can go and then starts to slide back into the ocean? Like, is the next wave coming? Ranging in age from thirty something to seventy, we represent a couple generations of founding lesbian lands... and we are wondering: who are the ones coming after us? where are the younger lesbians, the next generation of lesbian land dykes? As lesbians on land, our offspring come through the community/culture/lifestyle we are creating together--and if there are so few following in our footsteps, what does that say about the culture we are creating? Is it sustainable? What will happen to our lesbian lands and visions

when we are gone? We experience the ebb tide in the fact that some of our lands lie fallow and many are currently looking for new members, womyn who do not just come and go but who stay to live with us and are in it for the long haul.

Somewhere along the line, we realize it is not just the other lesbians out there who are not choosing to join us, that is evidence of the ebb tide, but that we ourselves have ebbed and flowed away from community among us. Gone are the days of the many great gatherings, large and small: of WomanSpirit, music festivals, full moon circles, 'Singles Summer'; healing circles, meditation circles, overflowing workshops and workdays, of streams of visitors coming through the lands. Some festivals remain, like Fall Gathering put on by WomanSource down south in Ashland, and some lesbian publications like We'Moon up north in Estacada, but it feels like 'the ridgepole is sagging in the middle', as the Book of Changes says.

The heart of our womyn's lands is the actual communities where lesbians live together on land, whether individually or in couples, in households, in collectives, in big open women's land, or in collections of private individuals autonomously sharing land. These communities have pulled away from center in some way--valuing autonomy over collectivity, becoming more individualistic and more isolated from each other. The movement has been away from rather than toward each other on the whole, and even the events that used to hold us together are now often sparsely attended, like Community sings and Solstice/Equinox/Cross Quarter Day Circles at Fly Away Home, or Land Trust meetings. Our creativity still thrives--art, concerts, and the written word--the culture we are creating is still our strong suit. Regular events and projects like Writer's Group, the Grapevine, Dyke Art Camp, Artists group, We'Moon Almanac, these are still going strong and bringing us together.

But on the day-to-day level of surviving and thriving as communities, this is where we are feeling the pinch. This gathering grew out of our need to council about the state of our lands. What is our part in creating the circumstances we find ourselves in? How do we go on from here? Gathering in intentional community to

address these issues is new. It is 'new' for us now, anyway--someone says it is like it was in the old days, in the seventies...when we would talk and circle and gather to work and play and sing and dance out what we were consciously creating together.

The main topics that are culled out of the first day's small groups are: I. non-profit organization/umbrella group, and II. village/neighborhood. There is less interest in 'communal' living (group living in one household? communities with a strong central pull--where you eat and meet together alot?) The level of organization most wanted, it seems, is something that brings our independent homes, families, lands together. There is new interest in the village concept (shades of Mama Mountain? but with already developed lesbian lands) where we live in autonomous households as neighbors in a larger community. The main example is right where we are: WomanShare, which is decentralizing, shifting from a strongly communal land to a village center for a whole neighborhood of lesbian houses and lands that have grown up around it.

There is virtually no interest in 'open women's lands' a concept which has been embodied by Owl Farm, our collective baby (teenager?)--which members of this group have been and still are holding up in turn. Despite all its high ideals, OWL Farm has continued for much of her twenty years to be dysfunctional in some pretty outrageous ways and continued to be a drain on the limited resources of the larger land community that created it. OWL Trust, the beleaguered mother organization, is getting tired of the martyr role--there is almost no one left who will play it--as it struggles to unburden itself of the monumental task of carrying a land that cannot support itself, and the co-dependence (both ways) that results.

There is, however, a new burst of enthusiasm about the possibility of re-vamping the by-laws of Owl Trust as the (501c3) umbrella group it was intended to be--to resource all of the Oregon Women's lands. Could we turn Owl Farm loose from being the only child of the Trust by making it a 501c2 title-holding member organization under the Trust's umbrella? This has been proposed and shot down before--by righteous indignation at the thought of tinkering with the ideal of

'open womyn's land' (especially by those who are not here to have to deal with making it real day-to-day or from one Land Trust Meeting to the next). But in this room, proposing this option seems to bring instant relief. Gleeful looks are exchanged at the thought of dismantling the dependent (spoiled brat? neglected child?) status of OWL Farm, whose tantrums dominate the energy of the whole OWL Trust... and render it ineffectual as a resource of our larger community.

An alternative would be to develop a whole new 510c3 organization to do that for us, which there seems to be more immediate support for at the non-profit small group discussion. OWL Trust still seems too tainted by distrust even if its unworkable structure were changed. What about a group that could function more like the one we are in right now? It could maybe grow out of this gathering to serve the needs being expressed here that have not been met by OWL Trust due to its unhappy absorption with the survival of OWL Farm. The advantages of being a spiritual organization are also considered, and we toss around the possibility of establishing a whole new order, of becoming Sisters of the Holy Order!...of lesbian lands.

There is also much discussion of forming simple non-profit groups without going through the expensive time and energy consuming rigamarol of becoming a tax-exempt organization--and use existing 501c3's like OWL Trust or LNR as umbrella groups for funding, without any official centralized connection. Group meetings are planned to discuss further all these options. There are numerous lands represented in this room looking for a sustainable non-profit form to transfer title to. In answer to the question, why?, some of the reasons given are: liability (can the land be taken from us for someone's medical bills, debts? someone getting hurt and filing a suit?), shared power and responsibility (community and private ownership are not a happy combination), survival of lesbian lands in the future (beyond us, personally).

Musawa

We'Moon, Oregon

Musawa's impressions of the second day of the gathering will appear in the summer issue of Maize (#54)

WE ARE LAND WIMMIN

Jae Haggard
 Outland
 New Mexico

sing one octave lower.

9996

We are Land wimmin, we are Landyke wimmin, living
 with the Land. We are Land wimmin, we have landed
 wimmin, all ways doin' all we can. Dreaming, can-do, candid
 wimmin. Hopeful, calloused, wind-tanned wimmin. Giving, growing,
 wizened wimmin living hand in hand. Being all we can.

We are land wismin, we are Landyke wismin
 living with the land.
 We are Land wismin, we have landed wismin
 all ways doin' all we can.
 Dreaming, can-do, candid wismin
 Hopeful, calloused, wind-tanned wismin
 Giving, growing, wizened wismin
 Living hand in hand
 Being all we can.

We are land wismin, we are Landyke wismin
 living with the land.
 We are Land wismin, we have landed wismin
 live with Dykes, birds, trees and sand.
 Gardening, laughing, weaving wismin,
 Farm, community, lonely wismin
 Quiet, talking, movin' wismin
 Living hand in hand
 Being all we can.

We are land wismin, we are Landyke wismin
 living with the land.
 We are Land wismin, we have landed wismin
 in our diversity we are grand.
 Wrinkled, playful, knowing wismin
 Mourning, heart-full, building wismin
 Singing, working, opened wismin
 Living hand in hand
 Being all we can.

We are land wismin, we are Landyke wismin
 living with the land.
 We are Land wismin, we have landed wismin
 we're tribe, kin, family and clan.
 Joyful, wheeling, caned wismin
 Dancing, thoughtful, pained wismin
 Try it once and try again wismin
 Living hand in hand
 Being all we can.

*I've recorded this song and others onto
 an unpolished LandMade tape called
 Country Dyke Songs. I'd love for you to
 have it if you want. It's my gift to you
 and is listed in LANDLESY.*

ON THE LAND

DOE FARM

WISCONSIN

An Open Letter to All Womyn:

This April, Wisconsin Womyn's Land Cooperative (WWLC) and her 80 acre farm, Daughters of the Earth (DOE) will have been around for 20 years. While this is certainly great cause to celebrate, it is also a time when we are taking pause to consider our future.

Each year has been a continuing struggle to hold on to and preserve this womyn's space. Each year the number of womyn enjoying and maintaining her becomes smaller. And the energy those womyn have to contribute gets less.

It seems every time that we have a meeting, we battle with the frustrating questions: "Where have all the womyn gone? Why? How do we get help in keeping DOE alive? Is there still a need and want of DOE? Do we remaining need to let go and move on, as it seems so many others have? Or do we need to change in some way, to meet the needs and wants of changing womyn, and changing times?"

We are asking for your help. Write to us. Call us. VISIT us. Let us know what you want, what you need. If you are using this space, why? If you're not, why not? Do you want to see this space continue to be here? For you, and for the future? And most importantly, what are YOU willing to DO, what are YOU willing to GIVE, to make that happen?

These are some of the key policies/philosophies WWLC has held for most of her 20 years. Would changing any of these policies make you more, or less likely to enjoy and support DOE?

*DOE is womyn born female space. We welcome womyn and girls of all ages. Males up to 3 years only. KEEP _____ CHANGE _____

*WWLC is a nonhierarchical group. We use consensus decision making at meetings, where all womyn have equal voice. KEEP _____ CHANGE _____

*DOE space welcomes pets with responsible womyn. We have "pet free" and "pet ok" spaces. KEEP _____ CHANGE _____

*DOE has chemical (drugs and alcohol) free spaces and chem ok spaces. Smoking out-

side is ok, away from other womyn.

KEEP _____ CHANGE _____

*WWLC has herstorically valued low impact on the land. And we've always had limited resources. As a result, DOE is quite rustic. Would having any of the following facilities make you more likely to use DOE? Which ones?

hot showers for campers, better/more outhouses, RV parking w/ electric hookup, shuttles to bike trails/canoeing, more accessibility for larger groups, picnic tables, etc, better hiking trails, more workshops, more social gatherings, charcoal grills

*WWLC is open to all womyn, and made up of those who make the active choice to become involved. DOE space is what we make it. Are you willing to do any of the following?

Become an annual member, organize/facilitate a workshop or gathering, become a resident, write a grant, help with outreach, help with a work project, organize a fundraising event, donate skills, materials, money for a project

We sincerely hope to hear from you soon. We simply can't keep doing it without you. There are too many notices in LC and other publications about womyn's groups, land communities, and businesses closing. If you value DOE, now is the time to get involved.

You can contact us at DOE/WWLC, RR2, Box 150, Norwalk WI 54648. 608-269-5301.

Sincerely,

Wisconsin Womyn's Land Cooperative
Coordinating Council: Marti Graham,
Kathy Bowman, Jo Baumgarten

WESTWIND

NEW MEXICO

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

POBox 304, Ribera New Mexico 87560

Rebecca
in her house
at West Wind
Photo by
Pelican



Sunflower, West Wind Photo by Pelican



Rebecca, Spes; West Wind Photo by Pelican



Kya, Rebecca, Dianne; West Wind
Photo by Spes

BELLE SPRINGS

TEXAS

A Generic Letter from Belle Springs to Inquiring Minds

Belle Springs is located about 35 miles West and South of Austin, Texas, the state capitol. If you've never been to Austin before, you may be pleasantly surprised by the vibrant, diverse cultural scenes, and mostly progressive/liberal attitudes of folks around here. The 60 acres of Belle Springs sits atop a long ridge overlooking the Pedernales River valley and a 50-mile view, then gently tilts down to a seasonal creek, little pond, and a small natural spring. It's mostly wooded, with a few big fields, several dirt roads and lots of trails. We're near "The Heart of the Hill Country", a unique bioregion that rises in waves of soft hills with deep ravines. This area bridges the flat lands to the East, that are in the Mississippi River drainage to the Gulf, miles away, with the edge of the great desert mesas to the West, miles away. Belle Springs is almost 1000 feet higher in elevation than the city of Austin, which is a cool thing to notice during the 40-minute drive.

This area has a lot of springs seeping from hillsides and spouting from fissures in the porous limestone rock, which holds many levels of underground aquifers--a sacred gift of Gaia, 'Mother Earth', that lots of people around here are defending from the rape-the-land development interests. It's quite green here, year-round, with a variety of trees and grasses. The climate ranges from warm to darn hot most of Spring, Summer and Fall, with occasional bouts of rainstorms, to cool, damp, and occasionally freezing in Winter, usually November through January. The zillions of wildflowers around here in the Spring are a fabulous free show, and coincides with the cactus blooming across the Southwest. Come on by any time of year--it's always "real and earnest" as a grandmother used to say.

There's one large Community House, with a spacious main room, big kitchen, and 2 full bathrooms, downstairs, and upstairs, a big dorm-like sleeping room and a bedroom, which can accommodate up to 13, and another full bath. The house has been mostly built by lesbians, with

some help from friends and neighbors. It's not yet completely finished with sheetrock and trim, but it's basic-comfortable. A small 'cab-over' camper set up (off the truck) a short walk from the house is sometimes available. The camper has electricity and a small stove, and sleeps 2 people up to about 5'8" tall. There's plenty of car-camping and tenting spots, and even room for a few R.V.'s (call ahead to check on length, etc.) It's possible to bring an electric extension cord and hose out to most camping areas.

We maintain a vegan kitchen (no animal parts or products used for humans), and buy as much organic produce and bulk/low packaging items as we can find. There's usually a small refrigerator available for guest use. There's an outdoor kitchen with roof and floor, gas stove, hot water sink. Also, solar outdoor showers. There are several fire circles at various spots around the land, and most could be cooked at, too. Water to the house is from a 5-year-old well tapping three aquifers to almost 600 feet down. We also buy and carry in drinking water from filter machines in town. There is a large septic system, also 5-years-old. Electricity is supplied by a rural coop, in this case a pretty big company that usually keeps the power steady. Someday we'd like to install wind turbines or maybe solar panels for electricity.

Currently living here are 4 lesbian womyn, dogs, cats, deer, foxes, long-eared rabbits, and every once in a while, a big Texas-skyfull of birds, migrating in great masses. We want to share the experience of life in the country with other caring womyn. We welcome womyn visitors (males with them by possible prior arrangement, on a short-term basis), and are open to considering longer-term guests and residency for womyn, lesbians preferred.

Belle Springs also functions as an occasional venue for groups, mostly womyn, for workshops, retreats, etc. Many of these events have been 'goddess oriented', female empowering work. For the near future, most of the resources of the Community House will be needed intensively during venue events, and those living here will need to temporarily accommodate an average of about 15 women over a three-day weekend, once a month. Long range plans

include building cabins, yurts, etc. off in different areas to be residences, so the house can be just shared/group space, and venue space.

Other companion animals are welcome here too, with appropriate human responsibility taken for their care and safety as well as ours. For example, we don't usually let the dogs run 'free' because it's just too dangerous for many reasons. We can fence in an area near a campsite for a guest's dogs, and we often have extra kennel crates. We know how important it can be to have our animal friends with us, so we hope to be able to accommodate them too.

For short term visits, up to about a week, we request \$5 per day per person for basic use, which covers use of bathrooms and camping. Occupying the camper is \$7.50 per day per person, and indoor accommodations with a bed is \$10 per day per person. Longer term visits can be arranged individually, with a more appropriate cost agreed on (ie, less than short-term rates). We also

have a hot tub that is mostly used for venue events, but can be cranked-up almost anytime. Full-service on the tub--we scrub it out, monitor the heat, drizzle in the lavender oil if you wish--costs \$20 (about half that is the electricity cost). There's always plenty to do around here, and work exchange in lieu of part of the costs of accommodations can be arranged, most likely. We're especially in need of building trades crafters, serious gardeners, and large-scale artisans, and we'll be happy to talk with interested womyn about whatever you'd like to offer. Barter and trade are a welcome aspect of our economy--but of course the various creditors want dollars, so it has to balance, somehow.

After 5 years of intensive building--facilities and networks--we're hoping for more dear and beautiful dykes to join us, doing their things here, giving and getting joyful energy, supporting each other in our many good works. Y'all come!
POBox 90623, Austin TX 78709

SUBAMUH



Jan, Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home
(SuBAMUH photos)



Mary, SuBAMUH, Ohio



Jan and Mary Photo by Cindi Swartz

GROUNDWORKS

EARTH HOME BUILDING



Sunwomb

Photos by Becky Bee

Becky Bee
Oregon

In June 96, full moon week, we sponsored the 1st Womens Natural Building Symposium and Hands On Extravaganza. 38 women came together for 8 days of building, sharing ideas, singing, eating, playing and magic. It was an incredible time. We co-designed and made a cottage of straw bales, rammed straw and straw erosion control tubes, earth and sticks. Its name is Sunwomb.

Lesbian Natural Resources sponsored 2 Groundworks apprentices for the summer of 96.

Billie Miracle of WomanShare did some beautiful finish work on her earth studio that was made in 95. We counted up 67 women who helped on its creation.

Groundworks gave lots of workshops through the summer. Very busy and fun.

I (Becky) am presently writing and illustrating a how-to womanual for cob builders--hoping it'll be out this spring. This is quite a challenge for a mud mind! Racing against time--I'll be teaching cob workshops in Australia in March and April. I'm excited to meet Australian women. I'm doing one workshop with the editor of *EarthWiseWoman* magazine. (POBox 38, Inman Valley, South Australia 5211).

The 2nd Womens Natural Building Symposium and Hands On Extravaganza will be in Oregon June 19-26, full moon and solstice. The plan is:

- *to add on to the cob gazebo 6 pillars shaped like women with their arms held up and holding each others hands to form the arches

- *natural plastering and painting on the building we created last year

- *a tour to Billie's house

- *do some arty stone work

- *share what we've learned

- *get to know ourselves and each other

- *have fun

- *videos, library

Next year's women only workshop plans are for Willits, California in July, Oregon in August. Write or call for more info: Box 381, Murphy OR 97533; 541-471-3470.



