

Do Clothes Make the Woman?

By Marcia Deihl

Years before I came out, I dressed as a Marlene Dietrich sort of dyke for Halloween. I loved how I felt. Later, I wondered if anyone else had ever dressed up on Halloween as a future self. Wasn't it just for fun? Didn't most people just like being a whore-for-a-day (what class entitlement to think that such a life would be "fun"!) or a hobo (ditto)? Only my gay friends responded in the affirmative. "Of course! It was crucial to my childhood survival! Thank God for Halloween!" No wonder the Halloween Parade in New York City is one of the great gay holidays.

Thinking back to my early years, I leafed through my diaries trying to see at what age my "sexual identity" began. And how much of that was mandated (hmmm, good word, that) by the mid-sixties culture surrounding me? How much was the soul, whispering underneath all the learned gender messages, deeply hidden but leaking out from the edges of consciousness?

Clothes, continues on p. 8

Restless

By Lara Zielinsky

The hour rolled over. 3:59. 4:00. Four a.m. Cassidy's eyes slowly rotated away from the digital clock's red numbers, taking in the deep shadows of the rest of the room as she lay on her back.

The desk lay outlined with its lamp stalk hunched over piles of papers. The ladder struts of the chair back drew her eye to tracing their orderliness.

Her arms held loosely to Brenna's smooth bare shoulders and she dropped her chin, pressing her lips to the dark hair on top of Brenna's head. She felt the expansion and contraction of Brenna's chest against her own side. Her breathing was even, and warm wisps of it drifted from Brenna's nostrils across Cassidy's collarbone.

Trying to focus on the rhythmic, calm breathing, Cassidy sought to match it, but her heart would not slow down. Her mind filled with images, fleeting and pandemonious.

Restless, continues on p. 9



"If Ever You Loved Me" / "It Was For My Hair" by Joni Moore. More of her art, and information about the artist on page 7.

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From your editor

For this issue, you were invited to talk about your bodies: Body image. Gendered bodies. Bodies and health. Changing bodies. Bodies converging and merging. Bodies as objects and/or subjects of attraction. Sexuality and the body.

And you did. The submissions came pouring in. For every piece that I was able to squeeze in, there was another I was forced to put aside for future use.

This is an exciting issue, packed with creativity. You will find poetry by Cari Allen, Casey Lyons and Lividia I. Violette; stunning visual images by Joni Moore; short fiction by Lara Zielinsky and Monica Meneghetti; and essays by Marcia Deihl and Rooster Girl. Amanda Morgan reports on the BECAUSE Conference, Debbie Block-Schwenk and Lara Zielinsky review recent fiction, Katrina Chaves provides news briefs, and my "Bis Around the World" feature takes you to Israel.

I hope you enjoy reading. And please consider writing for the next issue: "Bi & Single."
--Robyn

BBWN is an all-volunteer organization. Below is a list of volunteer opportunities. If there is one that interests you, please contact Robyn (biwomeneditor@gmail.com) for more information.

Host a brunch

BBWN monthly potluck brunches are a great way to meet other bi women in the Boston area to relax and share food and experiences in a safe space.

Be Our Brunch Diva

Take responsibility for scheduling and serving as point person for our monthly potluck brunches. We schedule brunches three months in advance. This is a very easy – but important! – job.

Next in Bi Women

The theme for the Fall '10 issue:

Bi & Single

Dating. Not dating. If you're single and looking, where & how do you meet people? Finding/dating men/women: different or the same & how? When & how do you come out as bi to potential partners? If you're sexually active, how do you deal with safer sex? If you're single and happy that way, tell us why. The pros & cons of being single.

Submissions for the next issue must be received by August 5th.

*Send your submissions and suggestions for future topics to
biwomeneditor@gmail.com*

Upcoming themes may include:

Fantasy; Choice; Out at Work;
Faith & Religion; Intersectionality; more...

If you do not want your name published, or wish to use a pseudonym, please tell us.

**Bi Women is online at
biwomenboston.org.**

Do You Know Web Design?

We're looking for someone to maintain biwomenboston.org, our new website, which uses WordPress. It's the perfect volunteer job, as you can do it from home, in your pajamas, or even in your birthday suit.

Students:

Looking for an summer or term-time internship?

The Boston Bisexual Women's Network is a feminist, not-for-profit collective organization whose purpose is to bring women together for support and validation. It is meant to be a safe environment in which women of all sexual self-identities, class backgrounds, racial, ethnic and religious groups, ages, abilities and disabilities are welcome. Through the vehicles of discussion, support, education, outreach, political action and social groups related to bisexuality, we are committed to the goals of full acceptance as bisexuals within the gay and lesbian community, and to full acceptance of bisexuality and the liberation of all gay and transgender people within the larger society.

Bis Around the World: Shiri Eisner, Israel

By Robyn Ochs

Robyn Ochs: *Shiri, please tell us about yourself.*

Shiri Eisner: I am a 27-year-old female gender queer. I am a feminist, anarchist, vegan, polyamorous, bisexual/pansexual and a sex radical. I do a lot of stuff in general, such as grassroots organizing, academics, journalist writing, and art. I started (and currently organize) the second-ever and only currently active bisexual/pansexual organization in Israel, Panorama – a bi and pansexual feminist community. (The previous bi organization was Bisexuals in Israel, headed by Daniel Hoffman and Elad Livneh, which stopped its activity in 2007.)

