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The Common Scold (July 1983)

The Collective

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the COMMON SCOLD

75¢ a women's newsletter, Portland, Maine

* * * Summer Reading Issue * * *

July, 1983 [No. 31]

Stars

by Sandy Jensen

The stars. The stars were important. Her grandfather, a tall, bellowing man was always talking about stars. He used huge words. Words with many syllables. Words that a little girl had no idea what they meant. Once, she had asked her grandfather what astronomy was. "Why it's the science of the stars, child." But why was this so important. She never found out. Her grandfather died, leaving her with a confused memory of words with secret meanings, and a longing to know about stars.

The stars. The stars were important. Once, she had asked her father why stars were important. "You're too little to understand." So she tried to be content with the belief that when she got older she would know all about the stars. Right now she would worry about getting a star on her paper at school. Her father had told her a star meant she had done very well. The teacher was passing back the corrected papers. The girl clasped her hands in her lap and shut her eyes. "Oh, please," she silently prayed, "please let there be a star on my paper."

The stars. The stars were important. It was late in the day, at the beginning of the month. She took some money from her bank and started to walk to the corner store. She would show up all of her friends. She had to buy the newest issue of Teen Beat magazine. The cover story was about that hot new rock singer. Boy, was he gonna be a big star.

On the way home she stopped and looked up at the sky. The moon had just started to rise, and there was the first star of the night.

At The Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier

by Allannah Thomas

On a plateau at the crest of a gently sloping knoll, a knoll impaled with countless sun-bleached, weather-beaten crosses, overlooking a vast historical and political panorama, lies a hunk of stone, a tombstone of heroic proportions. Its starkness defies description; its inscription reads (although, once, a blind woman traced, with unrequited hope and uncertain pride, with tensile fingers, the words): Here lies in honored glory an American soldier known but to God.

On this overcast late-winter day, as on every other day of the year, all day long and throughout the night, four soldiers, in dazzling dress uniform, stand guard.

The guard is changing, now...

It is a simple (and so, for its simplicity) infinitely solemn ceremony: with military mien, clicking heels, precise movements, the duty, the privilege, the honor is transferred. And, in spite of themselves, in wondering respect, passers-by pause in mid-stride, and watch, and reflect.

Stupid nigger! reviles a black teenager, posturing contemptuously, arms akimbo; he sneers, as a black soldier, the only black soldier, pivots perfectly on one spit-polished shoe.

(continued on next page)

My deaf ear! sighs his companion, a loose-jointed white boy, sighing thankfully and yet with a touch of shame, as if there were something inherently dishonorable or disloyal about his impairment, something emasculate about his relief; he frowns, as commands are barked.

Damned kids! fumes a veteran, glaring resentfully at the youths, coming painfully yet proudly to arthritic attention, strains of the national anthem (damned difficult melody!) playing softly in his head; he salutes, as a soldier salutes the Tomb.

War is so damned male! vouchsafes, in disgust and despair, an earnest young Emma Goldman of a woman, with rimless spectacles and an overstuffed Gladstone; she grimaces, as two soldiers come face to face with one another.

Dear God, please God, not mine, never mine! prays a woman, a mother, her arms encircling instinctively, fingers kneading anxiously, her children's shoulders; she flinches, as the soldiers present arms.

Oh, my--guns! gapes her son, his eyes shining, impatiently scorning his mother's protective caress; he shivers, at the sound of metal against flesh.

Who is in there? ponders his sister, her eyes troubled, leaning against her mother's belly; she shudders, at the sound of metal against flesh.

They came! exults an elderly Jew, his eyes glistening, unconsciously plucking at his sleeve; he nods, as the soldiers stand at attention.

Why didn't they come sooner? wails his wife, with clenched teeth, consciously, bitterly, rubbing her forearm; she curses, as the soldiers about-face.

Will we ever learn? wonders a young man, trying not to remember, his head cocked warily, absently biting the stem of his apple, shaking his head doubtfully; he sighs, as the soldiers march along a strip of (sand? jungle path?) carpet.