Linda Neagaen & Marna Hauk, Apprentices 96

WILDFLOWER FARM

A PARTIAL JOURNAL

Caroljean Coventree
Wildflower Farm
Wisconsin

August '95

A stream of boxes flows from embrace to embrace, out the back of a U-Haul, down a line of dykes, into this old farmhouse. From Nancy, to Sandy, to Wendy, to Emma, to Ann, to Rhonda, to Liz P., and Liz R. and Liz H. Kathy and Kim wrangle the sofa through the stairwell to its resting place upstairs. Sandra unpacks the computer she has so carefully transported. Sylvia and Katie organize the library/office room. Holly, Bobbi, and Mary screw together bookcases. Gale, Jeannette and Carolyn arrange the bedroom furniture and make the bed.

In minutes the truck is empty and someone has set out food in the cluttered kitchen. Plates of cauliflower, carrots, cole slaw, chips and dips, cheese and crackers, beans, bread, and salad are fast on their way out the door to the back yard. Folks collapse, chow, and chat. Children run and tumble, scream and giggle. All the while the trees stand by quiet on this late summer day.

Before I have a chance to connect with anyone, everyone waves goodbye. As the last tail lights disappear down the lane, I drop on the back stoop dazed. It takes months for the confusion to lift.

Fall '95

My partner feels abandoned and I cannot seem to reassure or console her. She feels she has lost me. I feel she has gained a farm. Daily life begins to focus on repairs. They are required. They are less frightening, easier than all the change, the confusion, her anger.

The well digger stammers, the well shaft and tubing are fine. He installs a submerged pump to replace the cistern and open-to-the-air system which resulted in "bacteria too numerous to count" on the water quality test. The vehicle with the crane that pulls the well crushes two of the new blue spruce I had so carefully planted, not knowing it was "the wrong place." After the clay settles, it takes

me a month to rebuild the well house foundation and fill the trench where the new water line was installed.

I invite friends for a work day. Mary B. mows the grass, methodically avoiding the gopher holes. Sally and Mary Lez remove broken glass from a first floor window. It takes all four of us to drag the old pump out of the well house, through the sticky, slippery clay, into the barn. Later I cut fiberglass rolls and stuff them around the rim between joists. I breathe through a mask, my breath is moist.

Jodi delivers a futon for Carolyn's bed. We talk about dyke life and lesbian land. On storm window frames scrounged from the deteriorating milkhouse, we chisel out the broken glass and caulk in unbroken panes rescued from other places.

Days before the ground freezes a new septic tank and drain field are installed. The surveyor found an ancient river bed passed by the house exactly where we wanted to situate the new system. The coincidence saves me \$4,000, the difference between a conventional and a mound. The credit union that holds the mortgage, however, requires the "savings" to be spent on other repairs.

One night I come home from work in town to hot air blasting from the basement. The new furnace is partially installed, the powerful blower is running. For one night I shower in a sauna. Ha. The day before, an air duct cleaner sucked away years of dirt, dust, and pet dander. Tomorrow the crumbling chimney will be capped, a temporary fix. The furnace installer says the regulator on the ip gas tank needs adjusting. I make a note to call the gas company in the morning.

Winter '95

Carolyn helps me tape thin sheets of plastic over the northeast windows. The kitchen table becomes habitable.

I fashion a scoop from a circular aluminum plate the airduct cleaner left behind. Carolyn stirs the cement with it. I grab a gob and slap the rough stuff into holes in the basement walls.

One weekend I drive hours to attend a conference on Community Sustainable Agri-

culture. I see a few dyke friends and acquaintances but the het, sexist atmosphere prevents me from relaxing. I gather growing tips and practical financial info and return to Sylvia's for the night. She and I and her lover, Nancy, stay up late eating popcorn and talking about lesbian community. I love it.

I'm working full time in town. Each night I come home and shovel a place for the car at the end of the driveway. Star shards break the brittle night air. My lungs ache but I love the sting on my cheeks. Each morning I shovel the car out. Twice I hire the township guy to plow the drive. He scrapes the new gravel off the lane onto the lawn and into the ditches. I will spend hours in the spring shoveling it into a wheelbarrow and dumping it back onto the driveway.

Candiemas. The thermometer on the garage reads -40 degrees. My car starts. A few weeks later the bird migrations return.

The Land

Wildflower Farm is an eighty acre parcel that lies in a F shape north to south. The farther south you go, the higher the ground gets. For my first nine months here, relying on a realtor's opinion, I thought the property ended at the top of the south hill. Last summer a local forester and I wandered the land, chewed weed stems and shrub bark, crushed and sniffed soil samples. We noted vegetation and topography, trying to site a 15 acre forest I will plant in the spring. When we compared an aerial vegetation map with the actual ground cover and fence lines...Wahla! Suddenly twenty acres, the back, south facing side of the hill, was also part of this property.

To the east and west of the house, tangled raspberry bushes and towering sumac twist around fence lines. Three rock piles dot the northern meadows. From April through November a blaze of wildflowers dominates this landscape. The whole area tilts gently downward to the east. Runoff and a spring on a neighbor's property feed a creek, Cave Creek, that flows from north to south cutting the northeastern twenty acres roughly in half. The eastern most section rises a bit from water's edge and then levels off all the way to the road forming a perfect hay field of alfalfa and clover.

Beautiful white and norway pines surround the house and outbuildings. A few young american elm and box elder struggle here and there. This place was homesteaded in the 1800s, then farmed and grazed for more than a hundred years. The unhappy couple who sold the place to me were too busy fighting to grow crops or manage livestock. They put their seven years into readying the house for sale--putting new windows in the basement, laying a tile floor in the kitchen, reshingling the roof, painting everything inside and out, including the stucco exterior.

They left the land to the wild flowers and berry bushes. Pure white bloodroot, marsh marigolds, dandelions, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, anemones, milkweed, chickweed, prickly thistle, bladder plants, burdock, goldenrod, gooseberries, gentians, asters and dozens more parade across the slopes marking the changing seasons.

Spring '96

In April my employer finally agrees to a job share. Now I will work only twenty hours a week in town. (That is, after I finish teaching the women's studies class which started in March and ends in June.)

The ground stays frozen well into May. My partner is separating from me after months of talking and trying. With the driving, my office work, the class, the farm, and my grief, I am overwhelmed. I hire a local guy with a tractor to come till up two 60' x 30' beds. On Marti's advice I order hairy vetch seed which Mary B. and I toss across the back bed. Later, in the rain, I rake it in.

I listen to the wind wail, voices in my head debating, should I move to the basement? Woosh, boom, a tremor rattles the window. I peek out, careful to keep a heavy cloth over my face in case the glass implodes. Darkness everywhere, the yard light blinks off. I wait. I get bored. I go to bed. The next morning I discover seventy mile an hour straight winds felled a dead tree and moved the barn twenty feet off its foundation. A few days later Liz H. helps me saw up the old tree and stack wood for campfires.

While wandering around in the front meadow Liz and I find asparagus, rhubarb, and one blueberry bush. We rip off black plastic surrounding them, a mulch long ago overgrown with matted grasses.

In that old barnyard, I plant potatoes, tomatoes, okra, lima beans, string beans, eggplant, cauliflower, broccoli, beets, lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, zucchini, yellow squash, butternut squash, swiss chard, and zinnias. The soil is black, rich, and moist. Seeds sprout, seedlings root, weeds flourish.

Summer '96

Judith and Sandra chain saw brush and peel slats off the barn one day from morning to night. I dub them the Chain Saw Sisters. The kindling and firewood are stacked already.

Steele and I shovel, bag, and box what I fear is contaminated dirt, left-over varnish and paint, melted plastic, nails and miscellaneous materials from a burn in the back yard, a scar left by the prior owners. Over the summer I dispose of the boxes one at a time. The burn becomes a holy site. The bats and I spend long summer evenings there next to blazing fires.

Just before the credit union panics I get an electrician here to increase the ampage, correct faulty wiring, and create safe outlets near water faucets. The company owner warns me this guy says little and what is said, is said gruffly. After explaining exactly where and what I want done, I retreat outside to prime the garage trim.

Although I drive my hatchback into this outbuilding, "garage" seems like the wrong term. It resembles a short version of an old wooden covered bridge...one with a back wall, a dented-in back wall. The box elder behind it is slowly but surely pushing the whole structure into the ground, front footings first. The upper front has been cut out to allow enough space for a car to enter. I have already painted its sides barn red. I want to save the wood until I get the guts and the know-how to lift it, move it forward about 6 feet, and give it a foundation. Painting the trim rescued me from the male

electrician, if not from his radio blasting Rush Limbaugh's slime. Between the poison from the paint fumes, the poison from the radio, and the poison from the electrician, it was not a good day.

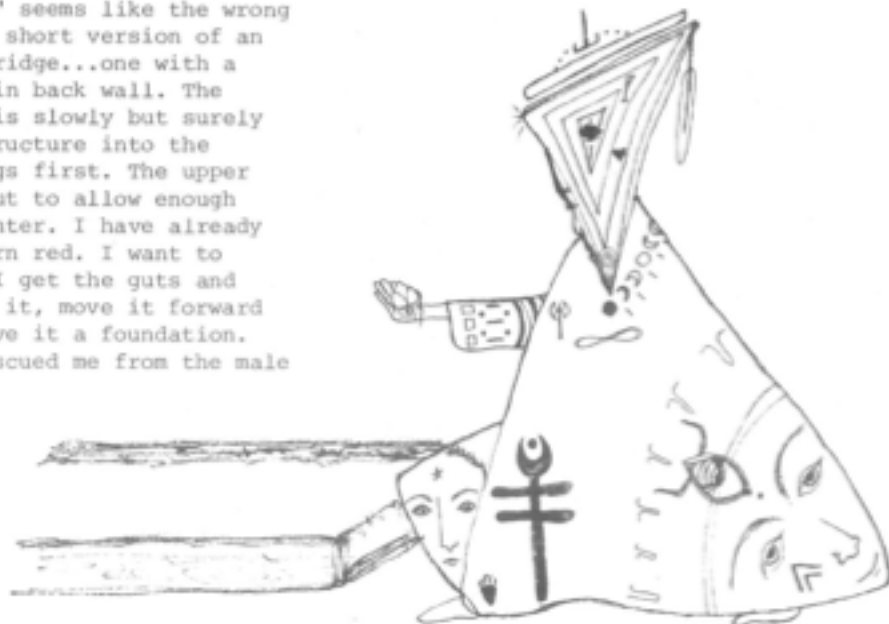
A hardware store sponsors a five minute swap shop on a local radio station. Someone is offering free storm windows. Carolyn and I drive over, me with my hatchback, her with her sedan. The owner looks at us doubtfully. We drive away smiling with twenty-five storms and future plans of cold frames and greenhouses.

Fall '96

The leaves begin to turn. Purple pea-like blossoms dangle from the hairy vetch vines. Katie helps me harvest the potatoes while Emma supervises in a lounge chair nearby. The crop is large in number but small in size. We claw through the black loam seizing the little blessings and laughing under the heavens.

Tramping around the weeds next to the garden I stumble over a butternut squash, a little mouse chewed but beautiful all the same. A treasure hunt begins. I find six whole ones.

Heron, Judith and I build a new pole shed. We work a day here a day there, whenever they can get away from their city lives at the same time. We mark



PLANTING LILIES
Kiwani
British Columbia

the ground with blue chalk lines, breathe powder from the concrete mixer, pound bent nails into studs, sniff the air to savor the scent of fresh cut wood, balance our considerable weight on 2" beams, tar our jeans, grunt and groan, curse the gods, cackle at each other and love bringing this 16 by 20 foot building into being.

We tuck its roof under the eaves of the chicken shed, a wooden structure with decaying cedar roof tiles and a chicken wire enclosure off the back. Although not attached, the chicken shed forms the east wall of the new pole building. We vow that next summer we'll jack up the chicken shed and replace the rotting beams and sides so it won't fall on the tractor.

Carolyn wears a bright red baseball cap. I can barely see it as she waves from across the field. We are planting stakes tied with strips of cloth. We are marking the edge of a forest not yet planted, measuring yards and yards of shoulder high grasses with a 25' tape measure. The sun blesses our squiggly line. We are so pleased with ourselves.

Winter '96-97

Judith turns and waves to me from her freshly painted red 8N Ford tractor (circa 1950). I'm behind her in her truck. Its hazard lights blink in rhythm to country western music blaring out the windows. During the hour drive from her old stomping grounds where the tractor has waited for her these past ten years, I watch red-tailed hawks soar above us and pheasant hens scramble in ditches below. Everything glistens. Afternoon light eventually wanes and fog sets in just as we get to Wildflower.

Judith stands to stretch; the tractor putters down the lane; I whoop with joy. When we put the shed to bed with the first snows, I never thought we'd get the tractor here until next spring or even next summer. After a brief celebration of screams and hand slapping, we continue our work. We wrestle the chains onto the tires. With the blade mounted on back of the tractor, Judith scrapes snow from the shed entrance. I chisel away frozen ground to form a track sufficiently long enough and deep enough to slide the nine foot door open.

Suddenly, one chain clatters and drops off. Judith backs the purring machine into the shed anyway. No, wait. She inches this

way and that. She rips the tarp covering the unfinished south wall. No matter what the angle, no matter what blade position or bucket position we use, I cannot close the door. The shed is too short. Judith lays her head on the steering wheel as the yard light flickers on. She remembers she measured from bucket front to back blade. She forgot the hydraulic mount extends past the blade in back nine inches. Nine inches.

We talk. She plans an addition in spring. In the meantime, we decide to remove the blade. It's easier to reconnect than the bucket. We scramble to find wood blocks, leftovers from the fall sawing. We fit them under the blade as it eases to the ground. The tractor backs in, the door glides shut.

I discuss the tree planting schedule with foresters and family friends. Can you hold open the last two weeks in April because the trees will arrive one of those days and need to be planted right away? Which days? The four days after the nursery decides to send them. Six thousand white pine, two thousand red oak, a thousand red pine, a thousand white spruce, five hundred cedars, five hundred white ash, five hundred sugar maples, five hundred black walnuts, and a few hundred shrubs.

There's the stranger to ask, after I find out his name, if I can store a few thousand trees in his apple coolers. Will the apples all be gone, and if so can I access the coolers all day, every day, for the four days after I put the trees there?

There's little yellow bee books to read, *First Lessons in Bee Keeping* and *The Hive and the Honey Bee*. There's smooth wooden hive pieces to nail together and paint. There's a bee keeping class to attend one weekend in March thanks to a birthday present from Sally and Mary. There's prayers to offer that the 28,000 bees will arrive before the 12,000 trees.

In January there's the garden to plot and seeds to order. The first seed catalog arrived mid-December. Transplanting should begin about the time the bees and trees arrive. It could be a very wet spring; by Solstice we had more than a foot of permanent snow cover. Another ten inches fell today. On my way out to shovel, I grin.

RED BELLY BLACK SNAKE

Chris Sitka
Australia

At the sight of the red belly black snake I stopped dead. Till I saw she would not move, neither to slither away, nor to rise in spring like wrath at my intrusion. For it was not I, but she, who had been stopped dead. The upper part of her magnificent body was irretrievably tangled in a web of plastic mesh.

The mesh had been used to spread over a sick old peach tree, the last survivor of the orchard planted next to the original homestead which had burnt down in a spectacular fire on the spring equinox fourteen years ago to the day. It was on my search for a site to conduct my spring equinox ritual that I found her, and the memory of that fire was what drew me to look at the old house site and orchard.

The house had caught fire at the exact moment we were all sitting in a circle, thirteen of us, down by the creek doing a communal hummm. A candle left on in the house had burned down and caught on some material. The house, dry from months of drought, burst quickly into raging flames. We woke from our semi-trance to see red flames in the belly of the dark night.

Ironically it had threatened to rain that evening and we had placed all our possessions, usually scattered about in little camps under surrounding trees and on the creek flats, into the house for safe keeping. All was burnt.

It was the beginning of a wild life unencumbered by roofs and walls. We spread along the creek flat and slid into a free flowing communication with the whims of the weather and the land.

The dream ended as the dreamyness soured to nightmares. We had gone feral, but it was not on virgin ground. The orchard where I found the dead red belly black snake was planted in the 1950's by dairy farmers who razed and settled these hills for a brief period before isolation and low prices drove them out.

Zoe had always placed high value on the existing orchard which nonetheless never seemed to yield any fruit to my

recollection. The birds and possums may well contradict this memory but I had always felt little interest in the struggles of these sickly exotic trees. Yet Zoe resolutely looked after them--tenderly picking fungus from their branches, giving them gifts of compost and ignoring those of us who said they should be cut down and burned to stop them from infecting the new fruit trees we were planting down by the creek.

Even in later years when most of us disillusioned and embittered by the communal battles had drifted away to find new dreams and projects, and Zoe had moved to a ridge three hours drive away, she returned regularly to tend her beloved fruit trees. Her persistence in the face of truly fruitless labour always impressed me.

