

May, 1983

[No.29]

HOW I LEARNED TO PLAY CANASTA

The cop wanted to know what was so funny as he was putting the handcuffs on me. I guess I didn't realize I was laughing as much as I was. But what else could I do? I knew I had been caught. No sense denying it.

There was no question in my mind that there was enough alcohol in my blood to put me over the .20 which means you do 48 hours in the County Jail and pay a stiff fine. I would have to deal with it and being able to laugh helped. Too bad if it pissed the cop off. He was controlling me physically, but he wasn't going to control me mentally. A blood test and \$250 dollars later, I walked out of the Cape Elizabeth police station. With the court date about two weeks away, I decided I would hire a lawyer knowing that I wouldn't get off, but I was intimidated by the legal system and was afraid that I might end up with a worse deal if I went to court by myself. I look back now and realize that it's a scam the lawyers and Judge have going, to scare you half to death so you hire

a lawyer and they all make money.

My day in court came and I get the speeding charge dropped for pleading guilty but got a \$350 dollar fine and 48 hours in the County Jail. They make you feel like they are really accommodating you by letting you pick the time to do your 48 hours when you god damn well know that if it didn't suit them, it would be your tough luck. I asked for the weekend of July 9 and 10. Two weeks away, two weeks to deal with my fear of going to jail. It was hard to figure out what some of my fears were but I know I was scared. I think knowing that someone else would have total power over me was just an incredible thought since I am a person who feels I must have control of my life. Giving up this control involuntarily was hard for me. The other things I wondered about were what were the other prisoners going to be like, the food, toilet facilities and how did the guards treat you. There were no women I knew who had been in the Cumberland County Jail who could answer these questions for me so I would have to find out for myself. Friday night came and, yes, I was terrified, but with the help of some great friends who took me to the Deli for supper and then walked me to the County Jail, I was there at the appointed hour of 6 p.m.

I was taken right upstairs to the womens' section and told to sit at a table. There I met another prisioner at the table who was quite talkative and I soon found out that she was in for a murder charge. Then the routine of processing me began. First, I was searched and everything in my pockets taken from me. The finger printing comes next and how they expect you to relax your fingers in that situation is beyond me. Then It was back downstairs for my mug shot which they had to do twice because the camera messed up. By this time, I had one of my big grins on my face and the guards seemed quite surprised I seemed to be taking this so lightly. I wasn't, but I wasn't going to let them know that.

Next, it was back upstairs. I sat down at the table again and got to watch the woman deputy go through my personal belongings. She slowly opened my books and leafed through them, making a couple derrogatory comments about the subject matter. Smelling my toothpaste came next, it was o.k. but I couldn't have my chapstick, drugs, you know. After examining the seams in my backpack, she let me have my books, toothpaste, brush and shampoo but kept the backpack so I carried everything back to my cell which she showed me to next.

Well, I knew it wasn't going to be the Ritz, but i didn't expect this either. A three-women cell with the toilet stuck right in the middle so everyone could see you take a shit. That's, of course, if you weren't constipated all weekend because you couldn't take the humiliation. The shower was in a community cell with other cells off of it. It did have a curtain, but when you got out of it to dry off and dress everyone could see you anyway so why they bothered, I don't know.

The "beds" consisted of raised metal slabs with, I think, horse hair mattress all of 3" thick and a pillow made of the same thing with a thick vinyl covering. Something only a drunk could pass out on. When they gave me two sheets and a blanket I said I needed a pillow case and the other two prisoners laughed and started mimicking me, so I realized you don't get pillow cases. I stuck the pillow

under the sheet when I made my "bed" up.

Now I was settled in, if one can ever settle into cement and steel, I attempted to read. The county was nice enough to have one T.V. set in the cell block, so I found myself watching and began wondering how to relate to the other two women prisoners. I soon found out. Cards. The guard on duty and the two other women loved to play canasta. "Did I know how to play?" If I didn't, they would teach me me. Do you think I was going to say no? So on a Friday night in Cumberland County Jail I learned how to play canasta.

Time in jail goes by slowly. You don't have the little things to do that you always take for granted. You couldn't go to the fridge and just stare at the food when you're bored or look out a window, make a phone call, take a walk, play some

albums or clean up the house when there is nothing else to do.

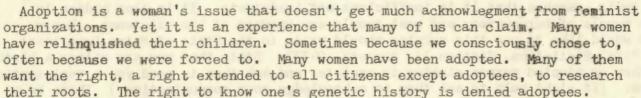
Saturday morning didn't come any too quick and with it my first and as I was later to find out, the only decent one. Thank goddess they can't do anything to corn flakes and milk. The food was just unreal. Something they called a grilled cheese sandwich, I think, was left over cold toast that somehow they melted cheese on and let it get stone cold and hard as a rock. Then they served it to you. Fortunately the other women warned me of this and, so, after Saturday morning breakfast, when the candy and soda cart came around, I stocked up and lived off sugar for the weekend. Very balanced diet.

