

PORTLAND WOMEN'S COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

50¢

"SEX ! * ?"

Issue #13

THIS IS NOT A DIVORCE

Deborah and I no longer live together. The news is generally greeted as one greets the announcement of a death in the family. Friends are sympathetic, more to me than to her because she initiated this new change by having the audacity to fall in love with another woman. We had been together six years. I want to write about this change in our lives as clearly as I can because I think Deborah and I were one of the "marriages" that appeared to be made in Lesbos. Beware such marriages; if they exist you're not looking hard enough. This is not to say that marriages can't work--they do, for periods of time, some for whole lifetimes, but, by nature of their definition, they exact a toll of compromise. When the compromise is too much, the marriage must change. The language we have for this change is horrendous: split up, seperated, broken up, divorced, the metaphor of rupture, the irreparable fissure. As I reject the notion of marriage, in its contemporary definition, so I reject divorce. I think Deborah and I are going through a time, like many other times we have gone through, that has its good moments and its moments of estrangement. There are times when I still feel the old comfort although after awhile there is a tentativeness that creeps in, an unfamiliarity. We live in seperate houses; we used to go home together. That, in itself, is a global shift. There is no doubt we remain important to one another but we are in a transition period.

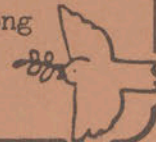
con't. on pg. 2

TO OUR READERS FROM US

The Portland Women's Community Newsletter Task Force wishes to share with our subscribers a particular reality about our composition. We do this in order to address some of the concerns we have been hearing (both first- and second-hand) about the direction the Newsletter has taken.

Most Task Force members are Lesbians. The overwhelming majority of articles submitted to us since the Newsletter's inception have been written by Lesbians. Thus, this Newsletter has been and will continue to be predominantly Lesbian-identified unless something changes. We make no apologies for its flavor. In fact, we affirm it. But, we also believe the Newsletter can taste of other flavors as well.

The Newsletter Task Force has printed every article that has been submitted to us. You, our readers, have been reading our words and the words of other contributors. If you need other words printed to be read and shared among women in this community, write them. We will not write them for you.



2 this is not.... con't.

I want for myself, for my sense of herstory, for the community of women I love, to try and document this change in my relationship with Deborah. I do this, not in a spirit of confessional, but because this will, no doubt, happen again and again in our community and I believe it makes sense to look at how we relate to this reality in our lives.

One afternoon this past Spring Deborah told me she was in a relationship with someone else. I left the house, walked around, returned, made a pitiful attempt to seduce Deborah, felt angry and awful, went to a party, prowled around miserably, went to a friend's house and told my story. I returned home and went to bed, feeling alone and miserable.

So, we deal. Deborah pursues the new relationship. I pursue jealousy. On some level I love it. It is quintessential misery. When my husband had affairs, I never felt like this but then he never really knew me. I did not think I would feel this way. Well, now I can. I talk this over with a friend who also cares a lot for Deborah. She encourages me to just feel jealous, to forget the politically correct stuff, to throw the shoulds out the window. I do or I try.

I rant and rave and holler. We have a big fight. Deborah starts out the door after I grab her by the shirt and shove her against the sink. I follow. She drives away in the car. I return to the house and proceed to get classically sick on cheap red wine. I note that I am following the formula for aggrieved mate and resent the stereotypic nature of response.

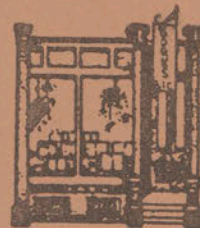
We all try to work it out. Doesn't work. The tension between the three of us is just too much.

The three of us decide to see a therapist. We have two intense, hard sessions with the help of a loving and skilled therapist. The three of us act out some painful scenarios. We do not back off. We look at one another. We make choices, demands. An interesting note is that when I mentioned we were doing this, a couple of women expressed disbelief that the three of us were going into therapy together. Why put yourself through that agony? It was probably one of the hardest and one of the best things that I ever did for myself.

I move out. A trial separation. I think of compromises. I will fix up the attic and live there or remain at the house and keep a studio on the side. We talk. More tears. I move out permanently.

All during these four months I felt a lot of support from women in the community but I learned some things about myself and about how women deal with one another in this situation. The support that most sustained came from women who openly loved both Deborah and me. With these women I could rant and rave about Deborah without feeling I must defend or justify her actions. If I felt that a woman was choosing my side over Deborah's, something in me would shut down. I couldn't talk after awhile. I knew, at gut level, that there were no good guys or bad guys in this drama.

