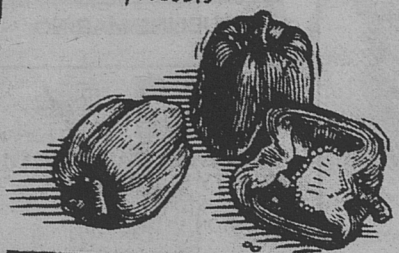


## Middlebury Natural Foods Co-op

A full service, natural foods store specializing in healthy, whole, organic foods and products



bulk • produce • vitamins  
grocery • spices • bodycare  
bakery • books • gifts  
cheese • beverages • snacks

1 Washington Street • 388.7262 • Mon-Sat 8-7, Sun 9-5

You can always look to us, for the difference



NAOT for the newest look in comfort  
cork latex insole shoes

31 Styles of NAOT Footwear at:  
**DANFORM SHOES**

RT.7 Shelburne	RT.127 Colchester	RT.7 St. Albans
-------------------	----------------------	--------------------

## Dyke Reunion

BY CROW COHEN

I'm planning a reunion - graduates of the Burlington Wimmin's Community class of '75-'85. So far I've sent out close to 40 invitations to those who have stayed around the area, and I'm sure I've forgotten some. I've narrowed down the guest list to include those who were willing to call themselves lesbian feminist activists back then regardless of what they call themselves now.

Some will greet the idea with wild enthusiasm, others with trepidation. What's Crow doing? Trying to pry open a can of worms? Those were heady years, full of confrontation and turmoil. That community was from a by-gone era. We've moved on. It's now the queer community - more inclusive, more embracing diversity, not so separatist, more open to gay men, bi's, trans folk. Why go back to a time that no longer interests people who need to raise families, secure a retirement income, fix up houses?

All true. And yet...and yet. Those were the years when we were a tight, vibrant gang of girls. Our movement newspaper, Commonwoman, had to be laid out by hand in a big room with lots of tables and a dozen dykes all day Sunday. The ads were all hand-drawn. The articles were in-your-face. ("I Hate Christmas," "The Highs and Lows of Pot Smoking," "On Shoplifting.") Once a month a few of us would load a bunch of papers in the back of whoever had a running car at the time and attempt to distribute them throughout the state in "Mom and Pop" stores before the owners caught on that this was not just a ladies' version of Buyer's Digest. Sometimes the contrast of cultures would strike us so damn funny that we'd try to stifle our giggles in the store aisles as if we were terribly embarrassed to get caught laughing in church. Sometimes the store owners would actually flip through the pages first, catch a glimpse of cartoon drawings of naked women and decline to distribute it on the spot. Oh well.

## voices from the mountains

Indeed, some of us emotionally damaged one another back then. Some had an ethic of non-monogamy that wasn't so much about sexual appetite as it was anti-marriage (a patriarchal institution related to ownership of women and property, we thought, as well as a component of sexual freedom). Did it work? Well, what's "work" mean? Are many of us embracing it 20 years later? Ask around. It was an intriguing experiment having all those sexual friends, those "sleeping buddies," those slumber parties that were far from anonymous. We all woke up the next day and "processed." After all, we had to live together, face each other, stick by one another out there on the fringes.

And whoever said feminists had no sense of humor? We played like mad. We took our shirts off playing softball at South Park until the cops came. (Our answer to them was, "Then tell him to put his shirt back on, too!") We swam nude at Oakledge, ten to fifteen of us, so regularly we called our swimming spot "Dyke Rock" until the late '70's when the cops came. We went sledding, ice-skating, hitchhiking to the Michigan Women's Music Festival, dancing to our all-women band, Witch 1. And we played when we had our political demonstrations. For example, as "ladies against women" at an anti-ERA talk we dressed in high heels, hats with veils across the face, and white gloves and made statements to the local reporters about whether or not "our husbands" had given us permission to be there. Or we sprayed graffiti on the brick wall of the unemployment office - "Eat the rich." Or we tossed cans of paint over the magazines from a porn shop that opened on Taft's corners.

We schemed, took big risks, worked at menial jobs so we could continue our "real work" which was confronting the patriarchy in all its guises including our own internalized oppression. In our relationships, we sometimes hit one another, "cheated" on each other, tormented each other with jealousy. With our families we tried to share childcare responsibilities,

create schools, foster each other's children. We made enemies of our sisters during class conflicts, blew open the issue of childhood sexual abuse, fundraised for each other's education or when our possessions were wiped out by fires.