I am the mixed-raced child of an Iraqi-heritage mother and a German-heritage father (one of many mixed-race second-generation children in Jewish-Israeli society). While acknowledging my mixed-race heritage, I draw primarily on the Mizrahi (Arabic-Jewish) cultural influences from my mother's side of the family, as this side has been most dominant throughout my life. (Now that my paternal grandmother has passed away, all of my dad's family is in Germany, and there aren't many of them, either, courtesy of Hitler). My family on my mom's side (by which I mean, my mother, my aunts, my grandmother and my cousins) is very matriarchal and is comprised of strong and dominant women – my grandmother is definitely the head of the family. I feel very lucky in that respect, though I should also mention that my family has some very conservative values regarding women, marriage, heteronormativity, etc. My family is also very right wing, which in Israel means supporting the occupation of Palestine and the war crimes performed by the IDF and the state of Israel on a constant basis. And so, ideological rebellion has also been an inherent part of my experience while growing up.

I am an atheist, though I was raised in a Jewish home. My grandparents on my mom's side are religious, and we keep all of the holidays and traditions. These days, I mostly enjoy all these ceremonies in a wry way. They're fun and often amusing, but I don't believe in them.

RO: *How did you come to identify as bi?*

SE: I started identifying as bisexual when I was 13. Reading back on my diaries now, I'm not even sure how I knew what "bisexual" was, but there it was. Since I was six, I've always had crushes on little boys, and when I turned 12-13, I started having romantic and erotic feelings towards girls as well. I wrote lesbian porn when I was 14, and then lesbian poetry when I was 16. When I was 17, I identified as lesbian for about 5 minutes – it wore away very quickly, as I had a boyfriend at the time...



These days I identify as both bisexual and pansexual. I think pansexuality is a wonderful word which allows us the opportunity to speak about non-binary genders and sexes, and in some contexts, to emphasize our inclusiveness of them. However, I still feel that "bisexual" is my word. It's more personal for me, since I've had it for so long, and I don't think it contradicts inclusiveness or non-binarism. (On the contrary, I sometimes feel that bisexuality is the more inclusive of the two, since bisexual discourse generally tends to accept pansexuality, but often, and ironically, not vice versa).

RO: *How did you become interested in bi politics?*

SE: This is a very interesting question – and an important one. For years, in respect of my BTLG activism, all I did was actually gay and lesbian activism, and I was not interested in bi politics. I identified as bisexual and had many conversations with my bi friends about bisexual invisibility, erasure and exclusion – but we never thought to do anything about it. All the while, we were busy working on activist projects such as the illegal pride parade in Jerusalem in 2006, and the weekly queer protest vigils which took place there for one year thereafter. It's also ironic to note that the media that covered our illegal parade and our consequent arrest by the police, cited us as homosexual activists, even though all three organizers (me, Leehee Rothschild and Carmel Sivan) were bisexual.

The turn in my activist thought came about two years back, when Elad Livneh started organizing the bisexual social/support group at the Tel Aviv BTLG community center (the center itself actually calls itself "gay," but I allow myself some liberty here). At this point, I'd already had considerable experience with grassroots organizing through my queer, feminist and anti-occupation activism. And suddenly I realized that I could do this as well – a topic which has been so important to me throughout the years, and yet I never thought to do any activism about it. All these years, I knew about Bisexuals in Israel, but never found a way of joining them. For years I'd been waiting for

Shiri, *continues on next page*

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a group to start in Tel Aviv (at some point one was started in Jerusalem, but it was too far away for me to attend). With the founding of this new group, suddenly my brain pulled the switch to bring together my bisexuality and my political activism. So I started a bi/pansexual film club at the BTLG center (which I called the B-Movies), which is still running. I started a national mailing list for bis and pansexuals in Israel and I started organizing parties and community events. I organized the bisexual block at the pride parades in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, and around that time also started Panorama, which is where I do most of my bi activism these days.

RO: *What is the legal and cultural status of BTLGQ people in Israel? Can you talk about bi and BTLGQ activism in your country?*

SE: When I think about this issue, the first thing on my mind is the shooting at the GLBT Association's youth club in Tel Aviv (Bar-No'ar). On August 1st, 2009, a masked person entered the youth club and started shooting the people who were there. Two people died (26-year-old Nir Katz, and 17-year-old Liz Troubishi) and many more were injured. The killer has not yet been caught by the police and still roams free.

And so, I don't think we are doing well. Tel Aviv was supposed to be the BTLG haven of Israel, where we thought that we were safe and protected, or at least liked to think that we were. This incident showed us that we were never safe, that we cannot be safe and must not sink into complacency as we did before. However, ironically, the shooting sent us all so deep into trauma that we hardly managed to do anything at all in response. I'm a bit angry with myself (and with the whole community) in that respect – the community spent the whole week after the shooting licking its own wounds and busy with internal struggles. We should have gone out there and blocked a main road, we should have organized demonstrations at the house of the head of the police and at the Knesset. We should have been flooding the hospitals visiting the survivors. But instead, we just drew back into ourselves, leaving only a handful of rallies in our wake.