The visiting hours are broken up by the alphabet; A-L Saturday morning, N-Z in the afternoon and the reverse on Sunday. My friends had promised me they would be there and they were. I realized, even being in jail for a short time, how important it is to connect with the outside world and which people are going to treat you as a person. That's why I went back to visit one of the women who was going to be in for a while and had no one visiting her. Well, my friends had all kinds of questions, but I felt uneasy answering them with the guards around. I was aware by then that they could make my "visit" very unpleasant if they wanted to. I had seen one of the women disagree with a guard about the God vs. Darwin theory and the guard said if she didn't stop saying we came from apes she would lock her up in her cell again. So I told my friends their questions would be answered when I got out.

Saturday afternoon turned into Sunday with most of the time spent talking about where we were from and what we had done to end up in jail. Later, Sunday afternoon, we started playing canasta again and this time, I was winning. I lost track of time and didn't realize that it was 6PM, my release time, until the guard came to the cell block to tell me someone was here to pick me up. When she found me in the middle of a card game and not ready to go she was madder than a wet hen. She started going on about how it was after six and I should have been ready, everybody else always was, what was the matter with me. I started to laugh and she said it wasn't funny, but there wasn't anything else she c could do to me now. The thought of someone enjoying themselves and making the best of a situation was probably killing her.



Adoption Legislation



There is a bill that is being considered by the Maine Judiciary Committee that would allow adoptees access to their genetic history. The bill is No. 704. It would grant adoptees, who are 20 or over, the right to their adoption files, unless the birth mother claims anonymity.

There is a lot of opposition to the passage of this bill. I think this is coming from the mythinformation and mythunderstanding that historically surrounds adoption. One of the biggest, most harmful myths that has been perpetuated by adoption agencies in the past is "if an adopted child is given all the love, security, etc. that she or he needs, they will not want information about their birth parents." This is a very pervasive myth that has contributed much to the fears of adoptive parents. Another widely accepted myth surrounding adoption is that birth mothers are sluts, cold, uncaring women. This myth has kept many women from acknowledging that they are birth mothers who gave children up for adoption. They are apt to fear that revealing their secret would destroy whatever life they have created for themselves.

The effect of these and other mythunderstandings has been to retain archaic, repressive legislation that denies adopted people the right to information that is very pertinent to their lives. Bill No. 704 would give adopted people the right to know their medical history; it would better enable them to find their birth parent if they both wanted that to happen. Their questions about themselves could be answered if they had access to their adoption files.

This bill needs a lot of support. People wanting to see this bill passed can call the toll free number, 1-800-452-4601, and express support of the bill to any of the following members of the Judiciary Committee. Letters of support are also very important.

Senators

Richard Trafton (D-Androscoggin)
Paul Violette (D-Aroostook)
Samuel Collins (R-Knox)

Representatives

Barry Hobbins (D-Saco)
John Joyce (D-Portland)
J. Robert Carrier (D-Westbrook)
Sharon Benoit (D-South Portland) *Sponsor of the bill.
David Soule (D-Westport)
Martin Hayden (D-Durham)
Lloyd Drinkwater (R-Belfast)
James Reeves (R-Newport)
E. Christopher Livesay (R-Brunswick)
Ruth Foster (R-Ellsworth)

Orphan Voyage is a national organization that is an Adult Adoptee Search Group. Its membership is made up of adoptive parents, birth mothers, and adoptees. Its purpose is to assist adoptees and birth mothers in their searches for each other. There is a Portland chapter. For information about monthly meetings call Anne (772-4840) or Carol (775-0854).

There is a registry administered by the State of Maine that adopted people and birth mothers can register with. If both people register, the State will notify the first person who registered and then that person decides what she/he wants to do. There have been complaints from people who have used this registry in their searches that it is inefficient and inadequate. It is also hidden in the bowels of bureaucracy and most people are unaware of its existence. Women who would like to use this service should write to the State of Maine Department of Vital Statistics, Station 11, Augusta, 04333. State that you are either a birth mother or adopted person wishing to register and ask them to send you a registration form. (It might help to ask them to acknowledge your communication.) There is a \$2 fee.

Governor Brennan is declaring May 7th MAINE ADOPTION AWARENESS DAY. That is the day that the New England Conference of the American Adoption Congress will be held at the Colonial Hilton in Lynnfield, MA. The conference will be held May 7th from 9-5. There will be a luncheon and two coffee breaks included in the \$25 registration fee. For more information about registration, call Anna at 773-6398.

Anna Kissed



Under English Common law, "common scold" was a criminal charge levied against "women addicted to abusive speech." Men could not be so charged. We name this newsletter "The Common Scold" to honor all of herstory's scolds. We honor the women who dared to speak their minds, the women who dared assert themselves, the women tried and convicted by allmale juries. Let us all be guilty of the charge "common scold."

