

REPORTS FROM THE FRONT - Fall 2010

November 18, 2010

Dear Diary,

Vermont, Vermont, Vermont. The mountains. the syrup. the fleece. It's all here. Just like mama said it would be. We performed on a stage that used to be a gym right next to a food court that used to be a swimming pool, so as you can imagine, my heart rate was definitely in the fat-burning zone as we were screaming to the packed and totally-game Middlebury College audience.

When we arrived the night before, we decided to look at our notes over a glass of wine at the only drinking joint in town: Two Brothers. The waitress asked for ID, but I had left my passport in my little monkey suitcase back at our hotel where fans of feminism from all over New England were wailing and fainting and snapping pictures. So as you can imagine, weathered from the car ride, I couldn't possibly go back for identification. Thus, I had to sneak cote du rhone sips from Aphra Behn's stemware as we stage whispered our lines to one another in a little back booth. The price of fame.

At the performance, we could tell that the feminists in the house were ready to be recharged by other feminists in the area and there was an overwhelming sense of pride at how progressive Vermont's legal system is. We salute ye, land of the brave. And we forgive you for carding a dead icon.

Love,

Julia Child