The other issue that comes to mind is that of the occupation. Israeli society is violent and militarist, and all other areas of public life are subordinated to the perpetuation of the occupation and the Zionist regime. And so, BTLG people are only accepted in Israeli society if they are Jewish and Zionist (preferably cisgender males), but not otherwise. In addition, Israel often tries to paint itself as the BTLG haven of the Middle East, but this is only true for a small group of (mostly male, Ashkenazi and middle class) Jewish BTLG's. Needless to say, however, Palestinians BTLG's under Israeli dominion are denied even the most basic human rights such as freedom of movement, education, medical care, etc. Whenever I hear talk of Israel presenting

itself as a liberal BTLG haven, I always feel appalled, since this false presentation is in fact based on a regime of apartheid and oppression. In that, I am in complete solidarity with my Palestinian sisters and brothers in their struggle to raise awareness about their oppression under Israeli occupation, as well as their struggle for freedom.

And of course, we can't separate these two things, either. In a society where it's acceptable to oppress another people on a daily basis; where racism, hatred and militarism are commonplace, mainstream and even a requirement for good citizenship; in a society where the slaughter of over 1,000 people in Gaza was performed without a hitch and supported by most of the population, it's going to be okay to go out and kill other people based on their difference and their deviance from the required mainstream. The shooting was done with a military rifle, and we must never forget that. Violence produces violence, and a violent, militarist society creates internal violence, hatred and murder.

RO: *From what you can tell, what is unique about bi organizing in Israel?*

SE In relation to other countries, the bi/pan struggle in Israel is very new – just a few years old. And so, we are facing a lot of biphobia, lack of awareness, lack of resources, etc. The (absolutely wonderful, yet small) bisexual community itself has only been in existence as such for two years, and most of the broader BTLG community is still unaware of us – though we are starting to make some huge differences and to create some very positive changes. For example, the rally after the shooting was the first-ever large BTLG event to include a speaker representing the bisexual community. This is a huge achievement that I'm very proud of, seeing as half of my energy as a bi activist is spent on trying to explain to the people in charge that we do actually deserve representation. There is still a lot of work to be done, but we are definitely working on it.

Another thing that I find unique is that so far, we have set the agenda of the local bisexual/pansexual struggle as a radical one, rather than liberal as often seems to be the case with bi politics in other countries. Most of our community leaders are people not only involved with BTLG politics, but also with all kinds of radical politics such as radical-queer politics, feminism, radical left, crip struggle, animal rights, etc. – all theories that raise questions about the core values of society and seek to subvert them from the base. I think that our radical methods and tactics allow us to be more active, vocal and visible. The experience that many of us have gained through our activism in these other fields has contributed to our understanding of how power structures work and how to oppose them.

RO: *What connections do you have with bi and/or TLG activists in other countries? Does your knowledge of or contacts*

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with bi or BTLG activism in other countries influence your activism in Israel? Do you see value in transnational activism?

SE: I'm in contact with several American, Canadian and European queer activists (mostly bi activists). I find value in networking, first and foremost for solidarity, but also for exchanging information and receiving updates on various struggles in other countries. We can exchange ideas, viewpoints and methods with activists from other countries. I receive inspiration from other people's stories and perspectives. Since our struggle in Israel is so very new, I feel that I have a lot to learn from other people's experience. What worked, and what didn't? What can I use for my local struggle? What would I do differently? It also feels really good to receive outside support and recognition. For example, Panorama recently received a small, yet very helpful, donation from Holland BiCon. Being in touch with the BiCon organizers has been great, and their solidarity and kindness are well-appreciated.

RO: *You're an academic in addition to being an activist. What are your interests? What are you studying/working on?*

SE: I'm currently finishing my BA in interdisciplinary arts, which means that during my degree, I was pretty much all over the arts and humanities. This year, my last, I've been getting to focus more on my three majors: gender studies, film and art history. And it was only this year that I've finally gotten to research bisexual issues, which I've never gotten to do in the past. Now I feel like I found my true calling.

I am currently working on two research papers: one about the representation of bisexual women in mainstream and alternative porn, and the other about the repression of bisexuality in film. And I spoke about the latter in May at the Other Sex convention, Israel's annual queer studies convention. So I'm very proud and happy about that.

I'm also starting to think about my MA. I know I want it to be about bisexuality and film, and I've had a few ideas so far. One is bisexual vampires (a long-beloved topic of mine), and the other is female bisexual spectatorship in lesbian movies. So maybe I'll end up writing my thesis on female bisexual spectatorship in lesbian vampire movies...

RO: *You started an international discussion group for bi academics. What prompted that? What is the purpose of this list? Who is it for, and how can interested parties join?*

SE: I started the list a couple of months ago following a discussion on USA BiNet's mailing list. During the discussion, I was surprised to find that there was no existing list devoted



to bi/pan/fluid theory and bisexual studies. I also saw that many people seemed interested in opening such a list, and so I followed up and registered a list with Yahoo. The good people from USA BiNet helped me promote it. We now have close to 200 members from around the world, with some very interesting discussions.

The list is intended for anyone interested in queer and bisexual/pansexual/fluid studies, and especially academics who wish to share knowledge and resources in the field. To join it, go to http://groups.yahoo.com/academic_bi/.

RO: *And finally, the theme of the current issue is "Bodies," so can you say something related to this topic?*

SE: Here is the story of how I came to appreciate my own body. As a Mizrahi (racialized) woman raised in an Ashkenazi- (white-) dominated society, the beauty standards imposed on me have always been white. I am darkly colored, with mocha skin, brown eyes and long, rich dark brown hair. My body is hourglass-shaped, with large breasts, thin waist and large hips, all quite different from the well-trimmed, pale-colored standard of white beauty. I was never much given into weight or body image problems (or at least, not as much as the other women in my family), though I did have my share of dieting (age 12) and weighing myself (which always made me feel awful, and which, for that reason, I eventually stopped). I'd always considered parts of my body to be too big, too ample - my breasts, my nipples and my hips were always "too big," my legs, arms and stomach were "too hairy." All the while I never strayed from the ranges of normal weight, and always had people complimenting me on my appearance, whether family, friends or lovers.