The ceremony is over. The guard is changed.

Plus ca change, plus c'est la même chose! shrugs a French tourist and her equally cynical husband.

Somehow, I'll never be the same again! marvels one or two or perhaps all of the spectators before they stir, like autumn leaves rustling, and then slowly, silently disperse.


SPYING

by Rose Dillard

Night has come again and we kids have gone to bed as told. I wait what seems an interminably long time. Good, the boys are quiet; I hear Mom and Dad's voices downstairs in the kitchen. Time to move. Quietly I get up and out of bed, fearful of making any noise that may be heard. Tiptoeing from my room to the bedroom next to mine, I go over to the hole in the floor and ease back the grate so I can peer down and see what Mom and Dad are doing and hear what they are saying. Are they saying things about me? Am I really wanted or are they sorry they adopted me? Did I do anything bad? Have to listen in, find out their true feelings. Only when we are in bed and they can be alone to talk, will they say what they really think.

Oh, oh! I'm feeling guilty for spying on them. I'm afraid of getting caught. Up, off my hands and knees, tiptoe back to my room. Make sure the grate is in the exact same position it was in before. Check for prints on the floor. Back to my bed. Whew! Safe.

Once, my Mother asked me what I was doing spying on her and Dad from upstairs. I said, "I don't know what you mean. I wasn't spying on you." She said I was. She showed me the footprints on the floor. One time I had forgot to check. She said only I had footprints that small. Check better next time. She said she left it dusty on purpose.



"Some say there are nine muses, but they should reflect.
Behold the tenth, Sappho of Lesbos."

Plato (Palatine Anthology 9.506)

"All hail the great woman equal to the gods, Sappho,
whose songs we hold to be daughters of an immortal."

(Ibid.)

Of the poets of the Greek Lyric Age (seventh century B.C.), the Lesbian Sappho was most admired in antiquity and has had the greatest influence on later poets. Little is known of Sappho's life. She was perhaps once married, for she had a daughter named after her mother, Cleis. Sappho founded a school for young women which was dedicated to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. The school's curriculum included literary pursuits, music, and dance. As her poetry shows, Sappho was a lesbian, and, of course, the dominant theme of her verse is lesbian love.

Sappho was a prolific writer. She wrote nine volumes of poetry, eulogies, and hymns in every variety of meter, including her own Sapphic meter which has been imitated by poets down through the ages. All of Sappho's work survived until Byzantine times, when most of her verses were destroyed due to the Christian intolerance of Alexandrian monks and scholars. This extirpation proved the greatest loss to western literature. In fact, we now possess only one of Sappho's poems in its entirety. A handful of poems survive in which several or many lines have been deleted. Of the rest only fragments remain.

Until recent times, translators have "discreetly" replaced all the pronouns of the feminine gender found in Sappho's love lyrics with their masculine counterparts. The nineteenth century witnessed the gradual acknowledgment of the poet's obvious lesbianism, Sappho's sexual preference, however, was largely deprecated by such scholars who deigned to recognize it. Colonel Mure, for example, in his Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece (London, 1854), describes Sappho as "a corrupt woman, and her school at Lesbos a nursery of sins." Many popular translations now openly express Sappho's sexuality, but unfortunately these translations come from the hands of poets who themselves are not familiar with the Lesbian or Aeolic dialect in which Sappho wrote. These translations are by and large "translations of translations." My own versions of Sappho's poems very closely approximate the original Greek. I, however, am not myself a poet and could not hope to match the beauty of Sappho's own words. Nevertheless, I offer the following.