A chicken wire fence had been built around this particular old peach tree and then the black plastic mesh was thrown over the top of the tree to keep off the birds and hopefully possums. Wire and mesh now lay crushed and tangled around the tree's base. A few straggly blossoms were bravely gracing the feeble branches long after other trees in the district were in full green leaved array. To me it symbolised the straggling persistence of a hopeless hope that this place might still harbour some spark of our visionary fervour. But the fact that this valley, we once imagined to be the cradle of the post-patriarchal world, was all but deserted that day bode ill for the future of such symbolic blossoming.

So often, like this poor peach, I have felt like I too am sucking for nurturance from moistureless ground and sending hopeful shoots out beneath a pityless sky that spits acid rain at my efforts to mould a world in which women's spirits can come to joyful life.

What fruits I struggle through to present are withered through the effort of overcoming the drought, or they are gobbled up by large sharp beaked evil eyed birds of prey who prefer to feed on carrion but never deign to leave fresh fruits for the needy.

We were driven from this vulvic valley by our own inescapable fears. We carried

them here within us. Patriarchal piranhas that swam in our blood stream nibbled relentlessly at the flesh of our fantastical fantasy of freedom. Till bare boned, teeth bared in snarls we ran screaming away from each other into the jaws of the great shark: society.

Meanwhile seeds sprouted in the ashes of the old homestead and now the slender gum trees soar serenely skywards. Yet the feral peach struggles in an aimless straggle as I approach the debris of our colonisation at her feeble base--and freeze.

The body of the snake protrudes from under a fallen post and her head is invisible in the tangle of netting. Despite my stumbling approach her body is as motionless as mine. Did she not hear? Has the spring sun not warmed her through yet? Is she just slow? The buzz of flies settling on her stillness confirms a growing horror.

Stealthily, tenderly, I approach her with the caution of one bred to fear the poisonous strike. I know the shyness of the red bellies who slither away eagerly at any approach. Yet I recall the persistent claim that in spring snakes are prone to strike out viciously to assuage the hunger of a long winter of deprivation. Reminds me of the women of this women's land.

Oh the hunger for freedom we felt, and as we closed our trembling fingers round the ripe fruit we sank our fangs into each other. A long winter's store of poison leached the love out of our hearts' meagre store.

The jet black scales of her back and the fire of red along her belly; the dead snake glistened, life like. Her body meandered like water. The power of her presence outlived her death. I approached reverently and knelt in awe of her enduring presence. The coils exuded strength, the scales seemed invulnerable. The eyes in her small head still peered-piercingly, though glazed by her departure.

Oh the guilt to be a human who had lived here and somehow thus contributed to the presence of this deadly plastic netting she had so innocently sought to slide through. Lost in the maze it had closed around her and all her agility, her ability to twist and turn and glide and slide, had turned against her. The



*Jean Mountaingrove
Rootworks, Oregon*

mesh was so flexible it moved with her, stuck to her skin, tightened as she flexed.

Does a snake struggle endlessly, uselessly or once trapped did she lie serenely and accept the inevitable? She was dead. Yet she did not look dead. She did not feel dead. She lay gracefully. Even enmeshed in that trap her posture spoke of a quiet dignity, as if she had simply sent her spirit out and it still hovered about. Of its continued presence I had no doubt.

Yet I cried. For the useless death of such an achingly beautiful and powerful creature. For the panic and pain she may have felt. From shame at our responsibility for her death. Like our life here she was dead. So much of our rubbish still strewn about the land like the unfinished resolution of our failure to create the cradle of our rebirth. Mostly for this I cried.

She, like us, was caught, is caught, are caught in the debris of a culture so sick it doesn't even decay. Moulded like plastic on parasitical persistence it survives, un-nurtured by spirit, to entrap the living to give up their souls. Ensnared ourselves we strew the net that catches us in our own tangles.

I would like to say I freed the body of the red belly black snake and lay her like living spirit coals within the moist dark earth of her becoming. I planned to use her body in a ritual of my own re-generation for the equinox. But before I returned with a knife to free her the creatures of her Mother, the earth from which we are all born and die into, had eaten her body. Only the part of her irretrievably entangled in the inedible plastic and the tip of her scaly black tail were still there. I took these pieces and lay them in a sacred place. As all places are sacred and made more so by the presence of her remains, I must say why this was especially so.

A huge gum tree, near the whirlpool of the creek, had died and been reborn. I can't fathom why or how but she had lost all her leaves and many branches had fallen scattering the ground below. She'd been naked. Dead. Not from fire. Not surely from drought, her roots so close to the creek. All the trees around were normal, but along her branches, as gums do after fire's mini-death, she'd re-sprouted. I don't know how or why but she had been reborn.

It was at this gum's broad base that I lay the rest of the red belly black snake. Like fire in the belly of the spring equinox when day balances night. From death comes life.

Postscript:

After the winter solstice I went back to the land and made a pilgrimage to the regenerated gum tree where I had put the remains of the red belly to rest.

There was no trace of the bones of the snake's head and tail; just the black plastic mesh still lay by the trunk.

Yet a magical sign was given to me.

Next to the tree was another snake's skeleton moulded at death into a figure of eight, the symbol of infinity and enduring life through the cycles of death and rebirth. The head and tail were missing.

Such a gift was given to me.



Jean Mountaingrove

LESBIAN PASSAGE

Bren Eve
Nova Scotia

Like the whirl of a crisp
Autumn's wind,
Her refreshing presence
swiftly engulfs our beings.
"Setting Free Raw Lesbian Energy".

As the strong breeze dances
with leafs of colour,
In unity we dance outside
patriarchal boundaries.
With each rhythmic step
solid as stone--building
"Lesbian Passage".

Just as the rays of the
full moon caress the night
The love of our strengthened
lesbian hearts sends
light to forbidden Paths.

Giving Lesbian Spirit:
Strength, faith, wisdom,
Serenity, a congruent wholeness.

A cozy log cabin nestled
in a forest of fresh snow
with its stone chimney
sending warmth from
its wood fire and windows
offering the tender glow
of candle light...So
inviting to lesbians who travel
its path...

Keep the faith,
Create the space,
and lesbians will arrive.
We live to feel "Alive"!

GROWING TREES FROM SEED

Pamela Curtis
Turtle Rock
Pennsylvania

When I discovered the joy of tree growing I knew I would always be doing it. And why the whole world's population didn't partake in it seemed strange to me. To this day I meet people whose eyes lite up when they hear that I grow trees from seeds--but they never ask how to do it themselves.

I'm in my fourth season of seeding now and I'd like to share what I know with the wonderful womyn of MAIZE. It'll be easy to share what I know about growing trees because it adds up to about nothing! One of the beauties about trees is that they are individuals, not by species, but tree by tree. There is no real set of rules why one seed germinates and another does not. There are the basics, which I'll cover, but the first thing to know is learn from your work experience--it's all the real help the Universe is going to give you.

Having said all that, I do recommend finding some books on the subject. As a lover of books I can't pass one by, so I have some very professional reference manuals on the subject and I also have trees I've germinated that the books say shouldn't have. When I have a species I want to grow that year I can't help looking up what the experts say about it. It can be helpful to know how much shade she might need or the best time of year to collect and plant. For me knowing what's native for my region is again something I need a book for.

Space. All of my trees are grown in containers. I've never planted in rows or beds. Both have advantages and disadvantages. I can only share about growing in containers. So my space is dictated by where I can put my containers. I did 500+ this year. You can do 5 or 5000, where you do it is your space.

The seed. One of the reasons I did 500 seedings this year is because they don't all turn into seedlings. The individual seed is who gets to decide about becoming a tree. What you do is handle a few of her

details and move on. The trick about finding seeds to plant is observation. Look around. On your land or your daily drive notice the trees, identify them, develop a sense of who they are and watch for signs of seeds. I've come to know what abundance looks like in trees. I don't mean standings of them, but the individual tree. I live in southeastern Pennsylvania and the trees I choose to grow all produce their finished seed in the early to late Fall, so that's when I'm looking the hardest. Mostly on my drives is when I spot them. I do not buy any of my seeds--spotting and collecting each Fall is one of the joys of tree growing for me. There are too many different species of trees for me to cover when a seed is ready for planting. Books and common sense will have to prevail here.

Containers. Be creative and simple. I use plastic drink bottles, quart size and larger. You do not need to buy pots. You can get them from recycle bins, the side of the road--I have my work colleagues bringing them in from home. You'll learn to have your favorite size figured out in no time. Cut the tops off, punch drainage holes in the sides.

Seeding. Presently I do all my seeding in the Fall when all of it would be happening naturally without my help. I mix all-purpose sand in with potting soil and a little screened manure. Do not plant in all manure or compost--it's too strong. As you go, notice what species of trees react to what combinations of soil mix. You'll notice that different species will have different needs for their root development. The general rule about seed depth is the bigger the seed, the deeper it gets planted. My Black Walnuts go under 3 inches of soil, while an Eastern White Pine barely a quarter inch. Most importantly is not to let the seed dry out. One of the tricks I use for that is salvaged windows. After watering all my pots I lay the windows on top. This also helps with keeping out animals that would love to eat them. They are kept in partial shade, and checked regularly for moisture level all the way thru into Spring. It has taken me 4 years to get some sense of order for all of this--just have fun!

Germination. Come early Spring you'll be out checking on watering and there they'll be! What now? Seedlings are very delicate at this stage. Keep them in partial shade--some species need it up to two years--and protect them from wind and animals. I use wire, cold frames, netting, and the plastic drink tops. Trees like a light watering and then time to dry out. No fertilizer. How long the seedling can live in her original container depends on the species. A fast grower needs to be transplanted by her first Fall, and slower root developers can stay put two seasons or more.

Any trees I give away go with instructions to give them the best chance for a full life. Including considering where to plant them for the size they get. A tree's only intention is to grow--supporting that intention is everything.

Pamela Curtis of Turtle Rock divides her time between songwriting, coyotes and tree growing. She welcomes written questions and comments on her article.



Jennifer Weston
Gathering Root, Missouri

TROPICAL GARDENING

Myra Lilliane
Curacao, Netherlands Antilles

Plenty of sunshine but scarcity of water, it is important to mulch. Beans, tomatoes, melon, cucumber, squash and pumpkin I put the seeds directly in the ground. I put two trenches, a few inches deep at both sides for watering. I do the same with the seed trays so no seeds wash away. Once plants come up and I thin and transplant, I put sticks as markers next to the plant, make a circular trench around the plant, put mulch on.

Leafy veggies and flowers I seed in trays and pots. When I transplant, I put plastic cups over them after piercing some air holes in them. These cups can be removed once the seedling grows well. It reduces sun and water damage. Cups can be saved and re-used.

The sticks next to the plants tell me where to water, and for climbers such as tomatoes and beans they support the plant. I catch the rain water from the roof in oil drums. One day I want to connect them at the bottom with pipes and solder a tap to it. I live on a hill with terraced garden, so the drums are higher. I put the hose bit by bit all the way in the drum, with my thumb close off the end I pull out of the drum, put it at the plants, let the water flow, going from plant to plant. Time consuming but economic. Watering late afternoon when the sun is down is best. Recent transplants I water several times a day. Bushy herbs such as sage, rosemary, peppermint take months to grow. Heat resistant I find basilicum, lemon grass, oregano. Citrus trees take years of much watering and care. Early morning, late afternoon and when lucky on a cloudy day, gardening is fun, but yes, time consuming. Popping seeds in the earth and let mother nature take care of it only works somewhat with cukes and melons.

Good luck and enjoy hanging out with your plants.

GARDENING WITH THE DEVAS

Gail Clear Night Sky
Silver Circle Sanctuary
Mississippi

Everyone comes to an awareness of the Devas in their own way and in their own time. I can only speak to my own experience just as Machaëlle Small Wright did in her books on Peralandra. For me looking back on my process, it seems so obvious now that the guiding principal is to honor the diversity that exists naturally in all things. That diversity is what maintains the balance that seems at the center of gardening with the devas to me.

To maintain that balance, a person must seek this awareness of the devas (the "intelligence" or "soul") of the plant(s) and an awareness of the earth and total environment that the plant exists in. In working with the devas, I have come to "see" a picture in my mind's eye of how each of my garden beds will look at a later stage of growth. That is my way of getting information from the devas on what goes where in the garden. Machaëlle Small Wright uses a type of muscle testing to verify all her "intuitions" about what goes where. I believe (and this is my personal theory) that each of us has predominant ways of getting intuitive information just as we have the 5 senses for getting information from the world around us. Some people receive intuitive information by tactile/kinesthetic means (muscle testing is one means of

this) others get intuitive information via the sense of sight (visions or dreams); still others hear that small still voice inside. Whatever way an individual gets the information is valid. The most important step for me in this process was being open to receiving the information and then believing what came to me. Those two things were also the hardest part for me. Making that "leap of faith" to believe in my intuitively received information was a giant step. But little by little I began to see the results.

I started small with one bed in our garden. Then another and so on. Now I discourse with the devas as regularly as with any other entity. It is important to discover what our individual "learning style" or way of perceiving information intuitively is so that we may be comfortable with getting messages from the plant devas. For me that was the biggest obstacle: my own ignorance of my intuitive learning style and my years of brainwashing from the patriarchy that womoon's intuition was just so much "hog wash", unreliable and certainly suspect.

I got over that hang up and since then I have had a most pleasant and rewarding experience with the devas. That is not to say that I've always had beautiful productive gardens. In fact one year there was so much negative energy at Silver Circle I was told not to have a garden at all. I listened and I'm glad.

ORIOLE ACHE

Elizabeth Kelly
North Carolina

I dreamed about a flock of baltimore orioles. This dream has flown me from my pus colored office to the golden and muscadine flavored woods. There, I smell like musk from my lover, and I hear the dying autumn leaves crunching at my feet.

In the dream, I woke up before dawn. As usual, I stood and looked out of my bedroom window. Fog lit and caressed the crimson and ochre leaves. The grass tinted blue.

Slowly, perfectly, the black and orange bird flew from the vanishing point in the woods through the living fog finally to

light on the blue grass. Another oriole floats into our space, and another, and another. All being as peaceful and vital as a quiet, early spring rain.

In my dream, I closed my eyes to absorb and cherish the feeling, the image, the connection. And that was it.

Later, in my car, in rush hour traffic, I roll down my window, and at a red light, I hear the brassy, black speckled starlings talking about the coming rain.

Elizabeth: I am a land lesbian living in the city. I am enjoying my new people connections, but I hunger for land. I steal "natural moments" when I can like a stray cat raiding the trash.

LUNAR ECLIPSE

Katharine Alder
Isle of Lewis, Scotland

26th/27th September, Outer Hebrides

For the past three years or so, each time there has been a lunar eclipse at night, I have gone up to a high place with a good clear horizon and away from street lights. I go up without question. I know not to have too specific expectations. Each time there has been cloud stopping me from seeing part or all of the eclipse. But the nights have always been special. I no longer see it as going out to see the eclipse. When this special event is going to happen I go out to be with the night. Whether I can see the eclipse with my eyes or not is in a way irrelevant.

This time there had been a lot of cloud and rain during the few days before. Early in the evening of the night of the eclipse I saw the big full Moon briefly, between clouds, not long after she had risen. I spent the evening helping a friend, then later on reading at home till way past bedtime. Then set off about quarter to one in the morning. There wasn't so much cloud now, and the Moon was high and so bright. I love these nighttime walks when nobody else is about. I feel connected to the previous times. The lunar eclipses, and particular meteor showers, these are my own celebrations, very private, very personal. I go out to meet with Earth and Sky. I go out to give my concentration.

This particular night was full of very visible delights. I watched, from the middle of the night till early dawn, being amazed. There were quite a few brief heavy showers, and otherwise dark clear skies. The clouds would roll over from the Harris hills in the south, finally covering the Moon. Soon after it would pour. Then before it had stopped pouring you would be able to see the Moon again, as the cloud moved across.

The Moon with Saturn below the great square of Pegasus. (The Moon and Saturn would be conjunct during the middle of the eclipse, less than three degrees/six moon-widths apart.) The first touch of the Earth shadow on the Moon, the slow moving of the shadow across the Moon, till there was just a thin crescent of bright Moon, but the rest of the Moon just visible too. Then those final minutes as the crescent became thinner and thinner, till just a bright dot, and now the Moon red and round, and seeming a lot smaller, and in a dark sky now so full of stars. Now I could see exactly where the Moon was amongst the stars of the Fishes. Saturn so close to the Moon, now brilliant. And a bright shooting star, shooting down towards the Moon. Everything so dark now, just starlight, and this ancient red of the Moon in Earth shadow. I felt as though it would be like this forever. I wanted it to be. The night. The red Moon. Except for the occasional wind and rain everything so still. A couple of times the call of I think a plover. Sirius rising, so bright, so multicoloured and sparkling. Just over from the East a star "that shouldn't be there", just across from the beehive cluster in the Crab, realised, oh here was Mars. A very bright light in the East, behind a cloud--then there was Venus, so brilliant, below the chin of the Lioness. And everything so still, suspended.