Then in 2004, I went to hear a lecture in a course about Islamic art. The professor showed us pictures of statues of women in the palace at Khirbet al-Mafjar, and read us a poem from the period describing the ideal female beauty (which was depicted in the statues). To my surprise, the poem described a woman with the exact same body type as mine. It described her large hips, narrow waist, large breasts; her long, rich and dark hair. I was in awe. For the first time I realized that my body, in Arabic culture, was the ideal, had value of its own right. From feeling merely tolerant towards my body, I came to appreciate it for what it was: a different form of beauty. I don't think my professor ever knew what a huge impact that lecture had on me.

Later on in life, I also stopped shaving my body hair. I have a lot to say about this, too. But perhaps another time...

My Size

by Cari Allen

Forty-one, thirty-five, forty-five. And fourteen.

Those are my numbers.
My measurements and my clothing size.
They all add up to make me, me.
This is not oversized, plus size, queen size, right size, or wrong size.
This is my size.

I may never be on the cover of a magazine because
I'm not their size.
But this is the size people paint sought after masterpieces
that bring titillation from aficionados and large dollar amounts from
collectors.
How much does that magazine cost again?

There will never be a staple across my abdomen because
I'm not two-dimensional.
I have undulating supple curves that can go for days
and soft pink breasts that swell with every breath and every month.
With one swing of my round full hips,
you will lose your breath and your religion
but still have enough left of both to whisper "Thank you, God."

I will never be a supermodel because
I'm not a sample size.
Who wants to be sampled?
I want to be enjoyed fully, tasted completely, loved mercilessly.
If you sit at my table, come prepared for a feast that will last for hours
until you are as full as I am.

My tummy isn't flat
and my ass certainly isn't either.
Everyone knows the curvy, hilly roads
are the funnest ones to drive.
I glad I'm not skin and bones... don't you save the bones for the dogs?

Forty-one, thirty-five, forty-five. And fourteen.

Those are my numbers.
My measurements and my clothing size.
They all add up to a perfect ten.

*Cari is a member of Kentucky Slam Poetry Jam and a graduate student
at the University of Kentucky.*

Fish Nets

By Monica Meneghetti

I unlace Rita's twenty-eyelet boots.
Carpet fibres embed themselves in my
kneecaps. I imagine the carpet as orange
shag because Lord Nelson Inn feels so old.

Rita sits on the end of the orange-
and-brown-clad bed, sits on the synthetic
bedspread and pulls off her boots. Her dark
hair draws a curtain over radiant skin. I
move to kneel in front of her. With delicate
fingers, she sweeps strands from her lips, still
crimson after hours of dancing and kissing.
She looks at me, hands resting on thighs.
She looks at me sternly, not tenderly, and
says, "Aren't you a good little slut."

I watch her legs straighten within fishnet
tights, watch her stride over to the patio
window and draw open the curtains, draw
them open as wide as they will go, exposing
a miniscule balcony and Calgary's skyline
glinting below our room like costume
jewelry. I watch her legs getting closer. Her
little diamonds of flesh move toward me.

Rita walks around me, around me, on
the carpet that has compressed beneath a
thousand strides and holds the shape of
anonymous feet. In this moment, I know:
though many bodies have slid together and
called out in this room, this moment is new.
This compliance in me. This servitude. This
waiting. Are new.

This is the first time anyone has made
me want to kneel.

My jaw drops slightly. My shoulders, too,
as relief settles into my bones. When her
legs get even closer, I tilt my head upward
and her feline eyes hold my gaze. She moves
closer still, rests her thigh against my cheek.
Scent of sweat and leather against my cheek.
I turn my head, open my mouth, bare my
teeth and hook her fishnet in my incisors.
I pull, pull and rip, rip and rip, until her
skin is bare, until my teeth are flossed with
black thread.

*Visit www.monicameneghetti.com for more
about this multi-genre writer based in Banff,
Canada.*

About Joni Moore



Finite



Gemini

These photographs are part of “Smoke and Mirrors,” a collection of artwork by Joni Moore that examines the layers of oneself. Do we see ourselves through mirrors – and whose mirrors are those? The imagery in Ms. Moore’s work contains elements from her past and present, fragments of herself, delicately pieced together to form her convoluted vision of self. Through self-portraiture and digital image manipulation, she has created visual stories of who she once was, who she is, and who she hopes to become.

The paintings and, indeed, the life of Frida Kahlo have been a major influence on Ms. Moore’s artwork. The diptych “If Ever You Loved Me” / “It Was For My Hair” (on page 1) pay homage to her work. Another influence is music: when she is creating a piece, she is sometimes so greatly inspired by the music to which she is listening that to not make this reference would make the piece less than whole; thus, on the piece “Superhero,” (not shown) she has handwritten lyrics, the words of musician Ani DiFranco.

This exhibit fulfills the requirements for Ms. Moore’s senior art review at Northland College in Ashland, Wisconsin, earning her a BA in Fine Arts.