Now that Deborah and I have separate living spaces, another phenomenon has developed. When we were a "couple" and in a social situation alone, without the other, invariably the question would casually come up, "Oh, how's Deborah or how's Nicole?" Now, we are seldom asked that question. It's as if we had dropped out of each other's lives or the death in the family syndrome takes over. I want to say now that it's all right to talk about death and the mini-deaths. It's all right and necessary and healthy. Hopefully, relationships move in a continuum, not in compartmentalized sequences. Deborah and I are family, bonded in an elemental way, having shared crucial changes, why not this one too, this small death that teaches us to let go, that models a way for loving that is hard but permits change. **con't. on pg. 6**



shillito
BOOKS, ETC.

38 EXCHANGE ST.
PORTLAND, MAINE
Telephone 774-0626

Ready or Not, Here I Come

by DE

When I "came out" as a Lesbian six years ago, I experienced, for what I felt was a long time (and, in reality, it probably was), difficulty in establishing sexual relationships with wimmin. Not that I never had relationships or encounters, because I did. But I often avoided having sex and experienced tremendous tension in bed. I agonized for a long time over whether or not I really was a Lesbian, especially after being accused by two wimmin of not being one. What I came to realize is that I did not feel ambivalent about wimmin; I felt ambivalent about SEX. Oddly enough, I felt great relief at such a discovery. At least I knew what I needed to tackle, rather than having to distrust my core and my emotions.

Why the ambivalence? It's too easy to blame my parents, so I will. The word "SEX" was never uttered in my family. That about sums it up. Another level to my problem, however, was the fact that I never learned, within my family, to take emotional risks with people or to bond emotionally. I experienced my family as an emotional desert (except when it came to expressions of anger) and I learned the patterns well. So, not only was sex difficult, but it was even more difficult for me (and still is) to get close to people emotionally. Over the years, the two problems became more and more enmeshed and they exquisitely fed into each other. Because I feared emotional closeness, I feared sex, since sex might demand my getting emotionally close.

Why the difficulty with sex? I believe several dynamics were in play at that time. Like a good, all-American girl, I grew up believing I had to relate to men. In my sexual relationships with men, I learned to use and/or be used; I did not have to take any great emotional risks because I had little, if any, emotional investment in them; I learned to manipulate via sex; and, essentially, I felt violated, which may have been connected to the physical act of intercourse itself, not ever being an admirer of male anatomical parts. I also resented their power outside of bed - the fact that they had it and I didn't, on the basis of anatomy alone. The other dynamic, I believe, was connected to the very nature of sex, itself. I believe we are automatically more vulnerable, real and "raw" when we're "in the raw." When we let go of our garments, the potential exists to "really let go." (Now, I could have had sex with my clothes on, but that would have been unsatisfying on several levels.) And when, other than during sexual activity, are we, as human beings, so exposed - physically and emotionally - and so deeply touched should we be laughed at or rejected? Sex is gut - our sounds, our movements, our body images. It is almost too-gut for someone like me who has a conditioned drive to be perpetually in control, "right-on," and as vulnerable as a steel fortress. All of that, combined with my developmentally-delayed-emotional-maturation-level, resulted in a pattern of approach-avoidance behavior towards relationships and a lot of one-night stands (with feeble attempts at more long-term relationships in-between).

So, when I finally acknowledged my life-long love for and desire to be with wimmin, I did not enter into this new lifestyle with the healthiest mode of operating. Not that I wanted to keep manipulating, using, and being used, but that I just didn't know how to function. With men, I did not want to be exposed; with wimmin, I wanted to, but didn't know how to be. I felt much more of an investment, and, therefore, much more scared. Not ever wanting to be celibate, I continued my pattern of brief encounters. Anything else meant I would need to take risks. And, if an encounter went beyond a one or two-night affair, because I really did want many to, I usually ended up blowing the relationship. Not by any overt, malicious act on my part - but by "the silence," the "not dealing," the dishonesty inherent in "letting things slide." Relationships "just fizzled out" as feelings, both positive and negative, remained unexpressed. But, to be more fair to myself, it does take (at least) two to perpetuate such a pattern.

con't. on pg. 6

BREAKING SILENCES

Memories

One Night

Women on a lam,
we danced, turned
to women huddling
against the weeping cold.
We slept soundly
but not long,
as our wary grandmothers
must have held
one another