--- Editorial Policy The Common Scold is published monthly by the Newsletter Task Force of the Collective. Our purpose is to provide women with a forum for our feminist voices. We will only print material by women, and will consider for publication any material not deemed racist, sexist, classist, heterosexist, ablebodiest or ageist. We reserve the right to edit material on matters of length and content. No revisions or rejections will occur without dialogue with the author. The viewpoints expressed are not necessarily those of the Newsletter Task Force. We encourage women to submit articles, graphics, poetry, cartoons, reviews and announcements. We appreciate type-written submissions, though handwritten submissions are also welcome. Deadline for submissions is the 10th of each month. All submissions must include the author's name, address, and phone number (if available) should we need to contact the author. Within the pages of the Newsletter, names will be omitted upon request. Please enclose SASE if you would like your work returned to you.

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"reform"school



When I was in high school our girls' basketball team played a team from a nearby reform school. We were always fascinated and frightened at the same time. When I was in college I spent a 12 month work term at the school. I stayed in touch with a few of the girls for years after I left.

The following article includes excerpts from the school's philosophy. After each

excerpt is a piece of what was really going on.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS SUPERINTENDENT'S STATEMENT REGARDING FUNCTION AND PROGRAM

"The function of the school is to provide a controlled, therapeutic living situation for girls whose delinquent pattern is symptomatic of severe emotional deprivation."

She came home late that night. She kissed him goodbye. Hegave her a swift pat and drove off. When she got inside, her parents were in the kitchen making love. The air was heavy with alcohol.

"You little bitch" hollered her father. "Out fucking again. I'll teach you

to behave that way-" He leaped at her and tripped over the chair.

Her mother just hissed, "Slut!" She ran upstairs and bundled up Davie and Don and took them to the neighbors for the night. When she came back the next day there was a warrant for her under the "stubborn child" law.

"The function of the school is to deal with those extremes of expression and behavior which occur in such degree that they approach the psychopathic. and could not be managed by inexperienced people."

Sorry I haven't written but I've been real busy staying out of the school (industrial school). Real busy! My parole officer threatened to take me back unless I went to school, so I got dressed and said I would go right then and it wa was 11:00. She said if I wasn't inside the school doors at 11:30 exactly she'd have a warrant issued for me. Sure enough I was in my seat at 11:35. I stayed in school for 3 days and hooked the last two. She called the school Friday and when she found out I wasn't there she went to visit my mom. Mom said I went to school at 7AM. So off the P.O. went to issue her warrant. I stayed out all night Friday and didn't get home til Saturday night. I bummed money to go see my last live concert(Jimmy Hendricks). Then she (my mom) when I was leaving said that my P.O. had been there and that she(my P.O.) was coming to get me Monday morn. So off, like a fool I went; stayed out Saturday and Sunday. Planned to make it to school on time Monday. Unfortunately I didn't get up til 11:30. I called a friend in Chelsea, as she planned to get her own place near the common. We got a place that day and have been out ever since.

"For the girl, the process of healing and re-education begins in the school when she establishes warm, satisfying relationships on which she can depend.

MEMO to: Miss----

re: Pen note intercepted between Joyce and Darlene; during P.E. Thought you might like to see it. Why not have one or two cottages for these kind of girls? Then we can keep them away from the other girls and each other.

Say there Fly One,

With time an my side and you on my mind decided to let loose with a few more lines. Do you realize that I can't get you off my mind? Baby, you've got me hung up higher than the highest star. When you leave it's gonna be a bummer all the way. But as the song says, it is better to have loved and lost than to have not loved at all and I wanna tell you how sweet it is.

Baby, take it easy. I found your earing. Can I take it out in trade?

"Come See About Me"

"The academic program... comes about under the direction of a principal who has unusual ability in adapting programs to individual capacity."

"She's a bad girl," the principal shook her head. The skin hung from her cheeks in big bags of flesh. Her skinny fingers tapped a pencil on the desk.
"Say, did you see this?" Three more blue-haired old ladies crowded over, ignoring for the time whatever was going on in the hall. "See the new 'Afro' look. Doesn't it look just like steel wool?" The ladies all laughed and made more comments about the "darkies". "They really should straighten it. It looks so much better when they do. So much more civilized."

" The processes on all levels are therapeutic and teaching... and should be affected on all levels by persons of warmth, understanding and skill"

"Rosemary, you're upset. Why don't you go back to your room for the day and calm down?"

"No. I don't want to. I'm not causing no trouble."

"Sure, but you might be better to go home."

"No." Miss ---- left the room. The girls sat and waited.

"Say, Rosemary, come here, I want to talk to you."

"No you don't. You called the men."

"No I didn't. I just want to talk to you."

" You called the men."

"Honest, I didn't, I just want to talk to you."

"No. You called the men."

" I told you I didn't."