If you would like to view other works from this and other collections, please visit Ms. Moore’s online gallery at www.facebook.com/people/Joni-Moore-Photographer/100001004662661, or contact her at jojomo27@gmail.com.

Fourteen Months

By Casey Lyons
12/17/2009

Fourteen Months

and still you chase me in circles.
The violence you brought forth
reverberates like a note
my inner ear keeps hearing.

Fourteen months,
and still you disrupt my sleep.
You hang around unwelcome
in the space behind my eyes.

I dreamed some weeks ago
that you confessed,
repented,
and I dreamed last night that you’d been framed.

But my waking wish
is that all my memories of you
were in my appendix,
so I could cut them out with a blade.

Instead they’re in my uterus,
waxing and waning,
part of my circadian rhythm,
and I cannot bleed them away.

Casey Lyons is a queer feminist poet from Kentucky and has worked with a variety of GLBT organizations there.

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I saw that I'd always felt like a "female female impersonator" when I wore a dress. I'd also always loved drag queens, and they looked better than I did as a woman, and got more joy out of playing a traditionally female role. But in my twenties, my feminist friends frowned on men in drag, saying that they were oppressing women and mocking women's market-made excesses. I thought they were simply following a sort of theatrical-spiritual mandate. In fact, camp culture was part of the reason I had left my small town for a city as soon as I could. Queens were my compatriots, misfits in gender land.

Who would've thought that I'd have my own born-again dress-wearing experience at age thirty? I was a member of the Boston branch of "Ladies Against Women," a satirical theater troupe which shouted slogans like, "Procreation, Not Recreation; Close Your Eyes and Do Your Duty!" at right-winger Phyllis Schlafly appearances. The others changed out of their dresses and into comfortable corduroy pants. (And yes, flannel shirts and work boots. But no one I know ever burned a bra. That was just a feminist theater event in Atlantic City on the boardwalk, and they really only threw their bras in a waste basket. Why burn them and make a mess? Just take the damn things off and hang loose.)

The night of the Ladies Against Women performance, I slowly realized I *liked* that white polka dot flouncy dress I was wearing. I actually looked, well, cute. Pretty. Attractive. For the first time in my life. I felt like the real me, not a self-parody, in a dress. Oh, did I mention that I'd just lost fifty pounds and left my lesbian lover?

Some of my dyke pals were not happy about this. I felt bad. For years. But since when did I answer to them? I rebelled against the "Them" of the Viet Nam war mongers, and yet I could not bring myself to rant in public against my lesbian sisters. Privately, it was another story. Would they change their sex partner choices if I asked them to? Of course not. Personal life is just that—personal. I knew of a commune in Vermont where bedmates were chosen by lot, so as not to slight anyone who was not as attractive or popular. Isn't sleeping with someone you're not interested in a form of self-inflicted sexual abuse? Why should I be a lifetime martyr to their opinion of me? I never said the above thoughts to them, but it cost me hours of diary writing and several hundred dollars' worth of therapist's bills. As Zippie the Pinhead said, "My libido has a mind of its own." I left her for myself, not for a man.

I claimed that I was still a woman-identified woman, even if I wanted to date men. In the end, a political movement is about politics—marching, lobbying, writing. And that stayed the same. I had no ID card in my pocket to show at Women's Music Festivals, and if you knew me, you knew who I wanted to be with; if you didn't, it was none of your business. Plus, I was a foot soldier in a huge movement, not a Fidel Castro, so what I did in my private life went largely unnoticed. It was my activism that was

important, and nothing about that changed.

I'd always had a handle on outer empowerment, and then I began the inner part. I went back as usual to my diaries, where I was writing my true heart, way before politics and self censorship crept in.

My diary revealed that I did like men the most, but they didn't like fat girls like me. Or so I assumed. I'd also started calling myself "bisexual" at age twenty. When I turned thirty and lost fifty pounds, men noticed me for the first time. I guess I wanted to explore that option. When I realized how easy it was to be a "sex object"—just makeup and a certain walk will do a lot, as drag queens know—I couldn't help trying out some dates with "cute guys." But it was almost too easy. After about a month, I yearned for my ugly duckling, poetic-minded, eccentric friends. Well, I thought, the trick is to find a cute eccentric guy. I needed a fairy tale guy—"half fairy and half tail," as one writer put it. But it seemed those guys were all taken by women with more field experience.

Now when I dressed in pants, men thought I was a sexy butch, not a fat slob. I was cowed to realize that I had to get a normal body before I could love myself, for unlike many of my big woman friends, I had always been plagued by recurring nightmares of ghoulish dancing elephants in pink tutus. It started, of course, when I was young and my brother called me "Fats." But what now? If a gay woman dressed like Barbara Bush and a straight woman dressed like Barbie, what did I choose to wear? And why would that even matter? Lipstick lesbians were cover-girl beautiful and Barbara Bush was straight. Thirty years before, you would not have found a professional or senior-aged woman in pants, except for a few devil-may-care retired anthropologists and writers.

Clothing aside, what was my sexual identity? I did not consider myself an ex-gay—I was a Kinsey 2. First I went to a coming out support group and, as usual, fell in love with all the gay men. No more of that for me; I deserved reciprocity. So I thought, "Where are bisexuals?" Everyone said they were in show biz, or swinging in the suburbs with the men calling the shots. Then I saw a bisexual support group listed at the Cambridge Women's Center in 1981, and I hung in through the next two ill-fated groups. Finally, in 1983, a couple of us founded the Boston Bisexual Women's Network. We laughed together about the years of being "not quite right."