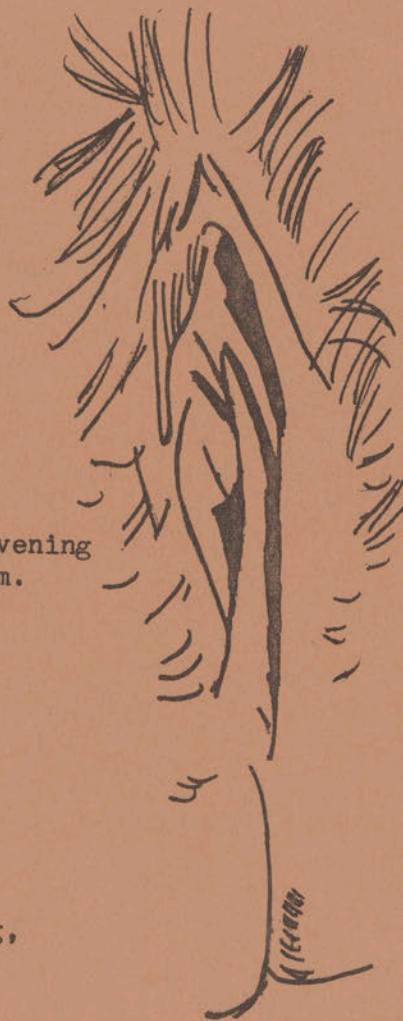
hunting in the West
crossing the Atlantic
heavy with child
and the burdens of women
chosen by us sometimes
for us too often.

I believe in lesbian desire,
the love voiced on a frosty evening
at the center of our own storm.
We live by learning
to touch
and trust
our common secrets.

Woman in my dream
you kiss me awake
and we rise together
strong.

When I imagined this beginning,
I would not stop to write it.
We made moments
pass for weeks,
we were lovers
clear as the morning snow.
Our silver reflections
beg knowledge
of the past
while our bodies flow
in the timeless present
of shared discovery: each discovery
a night, each night
we need
to continue
struggling
warm.

Carol Lynn Barash
© January 1981



At night I lay awake
thinking of you.
How it used to be.

We would sit holding hands
An occasional kiss.
Each kiss building our need.

We had lots of Love then.

We came into each others arms
our lips meeting,
moving from lips to
neck,
breasts, Oh yes,
your beautiful breasts.
I loved lingering there
feeling them grow hard
under the urgings of my tongue.
Then on down to
your ribs,
your soft, flat stomach
moving up and down
with breath.

Lower still
to the edge of your dark triangle,
to the strongest smell of you
soft,
inviting,
alluring.

I make love to you
moving my lips
over
around
those sweet lips of yours
buried for only me to
see,
touch,
smell,
taste.

Making you cum.
and loving the feeling
of that more than anything.

Then you make love
to me.
You, who make me cum
when no other can.

Bunny Mills
© October 1981

AMAZON

I am Amazon.
I move on the edge of worlds,
in and out, in and out.
Spy, saboteur among men,
Womyn-warrior blazing Spirit.
My labyris, symbol of power,
crafted by the Axe-Maker of the Goddess.

On the backs of dragons,
I ascend to our enclave for strength.
I dance naked in pine forests.
I run with wolves.
I rest on waves of blue sea.
I drink the juices of my companions.
I sleep with softness
and dream of wimmin without chains,
and dream of wimmin without fear.

I am Amazon...Amazon...Amazon...
I ride with wimmin.
I dream of wimmin.
I dream of wimmin.