That man seems to me equal to the gods
who sits opposite you and hears your sweet voice

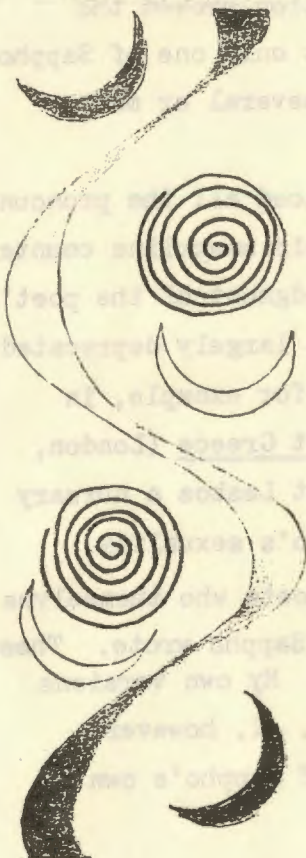
and your lovely laughter which sets my heart
quaking in my breast.

When I look at you for even a moment,
it is not possible for me to speak.

My tongue is broken in silence,
and a delicate fire has quickly spread over my skin,
I see nothing with my eyes,
and my ears are humming. . . .

A cold sweat possesses me,
and I am paler than the green grass.
I appear to be close to my death. . . .

But all may be endured, since. . . .



Like the wind rushing down the mountain
shatters the oak,
love shakes my heart. . . .

(Fr. 47)

May you find sleep
on the soft breast of a girlfriend. . . .

(Fr. 128)

. . . the stars around the beautiful moon
again hide their resplendent forms. . . .
Whenever she becomes most full, she shines
upon the earth. . . .

(Fr. 34)



Block print by Chris Clothier

Fishing

One weekend day,
Fishing pole, bucket an bait.
I be walking to the State Pier,
Be thinking bout my life so far away an so near,
And because of my jones, I be governed by fear,
An for alcohol, full of so much hate.
I don't like water and ocean waves,
But a friend says walking an fresh sea air saves.
Squatted on the piers edge right on the ground,
The wind be blowing, the seagulls be calling, an I
listen to all those water front sounds.
An all sudden, I feel so alone.
On the pier be all those Asian boat people just
like me, all squatted down,
Talking an making all those bird like sounds.
They be catching those fish one after another,
A little boy of them be putting them in a bag
over the pier's side,
An a woman be cutting some up an wrapping them
in newspaper. She done look like his momma,
An all a sudden my bad fishing hurt my pride.
I didn't get one.
None.
Then before I know it,
one of those little Asian men squatted by me.
He done took my line, change the hook an bait,
Throwing it back out, he said, with a cigarette lit,
"Wait, you catch fish," holding his line up, saying, "see!"
No longer be feeling so alone,
I forget bout home.
My mind be rolling with the ocean,
An all a sudden, I be feeling the motion.
No more alcohol crazy,
I begin to feel so relax an even some lazy.

Ms. Jacqueline Wurslin



On Learning The St. Croix Hotel Had Been Demolished

One evening, the rains came down and down.
The ceiling collapsed, two rooms away.
First a tremor, soaked plaster straining nails
from studs, lath bending like a soggy bow.
Finally. Whoossh---ump.

I was writing at my desk and philosophical,
though my heart began to race.
I took a flashlight to explore.
Found the ceiling glittering on the floor.
Went back to my room.
Squinted at the ceiling.
Poked it with the handle of my broom.
It would hold.

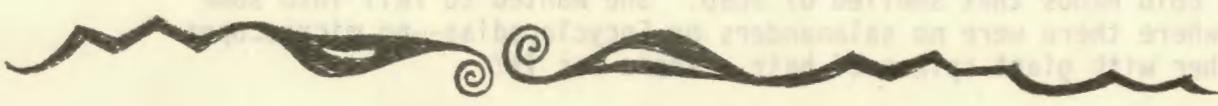
Once I went to a therapist whose office was in "renovation"
Sheetrock, plaster on the floor.
Lath peered like dragon's teeth from half torn walls.
She apologized for the mess. Considered moving the session.
Then suggested we use the room as metaphor.
What arrogance!
I wanted to wring her neck.

For seven months I lived in the St. Croix Hotel.
My closest friend was, Ingrid, a sway back Shepherd
who moved like a sphinx.
We both had little to say.