Q: Which gender person does a bisexual love? A: Any gender she wants.

Q: What does a bisexual woman wear? A: Anything she wants.

Q: What does a bisexual do at night with a lover? A: Anything anyone else does, with the agreement of her partner(s).

So, in the end, what do clothes mean? They can telegraph something, but not necessarily. Today I just dress, like many middle-aged transgender friends, in what I feel like wearing.

Clothes, continues on next page

Clothes, continued from previous page

End of story. Oh, I might wear khaki pants with jewelry, or cowboy boots with floor length skirts (along with everyone else). And I often wear only one earring, a tiny signal of androgyny if one is looking for that. Men have fewer options, since a man in a dress sets off way more alarms than a woman in pants.

My former boyfriend felt most powerful and sexy in full 1950's-era sex war regalia: nylons, girdle, lingerie, and cocktail dresses. At work he was just another hippie computer guy, but in his personal life, he could let it all out. Other than his choices of fabrics and colors (magenta polyester? *Please!*), I found him very sexy. In bed, we made it up as we went along. It was a perfect match sexually, after some initial shyness on both our parts until we felt safe. For whether he was a man or a woman in my house and in my bed, I stayed the same. We were both fluid, creative, and real. As with clothing, I stay me no matter what I wear or what I do.

I look back with bemused compassion to my twenties, when new clothing signified a new life and when I thought everyone was looking at me and judging me. Today I know that most people are pretty interested in themselves, and may have a passing opinion of me, but even that is not my business. Today, clothing is a comfort or a toy, and life takes the lead, naked, writing itself day by day.

Marcia is a cofounder of BBWN who lives, sings, and agitates in Cambridge, MA. Being bisexual is one of the main blessings of her never-mainstream life (see www.marciadeihl.com).

Restless, continued from p. 1

Their work day always ran long, often past midnight, and she enjoyed when they took their leave of colleagues and friends together; when they came here.

Her mind filled with the languorous memory of undressing, skin sliding against skin. She grew warm and shifted.

"Mmm," Brenna's voice purred under her chin, vibrating into Cassidy's own chest in her unique way. Small, lightly roughened fingers soothed across her stomach.

Cassidy felt the strange tightness in her chest ease, unaware until it was leaving that her lower back had been taut and aching.

Brenna's fingertips slowly circled. Cassidy felt her skin tingle and muscles flex and relax in the wake of the movement.

"Mmm," she felt herself murmur, the sound rolling up and out of her, along with the nameless, numberless tensions of the day.

Elusive sleep claimed her as she felt warm breath, then soft lips fairy brush against her cheek.

Brenna shifted close, and at last, the night, and Cassidy's mind, lay still and quiet.

These characters are from Lara Zielinsky's novel Turning Point, www.lzfiction.net.

Frost Moon, Book One: The SkinDancer series, by Anthony Francis (Bell Bridge Books, 2010)

Reviewed by Lara Zielinsky

Dakota Frost is the Southeast's most famous magical tattoo artist. Also a Skin Dancer, she can make the tattoos on her body writhe and even do magical battle. When old friends of her father's on the Atlanta P.D. and federal investigators from the Department of Extraordinary Investigations ask her to help them track down a serial killer who cuts tattoos off his victims, she plunges into dangerous intrigues among Atlanta's Edgeworld citizens: shapeshifters, vampires, witches, and others.

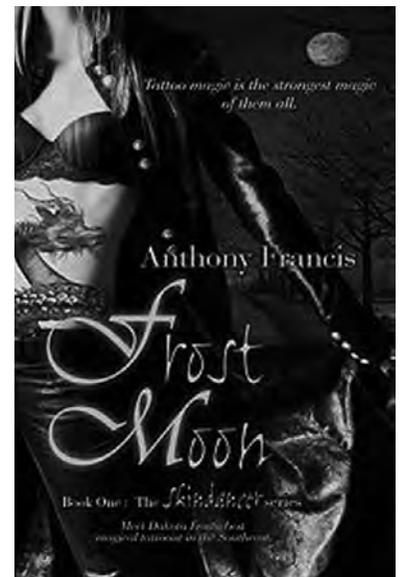
De rigueur for this genre of paranormal stories, who and what is in Edgeworld is generally known to the primary world. And largely the two try not to interfere with one another.

Dakota moves easily and familiarly in both worlds, knowing and known to the power structures of both. In an almost obvious parallel, she identifies as bisexual, easily shifting between her attractions to men and women. And in another idealism, both her past and present love interests have no problems with it either. But this novel is not about her sexuality.

Dakota's real uniqueness lies in her magical art of tattooing. This sets her up as an instant rival and enemy to

some, and an instant commiserant, ally, and friend with others. When the leader of Edgeworld, Lord Buckhead – a shapeshifting stag – summons Dakota to test her abilities because she's been asked to ink a werewolf before the next full moon, the challenge is met with all the skin-tingling detail one could imagine, tattoos that move and even battle each other, transferring from one person to another, skin rippling. The magic escalates.

A magician also challenges Dakota, but where the contest with Lord Buckhead is filled with powerful descriptions of uplifting magic, the duel with the magician is the complete opposite with its dark malevolent presentation.