Diane Elze

© October 1981

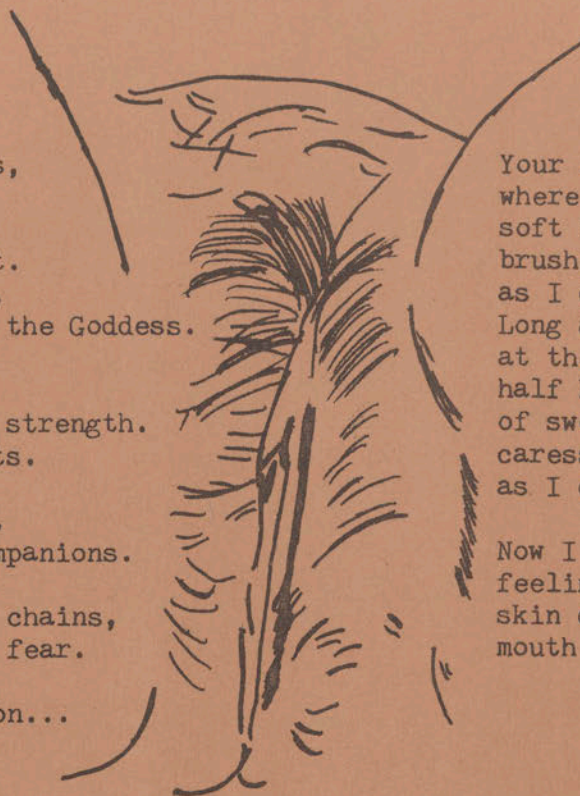
Fasting

Lover, you are
hot artichoke hearts
dripping hollandaise
on my fingers,
freshly steamed lobster
oozing butter and sea tang
a smooth chocolate mousse
melting my mouth
with sweetness.
Feasting on you
I grow curves and mounds
expand to fill
your arms.

Such bounty surfeits me;
days roll past
plump and replete
even my dreams
lose hollows and ridges.
For survival I need
the fine honed edge
of hunger
coarse grained bread
and clear well water.
I must shrink, grow close
to my own bones.

Sherry Redding

© July 1980



Sacraments

5

Your labia cradle the opening
where I kneel,
soft hairs
brushing my face,
as I drink from your source.
Long ago I knelt
at the spring of my childhood
half hidden by mounds
of sweet grass and mint
caressing my cheeks
as I drank from that entrance.

Now I rise, as then,
feeling new born,
skin damp with the baptism,
mouth wet with communion.

Sherry Redding

© November 1978

Friday, September 4

The wonder of
Low tide at Popham
The roar - breaking white crested waves
flew over the islands
Our cabana of love
bare-bottomed blue sky met us
as we rested among the quiet gulls
The sun sparkles in a glow around just us
Diamonds - it was a diamond day
The sparkle inside us radiated out
to sear through the surf haze
leading to our path - a "highway to heaven"
Running - the freedom of our bodies
The waves framing around us
The ocean sound enveloping us as the tide
rushed in closing up the day
"Bali Hai" she shispered Bali Hai
we sang
This was our Lesbos Island - we designed it
we experience our love - so heated
had to swim naked beside her
Exchanged tops we walked arm in arm
grinning bubbling with the knowledge we
were lucky ones The day has brought us
wonders - a mystical sense of fulfillment
A dream better than dreamt
We stand holding each other
surrounded by the striking beauty of
Popham
The end of a peak day
No wonder I love her



Smitten Heart

6 *this is not con't.*

A few weeks ago, Deborah and I had a parting ritual where we used to live together. It was a way of acknowledging this new development in our lives, of recalling our meeting, our falling in love, our origins and shared life in a little cabin in Perry, Maine, on a farm in Canada, in Portland. We asked the goddess to bless us as we moved into a different cycle of loving, not an abandonment of one another, but another way of loving. There is nothing easy about this new way. We are following paths that have been marked out by few. Deborah lit frankensence to invoke the goddess, sandalwood to bring healing, myrr to bring Venus, the goddess of love. We each lit a tall purple candle. Deborah lit hers and told her story of our lives together, how we met, what we shared, what we continue to mean to one another. I read a poem I wrote about letting go and the origins of our love. We held tears in check when they started to come, which was a mistake, but we are learning and a friend tells me that some powerful spells must be repeated three times to take effect. The candles were not snuffed out after all our words were done, but left lit until they burned down naturally. So, this is not a divorce. This is a cycle that language has not yet named. As we live it, the words will come.