About half past four in the morning the return of the light to the Moon, at first a thin crescent, slowly increasing. The smaller stars disappeared. The so familiar hills once again lit up by moonlight. An hour later the shadow finally gone from the Moon, she was so big and round and bright. And twilight just starting. About two hours later the Sun would rise and the Moon would set, but I would be fast asleep in the tent.

BIRDS AND HERBS OF AOTEAROA

Cilbey and Raewyn
Umua
Aotearoa

There are a lot of beautiful and different herbs and birds on these islands here, because of the isolation probably. There were no mammalian predators or snakes here, still no snakes and only a few predatory birds. No grazing mammals either, only grazing birds. Several were flightless, and nine since European colonisation and 35 in the 1000 years before are now extinct, gone. A lot of the indigenous vegetation is threatened by introduced grazing animals and introduced predators, meat-eating humans included, have decimated the bird population. Some tribes on these islands, pre-European, were vegetarian. It would have been a bird paradise with forest from coast to coast, evergreen and very dense. We try and keep grazing animals off our land, apart from lesbians of our species, and don't have cats here so there's lots of birds around us, hopping around under the trees, flying around.



We'll tell you about a few in particular, starting with the kereru, a large bird about as big as a hen. Quite a few live here on our place because we feed them, we plant trees that they like to eat, is how. Kowhai, karaka, houhere, and also tree lucerne and aspen. The kereru are becoming endangered because of lack of food, too much animal farming going on here, not much forest left. Only 1% of lowland forest remains, the rest is all grass now, and this is where the kereru

mainly live. They are brightly coloured, a white singlet shaped chest; head, throat and upper chest is a metallic green with gold flecks and the rest of the body purple with a coppery sheen. They are totally herbivorous, our kind of bird.



The pipiwharouroa are slightly larger than a sparrow, and spend the winter in the Solomon Islands and arrive back here in spring after a 3,000 km journey. Pipiwharouroa lays her eggs in the nest of the riroriro and has nothing to do with the egg or chick after that; they are hatched and raised by the riroriro. They were late back this spring, maybe there were storms, but we wait to hear them call to let us know spring is officially here. They are almost totally insect eaters. The feathers are metallic green on the upper body and striped under with white and bronze green, and russet coloured traces on wings. The riroriro are a small grey-green coloured bird with a white belly. They have two lots of eggs each spring and are able to raise one lot of their own chicks before the pipiwharouroa



arrive back. They eat almost entirely insects too and generally live in the same area all the time so there's always a few in the garden. We watch them feed the pipihararua chicks and it's quite funny as the chick is so much bigger than them, but they don't mind feeding and caring for them. It's nice. And leaving the best till last, their songs. The kereru are mostly silent but have five distinct calls, soft 0000 ending on a higher pitch or trailing off and kuku. Pipihararua have a long song, a series of rapidly repeated upward slurs of two notes, coo-ee, repeated from seven to 176 times, followed by one or two downward notes, tsee-oo. They chatter and trill too. When the end notes change it's time to plant the kumera. The riroriro warble and when they start to sing it's time to begin the planting season, so we listen for their song.



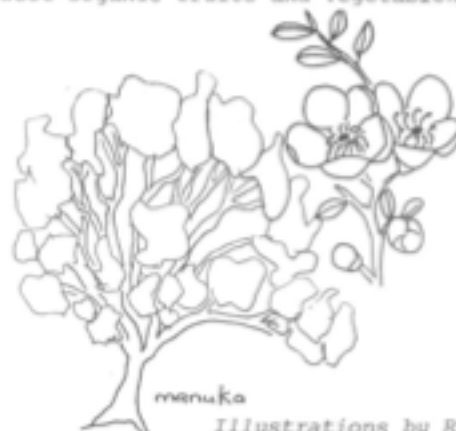
The koromiko leaves heal skin diseases and diarrhoea or dysentery. They are a small shrub up to 7.5 metres tall and have very perfumed flowers, twice a year, spring and autumn. There are lots on the edges of our garden.

Manuka is a shrub or small tree up to 4 metres high. The leaves are antiseptic, antibiotic, antifungal, anaesthetic and more. Very useful and smells good too-- we use it a bit. It's good on wounds, sores, dandruff, aches and pains, bad breath, burns and scalds. Manuka is the first tree of the forest that gives cover for the larger forest trees to establish underneath. The wood is very hard and strong. There's lots of manuka too, we use the dead wood we find broken off or fallen down for our cooking fires. We'll be going to collect some more soon now the hills have dried out a bit.

We hope all is well with all you lesbians and your gardens are growing sweet organic fruits and vegetables.



Now the trees. The pukatea is one of this country's tallest trees, up to 36 metres and trunk up to 2 metres through. The bark has similar properties to morphine but no after-effects, and is used for pain relief, toothache, on sores, tumours and ulcers. It's an analgesic pain reliever. Also used for sore stomachs, constipation and eases the blood flow in females. There are several large pukatea around our place and they are full of other plants growing up and on them. Now there's no grazing animals usually, when we can keep out the wild goats, there's lots of pukatea seedlings too.



Illustrations by Raewyn

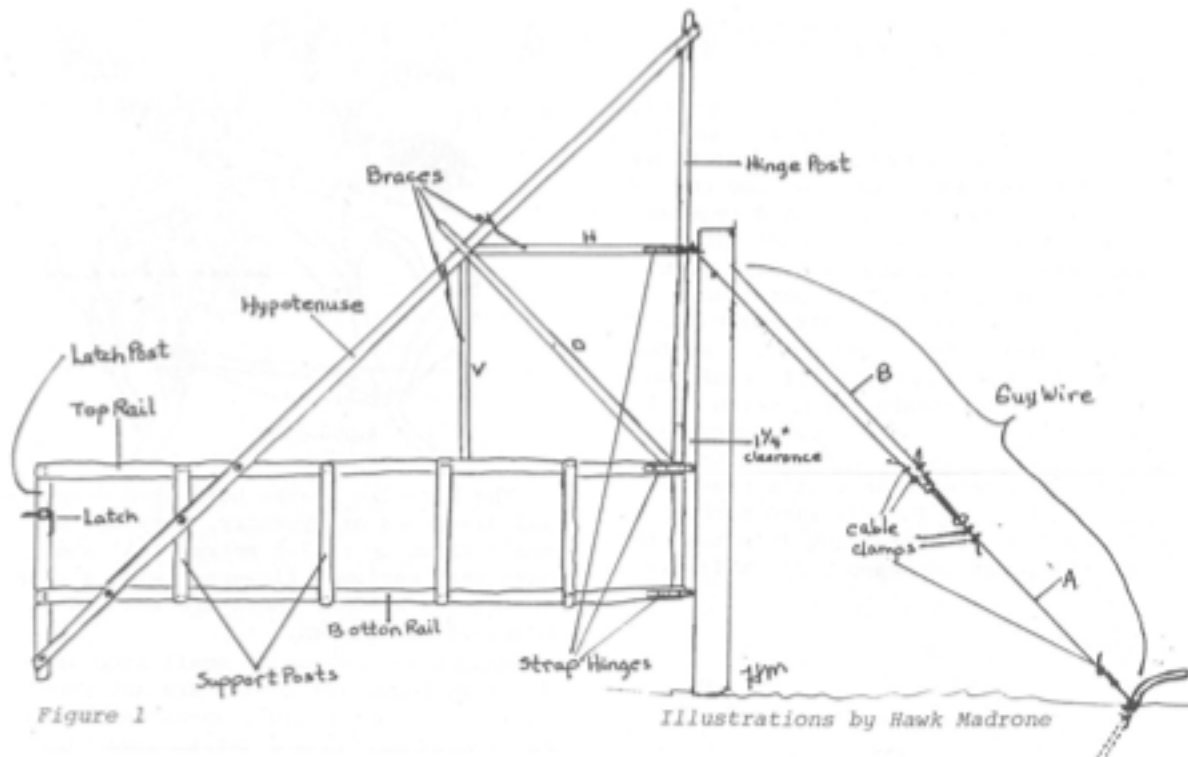


Figure 1

Illustrations by Hawk Madrone

RECIPE FOR A POLE GATE

Hawk Madrone
Fly Away Home
Oregon

I have been wanting to share with *Maize* readers information about the pole gate I built last year. It's such a fine gate, works and looks good, seems like something that others might like to duplicate or adapt. But I have never written a how-to article before, technical exposition not my style. I have had the drawings (photo-tracings, not all to-scale) ready for months, the materials list made up, but have been stuck about how to write an accompanying text. Then a couple of days ago I was following the directions in the *Moosewood Cookbook* for tomato sauce (necessitated by the bumper crop of huge juicy tomatoes the garden is giving this year) and it came to me that plans for construction are really a variety of recipe. So, I'll approach this task with that in mind. Refer to the drawings as you read (at least twice before you begin the project), and let's bake a Pole Gate!

INGREDIENTS:

- Top Rail: Length equals the total length of desired gate.
- Bottom Rail: Same as Top Rail.
- Latch Post: Height equals the total height of gate from Top Rail to Bottom Rail, plus an additional 10 inches that will extend below the Bottom Rail.
- Hinge Post: Height equals about 80% of the total length of the gate (eg, my gate is almost 12' long, and the Hinge Post is @10' tall.)
- Support Posts: Height the same as the Latch Post, but without the 10 inch addition. The number you need depends on the length of the gate, and should be spaced approximately every two feet.
- Hypotenuse: Length equals the distance from 2 inches above the bottom of the Latch Post to about 6 inches down from the top of the Hinge Post. (So have a long post ready for this piece, but don't cut it until you have the basic rectangle assembled, so you can get that measurement accurate. Theoretically, you could figure it with some simple

Geometry, but I'd use the measuring tape and caution if I were you. ("Wood is living breathing material":thus speaketh a wise cook/carpenter.)

Ground Post:a 6"x6", or 6"x8", or 8"x8", depending on the heft of the gate. The bigger the gate, the more massive the ground post should be. My gate is almost 12 feet long, and the Ground Post is 6"x8"x9½feet, because that's what I had. It should be pressure-treated fir, or yew, or fir with the bottom three feet soaked in/painted liberally with used crankcase oil. Make sure the painted area will extend several inches above the ground line. You want this post to last a very long time.

Strap Hinges(each has two parts: the Strap and the Hook), heavy-duty, 12" long(or they could be shorter if you are making a much smaller gate than mine): 2-3, depending on length and height of gate. I started out with just two, one on each rail, and over time the gate sagged from its own weight, the Hinge Post bending forward, and the Latch Post dragging on the ground. Very disappointing. So I temporarily held the gate up with blocks of wood and added a third hinge on the Horizontal Brace(see H in Figure 1). Luckily, the Ground Post was just tall enough so I could get the Hinge Hook in near the top. That fixed it perfectly, and now it swings free and easy.

Carriage Bolts, Flat Washers, Lock Washers and Nuts for the Hinge Straps. Usually three per Hinge. Length determined by the thickness of the rails. If the rails are, say, 3½-4 inches thick, you'll want 4½-5 inch bolts. Better too long than too short. These bolts have a square shoulder that fits into the square hole in the Strap. Thus the nut will tighten down and the bolt will not turn, and they tend to remain snug.

Hex-Head Bolts(5), Flat Washers(10), Lock Washers(5), and Nuts(5) for attaching the Hypotenuse to both Rails, Support Post, Latch Post, Hinge Post. 4½-5" bolts should do, depending on thickness of poles.

16d galvanized nails(about a couple dozen)
20d galvanized nails(about a dozen)

3/4" galvanized pipe, 4 feet long, for anchoring cable. (Plus a 3/4" galvanized Tee?)

Metal Cable for Guy Wire:one-eighth inch diameter. 1 piece(A) 6 feet long;
1 piece(B) 14 feet long.

Cable Clamps:8 of them, the right size for the one-eighth inch cable

Turnbuckle:7 inches long.

Latch with whatever bolts it needs.

Stain or Wood Sealer/Preservative

TOOLS (Utensils?)NEEDED:

Drawknife, or whatever you would use to strip the bark off the poles.

Cross-cut Saw

Back Saw

Chainsaw, if you are adept at using it accurately for carpentry.

Timber-framing Chisel, if you have one.

One-inch chisel will do.

Drill. Either a Brace, or a Power Drill, the latter making the job infinitely easier.

Bits:1, same diameter as Hex-head bolts;

1, same diameter as Carriage Bolts;

1, a little smaller than diameter of threads of Hinge Hook;

1, a little smaller than diameter of nails.

Hammer

Tape Measure

2' (4'even better) Level, or Plumb Bob
Combination Square, with a level in it (or add a small "torpedo" level to the list). You'll need this to mark the poles for the Lap Joints.

Carpenter's (Steel) Square

Rasp

Surform Plane

4 Clamps that open at least 6"

2 sturdy sawhorses(4 would help with assembly, but I had only 2)

Large crescent wrench

Wrenches for bolts and nuts

A heavy maul if you are driving in a pipe for a Guy Wire

2 small wrenches that fit the bolts and nuts on cable clamps

Big blocks of wood, or something else to rest the gate on, to hold it at the desired height while you are installing the Hinges.

Now I know that a recipe normally indicates these many cups or that many teaspoons, but I can only give you the approximate dimensions of the poles, because the length will be determined by the size of gate you will make. Generally, the poles should be about 3½ inches in diameter, with as little taper as possible, especially for the Hinge and Latch

Posts, and both Rails. It's best if the Hypotenuse is also $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter, but if you make a long gate like mine, this diagonal pole will probably taper toward one end. So put the thicker end at the bottom. The others (Support Posts, Braces) can be 3 inches. I gleaned all of mine, fallen on their own accord, in the forest surrounding my home. Already aged, the bark was easy to remove. If you fell trees for this purpose, then strip them immediately, when the bark will peel off fairly well. It's that stage between freshly felled and aged just a year or so, when it can be hard to get the bark off. Freshly felled trees will have to age/dry out before you use them. Store them where they won't be in the sun, so they won't crack badly. I used fir, treated properly it lasts a long time. Anyway, first determine the exact length of the gate you want. Mine is $11'8\frac{1}{4}"$, the length determined by the space that already existed between the established Ground Post and another gate that serves as Latch-Ground Post (except when a very wide vehicle must pass through, at which time it can be opened too. It, of course, has its own Ground Post.) The total distance between the two posts should be equal to the length of the gate plus $1\frac{3}{4}":1\frac{1}{4}"$ clearance between the gate and the Hinge-Ground Post, and $\frac{1}{2}"$ clearance between the gate and the Latch-Ground Post. In my case that space turned out to require a very long and thus mighty heavy gate, requiring that third hinge.

Now about the height of the basic rectangle of the gate: for aesthetic reasons, (and some lack of imagination) I made mine to duplicate the old gate that I was replacing, about three feet tall (a little taller would have been better). Make sure there is about 2" of clearance below the Latch Post 10" extension, which makes the Bottom Rail about 12" from the ground. If you want your gate to keep out/in critters, then extend the Hinge Post and Support Posts 10" on the bottom as well, and cover the entire rectangle with wire fencing. But don't lower the Bottom Rail, that 10" extension serves an important purpose.) If you are worried about that 2" clearance, you can extend the fencing and let it drag on the ground.

BEFORE YOU BEGIN MEASURING AND CUTTING, I highly recommend that you make a draw-

ing, to scale if possible, of your desired finished product, with all the parts labeled and their lengths indicated. Check and double-check.

Once you have the posts you need, cut the Top and Bottom Rails, and the Hinge and Latch Posts to the desired lengths. Lay these out in position on some big flat surface, with the ends of the Rails sitting on top of the Posts, and secured in place with clamps. Get each corner as square as possible, taking into account any bumps and tapers in the poles. When working with round and probably uneven material like this, it is better to hold the square on top of the poles instead of along the inner edges, sighting the tongue and blade of the square along the center of each pole. Mark each corner for Half-Lap joints (See figure 2), and with the poles clamped on the sawhorses, cut and chisel out the notches. (This will take a while, so don't light the oven yet.)

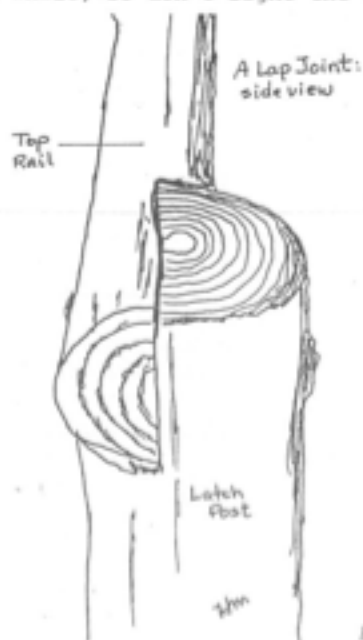


Figure 2

Now lay the Rails and Posts in place, with their notches cut, down on that flat surface again. When you get a corner square, clamp it in position and proceed likewise with the other three corners, producing a nice flat rectangle. Uh oh... a corner doesn't lie flat? A cut wasn't deep enough? (Not enough flour?) Now's the time to make corrections, back to the sawhorses.