In the lobby a man, who talked to God, kept trying to get into Canada.
Permission was always denied.
They all came to the lobby of the St. Croix Hotel.
It was the last bus stop from New York City
to Boston, to Bangor, to St. Stephen, New Brunswick.
Once, a box containing the head of a cat arrived
enroute to a lab in Boston.
Those were the stories that delighted the lobby of the St. Croix Hotel.

Now, it's gone.
Along with the top floor rubble.
Along with the stained mattresses,
the old dreams, the shaky sleep.
Along with the shade of the man who talked to God.
Along with the shade of myself
who chose those rooms as metaphor.
Along with the shade of myself
who wanted no permanent place to live.

Nicole d'Entremont



Summer Sun

With my heart now one
I have lived beyond illusion
(in another time, conformity exhausted)
Summer Sun
The Goddess will embrace
my dancing-naked-song-of-joy-filled-energy
Yellow
Red
Rings of life, I weave
self-creation, re-creation
One wommon, one heart
Long light

Celestina Willowaters



FEVER

Nicole d'Entremont

The soap was coming again. The soapy rag smelled hot; everything had a hot smell. The room was red-black and the wall filled the room, like the palm of the giant's hand. "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum. I smell the blood of an Englishmun," and the floor trembled. The roof of the world trembled and the soapy rag was there again. In the tub, the soap jumped like a lizard, like the salamander she thought was an evil snake and so she and Leni smashed it with rocks, smashed it over and over again because it was bad with its forked tongue and slithery body. "But that's not a snake, that's a salamander and they eat the bugs. They're good for the garden." And she and Leni smashed it so the guts caught on the rocks by the stream bed and some flecked off and waved feathery down the stream, the colors bouncing off the sandy, glinty bottom. She looked salamander up in the Encyclopedia. They were harmless with little orange feet and toes and yellow spotted bodies. She was a murderer. She cried and the tears were hot like the soapy rag. Salamander bumps were all over her body. Her legs were bumps. She itched them in the red-black room. The giant's big hand was still smack dab in front of her nose. Her mother's cold hand smelled of soap. Everything smelled of soap. A great wedge of light cut into the room, then sucked out. The room lurched with shadows. She closed her eyes but behind her lids she knew the hairs of her lashes were gigantic like they were under the microscope her father gave her, the one in the chemistry set she fought with her brother over. But, the kittens were left outside under the rain spout. They would die like the salamander because she was a murderer. The soap always came after the wedge of light and her mother's cold hands that smelled of soap. She wanted to fall into some green place where there were no salamanders or Encyclopedias--no microscopes that scared her with giant spikes of hair. Where was it?

Excerpted from: The Silver Bullet, a work-in-progress.



What We Were

We were:
 Holding hands, running,
 running, running-down-a-hayfield-hill
 in the spring
 for the sheer joy of it.

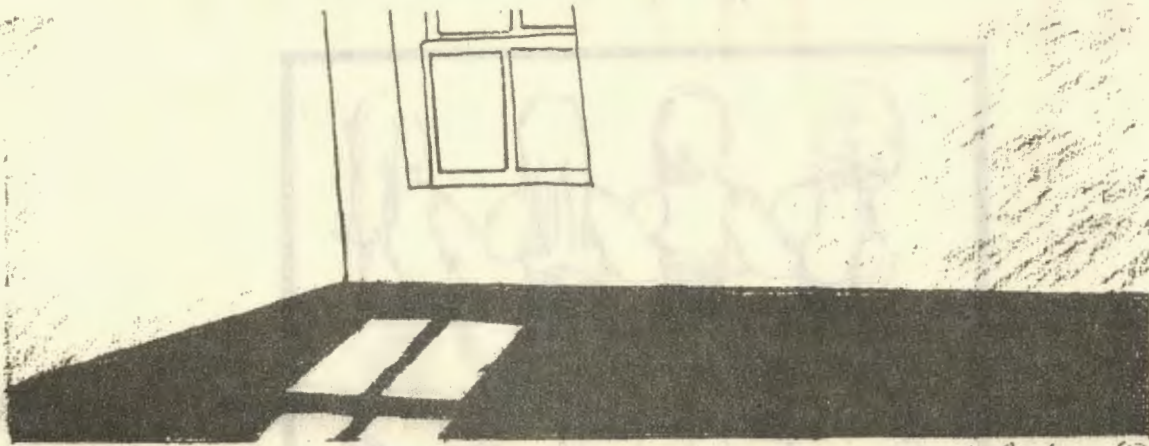
We were:
 Playing dress-up in the attic,
 strange fabrics
 rustling around our legs,
 foreign lipstick lips
 with honey-avocado texture.