"No." Miss ---- moved in the room and stood in the back by the windows. When Rosemary saw the men coming she threw the bookcase on the floor. Miss---grabbed her and got bitten. The men grabbed her; one twisted her arm, the other pulled her hair, and they carried her out screaming.

"Granted that the school's function is to treat, to heal and to re-educate, then each area of life in the school must be oriented to these purposes.

Chris Thurston

Mr. Business Man Who Done Stole A Ham From Martins

I be a hooker living off mens an beer drinking dives.

He be a hard working, established, business man in societies eyes.

A day in court,

Lord knows, how many times I swear I be here no more.

Done been to school an feel like I been mugged.

Learn fuck be a dirty word.

An two plus two make four.

An that it be "deviant behavior" to be a prostitute;

That all welfare families be "residual" an cost you, all you, working monies.

But all you learn is to knive an jive with the man's words and shuffle papers. I just be looking Mr. Ham Stealer in the eyes.

Still drunk in court, I laugh so loud at his lie.

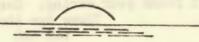
The fat, old Anglo judge beat his table with his hammer;

Mr. Ham Stealer get all red and start to stammer.

Mr. Ham Stealer got a fine.

When the judge call me to stand up, he read my charges an gave me time.

Jackie Wurslin



... A Short Story About One abman, Her tarnily and the haw ...

Once upon a time there was a lonely young woman who met a lonely young man. They got married and had two wonderful daughters that they both loved very much. The only problem was that the young woman remained lonely. But now instead of just being lonely, she was responsible for the lives of two wonderful daughters, and she was terrified of the young man, because the young man would beat her whenever no one was looking, and would sometimes try to kill her, and he would frequently threaten to kill her and their two wonderful daugh-

ters that they both loved very much.

The lonely young woman finally decided that it wasn't worth it and she left the lonely young man. She knew that she would be poor because she didn't know how to do anything and she would have to go on welfare. She was beginning to understand, though, that life with her husband could well be her death. She was realizing that her daughters and her chance of surviving were a bit better on AFDC. So the lonely young man and the lonely, beaten, terrified young woman got a divorce. They were both very adult and civil about it. She let him deal with the legal aspects, both because he was a man and knew more about those things, and because he had money and could pay a lawyer and she was a welfare mother; besides, she believed him when he said he wouldn't screw her over. She decided not to mention that she was constantly abused and her children were sometimes abused by him, when they got divorced, because she didn't want to do anything to damage the relationship the young man had with his daughters. (She knew he was only violent with them when he was mad at her and they wouldn't be together to get into arguments anymore). She also didn't want to be a parent 24 hours each day, seven days a week, 52 weeks every year without weekends off. So they got joint custody. After all, he was paying the lawyer.

Everything went along sort of OK; she didn't like him very much, but she didn't have to see him very much either. Periodically, the kids would spend time with their father and the young woman would get a chance to think. Occassionally she would think about whether or not it was good for her daughters to be spending time with that asshole, but they always seemed to enjoy it and they never talked about him hurting them, even when they were specifically asked, and she really ehjoyed the opportunity to not have to be with them. So

she never discouraged their visits.

Then one day everything changed. Her youngest daughter told her of "a dream that wasn't really a dream, because I was mostly awake, but my eyes were closed". The dream was about her father raping her. The young woman realized that her daughter's dream was probably her daughter's way of coping with the experience of being raped by her father. She freaked out, she cried, she screamed, she raged, she bled. Lots of things made sense now: her daughter's "inappropriate" fears of the dark, being alone, her jealousy, her never feeling safe, her threats of suicide. Behavior that once seemed manipulative could now be seen as the kind of behavior sexually abused children use.

The woman remembered hearing her daughter's father talking about his expectations that he would be his daughter's first lover. She remembered a neighbor of his express a concern that he was eroticizing his daughter when she would visit him. She remembered her daughter feeling vaguely uncomfortable when it was time for her to spend time with her father. She asked her daughter more about her "dream". Her daughter told her when she had the dream. The woman remembered well. The daughter spoke of a time when her father was feeling lonely, jealous, and betrayed by her mother. The woman remembered that that was the time her daughter's behavior went from "normal" to "inappropriate". The woman was beginning to really know that her

daughter wasn't just dreaming when she spoke of being raped by her father.

The young woman spoke to her daughters of what she was thinking and feeling and fearing. She told them she didn't think it would be safe for them to be alone with their father anymore and they both agreed so readily that again her suspicions were confirmed that he had hurt them bad. The woman was at a loss as to what to do. She wanted very much to talk with someone about this but it seemed like all her friends were partying. She decided to wait till they got home, and then try to sort things out. She knew that she wanted to work with a professional counselor. She wanted her daughter to start to heal and stop trying to kill herself, and start having a good time

again.