So with the corners clamped, the rectangle stable, determine the number and placement of the Support Posts. Their length is the distance from the top of the Top Rail, to the bottom of the Bottom Rail. Because you are working with poles, the Rails will probably not have a uniform distance between them, so each Support Post will probably be a different length. (See Figure 1). Cut these Supports to length. In my gate there are 4 of them (it's a long gate.) You could have as few as one or two, depending on whether this gate is the doorway to your garden, or maybe something wider. Every two feet is good. Lay these posts in position and mark them and the Rails for the Lap Joints you will make (See Figure 3). Leave the rectangle clamped together and make the notches on both ends of all the Support Posts. Then lay them in place on the Rails again and double-check those lines. When all seems right, take apart the rectangle and cut all the notches in the Rails for the Support Posts. Then clamp the rectangle back together again (!), double-check for squareness, drill two holes at each corner for the 20d nails, slightly smaller than the diameter of the nails, install the nails and hammer their ends over, the excess tip of the nail bent with the grain of the wood, so that the points dig into the wood and don't hang out waiting to catch somebody's fingers. Install the Support Posts, drill two holes at each joint, slightly smaller than the thickness of the 16d nails, install and bend over the nails (See figure 3).

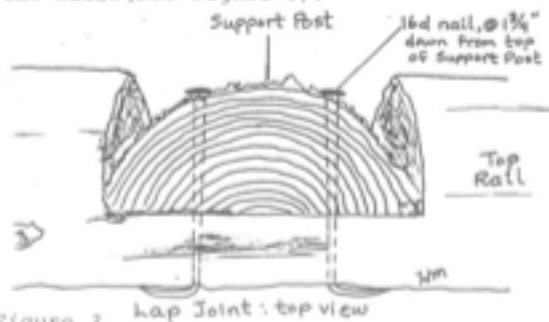


Figure 3

Now we'll switch from a rectangle to a triangle. Lay the pole for the Hypotenuse on top of the Hinge Post (about six inches down from its top), across the Rails, and probably a Support Post, and on top of the Latch Post (two inches up from its bottom). Mark it for length and

make a diagonal cut on each end, to match the vertical line of the Posts. (Mine is about 15 1/2' long.) Then place it in position again and mark all the joints, a Lap Joint each place the Hypotenuse touches another pole. All of these notches will require diagonal cuts since the members meet on the diagonal. When all are cut, clamp the Hypotenuse in place and drill the holes for one Hex-head bolt at each joint, and install (See Figure 1). Place a Flat Washer on each end of the bolt, and a Lock Washer between the Flat Washer and the Nut.

When I got this far, I realized that was an awfully long span for the Hypotenuse, so I added the Vertical and Horizontal Braces (V and H in Figure 1), using Butt Joints at each end (See Figure 4). Then I added the Diagonal Brace (D in Figure 1), mostly to accentuate triangularity, and to give the gate a sense of flight. If your gate is a lot smaller, you won't need this bracing.

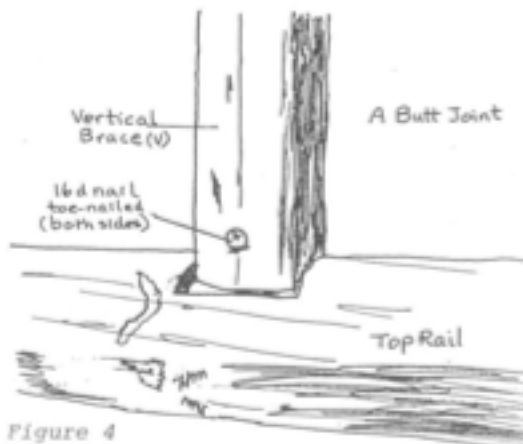


Figure 4

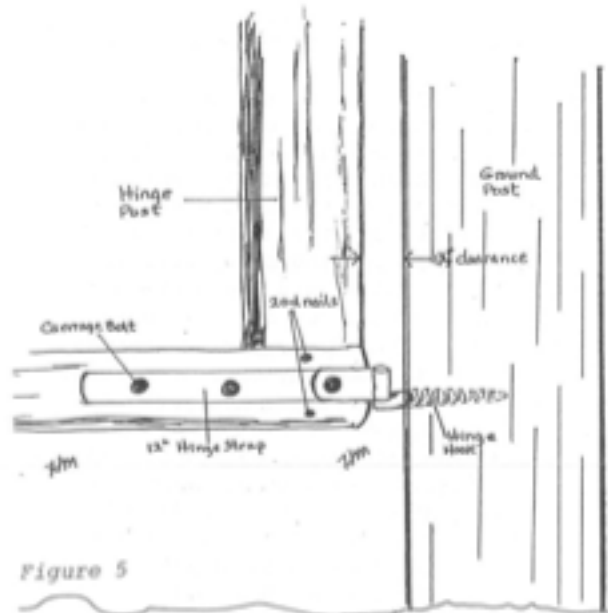
Now you can clean up some of the pots and pans you've used, put some of those tools away. We have to hang this here gate. If you are hanging it on an already established post in a fence line, be sure that post is cross-braced, as well as horizontally braced at the top, with the next post in line. If you are installing a post, sink it into the ground at least two feet. Use the level or the plumb bob to get the post standing plumb. (Mine stands 7 1/2' above ground.) If it is free-standing (ie, not in a fence-line) it will need support. (See Figure 1) That's what the 4' pipe, cables, turnbuckle, and cable clamps are for. About 11' away from,

and in a straight line with, the Ground Post, hammer the pipe two feet into the ground at an angle so that the top of the pipe leans away from the Ground Post. My pipe is bent over just above ground level, leaning away from the Ground Post. That bend keeps the cable (A) from slipping up the pipe. (Another way to affix the cable is to use a 2½-3' pipe that has threads at the above-ground end. Put a galvanized Tee on it, which will keep the cable from sliding up over the top of the pipe. Sink it so that only about 6" extends above ground.

Slip 2 cable clamps on one end of the (A) cable, run it around the pipe and double it back on itself, fastened with the two cable clamps. Slip 2 cable clamps on the other end of the (A) cable and thread it through the bottom eye of the fully open Turnbuckle, double it back and fasten the clamps. To attach the (B) cable to the Ground Post, install 20d nails on the two sides of the Post, several inches down from the top, where you know you will not be installing a Hinge Hook, and run the cable around the Post, on top of the nails, which will keep the cable from slipping down the post. Slip two cable clamps on each end of the (B) cable and thread both ends through the upper eye of the turnbuckle. Double each end back through 2 cable clamps, pull them as taut as you can and tighten the clamps. Then one cook holds the two eye-screws on the turnbuckle (two long handled screwdrivers work well for this) and another turns the shaft with a crescent wrench. Get the cables good and tight, no play left to speak of.

If you have to install a Ground Post at the other end of the gateway, to hold the Latch Bolt Keeper, which receives the Latch Bolt, it does not have to be as massive as this one we've been talking about, but it should be sturdy enough to withstand all the openings and closings, weathering, etc. Remember: the total distance between the two posts should be equal to the length of the gate plus 1 3/4": 1 1/4" clearance between the gate and the Hinge-Ground Post, and 1/2" clearance between the gate and the Latch-Ground Post.

Now fit together and study a Hinge set: note that the Strap and the Hook do not form a straight line, but are off-set from each other. (See Figure 5.) Place the



Strap on the Bottom Rail as shown, with the cylinder extending just adequately beyond the end of the Rail, and mark the outline of the Strap. With the one-inch chisel, make a flat surface for the Strap to snuggle into. Then mark where the Carriage Bolts will go. Drill holes for them, same diameter as the Bolts. Then install this Bottom Strap, with a Flat Washer, Lock Washer, and Nut on each bolt.

The chances are great that for the next step you'll need help. (More than one cook will not spoil this pot.) Set up those big wood blocks, or whatever you have, between the Ground Post and whatever will serve to hold the Latch Bolt Keeper (See Figure 6), so that when the gate is rested on them it is at the height you want it, ie. bottom of the Latch Post should be about 2" from the ground. At least one cook should hold the gate level and in place, two even better, while you mark the place on the Ground Post where the Bottom Hinge Hook should go. Insert the barrel of the Hook into the cylinder of the Strap, hold the Hook against the Ground Post, and carefully determine where the hole should be drilled for the Hook. This hole should be slightly smaller than the diameter of the threads on the Hook, but not as small as the shaft, and about 1/4" less deep than the length of the shaft. You want this Hook to screw in very tightly, but if the hole is too small it

may not screw in at all! When in doubt, be conservative: you can always enlarge a hole (but you can't make one smaller!)

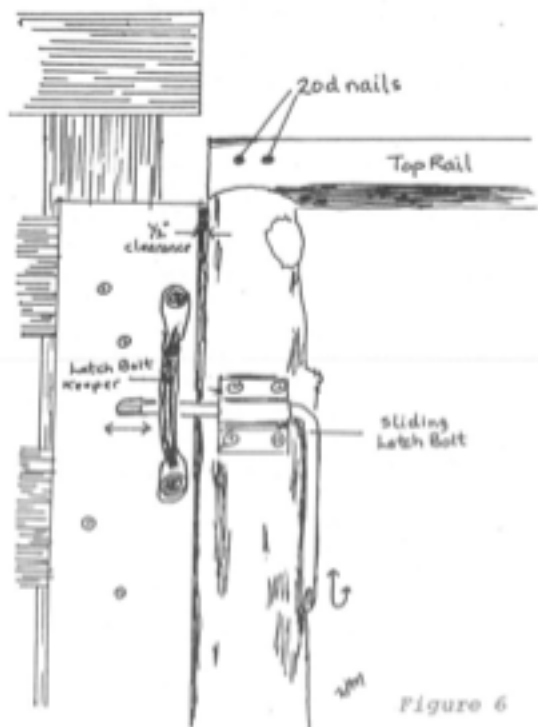


Figure 6

Hints about installing the Hook: 1) smear oil or rub a bar of soap on it, and 2) once you get it started in its hole, use one of the other straps as a lever to screw it in. Put the cylinder on the barrel and hold the strap at a 90 degree angle to the Hook, and turn! Screw it in far enough so that no threads show, and a smidgen more, with the barrel pointing up of course.

Again hold the gate in place, resting on the blocks, but now also resting on the Bottom Hinge, and level. Either hold the Middle Hinge on the Top Rail, or clamp it in place, and determine where the Middle Hinge Hook should go on the Ground Post. Install the Middle Hinge Hook.

Again hold the gate level in place, place the Middle Strap on the Hook and hold it against the Top Rail. It should be where it was in the preceding paragraph, but double-checking it with the Hook installed will assure that its cylinder will fit properly on the barrel of the Hook. Chisel a flat surface like you did with the Bottom Strap, install the Strap, and hang the gate on its two Hinges. Maybe you won't need a third, top Hinge. But if you do, proceed as for the Middle Hinge.

So now you have a beautiful, hanging gate. What's left to do is install the Latch. There are several kinds of latches that would do, depending on the service you require. You could just wrap a chain or rope around the Latch Post and whatever is serving as the "Keeper", or Latch-Ground Post. I used a sliding bolt type of Latch (See Figure 6), and we also have a chain that has a lock on it.

Coat the gate, and the Ground Post(s), with a good quality wood preservative or else a solid-color stain (paint is not recommended, because if you ever have to repaint, you have to remove the old paint first.) I prefer the clear preservative because I like the natural appearance of the wood. True, it has to be renewed every 2-3 years, but the beauty of the aging wood is worth it.

Gates, like pies and tomato sauce, should be a pleasure to look at, as well as need-satisfying. I hope that by following this recipe, you make yourself a visual feast.

Note: If you need detailed instructions for how to: make the Lap Joints, install a Ground Post, or anything else on this project, send a letter with your questions and a large SASE to me at Fly Away Home, POBox 593, Myrtle Creek, OR 97457. Let me know how my recipe works for you. And send me a photo of your Pole Gate! Many thanks to Theresa and Bethroot who made helpful suggestions.

LEZZIE LAND CRIP

LUCY! THE LAND DOG

Mary Frances
Camp Mary
New Hampshire

In January of 1994 I was searching for a Standard Poodle to train to become a service dog. I had chosen that particular breed primarily because a lot of folks who are allergic to dogs can be around poodles, as what they have is really not hair, but rather fur. I was looking for a highly intelligent animal who liked to swim and would be fairly sturdy to help with transfers. Even though I had the help of the group who would be teaching me to train my own dog, TOP DOG, I was not having much luck in the poodle dept. I began to look for other breeds and mixes, but no connection felt like "the right one". The first 12 week session of the two year program had begun and I was attending classes dog-less.

In the meantime this runty, smelly, malnourished, undersized mut kept showing up around my desert home. The first time I had seen her she was the size of a jack rabbit, flea ridden, and starving. Some neighbors had claimed her and although she had a place to sleep, it was barely a home. She began to spend more and more time at Saguaxoland, the womens land group that I was with, and she became known as Lucy the Land Dog.

Lucy would follow my scooter around as if on a lead as I told her over and over again: "You are not going to be my service dog...you're too small, too stinky, and you're probably not all domesticated dog!" Nevertheless, on Jan.21, the anniversary of my dog loving dad's death, Lucy moved onto the 40 ft. ramp of my 28 ft. trailer and wouldn't leave. After a few days of her vigil, I said, "Fine, you win", and called the director of Top Dog and told her I had "found" a dog to evaluate for the program. I christened Lucy's and my union by adding an exclamation point to her name, which exemplifies her personality, presence, and persistence.

Two years prior to Lucy! finding me I had begun my quest for a partner assistant, or service dog. I got on a number of wait-

ing lists for pre-trained dogs that the agency training the animal "leases" to you for a huge sum. Most of these groups encourage you to raise the ten or so thousand dollars through charitable events. I couldn't handle the pitiful cripple money in the cup thing, and I really didn't like the idea of returning the dog to the agency when it was to retire, and the idea of leasing a dog that could be pulled from me at any time made me terribly uncomfortable. Because I did not believe I had the time, energy, or ability to train an animal to be a partner assistant dog myself, I sat around for about a year. When I spent a winter in Tucson, I heard about the Top Dog program and was encouraged to visit one of their beginner classes. I arranged assistance to go and had the great pleasure of rolling into the class to observe this huge rottweiler named Damian with a spiked collar very carefully put his paws on his teen-aged human partner's chest while he took his reward treat from this young quadriplegic's mouth. That did it, I was hooked, and vowed to get involved in Top Dog the following winter. Although I still doubted my ability to train my own dog, I knew that the universe would assist in the uniting of proper dog with the proper human.

During the year before Lucy! and I became partners, I had a pulmonary embolism which brought me as close to death as I ever hope to come again, without crossing over. My recovery was long and arduous, and I was left with increased levels of disability which greatly altered the ways in which I can move through the world. It was a difficult time for me emotionally, physically, and spiritually. Attending Top Dog classes once a week, and meeting with my Top Dog personal assistant mid week, gave me the strength, motivation, and belief in the future to go on. At this point Lucy! was still a relatively untrained puppy, and adding a puppy to a trailer that already held two other dogs, one cat, and one to two humans, was a lot less than easy or joyful. My girlfriend was often heard to lament "When will she

make your life easier and not more difficult?"

It has been 18 months since Lucy! and I became partners and Lucy! makes my life easier in more ways than I ever could have imagined. I am amazed that even with only twelve weeks of formal training I got enough skills and information to continue to train Lucy! on my own. I can not comprehend living my life without this incredible four legged whom I have grown to love, honor, and depend on in a way that I have with no human. Having the opportunity to be her trainer, handler, and "owner" has made a bond so strong that we both have the same allergies, she reacting before I in enough time to give me warning to avoid or check out just where we are, what we're doing, and getting out of the situation if at all possible. This bond is a mutual, interdependent, reliance on each other. If only I could figure out how to have such relationships with two leggeds!

So, how does Lucy! help me? It's more like how doesn't she help me. Lucy! picks things up for me, and brings items to me at my request. She can pick up something as small as a dime, and as varied as a hose to water my raised bed gardens with. Lucy! assists me out of my bed and then helps me make it. She helps with transfers from toilets or chairs too. Lucy! gives me her and my pet dogs' supper dishes and unlocks the door so I can let them out. She "herds" Mazel the cat away from the door when it's not appropriate for him to go outside, and lets me know when Mazel wants to come inside after being outside. Lucy! gives that extra oomph needed to get up a ramp and she's a concerned, calm presence when my chair dies



*Lucy! assisting with hanging out the wash.
Photos by Aviva Schmuckler*



Lucy! assists Mary Frances out of the water. and we still have to get from here to there, which she of course assists in. Knowing that we can deal with whatever comes along together makes me less worried about equipment failures and therefore more free to move about unafraid. When it's warm enough, I swim as much as I can, (actually I more walk and move than swim), and Lucy! assists me in and out of the water and then swims with me, available if I need a little extra support. She especially enjoys jumping off the raft with small children!

Lucy! and I do everything and go everywhere together. I can not imagine my life without her. As I have gotten more and more disabled the world has shut more and more doors to me and the people who used to be in my life have all but disappeared. (We seem to be able to be there for each other as women if we are temporarily sick or close to dying, but not if we are living long severely disabled lives with life threatening or chronic illnesses.) As this began to happen to me my self esteem plummeted, and I couldn't seem to find the empowered radical fat cripp amidst the desertion, discrimination, and downright hate directed at me. One day while scooting through Central Square in Cambridge I took a minute out from the stares and looks of disgust directed my way to check on Lucy!'s heeling technique. Well, my sweet little service dog was bouncing along, tail wagging in delight, beaming with love and proud to be traveling the streets with her human partner. How could I not feel proud and empowered in that moment? Well, that moment has never faded, she gives me the gifts of courage, pride, and joy in being whenever we're out in public together.