We were:
 Under a huge harvest moon
 on the damp grass of a back lawn,
 long, long after everyone was in bed
 with hundreds of fireflies
 floating over us in the river fog air.

Charlotte Spear



Graphics of Libana by Rita Swidrowski.



We spend the depressions together
in a darkened bedroom,
The Puritan, The Whore, The Suicide and I.
We masturbate each other,
we tell nasty secrets,
name all our unbearable faults
and we long for the ultimate mortification;
but lucky for us-
we get bored.

The sounds of summer reach our room.
We crawl out
and the world is born anew.
The Suicide naps contentedly in the warmth,
The Puritan goes home to Mother
and The Whore remembers The Other Man
and all the places he can show her.

The air sparkles with blue ozone
and the days boil by.
The Puritan drops in for coffee
takes note of The Other Man's self-preserving detachment
and The One Man's silent spoken pain,
whispers a note of guilt and sarcasm to The Whore,
wakes up The Suicide and moves back in.

They all dance and fight,
and God and I stand on the kitchen table
and watch.
Then suddenly, all four of them,
they turn and look at me
at once, as if they had rehearsed it.
Their eyes accuse and they-
they tell me to choose.

When I can't, they take me by the hand
and we all go back to bed
except God-he stays on the kitchen table.

Charlotte Spear

Graphic by Liz Moberg

There are no words
for the movements
deep in me.
Woman growing
Woman alone
there is pain
where my well runs dry
I need replenishing
to be held
and loved
and believed in

Hard
that you refuse to believe
in us
that you don't want to
or dare to

I run
days and nights

My days are full
of children
who grow
because
that is the movement
of life
who yell
because this is life
who desire

My nights are restless
or hard sleep
crazy, confusing dreams
or a vague feeling
of sadness

Cats beside me when I wake
the day demands
I run so

You caress
we touch
and I revel
in your beauty
and grow
in your gaze
and in your hands
and mouth

And when you reach for me
or tell me you missed me
or you love me
or you care for me
for just a minute
I dare to hope
you could love me

Chris Thurston



Graphic by Chris Thurston

*This article first appeared in the Peace Newsletter, April 1983, published by the Syracuse Peace Council, Syracuse, N.Y. It has been edited for The Common Scold.



---Although he can escape from the killer harpoons, a whale returns to his wounded mate and stays with her until he too is killed by the whalers.

---During animal behavior experiments at Cardiff U. College, a monkey stops pressing a lever which provides her/him food when the use of the lever administers shock to another animal.

These examples of self-sacrifice, loyalty and intelligence on the part of non-human animals demonstrates qualities we recognize in ourselves. But we usually deny these qualities in other species. We have been socialized to treat them as objects for our use rather than beings with intrinsic value and rights. It is easier to exploit what we de-personalize. Objectification and exploitation of animals parallels objectification and exploitation of women and cultural minorities.

What is "Speciesism"? Speciesism is the mind-set and behavior which puts the supposed or real interests of the human species above the interests of all other species even when the suffering or death caused other species is greater than the deprivation or benefit to humans. For example; trapping for fur persists because of fashion-conscious people and the profit-conscious fur industry. The interest of foxes, raccoons, and other animals to be free from pain, mutilation and death almost always loses to the "superior" human interests of fashion and profit.

Because everything in the biosphere influences everything else, human greed turns back upon us. When humans produce too many offspring, too many goods and too much garbage, natural resources are depleted, wild areas are despoiled and plant and animal species disappear at an accelerated rate. Our incomplete understanding of the role of each species in the complex web of life means we might extinguish an organism which is vital to us; perhaps an organism which helps biodegrade waste or a plant which treats cancer.