As soon as the woman got home, after a good long sleep, she started calling counselors. They all wanted a lot of money though, so she called an agency. She didn't really trust agencies; she feared their connections with the state. She feared their possible homophobia and their power to make judgments about her parenting skills. She knew that agencies have the power to intervene in "the best interests of the children" with the agency defining what the best interest of the children is. It was real scary for her to be dealing with an agency; she knew that it would mean a lot of changes in her and her daughters' lives. But she knew her little girl needed some help in processing her experience. She didn't want her to hurt anymore. So this anti-nuclear family started working with the agency to process their feelings about the youngest daughter's rape experience.

In the meantime, the rapist/father had been told that his daughters didn't feel safe being with him anymore. The woman and her daughters were apprehensive about the rapist/father's response. They were afraid he would try to force them to do what he wanted them to. So they wouldn't tell him where they were living, although they did make it possible for him to communicate with them if he needed to. The woman and her daughters started to feel somewhat safer when the

man didn't seem to respond after a few weeks.

Everyone except the young man was very surprised when the State Police showed up at the woman's brother's house on Thanksgiving Day to arrest the woman and send her 3500 miles away to face child stealing charges. They were also planning on taking her daughters until their rapist/father showed up to make them go to live with him. rapist/father had a piece of paper that said he had legal custody of the daughters. That surprised the mother very much because she remembered that what she had agreed to in court was that her daughters were to be with her at that time. Then the mother started remembering how untrustworthy the father/rapist had always been and she realized she had been screwed. She learned again not to trust him. She also learned a lot about the legal system. She learned that it is a system designed to protect the rights of those who can afford it. She found out that the law protects a father/rapist's rights to his children unless he is convicted in criminal court. She learned that the evidence required to charge someone with rape is almost impossible to obtain. The woman found out that her daughter, stating quite clearly that her father tried to make her suck his prick, would not be considered enough evidence. Witnesses would be necessary. A lacerated vagina would be better evidence than the testimony of the daughter of a dyke. The mother learned that the family court system didn't necessarily have the "best interest of the child" in mind when it made its decisions about where the children were to live. She learned that the family court really operated to enforce strict adherence to the Amerikkkan way of life by exercising its right to for(It is now 16 years later and I have chosen to have a child. She is beautiful and so wanted. I know that I can give her my best now. We are both lucky.)

It was 1966, a time when Chicago had the worst snow storm in fifty years and it virtually stopped the city for three days. Time was running out for me. We had already been delayed and I knew that with every day I came closer to losing my chance entirely. I knew I was awfully close to three months along and "they" said that was the absolute limit.

Dave and I traveled on the "El" for about twenty minutes. Then began a series of hopping from one bus to another. Electric buses, stalling because of the snow. On to another, stalling six blocks down. Time was running out; the appointment was at 3 pm. We raced down the streets to catch the next bus--only to have it stall... and on...and on.

We finally reached the drug store. Dave made the call. We went outside and waited for a black car with license plate number ----- go by, and then followed it around the corner. We were driven quite a ways. I had no idea where we were. Finally we stopped in front of a tan brick apartment building and followed the man inside, past a woman in a housedress just watching us. It felt like a Fellini movie.

We went into an apartment. A small living room with couch, and a bedroom with a bed covered with a plastic cover. I got out of my pants and underpants and sat on the bed. Dave waited in the other room. The "doctor" put a needle in my arm.... and I was out.

The next I knew I was trying to stand up and help them to dress me. Dave was talking softly but firmly in my ear. It was over and I needed to dress so we could get going. I had to throw up. Into the bathroom on a cloud. Throwing up the whole experience.

We left and were taken to the El. I must have looked totally drunk. I couldn't even find my feet. Off the El at the train station. Dizzy. Frustration—the trains were not running tonite. Into the bathroom to change my pad. (It's a good thing Dave's mother gave me a belt and pad; I didn't even know I'd need one!) And now on to the bus station. Dave called a taxi; I could barely walk. Finally on a bus and sitting in the back. Sleep. Peace. Awake at DeKalb, into another taxi and finally to Dave's apartment to lay down. Orange juice for a day, then back to the dorm. Yes—I'd had the flu; no—I still didn't feel well. Beginning of second semester, late. Had to change classes. Pretend nothing happened.

Three weeks, am getting stronger but am still bleeding. Something's coming out of my breasts. Did they really do it? Were they really doctors? I passed a clot. Did they get it all? What have I done?! Why didn't those other doctors give me the pill or something! Three times I had tried to get birth control and no use. Now this. We even said we were going to get married but they wouldn't believe us. After you're married, they said. Instead we went through this.

Dave still wants to be together. I can't. I'm not ready. I know I'm not ready. I know I'm too immature to have a child. I'know I'm not ready for marriage either. He's my first lover. He's older, ready to settle down. I'm scared, can't believe what's happened, so fast, can't deal with it. College wasn't supposed to start this way. Can't deal with Dave, wonderful as he was through it all, so supportive and

so there for me. But I can't.

..... Everything's over!