As a land dog, Lucy! is super. She assists me over rough and hilly terrain, helps me garden, assists me with outdoor and household chores, warns me of approach-

ing adolescents, delivery persons, and the like. And of course munches on all ants and mosquitos that penetrate the cabins barriers!

Assistance Animals are not pets. Animals that decide to live with and assist humans in this way, allow us to remember, if we have forgotten, just what human/animal partnerships can be like. As Lucy! has helped me to fulfill my potential, I have seen some of the potential to be that has been removed from the four leggeds amongst us. I am often in awe over the capabilities intelligence, devotion, creativeness, and love of this creature that has come to be such an integral part of my life.

Sometimes, when we are out and about in the world, people make comments like, "Oh, the poor dog, forced to work, can never play," etc. The dog part of human/dog teams can not be forced to work. Lucy! was trained with positive reinforcement and love...and will work only if she wants to. If an animal does not want to do this type of work, they undergo a "career change" and usually become beloved pets. Service animals love their life and their work, as their human partners love them. All you have to do is to watch a human/dog team in action to know that both are doing exactly what they want to be doing.

So why am I putting all these words of adoration for Lucy! on paper? Well, as women on land I want you to know a few things. Number one being that a woman and her partner assistant animal are inseparable, they are a team and the disabled partner moves through her life WITH the assistance of her service animal. So, don't try and separate us through "no domesticated animal" or "no dog" rules. The AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT guarantees service animals the right to accompany their owners everywhere, with a few exceptions. If you create animal free space be aware that means excluding women with service animals in a way that is in violation of this federal law. As a woman with Environmental Illness and severe allergies I understand the need to create access for women who are allergic to animal dander. I also know that I can not go anywhere that Lucy! and I don't have access to each other. In the case of differing access needs, like this particular one, we must as a community continue to try and resolve these issues with each other through creative problem

solving and innovative solutions. I certainly do not want to limit any woman's access, nor do I want my own limited systematically under blanket rules.

If you are a disabled woman living on or dreaming about living on land know that a service dog can make this more of a reality for you...especially if you are a crip who already uses, or need but don't have personal assistance. One of the most difficult things for me about living at Saguaroland is the isolation of the community which makes hiring folks outside the community almost impossible. I became dependent on the women in the community for my paid personal assistance and it became intolerable, abusive and life threatening when conflict arose between the three related land women and myself. I will never allow myself to be in that situation again and when I return to Saguaroland it will be with Lucy! in an environment that we can manage on our own, even when human assistance cannot happen. At Camp Mary I certainly have occasions when human assistance is not available and although not always easy, I can usually manage with the help of Lucy! I would not be able to weather the lack of human assistance without Lucy!'s skills and abilities.

The last thing I want you to know and believe is that you don't need an expert, agency, or professional to train an assistance animal. What you need is access to the knowledge needed for training, and physical support to accomplish it yourself or in a group that teaches people with disabilities to train their own animals. TOP DOG is a free program, with a nominal fee for team certification. You can reach them at 5315 E. Broadway, Suite 106, Tucson, AZ 85711, 520-747-4945. They are in the process of publishing two books that are how to's for disabled people to teach their dogs basic obedience and service dog skills. They are a diverse group and accepting of all lifestyles. Slowly there is a loose network of lesbians training their own service animals developing, and every woman I know who shares her life with an assistance animal would never ever be without one again. I know I won't, so to Lucy! the Land Dog this lezzie land crip gives thanks for making living on womens' land a joyous reality.

WANDERING SACRED GROUNDS

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

*Allowed to wander
Sacred Grounds
Probing
Nature's hidden beauty*

*Fingers
Tracing satin caverns
Earth's
Fresh slipped vessel
Drip
Dripping
Throb
Throbbing*

*Free
From Pretention
She Breathes
Deep
As I Enter
Sighing
Fragrances of wet Clay
Enclosed in Colors
Rich maroons
Blending delicate Pink hues*

*Rhythmic
Movements
Reflect
In mirrored pools
Moving over Hips
Down deep Valleys
Thru thick and tangled mound
Diving
Deep
Pure Oasis*

*Arid desert heat
Oh Sweet Womoon
Quenching
Womoon Thirst*

*Reaching crescendo
Upon your altar*

*Fleshy folds
Wet
Searing
Join*

*Lustrous
Light
Enfolding*

*Chambers form
Natural swelling*

*Reposeful
My head falls
Damp
Against
Your warm curves*

*Dreaming
Wandering
Sacred Grounds*

Sun Hawk: I am a 40 year-old lesbian chaman renegade. First generation Mexican American Indian (Coahuilteco 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.

"I was taken out of formal schooling after the 7th grade, beginning then my intensive survival and spiritual education of life with mother earth as my main school ground and head teacher."

Founder and caretaker of Arco Iris (reclaimed native land) since 1978 rebuilding matriarchal spiritual community. "With these words of love, anger, and unending faith, I share my life, loves and visions with you."

TRAVELING DYKE

Dianne Coapman
On the Road

Last summer I had the wonderful opportunity to quit my job, sell my house, declare bankruptcy and travel to 15 women's lands. I was 50 years old, found myself living in a 3 bedroom house in the country, working 60 hours a week, having a lot of debt and a very empty life. I have 2 daughters and a grandson. They would visit about once a month. There were 2 dykes nearby, but otherwise I hardly had any friends. My lover had left a year ago (my career kept us apart). So I was ready for a change. I wanted to live in the country and I wanted to be with other Dykes--so Women's Lands, but which one.

I saw the ad in LC for Shewolf's directory. I got a copy and read through it, picking out those that seemed appropriate for me. I started writing to those lands and planning my trip. (I gave 6 mo. notice at work and trained my replacement, so I had plenty of time to plan. While I had an income, I fixed up my car and got what I thought I would need on my trip. I practiced packing my car several times until I hoped I had it right. I packed clothes, camping stuff, food, cooking stuff, first aid for me and my car, books, washing stuff--everything I thought I would need on the road. I wanted to be able to take care of myself and still be able to contribute to the lands I visited. Meanwhile I sold my house, sold the rest of my stuff and declared bankruptcy. My daughters are 25 and 27, I think they thought--there goes Mom, again. I think they thought I was a little bit of a nut, but were resigned to my trip.

As I wrote to the lands, as I began to visit them, I learned more about me. I learned I wanted to be as far from patriarchy as possible, this meant I wanted to live on a land that was self-sufficient, gardened, and where the women lived simply. I didn't want to live on a land that was too far north or south. (When I was in Texas, the bugs and heat bothered me, when I was in Wisconsin the thought of the isolation in the winter bothered me.) I wanted to live with women who valued paganism and native american spirituality. I felt more comfortable in this space. I found that I was



*Dianne, Fall Gathering
Photo by Jae Haggard*

more comfortable with separatists, but that I could live with women who had some contact with men, but valued women only space. Even though I had picked out lands that I thought were similar, they were so different, so much depended on who was on the land. I learned right away that this was where I belonged, on women's land with other dykes--such a wonderful feeling, such good dykes I met all over the country.

Unexpectedly I also found that my car was not suited for visiting women's lands. It lost the heat shield on the catalytic converter and was always bottoming out on the roads to women's lands. I had a chance to work for 4 months in Philadelphia and save for a truck, so I took it, but I will leave here April 16 and hopefully I will be in New Mexico by the end of April. I think I found a land for me.

Now I'm going back to New Mexico and work with the women of West Wind and get to know them better, to make sure this is the land for me, but this was such an amazing trip, maybe I should travel some more. I met such good women. There are more lands to visit, some I want to go back to. I think I must have sand in my shoes, just a traveling dyke.

FALL GATHERING

CINDI

Not living on an established land, I never considered writing in until I met Jae at the Fall Gathering at InTouch, Virginia.

I found MAIZE through Shewolf at Woman's World in Louisiana. I found her through a magazine article, and we have been writing back and forth for 2 or 3 years now. I just started my journey/search for land, and have met some wonderful womyn in the process.

The Fall Gathering was my first time on womyn's land, yet I felt as if I was coming home. The womyn from InTouch are so welcoming and open, I plan on returning this summer for one of their events. I also met some wonderful womyn from other lands that I want to visit: Spiraland in Kentucky, Full Circle Farm in North Carolina, and closer to home, Kimbilio in central Ohio.

On returning to Ohio, I stopped at Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home, near Athens. Jan and Mary made me feel right at home, and we enjoyed a wonderful evening sharing our experiences at the gathering and in life. It was wonderful to sleep in a real bed after sleeping in my truck. I joined as a non-resident and plan on visiting often when northern Ohio weather is a little more predictable.

Jae sent pictures from the gathering, and I have been talking here to a few sisters interested in womyns land. The pix and older MAIZE magazines I brought home have been passed around. When I go to the Fall Gathering this year, I may have 1 or 2 sisters with me.

I have used the Land LESY in the past, and have gotten great response. Lots of flower seeds (I am planting flower gardens which will be named after the womyn sending the seeds), T shirts and glass bottles. I am planning on keeping in touch with womyn I received items from. I answered one request by taking the items to the Fall Gathering, so Summer from Canada will be busy with crafts.

My life in Ohio is simplifying, and a lot of it I can attribute to new ideas I have learned from reading MAIZE, and now connecting with the womyn at the Gathering. I currently live in the country with a few acres of yard and



Cindi Swartz, Ohio (below)

Gloria Williams, Massachusetts

Photo by Jae Haggard, Outland, New Mexico

gardens to attend to. My greatest joy is keeping in touch with womyn and cultivating my growing circle for bartering. It is a skill I learned a few years ago, and it continues to grow: work exchange, goods exchange, support exchange. The more I live without money being the priority, the easier it becomes.

Since being diagnosed with chronic fatigue/fibromyalgia this year, reducing the chemicals in my life has become the number one priority. Changing to an organic lifestyle has been a challenge, but I continue the process slowly. The back issues of MAIZE have been great for ideas on herbs to grow and how to use them. I am grateful for MAIZE and the womyn who are a part of MAIZE and I am looking forward to many new and useful healthier living ideas.

*Cindi Swartz
Castalia, Ohio*

SUSAN

Possibility of Gathering of Landdykes. Yes!
List of Dykes wanting to travel together.
Contact!
Travel fund. Great idea! Might not need.
Postcards off to Nova Scotia, Massachusetts!
Phone call to Montana!
Letters, phone calls back and forth
Working out dates leaving, coming back!
Phone call from Maine, Rainbow wants to
caravan!
Five Northeast Wimmin, some known, some
unknown!
Excited to meet up and travel to Virginia
together!
Many phone calls later
Kathleen flies to Maine
We go to pick Summer up in Portland
where she has come by ferry
On to meet Rainbow somewhere just off the
Interstate
Then to find Burr at the commuter train
station outside of Boston.
Like clockwork!
At a rest stop, no visible toilet,
uppity dykes pee together
A bonding experience!
Uh oh, gearshift in van won't work.
Rainbow and Kathleen crawl under to
take a look
The rest offer assistance, fetching tools,
moving this, stepping on that.
Try this, try that. It's fixed! Yay Dykes!
On to Path's in New Jersey
Miss the exit. Oh well, let's go this way!
So over the back hills of NY we crawl
Arriving only a little late for dinner.
Path has fixed a wonderful meal for all!
Gloria joins us!
Dykes in sleeping bags everywhere
Upstairs, in the basement, in a tent,
under the stars!
Wake up to another wonderful warm day
Breakfast!
Path packing to leave for the winter,
saying goodbyes to Mom.
On the road, 7 Dykes, 3 cars!
Noon, more car trouble, the Jetta this time.
Nothing works. Call AAA on Gloria's cell
phone.
AAA expired. Try another card.
Volkswagon garage. Waiting in the cushy
waiting room.
One Dyke brings in the cards, someone
brings in the food
Oh, a party!

A new battery, new alternator, \$550 and
a few hours later
We leave Pennsylvania.
Arrive at InTouch, everyone asleep but
the drivers.
Find sleeping places
In tents, in cabins, on the outdoor stage!
Morning in Virginia!
4 of us off to Lake Towanda for swim
Bur-r-r-r! Towanda!
Dykes calling us to-gather to begin
the talking
Rest of weekend a blur, blend, whirl,
swirl of
Talking, walking, meeting, singing,
Laughing, hugging, kissing, eating,
sleeping, wonderful Dykes!
Rain! Cold! Hot outdoor showers. Mmmmm!
Sun! Clouds! Moon! Stars!
Sleep in hammock near fire under stars!
Icy covers!
Wimmin starting to leave for home
What, already?
Unexpectedly, 4 of us will travel back
together!
Clean-up details passed on to be-wilding
Dykes staying on.
Last hours at InTouch
Sparky, Eye-Beamy, Truly Touching!
Heading Northward,
Dropping Burr at Train station,
Summer at Ferry port,
Kathleen later at Bus station to fly
back to Montana.
And I sit
Snug in my housesit here in Maine
Warmed by the experience!

Susan Lauchlan
Maine



June, Rathgaskig, Ireland Photo by Jae

CAROL

I really enjoyed by entire trip between Connecticut and Charlottesville. The foliage was spectacular, and InTouch--hurricane and all--was a wonderfully inspiring place. I was so motivated by Janet's crusade to create this gathering place that I decided I didn't need to move anywhere to live in community, I needed to continue to create it where I live now.

When I got back to Connecticut I put all my spare energy into finding a small home on a piece of land and the closing on my mobile home will be 31 Dec. Yeah! For community--that's spread out and it does exist: the food coop, lesbian films at a local eatery, women's circles. Gatherings with friends and my expanding capacity to appreciate a broader diversity of people, esp. dykes.

Jae and Lee and Janet and Etas and all who gave form to the concept of the Gathering, Thank You. I enjoyed meeting and spending time with all who came.

The safe space we created for honest, open sharing, amongst so many people who had never met, was quite remarkable. Those meals from the produce of many of our gardens--umm--hot soup on a raw night and hearty country breakfasts. We were great together.

I hope others were as enriched by their experience.

Carol Springer
Connecticut



Rainbow Cornelia, Maine Photo by Jae

RAINBOW

As a form for next year's gathering, I would suggest the form the OLOC gathering used. Very effective. Every she had her 5 minutes to talk about different subjects, such as, who are we? our differences/similarities, etc. I could explain how, or some of us who were there or saw the video, could describe the process. It worked really well, I found, and so did every other old dyke I spoke to that attended. Twice a day there was a panel of about 13 she who each talked 5 minutes about the panel subject, like who are we. Afterwards we split up in groups and each she in the small group(8-10)had 5 minutes to talk about the same theme as the panels.

We did this 4 times in 2 days, each time with different she, and we got to know each other real well, intimate, by that way. Each one of us had a chance to be recognized--seen. I felt quite invisible for some reason at the land lesbian gathering(altho I am sure I was quite visible from the outside)--I didn't get to tell my story; and we all have such beautiful stories. I felt very safe and recognized at OLOC and I desire to sparkle like that at the next land lesbian gathering. I'm willing to take some responsibility for organizing the happening. We could use different beans and seeds as a means to pick the groups(at OLOC we used poker chips) so that all the fellow corns gather at the same location, peas together, etc.

Rainbow Cornelia
Maine



Gabrielle Morningstar, New York
Photo by Jae

ACCESS

Rachel writes: It would be good to read about access/lack of at the land gathering, esp. if it will happen again. Is there any larger community strategizing around improving access?

Oak of the Treehouse People and other lesbians are interested in having phone access to the fall gathering. Anyone interested in working on this? Contact Oak for more info (send to Maize, we'll forward).

TRAVEL FUND

This is a special fund to help Dykes from greater distances get to the Gathering, if they need it. Dykes with more resources, or who have fewer traveling expenses because they live closer to the Gathering can contribute to make the Gathering more financially accessible to all of us.

Let's start building this fund now by sending donations to:

Susan Lauchlan
c/o Womland
POBox 293, Belfast ME 04915

97 GATHERING

The 97 Gathering is scheduled at InTouch, Virginia, September 24-30, with the weekend being the hub of the activity. To register, contact Cindi Swartz

POBox 181

Castalia OH 44824-0181

(Please do not put Dyke or Lesbian on the outside of envelope. Send SASE if return response is needed. If you want to call: 419-684-9405. Answering machine. If you leave a message, plan on a return collect call the next day--leave specific times for return call (I work 24 hr. shifts). I will be on the road May 6-June 10 but will try to have a person forward my mail to me.) Cindi



Lake Towanda, InTouch, Virginia
Photo by Cindi Swartz

A QUEST FOR A WARRIOR

Cookie
Moonshadows
Oregon

Battle has always been associated with being a warrior. Nor am I going to contradict that. What isn't often questioned is the type of battle. People 'assume' that it's physical, and sometimes it is. But the path of the warrior reaches far beyond such simple-minded quests, down deep where 'real wars' are waged, and hopefully conquered. Down into the murky caverns of the self where TRUE monsters lurk, waiting to jump out.