What causes speciesism? The growth of large cities and complex technologies separates people from nature. Also, we often feel fear and hostility when we interact with a being different from us. Further, those in a privileged position are reluctant to give up power. Since power over animals is pervasive, questions about basic changes in our relationship to them are unsettling. Rather than face those changes, we justify entrenched attitudes.

One justification is that humans are the most intelligent beings. But intelligence is difficult to define. Standard intelligence tests put cultural minorities at a disadvantage. How much more so are animals put at a disadvantage by human measures of intelligence.

Another way to define intelligence is adaptability to one's environment. Humans are remarkably adaptable; we use our brain and hands to invent things we want; but our inventiveness gone rampant means we can commit eco-cide through nuclear war. Other species have more "earth wisdom" in not destroying the environment which sustains them.

What does it mean to respect the rights of non-human animals? "Animals should be included within the same system of moral protections that govern our behavior toward each other..." ("Animal Rights", Humane Society). Tragically, this moral framework among humans is often grossly violated. But the concept of human rights gives activists a point from which to fight for justice. This framework should be extended to animals. Animal Rights should include adequate nutrition, shelter, freedom from unnecessary pain, and an environment suited to that species' natural behavior. When there is a conflict between the rights of a human and a non-human, the rights of the human should not automatically take precedence. Rather, there should be a weighing of relative benefit and harm as there is (ideally) between human and human.

What action might follow the acceptance of the concept of animal rights?

---Examine one's lifestyle; does it cause unnecessary suffering to animals?

---Educate oneself.

- Contribute money, time or talent to organizations working for animal rights.
 - Introduce the concept of animal rights into organizations working for human rights.
- "There is no rational basis for maintaining a moral distinction between the treatment of humans and other animals...Pursue on all fronts ...the clear articulation and establishment of the rights of all animals...within the full range of American life and culture." (Animal Rights, H.S.U.S.)

Suggested Readings on Animal Rights :

Animal Liberation Peter Singer

Mind in the Waters Joan McIntyre

Animal Factories: the Mass Production of Animals for Food and How It Affects the Lives of Consumers, Farmers and the Animals Themselves Jim Mason and Peter Singer

Animal Activists Handbook Animal Protection Institute, PO 22505, Sacramento, CA 95822

In The Shadow of a Rainbow; the True Story of a Friendship Between Man and Wolf Robert Frankin Leslie

the COMMON SCOLD

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 all-male 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, hetero-sexist, ablebodiist 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.

← Submission Guidelines →

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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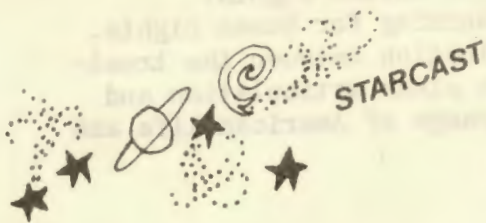
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Cost of advertising is \$5 per issue. Submissions and advertisements should be sent to: The Collective, c/o Elze, 372 Preble St., South Portland, 04106.

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| Nicole d'Entremont | Ananda |
| | Avis Loring |



by ZOOTTA QUARK - LESBIAN ASTROLOGER AT LARGE

Hey you Dikes!

Attention: Taurus, Leo, Virgo, Scorpio and Pisces.

Here she is: CANCER 6/21 to 7/22
She's shy, sweet, sensitive, loyal, clinging, moody, wanton, wild and wonderful. She's very dependent on the support of those close to her; but her fear of ridicule and criticism make her too shy to express what she feels. She needs to be fussed over, snuggled, prized, and doted on. She needs to feel secure and loved. It's difficult for her to give herself in love - she's not a quickie conquest. She must be wooed with tender care and patient consideration. She expects constant affection from her lover. She's passionately loyal once committed. Fully capable of becoming the most satisfying sex partner in the zodiac, she has a strong maternal and sentimental side. Her errogenous zones are her breasts, although her mouth is very receptive also. She enjoys deep kissing with full use of the tongue and teeth. She bites! Capable of intense sensuality, the time and occasion must be right. Her own nest is best.