Frost Moon, continues on next page

My Bodies

By *Rooster Girl*

As a fluid/bi trans person, I obsess about my bodies and their varied desires. My bodies. Are they flesh or are they spirit or are they both? What do they desire and how? Trying to figure out my body in isolation for years was unnecessarily painful when it turns out that my experiences and desires are not uncommon.

While physically I have a male body, psychically I have a female body. I feel breasts and vulva hovering, vibrating, floating over the top of my smooth man's chest and penis. When completely relaxed, I can feel my vagina. I can use masturbation as a sacred ritual to completely inhabit this psychic body. I can alternate between inhabiting my male body and my female body with my subjectivity floating in between the two.

As for my sexualities, the female spirit body mostly desires to be penetrated and dominated by men whereas my male flesh body mostly desires to dominate and penetrate women. I often wonder if this makes me bi or straight? My subjectivity is so fluid that it's hard to say, although I know I desire men, women, trans and others.

I thought I was alone with my experience but I found some community with other trans people who have similar experiences. I then thought that only "trans" people had such fluid experiences of their bodies. But as I explore my sexuality, I am surprised to find that the experience of trans bodies is more common than I thought.

One girl I met did not identify as trans but she felt sometimes like she had a penis. Another woman I know loves

to pleasure men; she feels like she's so good at it because she feels like the penises she handles belong to her – that they are hers. A boy I know loves to pleasure women and feels like their vaginas are his. A book I read on cunnilingus says that the best lovers treat their lovers' vulva as though it was their own. And *The Big Book of Lesbian Sex* talks about how some lesbians feel like their dildo is a physical manifestation of a psychic reality of having a penis.

If it is that common, won't non-trans or cisgendered people start talking about the experience of their bodies and show that many cisgendered people have common trans experiences? Can't we start to take down the barriers and blur the lines between trans- and cis-identified people? Don't bi/pan/fluid identified people have some unique voice or perspective to add to this discussion?

Recently I had the pleasure of being intimate with a woman whom I love. Deep in our intimate wranglings, while laying in her arms, I felt like her body was the physical incarnation of my female body. How many other people – transgendered or cisgendered – have had a similar feeling when being close to the ones they love?

The body seems to me to be a physical container but also a vessel for a magical spirit that does not have a strict fleshly delineation. If we can think of our bodies as spiritual as well as fleshly creations, perhaps we can demystify and demarginalize the trans experience and also become closer to and more respectful of the magnificence of our bodies.

"Rooster Girl" is the pen name for a Canadian writer, artist, activist, and adventurer in sexuality and gender.

Frost Moon, *continued from previous page*

The author clearly has captured a very real Atlanta – I was familiar with very nearly every landmark and street mentioned in the story – and equally vividly draws Edgeworld. The depth of descriptions of setting are equally matched by the descriptions of the violence and the tattooing preparation and process. The violent descriptions are never given short shrift, including a near-rape attack Dakota suffers from a slighted vampire.

Amid the very real dangers, Dakota also forms very real, and nuanced, relationships. One of the most touching is with a werecat, who cannot transform into human form. One of the most "I know you as well as you know me" relationships is with the blind witch. While Dakota is the most fully fleshed, the author gives enough of the other characters for the reader to gather information about motivations, both those intrinsic to the main plot, and those that are simply personal goals, and give these supporting characters both emotional and physical roundness.

While it is clear one or two of the subplots for these secondary supporters are convenient to chasten or hasten the central plot, each is presented with enough detail and forethought to make the reader forgive the occasionally obvious turns.

Where this novel excels most thoroughly, though, is the immersion in detail. Balancing gritty physical violence and surreal magic battles can be troublesome. First-time authors, particularly, can tilt more toward one kind of scene or the other. In this tale, Anthony Francis find the balance and keeps the energy taut and believable. *Frost Moon* will fully immerse the reader in its depth.

Lara Zielinsky is a bisexual author and editor, and hosts the "Readings in Lesbian & Bisexual Women's Fiction" radio show, <http://blogtalkradio.com/lara-zielinsky>.



War and Curls

By Lividia I. Violette

It was made of naps that I couldn't appreciate
Tangles and split ends.
Things I used to make it straight were actually weapons of
coif destruction
Relaxers, texturizers, hot combs and flat irons
My tresses, like myself, were stressed but resilient
The suffering was too much yet, I persisted.
It was made of a texture that I didn't know how to appreciate
Dry and unmanageable.
Fixated in its style but poofy at the slightest signs of moisture in the air
Humidity was the enemy and I ran from the water
Images of what I thought was acceptable were thrown away
It wasn't long, straight, nor in the wind did it sway
I had to reevaluate my tactics
No more chemical warfare
I didn't want to go bald, just wanted nice hair
Research-educating myself-was the best strategy
It is made of curls that I love to appreciate
Twists and spirals au naturelle
Learned to moisturize, play gently and to let it be itself
Dancing in the rain and laughing at humidity levels
Never again fooled by the "You'd look best like this" scam
I made peace with my locks and the curly-head that I am



Lividia is a 24-year-old activist from Arlington, Texas who rocks the mission of equality.

Palimpsest by Catherynne M. Valente (Bantam Spectra, 2009)

Reviewed by Debbie Block-Schwenk

“From every terrace and corner grin gargoyles through which old rainwater spurts in sprays and splashes, only to be caught in long pools at the base of each tower. The little faces are mice and hedgehogs and opossums, foxes and rats and blind, nosing moles. Their faces contort as all gargoyles do, peering from within curling stone leaves, licking sharp teeth, but their faces seem so sweet and dear to her, she laughs in the middle of the street, and they grin wider on their heights.” (pg 130)

The author, Catherynne Valente, is a poet and a folklorist (as well as a novelist). Both aspects of her background are obvious in this gorgeous and intense fantasy novel about four strangers, the urge to belong, and a magical city called Palimpsest.