Though warriors don't generally wave an identity banner of fears and shames, it doesn't mean that they don't have the same encounters and experiences as others who do. Simply, it means that they react to the 'same' stimuli in a different manner.

They do not readily accept defeat! They meet the challenges of life with courage, honor and respect. This in itself makes their road the rockiest to trek.

Historically a woman by virtue of sex is expected to take the softer, easier route. To meet difficulties, smile, look down, then turn to someone else to take care of it for her, and quickly return to the kitchen. The only challenge being whether she can accept and endure what fate has been handed her, by whatever source.

Let's get real people! That is not equality! What does it matter if it is enforced by men, society or your own disability? That is not what we as a group have been fighting for. And I refuse to allow my own kind to close the lid on the stock pot over me. You might as well drop the white flag and run to snap on the shackles! Why stay imprisoned by your own fears, insecurities and disabilities, when there is a way to be free?

It is my personal choice not to be bullied by my own fear, or by intimidation from others or the system. No one is going to hand me my freedom or equality on a platter in the kitchen. "I" as an individual must

work and fight for those things, by whatever means necessary or available to me.

An 'average' person accepts their fate. They stand by and let the radicals fight. All the while whimpering about the details or the methods. They wrap themselves in a security blanket of fear and self-imposed limitations, peeking out occasionally to whine complaints that the warriors are rocking their boat or pinching them awake. Never realizing that "they" are doing more to harm themselves and our cause than any amount of 'good ole boys' ever could.

I do not choose to be average! I can not stand by and do nothing. Nor will I allow myself to stay a prisoner to fear, disabilities, whiners or the Past. The sicknesses and abuses I've faced are inside me forever. I understand what that means--fully! I also understand that the way to conquer fear and oppression is not to accept it, but to DO something to change it. To put my ass on the line because it is important to my self and others to make a difference. And because I know no one else will do anything if I don't. I can't depend on others to do my work. I must do it myself if I want it done.

I don't give a damn if that makes me unpopular, I'm not looking for a reward. I'm looking for freedom, peace, equality, choice, opportunity, and community. My own conscience is the pay off, work and sacrifice are the keys. I do "my own personal best" for the good of us all. Not everyone will be pleased with my efforts, but that is not my problem. That problem belongs to someone else. I have my own to deal with.

Most of the wimin in our community have some kind of disability, abuse background, phobias, fear or pain. When we look in the mirror of self, we fight more dragons in a day than the average person in a lifetime. Still, that is not what makes us different; the difference is how we deal with the same adversity.

Does it really make anyone feel better to concentrate their energies on their tragedies rather than their victories? By

now we know our similarities. We acknowledge them and move on towards our goals. Does dwelling on the negativity change it, or take away the pain, erase the years or pounds, or rid us of the scars? Or does it maybe attract those types of things to us?

I know I'm on a quest. Nothing can be allowed to detour it. So when my body can't meet the challenge, then I'll fight with my words. When I can no longer speak, my soul must continue. There will come the day that other warriors take my place. But until then I will continue to adapt--not accept.

In the words of Alfreda Hoffman, "Life is a series of changes, if you're not changing, you're not growing." It's like water rushing in a stream. As long as it's moving over the rocks it stays clean and pure, but if it stands still it stagnates. Stagnant water stinks, turns ugly, breeds parasites and disease.

Our goal is to become strong and healthy on many levels, not to accept the rocks, but flow over them fresh and pure.

A single warrior is like a drop of water to the stream. It gives the idea of what the stream can be, but it takes many drops moving in the same direction to be identified as a stream, or to have enough strength to produce change.

If given a choice, how many of you would choose to bathe in the drop? How many the stream?

However, if you choose the drop, I can respect your choice, though I may not see the sense in it, because I respect myself. I honor myself therefore I can honor you. I can recognize your choices, yet make my own.

This is the quest of the warrior, to walk the path of choice, growth, honor, respect and change.

Blessed Be!

Cookie: I was born 7-10-46 to a Jewish mother and a Cherokee father. We were poor and never lived in one place for long. I was the oldest child of 6, 3 sisters, 2 brothers. I grew up fighting to protect my mother and the rest of the kids from my abusive father. Hunger was something we took for granted. When I was six daddy took me hitching on the road to Yuma, Arizona to live on the reservation in a big shipping crate. His sexual abuse of

me started there. However by that time I had already been molested by 3 men not of our family. I have many good memories of that reservation. Finally the police caught us, they took my to the hospital and I never saw my siblings again for over 40 years. I was sent home with my father's sister to live. It was the worst time of my life. By the time I escaped back to my mother at 17, I had been sexually abused by 10 men. And had made my first of a long line of suicide attempts. I became a hard-core drug addict and lived to stay unconscious. I could never adjust to the loss of my family, which I felt were lost forever and I just wanted to be dead. I sold my body to pay for the drugs, then later found show business to be more profitable.

I then became involved in Wicca, stopped the drugs, worked at saving my life and helping others who had been abused save themselves also. I got a PhD, worked in a women's shelter, ran a counseling center, and became strong in the recovery movement.

I have recently been reunited with 2 sisters and 1 brother, and have found their lives to be almost from the same script as mine, except that they were sold to strangers to be adopted for the fee of \$10,000 each. We all have compromised immune systems and are sick most of the time. But we have been doing research and find that our symptoms match what is being called Gulf War Illness. Before the Gulf War they were calling it Lupus. Gulf War Illness is actually a cover name for germ warfare experiments that are being done on the population at large. Which I will talk about in a coming Maize article about immune and auto-immune disorders. I find it odd that the time in life I most want to live, I'm the closest to death.

There are many stories in my story that I didn't cover for lack of space and energy. However, if I can manage to live long enough, the story will be told in full. I urge all women to tell their story too. Starting now, let's stop the secrets and shine some light on who the villains and heroes really are. Let's take some credit for surviving in a nite-mare and start viewing ourselves as being strong enough to do it. No weak person could have survived! We are heroes!

Yes, we have scars--but we're here now and we can help each other heal. Finally, I can love myself with enough left over to love you too.

LETTERS

Dear Sisters,

Putting it frankly, the last 3 years have been hell. Six years ago my lover and I bought 5 acres in the country. It included an older farm house, 1 usable out building and lots of garden space. It was to be our heaven on earth. Well, to make a long story short, my partner left me 2 years ago to live in the city again. I am trying desperately to hold on to this place but am afraid I'm fighting a losing battle. I've already given up my sheep, goats, pigs, chickens and rabbits. I work full time and pay child support to my exhusband to help with our 4 kids. Maybe I'm living(or trying to live)a dream. I'd so very much like to find 2 or 3 other lesbians to come and live here with me. To be my family, to grow old together. Together we could make this house a home. If I should find a life mate along the way that would be an added bonus but not a necessity. If I could find 3 others to contribute \$150 each a month we could make big strides in a year's time. There is no reason we can't be self sufficient. If I don't find any one within 2 months I'm going to have to call it quits. Is there anyone out there looking for a home and family? I live in West Central Wisconsin and can be reached at 715-664-8429 Please Help!

Thank you,
Barb
Wisconsin

Dear Maize,

Mare Wilde's advice on dog diets was very nice, and I'd like to add a supplement of background info. The summer issue of *The Earth Island Journal* had 4 pages of interesting articles on "mad cow disease", rendering-plant by-products, pet foods, etc.

Let me summarize the basic story: It seems that a new disease pathway, a veritable Pandora's box, has been opened up by the western animal slaughter industry. Everyone knows that cattle are naturally vegetarian grazing animals, but to increase profits, the industry has processed diseased/dead ruminants in rendering plants and mixed those by-products into various feed supplements. Well, now it seems that some mind-boggling pathogens called "prions", infectious proteins that are indestructible, are transmitted through this process. Therefore various herds have been having

neurological diseases. In Britain, the cows die in a lively grotesque way. There is evidence that the phenomenon in the US has been covered up by the USDA, and manifests more like "downer" cows that quietly expire. Anyway, eating commercial meats is very dangerous! Because it seems that there is a kind of neuro-degenerative disease in humans coming from meat and MAYBE dairy products too! Indeed, there is a suggestion that some of the Parkinsons/Alzheimers disease out there, is actually from this new disease pathway.

Dog owners who want to be responsible and/or preserve their lands as safe sanctuaries, refuges from the madness, should be aware that most commercial pet food similarly contains rendering plant by-products. At least cats cover and hide their stools a bit, but dogs don't. The incredibly indestructible prions in the dog stools can obviously enter the air (dry up and get blown around), soil and water. This is not the time to drift in happy oblivion, thinking that owning dogs and feeding them in the conventional way, is perfectly acceptable...to complete the story let me add that vet. clinics send bags of dead pets, including all sorts of hazardous medical trash, to the rendering plants.

Teresa, Oregon

Dear Lee,

Please add to *Making Yourself an EI Accessible Dyke* (Winter issue, #52) the following:

*Check with individual Dykes about sensitivities to animal dander. Some are extremely sensitive while others live with animal friends. For group events, wear well aired-out clothes if you have pets. If you are not scent-free, do not touch the animal friends of EI dykes.

The Treehouse People

Dear Readers,

Has anyone got tips for dealing with ticks? We're thinking about getting peacocks or geese (we have medium-large dogs). Nests of tiny ticks make going outside in tick season a challenge. We're also raking up and burning leaves this winter. Please send tips to me and Maize, as our summers start early here in north Mississippi. Thanks.

Gwen O Demeter
Rt.5 Box 100
Holly Springs MS 38635

DYKE WELL BEING NETTLES

FOR GENERAL WELL BEING AND ALLERGIES

Last January, I quit my job and travelled to about 15 women's lands--such luck--such an amazing trip. When I started out I wanted to get as far from patriarchy as possible. What I needed to learn was how to take care of my body. No more ama for me, I had been cut enough. No.

One of my stops was a weekend at Susun Weed's. She suggested that I take Nettles, particularly for my kidney problems, but also just for good nutrition. While I was at her center, I had an infusion made from stinging nettles and felt easy with it. I knew I was going to be travelling, so an infusion was not practical, so I got tincture of nettles from White Feather who prepares tinctures and oils. I have been taking about 20 drops of nettle tincture every day in a glass of water in the morning for about a year. Ah, now I had more resources for my health. Another step was Spiral where I met Jes Ryn. What an inspiration! She was learning how to care for herself and others and finding natural ways.

And so I continued my journey. I started from Kentucky, travelled to Texas, Wisconsin, Oregon, New Mexico and Arkansas and back to Kentucky (staying with my daughter). I was surprized, in looking back on my trip, I had not been sick, all the changes in water, food and all the travelling had not affected me. I've always had bad allergies. I dreaded coming east, particularly in the fall when the molds would cause havoc with my sinuses. I found that I could deal with my allergies. So I feel that the daily dose of nettles and the greatly reduced stress made my body strong enough to deal with infections and allergies.

Dianne

Soon to be in New Mexico

COMING BACK

On the day of my fourth visit to a classical homeopathist in Phoenix I had an absolutely mind-blowing experience. After having my monthly dose of "pellets" I first had lunch with a friend and then went to shop at Trader Joe's. As I walked

down the aisles the word "present" kept coming to me. As I kept repeating that word, it suddenly dawned on me...I was back in my body! I was present. I was "in the moment". The strange thing about that realization is that I didn't know I had been gone. Now that I have had 2 weeks to think about the experience I realize that I had been gone for a very long time. (Perhaps since 1988 when I was in Prescott working full time on healing from being chemically sensitive.)

How did being back in my body feel? First, I felt like I had all the time in the world...I did not have to hurry anywhere. Second, I felt happy and contented and loving...and very relaxed. Third, I felt grounded and centered. Fourth, Those feelings lasted for almost a full day and then returned for several days at a time throughout the next two weeks. Fifth, I felt a lot of self-love; I treated myself to a matinee which I hadn't done for a while.

Welcome back, Susan! Thank you, Karen.

Susan Riebel

Huff 'n' Puff, Arizona

AIR AND WATER

Dear fellow Maize ears:

I really felt for Rachael Rosen, who described her catch-22 situation in the spring issue(96). I hope the section 8 and small parcel ideas Debby Earthdaughter talked about in the winter issue will soon make womyn's land accessible to Rachael and many others.

Meanwhile, here are cheap and easy ways to improve air and water quality somewhat:1) Put cheesecloth(or any material with a fine but loose weave) over your apartment's vents with tape and window screens with pins. Keep it moist with water from an atomizer and change it at the first sign of dark spots.

2)Cover one end of a short cylinder with window screen held on by a rubber band, fill it with solid activated charcoal from the supermarket's pharmacy section, and attach the other end to the kitchen faucet by making 4 inch-long slits, putting the end over the faucet and wrapping a rubber band around both.

3)"Caulk" your floors'edges with shredded, soaked newspaper.

Dana Bellwether

2353 Texas Av S,C-277 College Station TX 77840

LAND LESY

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

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

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

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

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

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

PENNY WILSON, POBox 59267, Chicago IL 60659-0267

I'll pay postage on anything I offer.

Offers: *8 rolls of blue 1/4" wide rayon curling ribbon. Each roll holds 55 ft.
*Small plastic 6 ounce clean yogurt containers with lids. I must eat a minimum of 2 portions of yogurt a day to be able to digest my other food, so I have lots. Great for freezing.
*one ceramic potporri container, 5" high 4" wide, light green in color. Base has space for candle, and top piece is shaped like a bowl with lip curving in.

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

JODI, POBox 341, Great Barrington MA 01230
(Write first, with details, if you need me to pay postage)

Requests: *Help with, or info about repairing:

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

*Pictures of dragonflies

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

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

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

*Someone to "unzip" the shareware someone gave me

*Jigsaw puzzles

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

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

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

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

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

ANTJE SCHEUMANN, POBox 330, Tyrone, NM 88065

Offers: *doing charts

- *info about astrology
- *telling fortunes by tarot cards
- *info about Germany's lesbian scene
- *overnight accomodation in Germany
- *lesbian-country music
- *info about healing with stones, oils and herbs
- *homemade southwestern landscape viewcards
- *knitting socks, send me wool, size and pattern

Requests: *Visits from Lesbians all over the world

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

Offers: *heat resistant seeds: melon, cucumber, long string beans, sunflower, basil, zinnia, marigold, maybe tomatoes if harvest is good

*dried herbs: basil, anise, oregano

→ *a place to stay short term with plenty of sun, clean air, hills, ocean within walking distance

*Reiki healing energy

*Postcards: Demeter & Kore '82 (collector's item)

Requests: *information on lesbian menopause and 50+ healthcare

*women's/lesbian music

*Someone who has access to SunRider products(I will pay for them)

*Someone who can send me KavaKava Root capsules from Solgar(I will pay for them)

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

CAMP MARY, POBox 374, Pelham NH 03076

Offers: *Anti-Abuse Discussion Facilitator's Handbook*. Send manila envelope with \$1.40 postage.

MADELAINE ZADIK, POBox 26, Cummington, MA 01026 413-634-5617

Offers: *Seeds: hardy onion(have survived to -40°), lupines(mixed colors), purple columbine, catnip and more

*Sample pack of greeting cards(no envelopes)

*Homegrown pesticide-free dried catnip

Requests: *Vegetable seeds for very short season crops, flower seeds.

FOX, POBox 4723, Albuquerque NM 87196

Offers: *A microscope, a good one I think, to a lesbian and/or her daughter(no boys)

→ *A video camera and editor, to loan, for dyke video projects

CAROL SPRINGER(L.B.), 452 Storrs Rd, Mansfield CT 06250 860-423-8699

Offers: *50/50 blend of washed white mohair and colored(corriedale) wool carded into roving for spinning in 1/2 lb parcels. Postage appreciated.

Requests: *Communication with wimin whose community includes health, healing and personal care for wimin and sustainable agriculture in a rural setting.

KELLY STERNS, 1229 LaPoblana NW, Albq. NM 87107 505-761-9791

Offers: *Communication with other crips. Any type of disability...mental, physical or martian. I'm especially interested in all aspects of working/poverty class crip culture...rights, poetry, arts, humor, etc. but happy to discuss many subjects. Phone, letters or tapes.

*Dyke crip stickers. Very cool. Also anti kevorkian stickers. Don't have a car to put them on, so personally I decorate my oxygen tank.

Requests: *Undyed clothing or blankets (stains or rips ok)

*Any kind of music on tape, but especially a capella or music without a lot of noise because I get headaches easily.

*Stamps. VERY MUCH APPRECIATED. I'm homebound and do everything through the mail.

TC, POBox 659, Shutesbury MA 01072

Offers: *Colorful childlike drawings of affirmations--your choice--send the affirmation you would like a picture of(suitable for putting on your refrigerator with magnets).

Requests: *Electric Quartz heater/s that have not been in toxic environments. Write first with description of heater. *Knitting needles: double pointed metal needles.