Nothing was talked about back then. I didn't tell anyone for two years, not even my roommate. Finally discussion groups were started for students and there were other women, some not so lucky. One had to get married, now has two kids-they're barely surviving. Another, a year after a self - coat hanger attempt, a forced pregnancy, and a forced giving up of the child. What loss!

What lost women in search of life, in search of absolution of guilt, fragments in search of wholeness, with only the horror of not having control, of not being able to change their "mistakes". Carrying around not only the powerlessness but also the results: nightmares of attempted self abortions, children who came too early to mothers who were still children, mothers who will never see their children again, and women who lost their lives.

Such sadness.

Chris Clothier

... How I Learned to Play Canasta

I got a lot out of spending time in jail. It's an experience I do not regret at all having had. It has opened up my eyes to a legal system which is totally unjust; money is the name of the game. My consciousness about my classism has been raised and I realize how much work I have to do on that issue. The women I met and got to know have been real eyeopeners for me, and how else would I have learned to play canasta?

... A Short Story About One Woman, Her Family and the Law

cibly remove children from a home they choose to live in and making them live somewhere where the risk of abuse is great. The mother learned that the state has a lot of legal sanctions it can employ to make you toe the line.

The mother realized that not recognizing the authority of the state to make decisions for her and her anti-nuclear family had resulted in some extremely repressive measures: like constant surveillance by middle class heterosexuals who were empowered to judge whether or not she was parenting well; like having to uproot her family for three months and travel to California at her own expense, on an income of \$325 per month; like not being allowed to support her daughter in processing her feelings about being raped by her father, (it could be seen as brainwashing); like always knowing that if she fucked up they could put her in jail. The state does not tolerate deviance from its decreed norm.

This is not the end of a short story about one woman, her family, and the law, because the law will be involved with her family until the state recognizes her daughters' right to determine and choose a safe place for them. The state usually does not recognize that right until people are eighteen.

NOT THE END

Anna Kissed

4/83

BREAK THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE
Rape Vigil/Speak Out: Thursday, May 12
Longfellow Square, 7PM. For further
information call Alice Pratt, 926-4262.
This action is being organized to express
our rage at the increase in violence
against women. Bring a candle and be
prepared to howl.

THE ANNUAL MAINE N.O.W. CONFERENCE will be held at the Marriner Library on the Thomas College campus in Waterville on Saturday, May 21, 9 A.M.-5 P.M. The conference theme is "I'm not a feminist, but..." Keynote speaker is Sandy Skorniak, National NOW Board member from Nebraska. Films, workshops, books, buttons, and much more.

Women's Meeting

157FIC

Sunday, June 5, 12 Noon - 5 P.M. (with breaks) at the Y.W.C.A., 87 Spring Street, Portland.

This meeting is the one planned as a follow-up to the February 5th meeting at Williston-West Church, at which time those in attendance felt a larger general meeting should be held.

We want to explore how to develop more cohesiveness among feminist women in the area and look at how to get beyond the issues that divide us. We are committed to having this meeting be a safe place for everyone. For further info, call:

Diane - 799-6905 Pamela - 772-1515 Anna - 773-6398 Erna - 772-6953

Please come and bring friends. Child care will be provided.

MOVING...... Looking for riders to California (Bay area), leaving in June; call Fry, 772-1515 Also...Hepburn, 5 yr. old spayed female

kitty needs a good home...
And...10 speed bike for sale, \$75.call Fry

Room Wanted in Feminist household, Portland, S. Portland; starting May or June. Call Barbara, 1-549-5751
767-5050



The first Gay Coupon Book for the Boston, Provincetown, Ogunquit areas is coming out this May. The book contains hundreds of \$\$ worth of free offers and discounts on drinks dinners, clothes, professional services, etc. It is put out for over 50 lesbian/gay owned businesses and businesses that welcome lesbian/gay patronage. It is available by mail for \$1.00.

Community Coupon Book 310 Franklin St. #285 Boston, Mass. 02110

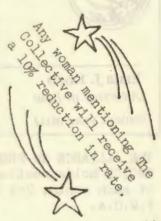
SHORE ACRES - eight housekeeping cabins located on Mount Desert Island on Frenchman's Bay, just 3 miles from Acadia National Park. Open Memorial Weekend to Mid-October. Cabins \$225 per week and up. Will rent by the night off-season only (\$30-\$35 for two). For more info, call Sarah Carr, 942-5603 (winter #) or 288-4115 (summer #).

Mount Desert Island, Maine Momorial Day Wookand

May 27 - 30, \$70 for two

Eight cabins at end of private road surrounded by acres of woods with penoramic views of Frenchman's Bay. Private beach. Excellent hiking in Acadia Nat'l Park just 3 miles away.