Nicole d'Entremont

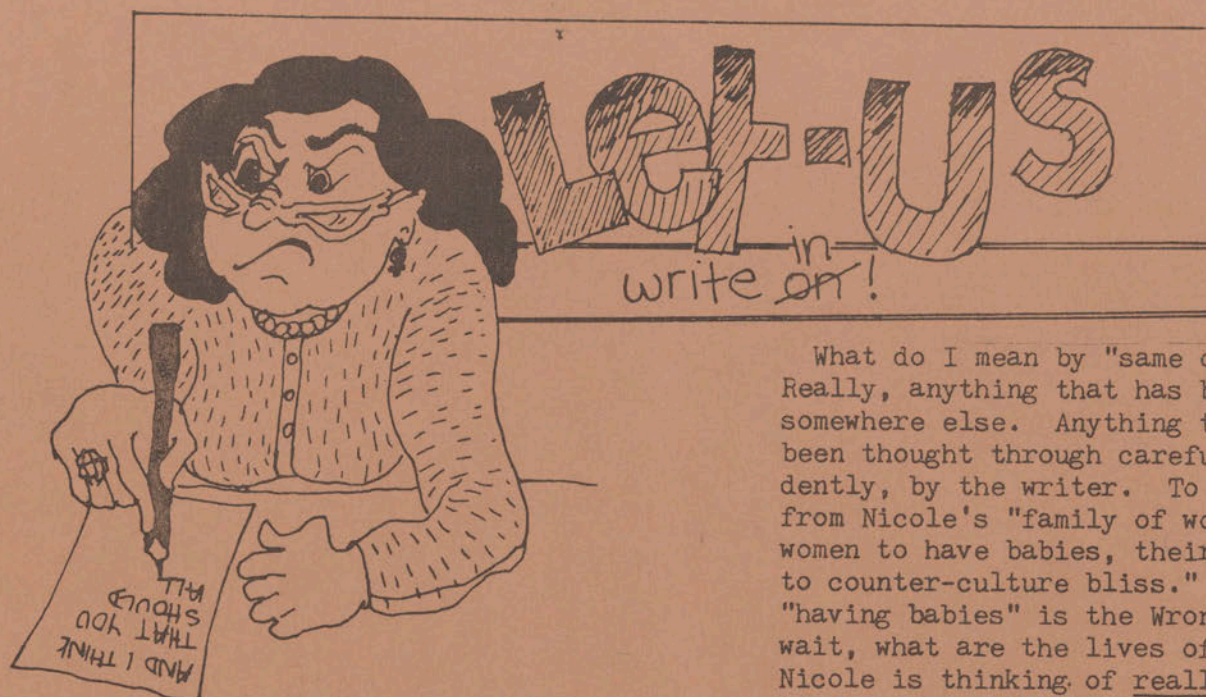
coming con't.

Not being one to give up (totally, anyway), my fighting Gemini nature pushed me forward in pursuit of clarity. I discovered a pattern to my "choosing whom I chose." During those times in my life when my self-esteem was at a low (i.e., 27 of my 29 years), I inevitably chose partners incapable of meeting my needs, nor I, theirs, and, together, we fed each other's unhealthiest behavior patterns. I had begun to feel much less ambivalent about sex (perhaps some comfort does come with practice), but the pathology in my relationships seemed to increase in direct proportion to my feelings of sexual pleasure. I finally decided to give up (totally, for awhile). I became celibate and entered therapy.

After several months of intense work, I felt READY. Hell, with all my new insights, how could I fail? Well, I have always underestimated my abilities - for failure, as well as for success. I won't bore you with the specifics. Suffice to say that the last couple years have been rather rocky. However, I'm more able to laugh at and accept my foibles when it comes to relationships. With "a little help from my friends," my therapist, and a lot of hard work on my own part, I can allow myself sex without ambivalence, emotional closeness with some friends and lovers, and even moments of vulnerability (scarce, though, they may be). And, I have learned that letting the drawbridge of my steel fortress down will not result in my demise. I may feel terrified, yes; I may experience excruciating pain, but I won't fall apart. I also have my moments of regression (more than I'm comfortable with), but I've stopped claiming to be perfect. I still have to gulp twice before I tell a womyn I'm attracted to her. I have to gulp five times before I ask her to spend the night (if I even get to that point). I am not always honest with my lovers about feelings/expectations/desires. And, I'm not always a nice person. I also have several old patterns yet to break. Intellectually (and physically, too), I'm a firm believer in nonmonogamy. However, I have this double standard and have been known to fly into jealous rages when a lover dares to "do as I do." I also have a tendency to be so attracted, at times to the "idea" of having a relationship, as opposed to feeling genuine sexual attraction for the individual, that I may impulsively sexualize new friendships that should stay platonic.

Well, it's time to end this article before I bare all my weaknesses. I have come to believe that "responsibility for self" is at the root of all these SEX/RELATIONSHIP issues. I am responsible for getting, as well as for not getting,

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Dear Newsletter Task Force:

I am resubscribing, but if I had been asked a month ago, I would have said "No." I had been growing increasingly discontent with the newsletter, and am grateful for Judith Murray's frank letter and your thoughtful reply. They reopened some of what I consider key issues, and made the newsletter interesting to me again.

My biggest complaint about the newsletter was that it was becoming a terrible bore. I saw it as, in the main, reiterating the feminist "party line," and more specifically, the lesbian-feminist party line. The fact that this party line tends to feel anti-male and anti-heterosexual-lifestyle is really a secondary consideration. Also secondary is the fact that this line contains many gems of liberating truth. The newsletter should be stimulating, provoking, challenging. (As this issue was!) It cannot be this if it drones on and on the same old stuff.