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

Offers: *Book of my poetry and art, herb woman(send 6x9" self-addressed envelope with \$1.24 postage)

**Journey to Another Life*(past life meditation tape)

*collection of lesbian and feminist magazines including some *WomanSpirit* and *Country Woman* issues.(you pay post)

Requests: *hickory nuts
*butternuts

FULL CIRCLE FARM, 604 Silk Hope/Liberty Rd Siler City NC 27344

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

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

DEBI SLATKIN, Turtle Rock, 1755 Highview Lane, Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972
610-982-9012(9a-9p only, please)
fax 610-982-5415. debis@nwfs.gse.upenn.edu
Offers:*Her 60 minute relaxation tape
*Ideas(I enjoy helping others brainstorm and problem solve)
*Distance Reiki healing

OUTLAND, POBox 130, Serafina NM 87569
We'll pay postage on anything we offer or request.
Offers:*Any size or style of Red River Menstrual pads(for your own personal use). Write for brochure.
*Any back copies of MAIZE that we still have copies of.

*Information on building: adobe, round, non-toxic(send specific questions)
*IMPORTANT PURSUITS, Questions of Value for Radical Dykes(by Lee). A set of 170 cards to stimulate thought and discussion. For Lesbian use only.
*THE WIMMIN OF OUR DREAMS, By Jae Haggard. Homespun fiction about a Lesbian world. A LandMade book(150pp)
*COUNTRY DYKE SONGS, a LandMade tape of songs by Jae.
*Organic open-pollinated seeds from our garden: pole beans(purple, green), bush beans(yellow wax), scarlet runner beans, corn(rainbow inca, hopi blue, golden bantam), amaranth(elephant head, burgandy), chard, lettuce, dill, lamb's quarters, zinnia, calendula, 4 o'clock, larkspur, cosmos, marigold(large, small)

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

NANCY EVECHILD, 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.

LORRY BOND(aka Desert Rain), 746 Jenifer St Madison WI 53703

Offers:*My book of poetry/very short stories:Moongazer's Log: A Disabled Woman's Journey of Discovery
Requests:*Suggestions of books about real or imagined wismin's separatist communities
*A ride to/from any of your lands. I'm currently in the city but would love to be in the country. Can't drive or fly due to my disability but want to at least visit you!
*Suggestions from other disabled dykes on how they made the move/transition to land.

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

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

HOBIT, 1001 NE 23 Place, Pompano Beach FL 33064

Offers:*Handmade, all natural herbal soaps (write for list of kinds) and info on soap making
*Dried hibiscus flowers
*Info on tarot, astrology and candle magik (if you send your chart I will interpret it for you)
*A place to stay for travellers or womyn seeking a few days of sunshine and the beach(I love visitors!)
*Info about riding and caring for horses
*I have a large and varied CD collection. Write for list; I'll make copies if you send tapes.
Requests:*Natural remedies for horses especially in regards to allergies/skin problems
*Info about the Taos, NM area and any Lesbian Land near the ocean
*Exchange of works with other writers and artists
*Ideas for political action and anti-discrimination tactics

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

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

JO GREENWOOD, POBox 266, Husum, WA 98623

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. SUMMER PIKE, Pumpkin Ecological Farm, 605 Morse Rd, RR5, Bridgetown NS B0S 1C0 Canada

Offers: *Homemade tapes of women's music

*Used blank cassettes, great condition

*Handmade recycled cards & stationery

*Seeds: Blue Colorado Spruce, Teatree, Sugar Maple, forget-me-not, a few miscellaneous squash & bean seeds.

*If you send pattern & supplies (or kit) I'll gladly do any cross-stitch project for you.

Requests: *Gardening supplies (seedling trays, pots, small tools, etc. and seeds.

*Feminist/lesbian utopia, fiction or non-fiction books. Temporary loans are fine.

*Any spare spatulas or wooden spoons?

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

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

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

LIERRE KEITH, 200 King St. Northampton MA 01060

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

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

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

NINA PUGLIA, 835 W. Montrose, Chicago, IL 60613

Offers: *Gifts of urban surplus, culled from local thrift shops and garage sales. Send a wish list and be sure to include size information (for pants waist size is best). I usually rummage from May to September. If you are allergic to detergent, let me know so I can wash clothes in baking soda before sending them. I pay postage. *3 yards of pure wool jersey fabric, dusty purple color. Also about 2 yards of matching light purple striped wool jersey.

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

Requests: *Information from lesbian experience about aromatherapy, color therapy, crystal/gemstone therapy, and healing with plants that can be grown indoors.

*Seeds and/or information about growing a plant called "lamb's ears".

HEATHER, POBox 809, Lumsden Sask S0G 3C0 Canada

Offers: *Handbound soft-covered journals, postage paid

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

Requests: *Wild wimmin stories/poems

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

*Handmade rattle

*Handmade paper for books

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

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

Requests: *Pen-pal. I'm 39, non-smoker, gemini. I enjoy outdoor activities

KATHARINE ALDER, 43 Gravir, Isle of Lewis, Scotland HS2 9QX

Offers: *A certain amount of knowledge about the Tides, and about the Stars and Planets, and the Moon and her phases, why they rise and set where they do, and how their paths across the sky are how they are, and how it's different at different seasons, from different parts of Earth, and at different Ages (a 25,000 year cycle).

*A diagram showing just what part of what constellation is in each thirty degree section of the ecliptic band, corresponding to each sign of the Zodiac (they have all moved around rather since being named about two thousand years ago so the Zodiac sign does not correspond to the constellation of the same name.)

*"Web of Days", Dec. solstice 96 to Dec. solstice 97, moon calendar. A3orA4 single sheet. Black & white (to colour in) or coloured in. B&W can be used as menstrual chart.

Requests: *Warm communication with radical dykes

*Sharing of information and support with other dykes who are trying eating mainly raw food.

DAWN SUSUN, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh, Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD, Scotland

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

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

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

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.

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

Offers: *Holiday accom. sharing with myself & my young daughter

*British native (+non-native) herb, ornamental & veg. seeds

*Natural child-rearing support

*Taped thinking/feeling/inspiring/funky/chillin' music--eclectic range from J. Siberry; Portishead; PJ Harvey; McGarrigle sisters; Billie Holliday;

Sinead O'connor... (send IRC for archive list or 2 IRC's for compilation tape)

*Mutually supportive & creative correspondence with like-minded pen-pals

*Feminist British journals and newspapers

Requests: *Exchange of ideas, inspiration, news, contemp. arts & feminist politics by letter or email (af400860@ntu.ac.uk)

*Feminist/goddess/nature-related stories, songs, chants, esp. for children

*Alternative treatment advice (self-help remedies, poss?) for childhood diseases such as diphtheria, whooping cough, rubella, etc. as opposed to orthodox vaccinations

*Herbal remedies (concocted tinctures, teas...)

*Tinctures

*Recommended children's books (5+)

*Feminist/lesbian journals & newspapers, fanzines and book catalogs

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

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

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

LESEPS, c/o Barbara & Michi Lavenda, Pf 45, A-7400 Oberwart, Austria

Offers: *13 cards and envelopes of unique Lesbian images and Lesbian signs, hand-colored with colors from natural pigments. Two sizes available: 10,5x15cm, or 15x21 cm. For Lesbians Only.

*Natural wool of sheep for knitting and weaving, without any chemicals

*Organic seeds: Black mallow (beautiful black/purple blossoms, used as a tea against cough) and french marigold.

COUNTRY CONNECTIONS

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

LESEPS, Community of Separatist Country-Dykes, Pf 45, A-7400, Oberwart Austria
We offer a room for lesbian visitors who are looking for support or want to share experiences about self-healing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RATHGASKIG(aka Raa), Cobnait, Ballingearry, Co Cork, Eire(Ireland)
A sparky place for dykes desiring, stretching into Be-ing Biophilic(the original Lust for Life that is at the core of an Elemental E-motion) experiencing and exploring wild ways out of patriarchy. Mountain, pinetrees, simple living, inside space and camping, money no obstacle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPINSTERHAVEN, POBox 718, Fayetteville Arkansas 72702
Our mission is to create and maintain nurturing community homes for aging women and women with disabilities. Have 43 acres with one trailer now, goal of 6-8 residents. Seeking tax-deductible donations for environmentally friendly development.

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

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

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

SWIFTWATERS, Rt 3, Dahlonega, Georgia 30533
Riverfront campground or bed & breakfast

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

TOAD HOLLOW FARM, 605 Ferris Creek Rd, Dubre Kentucky 42731
Seek lesbians to share land.

MORE →

TURTLE ROCK, 1755 Highview Lane, Upper
Black Eddy Pennsylvania 18972
610-992-9012(9a-9p only please)
Camping and guest room for womyn travel-
ing through. Companion animals welcome
outside only. We love company.

WEST WIND, POBox 304, Ribera New Mexico
87560

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

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

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

WILD BROWSE FARM, 87 Bullard Pasture,
Wendell Massachusetts 01379

WISEHEART FARMS, Box 237, Williamsport
Ohio 43164

Seeking community members.

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

Seeking collective members.

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

Work exchange for landswomen, builders,
and gardeners to improve rural living
and construction skills, about 1 hour
from New Orleans. Developing community
with land ownership as well as community
land ownership of women-only space.
Please try to write for invitation to
visit and for rural living experiences
at least two months in advance.

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

10 acres in New York

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

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

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

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

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

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

WOMLAND, Inc. POBox 293, Belfast, Maine
04915

TIPS FOR VISITORS TO LESBIAN LAND

The visitor calls or writes in advance.
She includes a SASE if writing; she doesn't
put 'lesbian' or 'dyke' on a postcard or
envelope to the land.

She arrives somewhere near when she said
she would. If she can't find the land, she
doesn't talk to neighbors about the wimmin's
land.

She comes prepared to care for herself
totally, or makes specific arrangements
with the land.

She doesn't presume anything; she asks
what is appropriate in the way of food,
money, pets, phone use, scents, smoking,
chemical use and anything else that affects
the wimmin on the land.

She respects the land, leaving every-
thing the way she found it. She takes her
garbage with her.

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

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

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

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

MAIZE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANYONE INTERESTED in forming, donating to, or living on an E.I. safe Lesbian Land Trust in Western Massachusetts please write to Alana Land c/o Fern, POBox 381447, Cambridge MA 02238.

LAND DYKES OF NORTHERN EUROPE: Some of us are thinking of organising a gathering possibly in Cymru/Wales in the summer of 9998. If you are interested in helping organise get in touch soon with Dawn Susun, Taigh A'Gharaidh, 26 Leumrabhagh, Eilean Leodhais/Isle of Lewis, HS2 9RD Scotland, U.K.

ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF A NEW LESBIANLAND: AMAZENJI. Open to travelling womyn and children(boys under 5)and work exchange sisters. Camping from may-oct, alcohol and drug free. Annual womyn's gathering July 1st long weekend. Zen retreats; buddhist monk in residence. Phone 250-694-3630 before 8am,after 8pm or write Amazenji, RR2 S11E C3, Burns Lake, British Columbia, VOJ 1E0

FOR SALE:Half-interest in country, secluded 5.5 acres, 30'x60' started passive solar home, 24'x24' frame garage w/cement floor, 12'x48' block building(cement floor), 100 year old mortise and tenon joint barn 30'x45'(12'x22' stall, 3 off-ground compartments enclosed, one large open work area, good roof), 35'deep drilled well tapped into underground aquifer; fairly new submersible pump, large isolated spring-fed pond, 5/8acre x 1/2 acre fenced pasture, 12'x60'(L.R.extended to 16'wide) furnished mobile home(bolt-tied down through 11' of cement slab), small fruit tree orchard(needs some updating and rehab), many diversified opportunities to establish self-supporting business or for someone to help develop an economically self-sufficient lesbian community. Low taxes(less than \$300 a year), your down payment=\$3000, your total for half interest\$8,500, your monthly payment=\$87. This is surrounded by timber and fields, 30 miles from Springfield, IL Crickett, 57 Goby Ave. Waggoner, IL 62572. 217-227-4535

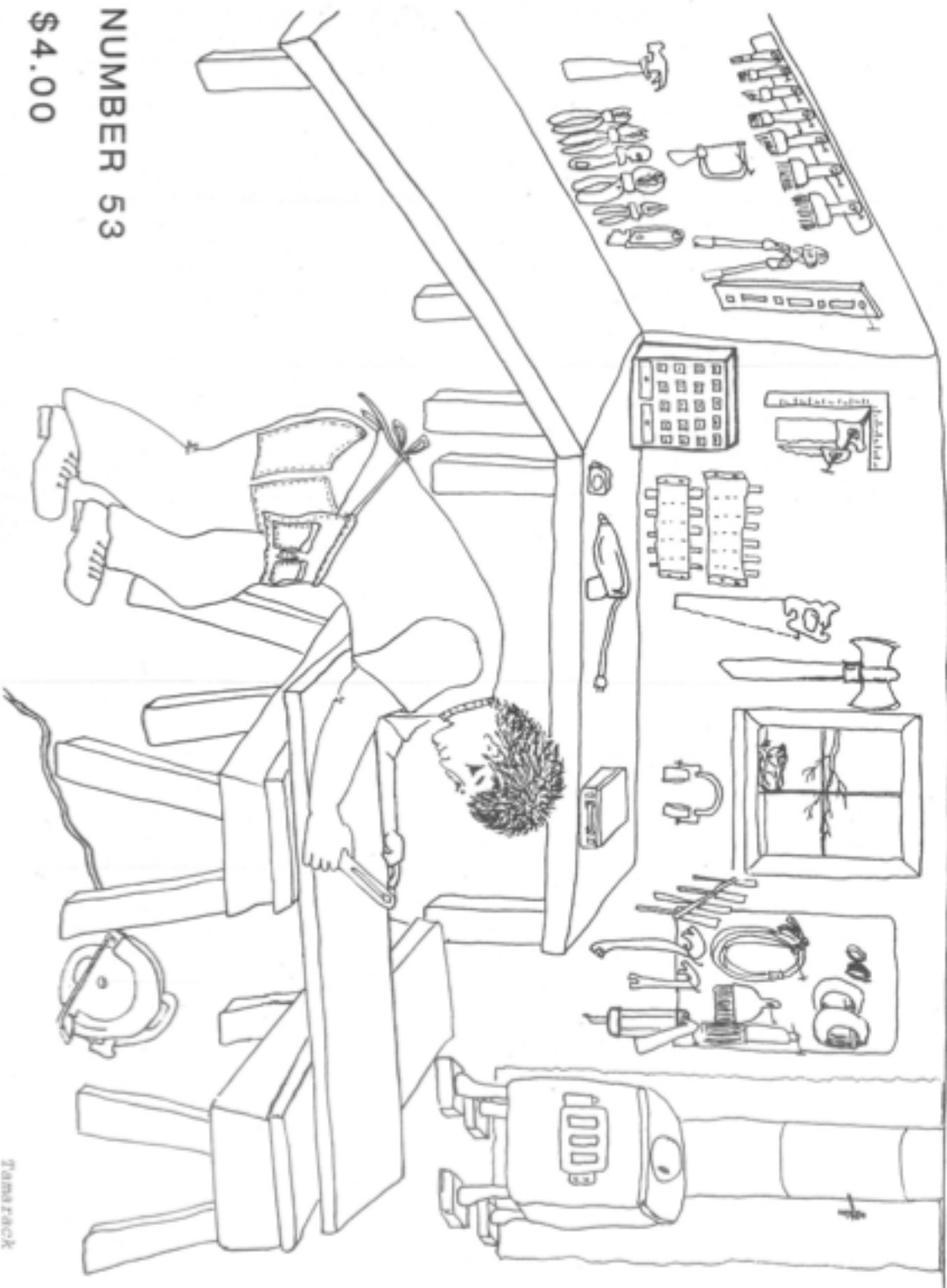
OWL FARM is beautiful, neglected, and in need of responsible women to care for/enjoy/visit the land with healing energy. Contact Oregon Womons' Land Trust, POBox 1692, Roseburg OR 97470

CABBAGE LANE LAND TRUST is seeking 100 women to donate at least \$13 apiece for the final land payment(\$2500+) to secure Cabbage Lane, 80 acres of forested wilderness near Wolf Creek in Southern Oregon. A similar fund drive last year brought in over \$1500 and enabled last summer's land payment. The annual auction in November was a grand success and raised \$1140. The end is in sight! First-time donors will have a tree named after them; names of women who have given energy to Cabbage Lane will also be remembered in a painted stones walkway or sitting area. Send your donation to Cabbage Lane Land Trust (tax deductible if made out to OWLT, earmarked for Cabbage Lane), POBox 2145, Roseburg, OR 97470. Cabbage Lane is one of the oldest lands held by women. It is not suitable for residential use; women who would like to hike on the land should contact CLLT. There will be a July Full Moon Campout (backpacking in).

WE'MOON is now on-line with a We'Moon Web page each new moon. URL:<http://www.teleport.com/~wemoon/> Join us. If you know a lesbian who is online, get her to print it out for you. Respond by snail-mail: Musawa/We'Moon Web, POBox 1395, Estacada OR 97023, or e-mail:wemoon@teleport.com(put 'musawa/We'Moon Web' on subject line).

LESBIAN NATURAL RESOURCES is a nonprofit organization established to support rural lesbians and Lesbian community land projects. For info on grant program, other programs, or to make a donation, write LNR at POBox 8742, Minneapolis MN 55408-0742.

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



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