Do I miss those days? want to go back there? trying to resurrect a phoenix from the ashes? Not really. I'm just needing to archive, validate, celebrate, express gratitude that I came out at a time when lesbianism was more than a fashion statement, sexual preference, lifestyle. Declaring ourselves lesbian feminists was a revolutionary act. We were hellbent on not simply reforming the system so we could be "just like them;" we were motivated to dismantle the establishment.

We didn't succeed. Some might say it's worse than ever since a handful of billionaire white men, heads of multinational corporations, are making decisions about our health care, our working lives, our environment. On the other hand, we did create women's health centers, battered women's shelters, women's councils. There's no question that we paved the way to a much more widely accepted subculture which continues to thrive thanks to those who tirelessly push for our civil rights. As exciting as it was to be pioneers I can't rightly say those were the happiest days of my life. I sometimes long for that collective spirit, but I wouldn't want to invite that constant insecurity back into my life again.

The reunion will be held on Sunday, February 1st from 2-6 pm at Contois Auditorium, Burlington City Hall. The event will be both audio and videotaped as questions are asked during go-arounds such as what projects were we involved in or how have our values changed or stayed the same. Others are welcome to watch or if you were a lesbian feminist activist in Burlington back then and didn't get an invitation, come join us and add your voice to this herstoric reminiscence party. (Call Crow at 864-5595 for more information.)

## THE MOSTLY UNFABULOUS SOCIAL LIFE OF ETHAN GREEN

BY ERIC ORNER

### ET HANGREEN'S

## Holiday Card Cavalcade.



You're big on flirting with the mailman



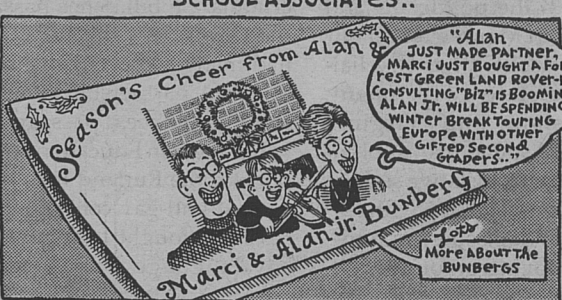
He mostly ignores you.

### SUPERFICIAL GREETINGS FROM THE X LOVER THAT YOU STILL CARRY A TORCH FOR.



"hey, how's it goin'?"  
Best, -Leo

### OPPRESSIVE UPDATES FROM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ASSOCIATES..



Season's Cheer from Alan & Marci

Alan: JUST MADE PARTNER. MARCI JUST BOUGHT A FOREST GREEN LAND ROVER. HER CONSULTING "BIZ" IS BOOMING! ALAN JR. WILL BE SPENDING WINTER BREAK TOURING EUROPE WITH OTHER GIFTED SECOND GRADERS..


More about the BUNBERGS

### SHADY SOLICITATIONS FROM FORMER TRICKS..



"HAPPY HOLIDAYS. I'M IN PARAGUAY. WOULD BE VERY HELPFUL IF YOU WOULD IMMEDIATELY WIRE ME ONE THOUSAND U.S. DOLLARS. WILL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE."  
-Etienne


### Eerie Hellos FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.



Dear Ethan, as your third grade teacher, I was well aware of your incipient homosexuality. You had excellent penmanship. Make homosexuals offer to you see...

Sincerely,  
Mr. Hanaford.  
(deceased)

### SMARTY SALUTATIONS FROM LOCAL POLITICIANS.



"WHILE NOT GAY OURSELVES, MY WIFE (NEWS ANCHOR DAPHNEY HANDY) & I BELIEVE Y'ALL SHOULD BE TOLERATED, & SHOULD WRITE WHOPPING CHECKS TO MY CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE.."

### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HOLIDAY OFFERS..



A HOLIDAY MESSAGE FROM DAN R. JONES, FOUNDER, MIDWESTERN GAY SELF HELP PROGRAM

CUZ YOU AIN'T TWENTY ONE NO MORE? WELL FRIENDS, MY MIDWESTERN GAY METHOD LL CHANGE YOUR SORRY LIFE!

IS YOUR LOVE LIFE NON EXISTANT? YOUR JOB A BOY'S YOUR LOOKS FADING?

BOYFRIEND CATCHING GURU  
DANN R. JONES  
IN FABULOUS SYDNEY AUSTRALIA..