I saw few writers taking the leap of courage that Judith Murray did. Certainly I have not had the guts to publicly voice the criticisms that I have felt over the last several months. This is in part, I am sure, I count much of your task force as my friends - friends I do not want to lose. But of course we must all abandon such nicety-nice stuff. I suspect that if all contributors to the newsletter made a vow to write everything they really believed and felt, the newsletter would become a very spicy publication indeed.

What do I mean by "same old stuff"? Really, anything that has been said before somewhere else. Anything that has not been thought through carefully, independently, by the writer. To give an example, from Nicole's "family of women" - "...the women to have babies, their lives resigned to counter-culture bliss." Same old stuff - "having babies" is the Wrong Route. But wait, what are the lives of those women Nicole is thinking of really like? Is it so pat as all that? Are all counter-culture mothers "resigned"? Should we perhaps ask them? Do they perhaps have lives as richly varied and complex and difficult as anyone else's? Are you afraid that, if you seek out their life stories, they will be pro-abortion regulation, or pro-marriage, or somehow in other ways to far from the line? Would you print their views?

I could give other examples, but I think you all know what I mean. And let me also say that (as long as I have committed myself to being more courageously honest) I hate the word "Amazon" being thrown around as though we all know what it means and identify with it (as in "we'll be back in full Amazonian force.") I do not identify with that label, and would like to see it used rather in a thoughtful, personal way by women to whom it has deep and heartfelt meaning.

Finally, my thanks to the newsletter task force for your courage and persistence in doing the thing at all.

Most sincerely,

Andrea Kelly-Rosenberg



8 letters... can't.



Hi Task Force!

Loved this issue of the Community News and was especially moved by Sandra Butler's "Jamaican Journal."

I read it after a long day and evening of work, meetings and grocery shopping and still wearing my coat. Amid the clutter of bills and junk mail, was transported to a place I know only through Jimmy Cliff's film of Jamaica, "The Harder They Come." Mere words - what psycho-active power!

Also liked the Judith Murray-Task Force dialogue. When everyone agrees and things are nice-nice, I get bored. Controversy, at least on paper, is enriching.

Hopefully, you have Sandra's address in Jamaica. Please forward the letter for me and if that's not possible, please return to me.

Thanks. Take care and a hug from up North.

Maddy Spadola

Task Force note: Dear Maddy - The letter has been forwarded. Thanks.

Dear Task Force:

We are two lesbian feminists from New York City in our early 30's. We plan to move to Portland next summer and we'd like to hear from your readers with regard to the following questions:

- 1) Is there a visible women's community? Are there services, organizations and publications for women?
- 2) What area in Portland are rents reasonable? Is there a large women's population in any specific area?
- 3) Is it better to rent an apartment with heat or without? What can we expect to pay for heat in the winter?
- 4) Is public transportation reliable or does one need a car?
- 5) For those of you who have relocated, like we will, from a large city, do you have any special advice, comments or impressions?
- 6) Is equal pay for women/men the exception or the rule in professional, executive jobs?

Would you print this letter in your next newsletter? We enjoyed the August issue and would like to be subscribers. I've enclosed \$5.

Thank you,
Harriett Wahrsager
Lucy Chudzik
155 Garfield Place #1A
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

Dearest D, N, B, B, and all you other wondrous women:

Love hearing from the home country via the newsletter. I assure you the work is not only important, but beautiful as well. So here's another happy subscriber and a submission for the sex issue, too.

Hope to see bunches of Maine women at the Pentagon in November. I'm busting my butt to make it a good'un.

Tell Natalia her lines were lovely.

Best to all,
Loie Hayes

Dear PWCN women friends:

I was pleased to read in the latest Newsletter that you had received the PSA I'd sent you, but was dismayed about the rest of it. I assume that I am the owner with "reported anti-feminist tendencies." I admit that I've made mistakes in the past, yet hope that they won't be held against me forever. And, I was surprised that you printed what I would consider a "hearsay" notice about me. Anyway, I can't imagine what my reported anti-feminist tendencies could be, but I would like to know. If you know of women who gave particular, specific grievances against me, tell them I would like them to contact me so that I can do whatever I can to complete the matters.