Attention: Gemini, Leo, Libra, and Sagittarius.

Here she is: LEO, 7/23 to 8/22
She's sleek, lascivious, enticing, daring, resourceful and adventurous. She loves to be admired and desired. She's always on display. She's self-centered, domineering, but dignified, vain but kind. She's self-indulgent, provocative, impetuous, unpredictable and alluring. She's a flirt. She finds it almost impossible to surrender herself to another. She wants to be free to roam at will and find her prey. Her mate, however, does not share in this privilege. Leo demands fidelity. She has a fine sense of humor. In fact, the best way to get a point across to her is to put it in a way that makes her laugh. She rejects criticism, and anything routine bores her. Her basic disposition is optimistic and cheerful. She adores luxury. She gets what she wants. She creates an atmosphere of aplendor and beauty. She has an insatiable appetite for applause. It helps if you're dependent or can suggest subtly that your happiness, even your life, is subject to her royal whim. Leo accepts this as confirmation of her regal splendor. Her errogenous zone is her back. With the proper moves you can have the lion purring like a kitten.

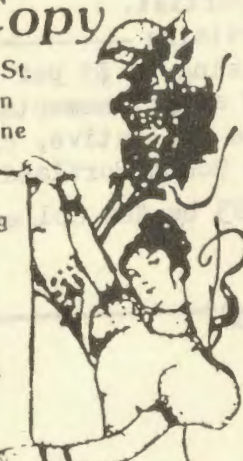
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WHAT IS THE WOMEN'S ENCAMPMENT FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE?

The women's encampment is an action to bring women together to protest the Cruise and Pershing II missiles. It is inspired by the women's peace camp at Greenham Common, England and those protesting all over Europe. Women from all parts of the United States and a variety of backgrounds will gather in a large outdoor camping area to say No to war and Yes to life. We will conduct workshops on such topics as racism, sexism, social and economic justice, non-violence, homophobia, women's history, feminism, military conversion and conflict resolution. We will explore our common ground and differences as women of color and white women, as lesbians and straight women, as differently abled women, and as old and young women.

Women are encouraged to come to the camp for a day, a week or all summer. Donations of camping equipment, transportation, and especially time and money are needed. Work in your local area doing outreach, fundraising and arranging transportation for women in your community.

The encampment is from July 4 through Labor Day. The tenting area will be located near the Seneca Army Depot, in Romulus, New York, 15 miles from Geneva, about 37 miles from Ithaca and 60 miles from Rochester. There are bus lines to Geneva and a shuttle will be maintained to the camp. There will be childcare at the camp, if you plan to bring a child call for more information.

This summer is a crucial time for women to demonstrate their opposition to the deployment of new nuclear weapons in Europe and to express their belief that there is a better way to live in the world based on respect and compassion for all living things — people, animals, the earth itself.

*For more information call:
Liz, 799-6905*

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

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

APARTMENT FOR RENT, \$250/month plus utilities. Sunny 4 rooms plus bath, garden space, Eastern Prom area. Call 772-3093 evenings.



by Sally Grouppp

Libana is a group of women who came together four years ago to explore women's musical heritage. Through the efforts of the Collective and the support of the Feminist Spiritual Community and the Women's Forum at the University of Maine, Libana came to Portland June 11th.

I went to the concert that evening in a somewhat common end-of-the-week state of stress and fatigue, thinking I really didn't want to be going out for the evening, but wanting to support efforts to bring these women to Portland. As the women entered the room, my fatigue dissipated. Their energy, togetherness and grace filled the space. It was clear that they enjoyed being and singing together.

Their program included traditional music and dance of Celtic, Eastern European and other origins. There was audience participation both in singing and dancing.

The evening was a very healing, exhilarating, energizing, as well as cultural, event enjoyed thoroughly by the Libana women and their audience.