Write Shore Acres, c/o Serah Curr, Box 60, Selisbury Cove, Me, 04672 (207),942-5603 even Rent weekly in season



TENTH ANNUAL MAINE LESBIAN AND GAY SYMPOSIUM, May 13-15, USM-Portland. Registration will be Friday night. Workshops on Saturday and Sunday. More women are needed to conduct workshops. If interested, call 772-1979. This year's Symposium will feature GAY SIDE STORY, a "gayla" musical, Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, complete with choreography. The show will be followed by a dance Saturday night. The committee is looking for housing (bed or floor space) for out-of-town attendees. If you can give some space in your home, call 772-1979.

Performances

KAY GARDNER will be giving a flute concert at the All Souls Unitarian Church in Augusta, 8 P.M., May 21. Tickets available at the door, \$5.

Performance at IRIS
Gayle Marie, singer/pianist from San
Francisco, and Jan Martinelli, bass
player, will perform at Iris Sunday, May 22
May 22 at 8PM. Gayle Marie has just
released a new album.

HOLLY NEAR at IRIS
Holly Near is giving a workshop at Iris
(40 Pleasant St., Portsmouth, NH) on
Wednesday, May 18, 8PM. On Thursday, the 19th
she will give a concert at UNH. We suggest
you call Iris to see if tix are still available
call:(603) 436-8958



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Erna J. Koch
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Portland, Maine 04112

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THE ALLIANCE TO PRESERVE REPRODUCTIVE CHOICE holds meetings the second Tuesday of each month, 7-9 P.M. at the Portland Y.W.C.A.

Activities

Watch for ----- SHERRY REDDING

Benefit Reading for Common Scold

Saturday, June 4, 8 P.M.

Anastasia's - \$2 donation

--- Canoe Trips This Summer--July 10-16, Women over 30
August 7-13, opeb to all women
Canoeing, rock climbing in the
northern Maine woods. For more
info contact Debbie Sugerman
Outdoor Recreation

Unity College Unity, Maine 04988



WOMEN OUTDOORS EVENTS
May 8. Day hike at Caribou Mt.
White Mts. Panoramic views on a clear day. Call Teri Granger
774-4044

May 11, 6PM Pot luck and meeting at Charlotte's house, Falmouth. Call Charlotte Ritter, 781-3509

May 14, Spring Sunrise/Nat'l History hike on MacWorth Island. Call Elanor Steele, 781-2778

May 28, Get ready for rock climbing; practice at the climbing wall at Unity College. Instructor, Debbie Sugerman. Portland contact person is Ruth Rohde, 774-7066

GREATER PORTLAND N.O.W. meets the 4th Tuesday of every month, 7:30 P.M., at the Y.W.C.A.

Lefters ...

Dear Common Scold:

I want to express my appreciation that you exist as a forum for community women. I love the new name; I love the idea of honoring our fore-crones whose words "went a little too far" to sound comfortable to the ears of the town fathers. Surely we are the daughters of these uppity women.

Anna Kissed's article (March issue) is a fine example of the kind of piece most publications would find too outrageous, unladylike and un-nice to print. Anna's story screams with its clear, hard truthnot only her own, but that of the many women who have lived and are living as Anna did. She could have used gentle euphemisms and softer language, running less risk of offending us by "going just a little too far" - but instead she chose to grasp us hard in our tenderest places, revolt us, gross us out, and, hopefully, enrage us over the kind of horror we'd all prefer to believe did not exist. She spares us nothing, neither the graphic ugliness of her experience as housewife/ whore, nor the bredth of her fury against the society that allows such abuse of human lives to take place.

In a time when women are being raped with messages saying, "Go home, ladies, everything is all nice and equal now; you can really stop being so icky-strident." to fall into complacency now would be disasterous for women. We need voices like Anna's to remind us how much hard work must still be done. Thank you for that.

Sally Marie Greiner

LIBANA, A Womens' Chorus will perform in Portland, Saturday night, June 11. Make a note on your calendar and watch for further details.************

WEBWORK

A contact and friendship network for women-identified women in New England. For membership info, send SASE to: WebWork, Box 131-D, Calais, ME 04619

Voices.....

I am gathering women's stories of their life experiences in the U.S. during the 1950's; am trying to weave a web of 0 voices from this silent era. Send your story in the manner in which it comes to you: narration, poetry, letters, journal entries, photographs. Your responses will make this project a truthful documentation of women's lives. Please mail to: Linda, M.U.536

Bowdoin College Brunswick, Me. 04011

or call: (207) 725-7073



Friday, June 3, 7 - 9:30 P.M. Saturday, June 4, 9:30 A.M. - 4:30 P.M. 372 Preble Street, South Portland Conducted by Sherry Redding

We are all dreamers. Dreams are messages from our unconscious, that part of ourselves which never manipulates, never lies, always speaks truth. The purpose of this workshop is to become better acquainted with our dream self, to learn her features and language, so we may use our dreams as guides to waking life.

During the workshop, you will work with your own and other women's dreams, using several approaches and techniques. These will include, when appropriate, visualization, active imagination, dream interviewing, and dream incubation.