Also, I want to clarify my intentions in creating New Age Community Enterprises and the store "The End of the Rainbow." It is simply my purpose to create a successful small business service, and channel the profits from the business into the community through donations to community groups and the sponsoring of worthwhile projects. The store is close to the point when it will be possible to start making regular financial donations. At that time, I will look for individuals to be on the Board of NACE and help decide how to spend the money available. I am also in the process of creating other sources of revenue for community projects. At first, donations will be small, \$100 at a time. But if the store continues to prosper, it will soon be generating \$500-\$1000 a month for community donations. That's when things will get interesting.

con't. on pg. 9

I am also designing the store to be a bridge between the grassroots, politically-oriented New Age community and the mainstream community.

By the way, it is the specific policy of the store not to contain any obviously sexist material. Specifically, we sell no men's magazines or X-rated books, even though we could make money if we did so. And I am doing my best to obtain feminist and politically-oriented books, magazines, even records whenever I can.

Also, I don't participate in your feminist activities because, quite frankly, I don't get the sense that men are really welcome in these activities. I understand that in planning last year's Take Back the Night Event, there was a lot of turmoil over how men should be allowed to participate in the event. I hope that this year's

event is different and more open to men's participation. I myself am putting lots of energy at this time into discovering how to open up communication channels between men and women. I feel, as a pair of articles in Playboy put it this month, that it's time to call a truce between your sex and my sex.

Finally, enclosed is my \$5 subscription fee to your Newsletter. I want to see your publication succeed and prosper. It's important. Take care.

Maurice Harter

(Task Force note: The comment Maurice refers to appeared in our Humor issue. In the last issue, we published an apology for its tastlessness. We would have liked this letter to appear in the last issue, but could not print it due to lack of space.)

JOURNAL ENTRY

T. and I made love again last night for the second time in three days; Monday we fought instead. Just being irritable and insecure. I finally fell asleep around 12:30 only to wake when T. turned on her vibrator at 1. In my half-dreaming, I had thought the noise was an electric train and mumbled to her to turn that damn thing off. When she didn't understand me a second time, I yelled at her. I don't think I would have yelled if I'd realized she was masturbating.

She was very hurt, but rather than kicking me out of her bed in mid-dream, she went to sleep in my bed. I woke the next morning horrified that I'd yelled at her. I was writing a note to her as I got ready for work when she came groggily back to her bed. So we got a chance to apologize and forgive and hold each other until I had to go.

by Loie Hayes

Greater Portland N.O.W. meets the fourth Tuesday of every month in the Portland Public Safety Building, 109 Middle St. at 7:30 P.M. On November 24, "Killing Us Softly" by Jean Kilbourne will be shown. The film deals with images of women in advertising. Discussion will follow. Don't miss it!!!!

Attention... Attention...

The Maine Women's Lobby is holding a raffle for gasoline, a major fund-raising effort for our lobbyist in Augusta. Volunteers are needed to sell raffle tickets. Contact Lauren Corbett (Board member) at 865-4616.

Take Back the Night
MARCH
NOVEMBER 7th

The Open Book
& Arts Forum

114-1W Commercial Street / Portland, Maine 04111
Open Sundays 1 to 5:00!

you've probably heard one side of it, but there's
always another ---

MICHIGAN STUNK!!!

lee caron unt natalia slut

some WOMEN dreamed about Auschwitz upon arriving

granola and yogurt every morning

_____ between the ears

_____ between the lines

_____ the lines

_____ the lines

Waiting for food, Waiting for the merchant's silver

Waiting for the shuttle,

Waiting.....

Waiting.....

for those 250 WOMEN to go up and volunteer for SUCK-your-ITTY

Music, yes it was wonderful, but it sounded like a transistor
on a bare-chested bronze beach invisible and insignificant

(I fell in love with the politically incorrect) the 6 ft.
Amazon black disco dancer in the 6-inch heels and don't
forget the Contraxtions!!!

"Ifk you give up resistink now, thinks vill be much easier for you"
unt ven asking for more security vorkers on sunday nite, to the side
ofk vimmin who do inbibe chemicals "you all should volunteer now,
cause you'll be too loaded to do anything later on..." this vask
terese edell fromt de stagekt. i havk it ont my tape recorder. it
vask gut for me to see my friendk mary foleyk who lifts int san
francisco now, but seeink her unt alszo the contractions thursday
nite, vask the only good thinks. ze rest vask hard unt pretty much
unappreciated vork.