MAKING A SOLITARY JOURNEY TOGETHER: A Retreat for Writers and Artists, August 8-14. This workshop provides a place to generate individual and collective creative energy, to talk with people in a variety of fields at levels from beginning to professional, to reflect and to germinate ideas for new work, to continue, refine or complete work in progress, and to share and critique one another's work in a direct and caring way. The group meets each day to focus, share work and talk about the creative process and the context(s) in which we do creative work. Most of each day is spent in silence and individual work. In the evenings we eat, play, and process the day. Facilitator: Cynthia Finn. \$240 for seven days. The number of participants is limited to ensure reasonably private work space for everyone. Some scholarships available. The workshop will be held at Birdsong Farm, North Berwick. Call Pam Annas, 676-4038.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SACO RIVER CANOE TRIP, July 8 & 9.
Call Ann for details, 797-3227.
You don't have to have your own
canoe.

NEW HOPE FOR WOMEN ANTIQUA/CRAFT FAIR

New Hope for Women will sponsor an
Antique/Craft Fair on Sunday, July
24th from 10 am to 4 pm at the
Samoset Resort in Rockland.

Craftspeople and antique deal-
ers interested in reserving a
booth at the Fair should call 372-
8247. Cost is \$15 for an 8'x10'
table; \$5 deposit required in
advance.

There will be a \$1 admission fee
at the door for the public attend-
ing. Raffle tickets for a beautiful
seascape oil painting by Joan Ander-
son of Tenants Harbor will be on
sale in advance & at the fair.

Proceeds will go for services to
battered women and their children
in the Midcoast area.

There will be a CORNERSTONES DANCE
on Saturday, July 30, 9-12 pm. BYO
54 Cumberland Avenue, Brunswick.
The August dance (date to be announ-
ced later) will be a benefit for
The Common Scold.

FEMINIST SPIRITUAL COMMUNITY

Feminist Spiritual Community meets
every Monday at 7 pm. For the month
of July only, the location will be
at the First Parish Church on Con-
gress Street. In August, the loca-
tion will return to the State Street
Church.

WEEKEND TRIP TO DEER ISLE AND ISLE
AU HAUT, August 6 & 7. Camping
overnite on Deer Isle, day trip to
Isle au Haut. Contact Jennifer for
details, 772-3457.

WOMEN OUTDOORS EVENTS

July 6 - Natural history hike at
Wolfs Neck State Park. Call Ellen
at 766-3344.

July 16 - Gulf Hags Day Hike. Call
Debbie at 948-2053.

July 22-24 - Natural history and
backpacking weekend in the White
Mountains. Call Ellen, 766-3344.

August 6 & 7 - Relaxation Weekend
at Bryant Pond. Call Terri at
774-4044.

FOURTH OF JULY BARBEQUE and POTLUCK
at 71 Walnut Street, afternoon and
evening. Barbeque and potluck,
followed by fireworks on the Eastern
Prom. Call 772-3093 for more
details.

THE COLLECTIVE MEETING for July
will be a barbeque/potluck at Fort
Williams on July 17 at 4 pm. Every-
one welcome. Call 799-6905 for
location if raining.



 <h1 style="font-family: cursive;">July</h1>						1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	Pottluck & Barbeque (& Fireworks) 71 Walnut St.		Natural History Hike at Wolf's Neck Women Outdoors			Saco River Canoe Trip	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Saco River Trip	Feminist Spiritual Community 7pm First * Parish Church	Alliance to Preserve Reproductive Choice 7-9pm YWCA				Gulf Hagas Day Hike Women Outdoors	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
Collective Mtg & Pottluck (& Barbeque) Fort Williams 4pm	Feminist Spiritual Community 7pm First Parish Church				Natural History & Backpacking Weekend in White Mountains Women Outdoors		
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
Antique-Craft Fair, New Hope for Women of Rockland at Samoset	Feminist Spiritual Community 7pm First Parish Church	Portland NOW Meeting 7:30 pm YWCA				Cornerstones Dance 9-12 Brunswick	
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* New location for July only.

See Announcements for additional info.



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