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The Mission of the Green Mountain Leather Club is to bring the fellowship and family of leather in all its aspects together, working toward the betterment of our communities through education, community service and active involvement.

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 Visit us at www.greenmountainleather.com or email admin@greenmountainleather.com for more information.

BLACKWOOD & DANON, PC
attorneys

90 Main Street
P.O. Box 875
Burlington, VT 05402
802-863-2517
fax: 802-863-0262
info@blackwoodlaw.org

Providing legal services addressing issues important to LGBTIQA individuals and families – adoptions, wills, estate planning, employment and education issues, civil rights, personal injuries, and small business matters.

FIRST PERSON

Voice of the Vise Versa

BY HEATHER REED

I would like to dedicate this article to Matthew and Caysie for embracing me for who I am, sharing this life with me, and for your unconditional love. You enhance the beauty within me, without you my colors would not be nearly as bright.

Society has molded us to believe that we as sexual beings are either heterosexual or homosexual. When it comes to identifying ourselves sexually, we categorize ourselves into one or the other. If you cannot define yourself as either heterosexual or homosexual, you must linger somewhere in the middle. In this case it is most commonly assumed that there is sexual confusion. The term used for this middle limbo is "bisexual."

Each individual has a unique sexual identity. Labels were created to give us a place to put ourselves among others in society. I bought a sticker on the internet one day that stated my sexual identity perfectly: "I prefer a person, not a gender." Let's unleash the voice of the "Vise Versa" sexual being.

When I was in grade school I hung out with boys more often than girls. I enjoyed climbing trees and catching frogs more so than playing with Barbie and Ken. I had my girlfriends, but was not as interested in the girly play as I was making forts in the woods.

In high school I had crushes on girls all the time. I thought they were sexy, unique, and intriguing. Boys in high school were disgusting, rude, and rough. While all my friends had boyfriends, I would daydream about the girl on the other side of the classroom taking notes and adjusting her reading glasses. I had a girlfriend in high school, though we didn't define ourselves as such, and had many female friends, but my palling around was most exciting when I was with the boys.



PHOTO: PROVIDED BY HEATHER REED

I bought a sticker on the internet one day that stated my sexual identity perfectly: "I prefer a person, not a gender." Let's unleash the voice of the "Vise Versa" sexual being.

I don't know if people could read me sexually. I have always worn my emotions on my sleeve, but aren't we all curious and questioning at that age?

After high school I moved out of my parents' house and into an apartment with my two best friends (male, of course) and a female friend of one of my roommates. One of my best buddies and I had always been extremely close, much like brother and sister. We were truly ourselves with one another. When the drinks started tickling our brains, sex always followed. We were young,

horny, and comfortable with one another. It was convenient and fun. I also felt intense love for my female roommate at the time. She was unique, gorgeous, and intrigued the very intimate depths of my being. I wanted her. We had a genuine connection, an unspoken energy between our eyes. She moved away, my heart was shattered, and that is what life dealt me at that time. As the story continues, the chapter that we move to is that my best friend and I married, at only twenty-two years of age. At the time of commitment