Each woman should bring a pillow, writing material, one our two recent dreams, and, on Saturday, a lunch. Fee: \$17. Enrollment limited to 12. To register, call Liz at 799-6905.

SHERRY REDDING has been conducting Dream Workshops for several years. She is one of the founding mothers of Aradia. a community of women in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Sherry is an apprentice crone. poet, mother, lesbian, astrologer, counselor and house renovator. Her chapbook of poems Close to the Bone was published by Matria Press in Grand Rapids in 1981.

MOTHERS' DAY MARCH AGAINST VIOLENCE and

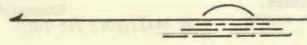
WALKATHON FOR BATTERED WOMEN Saturday, May 7, 1-3PM. Proceeds from the Walkathon will go to the Battered Womens' Shelter. For more Information and/or sponsor forms call 773-4830.

Mothers' Day Cards are being sold to benefit the Battered Womens' shelter: call 273-4830

RAPE CRISIS CENTER

rape, incest and/or battering.

A proposalhas been presented to the Rape Crisis Center asking the center to sponsor a support group for lesbians who have been victims of male violence. Lesbian women who would be interested in participating in such a group please call Anna, 773-6398 The purpose of the group is to provide a safe space where we can counsel with each other about our experiences with



ASTROLOGER AT LARGE

Hey You Dikes! Attention: Cancer, Virgo, Libra, Capricorn, Pisces, and Aquarius! Here she is: Taurus 4/20 - 5/20 She's seductive, sensual, and sentimental. She can tend toward possessiveness, is innately jealous. She's intelligent and though her emotional reactions are strong, her control is stronger. She's very affectionate, direct, and open. She knows what she wants and is determined to get it. She relies on her emotions. She responds instinctively to sincerity in others. She's eager to learn about life - she who can teach her has the best chance to win her. She's a good cook, good lover, extremely loyal and loving. Her erogenous zones are her neck and throat. This area brings her exceptional pleasure. She's into pleasure! She's a demanding lover. She'll leave you breathless. She's incurably and profoundly romantic. She'll love to love ya!

OUR BOOKS

New and Used Paperbacks Alternate Energy Historic Preservation, Renovation Gay, Les bian , Feminist Books / Sojourner Non-sexist Children's Literature

Advocate GCN

Hey You Dikes! Attention: Aries, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius, and Aquarius! GEMINI: 5/21 - 6/20 She's witty, provocative, charming, and exuberant, a sympathetic listener. She loves to analyze situations, dissect motivations, and offer advice. She makes friends easily, and is not usually interested in a long term, more demanding relationship. She devotes a great deal of time and attention to helping her friends to be happy. She'll wear her heart on her sleeve for any friend to see but for none to possess. She relies on her reflexes rather than her judgment. Great relexes! She's fascinated with novlety. She's highly emotional and intellectual, warm, and affectionate. She's a free spirit, constantly changing, rearranging, never quite content with the way things are. She's entrancing, exasperating. She has good intuitions about lovemaking and devises many daring and delightfully different variations. Her erogenous zones are her hands and arms. She demands mental compatibility in a sexual partner. Keep her guessing. She's piqued by uncertainty! Zoota Quark - Lesbian Astrologer At Large. Cancer and Leo - You're Next.

1	2	3	4 6	5	6	Walkathon for womens' shelter
8 Day Hike, Women Outdoors	9	10 Alliance to Preserve Reproductive Choice 7-9 pm YWCA	Women Outdoors Potluck and Meeting - 6pm Falmouth	Rape Vígil & Speak out 6 pm Congfellow Square	13	14 spring Sunrise Hike, Women Outploors 10th Annual Maine Lesbian & Gay Symposium Gay Side Story USA
15 10th Annual Lesbian & Gay Symposium Gay Side Story USM Portland	16	17	18 Holly Near Workshop at Iris 8 pm	19 D Holly Near Concert at UNH	20	Maine NOW State Conference Waterville. Kay Gardner in Augusta - 8pm
Gayle Marie and Jan Martinelli at Iris in Portsmouth	23	Portland N.O.W. Meeting 7:30pm YWCA	25	26 0	27	Rock Climbing Practice, Women Outdoors
29	30	31	M	ay Co		3

IS THERE A GREEN DOT ON THIS ISSUE OF YOUR NEWSLETTER? If so, then this is your last issue, so resubscribe now-(please!!). Subscriptions are \$8 (more if you can, less if you can't) AND PLEASE_KEEP US UP TO DATE ON YOUR ADDRESS--NEWSLETTERS ARE NOT FORWARDED; and it costs us 25¢ for each returned copy.

Theme for July: Summer Reading Issue. Send us your poems, short short stories (1 pg. in length), film, book, and record reviews. Graphic work gleefully accepted. For work larger than 8 by 11, please include \$1.50 for reduction costs. Deadline for July issue is June 10.

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