(*The Newsletter Task Force reluctantly prints this piece. We felt that the
apparent comparison of the Festival with Auschwitz was a trivialization of the
gross victimization and suffering of people in the concentration camps. Thus,
we asked the authors for a clarification of that image. We had hoped to print
a brief explanation of their experiences at Michigan that led to the use of
such an image. However, the authors declined our request. We felt we, at least,
needed to make our feelings known.)

coming.... con't.

my sexual and/or emotional needs met. I am responsible for my feelings, desires,
expectations and resulting behavior. I can choose to act in ways that will meet
my needs, or act in ways that don't. And, the essence of such responsibility is
honesty - being upfront with both myself and my partners as to my feelings, desires
and expectations. It's the honesty that is so scary, yet so potentially-rewarding.
With honesty, we risk change, we risk rejection, we risk the transformation of
what is known and secure, we risk the need to discover new and deliberate ways to
meet our needs. It's this honesty that has been difficult for me, since it means
trusting another with my feelings and vulnerabilities. But, I trust myself enough
now to know that, despite regressions, I'll keep working on it.





ANNOUNCEMENTS

CENTERING WORKSHOP, November 14-15 in Portland, led by Cynthia Finn of Birdsong Farm. A workshop to learn ways to center ourselves so that we will not be thrown off balance by demands, criticism, stress in our lives. A way to sustain wholeness and clarity within ourselves. \$65. For more information, call 207-676-4038 weekends, or 617-491-7372 weekdays, or contact Pauli French, 773-7152.

LESBIAN SUPPORT GROUP is seeking new members. Monday evenings, 7-8:30 P.M., no fee. For more info, call Karen, 772-3314.

RENEW...RENEW...RENEW...RENEW...Subs are now \$8 (more if you can, less if you can't). Please send your renewal today, if you have a green dot on your label.

REMINDER!!!REMINDER!!!Portland Women's Community Meeting, November 15, 3 P.M. Williston-West Church, 32 Thomas St., Portland. Potluck supper following business meeting.

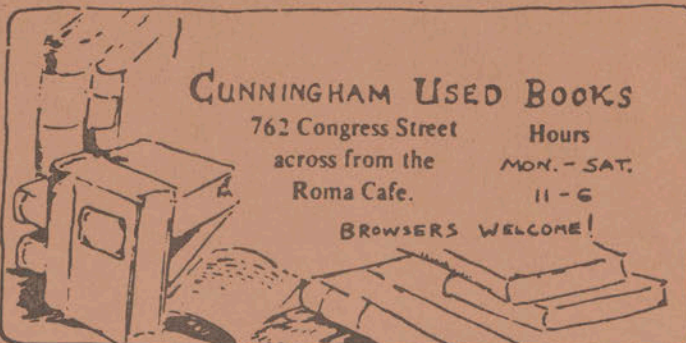
Rev. Susan Turley-Moore, minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Swedenborgian Community Church in Portland, offers counseling for individuals, couples, families and groups. In July of 1980, Susan graduated from the Swedenborg School of Religion and was one of the four women ordained into the Swedenborgian denomination. During her seminary training, she acquired her Masters of Education in Counseling from Suffolk University. She is also a Certified Licenced Social Worker. Rev. Turley-Moore has clinical training in the areas of substance abuse, crisis intervention, stress management, career guidance, healing through meditation and visual imagery, assertiveness and spiritual direction. She has been in private practice since 1979 working primarily with women. Before, she worked as counselor and hot-line volunteer at the Homophile Community Health Service of Boston, Boston State Hospital and in institutions for delinquent youth in Ohio and California. Rev. Turley-Moore is available for counseling Monday through Friday in the mornings or evenings, and Sundays. She would like to start a women's support group. If interested, call her at 772-8277, or write her at the Swedenborgian Community Church, 302 Stevens Ave., Portland, 04103.

DEAR ABBY: A couple of women moved in across the hall from me. One is a middle-aged gym teacher and the other is a social worker in her mid-20s. These two women go everywhere together and I've never seen a man go into their apartment or come out. Do you think they could be Lebanese?

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BROWSERS WELCOME!



The theme for the next issue is "Children." Keep those articles and letters coming. We are also happy to print announcements of meetings and other upcoming events. If you can, please type your article with a maximum of a 7" width and a dark typewriter ribbon. Deadline for the next issue is November 16. Submit your writings to: Nicole d'Entremont, 381 Deering Avenue, Portland, Maine 04103. Subscriptions are now \$8 (more if you can, less if you can't). Sorry about the increase, but we had no choice.

Name _____

Address _____

Amount Enclosed _____ (Checks can be made out to "The Community")

-----PLEASE NOTIFY US IMMEDIATELY OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS-----