A palimpsest is “a manuscript, typically of papyrus or parchment, that has been written on more than once, with the earlier writing incompletely erased and often legible” (dictionary.com). While Palimpsest is the name of the city, all of the major characters in the novel become palimpsests as well – their prior identities partially erased and written over – metaphorically and literally – by the touch of those who have visited the city and who transmit the influence of the city to anyone with whom they are sexual.

Visiting Palimpsest marks the “immigrant” with a tattoo – a black map of a portion of the city magically inked into their skin: While these visits happen in dreams, Palimpsest is not a dream. The city of Palimpsest is just as seductive – and dangerous – as these ancient stories of Faerie which Valente taps into. The trap – and the temptation – is that you can only visit the part of the city on your lover’s body. To see more, to go further, you must find a new partner.

“Together they auditioned men and women, lifting sleeves and hats and skirts to peer at maps so tiny they made Sei’s head throb. Yumiko seemed to know what she was looking for, but all the same it was not until two in the morning that she found a nervous, skinny man with scarred cheeks and a scraggly mustache whose hip was scrawled over with a dense map...” (pg 106).

The novel’s four protagonists are Sei, a Japanese railway worker who longs for the trains of Palimpsest; November, a woman who keeps bees in California; Oleg, a locksmith haunted by the sister who died before his birth; and Ludovico, an Italian bookbinder whose wife has left him. Arriving in Palimpsest at the same time, they are bound together, feeling echoes of each others’ experiences and gradually reaching out to each other in our world as well.

But there are dangers, both in the toll that living torn between two worlds takes on the characters, and in Palimpsest itself. A war in Palimpsest has scarred the inhabitants of the city, especially the soldiers of the losing side whose bodies were mutilated – their legs or heads replaced with those of animals in order to increase their speed or ferocity. And just like in old fairy tales before modern sensibilities softened them, sometimes sacrifices – brutal and painful, but cathartic – are required. “This is the real world,” Palimpsest’s matriarch, Casimira, tells November, “Nothing comes without pain and death.” (pg 209).

Bisexuality plays a huge part in this novel. All the characters toss aside any consideration of gender in their obsession to find someone marked with a map of Palimpsest to sleep with. But three of the main characters were bisexual before their first visit, and they connect with same-sex partners (for varying periods of time) as they learn about the new world that awaits them in dreams:

“She kissed her then, and the Golden Pavilion glowed dully behind them. Yumiko slid her hand under Sei’s skirt and pressed her fingers against her urgently, furtively. – there was no one around them, but the sun was frosty and white on them, and they were so bare. Sei opened her legs to allow the girl’s hand inside her and shut her eyes against the warm air, the red leaves, the silver temple. She could not draw breath for the taste of sassafras and run in Yumiko’s mouth...” (pg 44).

November also finds a connection in Palimpsest, through their shared love of bees, with Casimira, whose bees and bugs and vermin provide her with eyes and ears throughout the city. These two women were the strongest characters in the book, and the others’ journeys were catalyzed by this relationship. Even this connection, though, is tinged with a brutality that might offend some readers.

If you like your fairy tales with a thread of darkness; if you are willing to imagine that sometimes our bodies are just portals to other worlds; if you allow the lush flow of the prose to seduce you, even if that seduction has a bite, then *Palimpsest* will provide you with a multitude of pleasures.

Debbie is a long-time Bi Women contributor whose first stop in the bookstore is always the sci-fi/fantasy section.



BECAUSE It's Time (for a lot of things)

By Amanda Morgan

I had the pleasure of attending (and participating in) this year's BECAUSE conference, a two-day long experience "for bi, pan, fluid, queer, trans, non-monosexual, questioning and all others, regardless of sexual or gender identity" held April 16-18, 2010 on the campus of Hamline University in St. Paul, Minnesota. The conference featured keynote speeches by Amy André and Beth Zemsky, 20 workshops, a cabaret show, a plenary panel, and more.

My experience of the conference began on Saturday morning with "Queering Our Identities." This workshop, led by Kim Jorgensen, Monica Saralampi and Steph Wilencheck, resulted in an intense and engaging dialogue about what queerness is – not just in terms of our sexual orientations, but what it means to queer our spaces, politics, relationships, art and jobs. Folks raised challenging questions concerning who gets to be queer and why, issues relevant to my work with youth with various and different types of literacies. Those of us in the academy have worked hard to see ourselves validated through queer and cultural studies and while these disciplines are important, at what point do they isolate the majority of the people about whom and for whom these studies were created? Simply put, someone shouldn't have to go to college in order to be queer or understand what that means. To quote recording artist Erykah Badu: "What good do your words do if they can't understand you?" Inasmuch as being queer is also about subverting established sexual power hierarchies and recognizing and confronting privilege, we have a responsibility to not recreate hierarchies of privilege based on levels or types of education.

The second workshop I attended was "Sexual Health and Prevention: Working with healthcare providers as your own patient advocate," led by Maureen Murphy-Ryan, a bisexual woman and a medical student at the Mayo Clinic of Medicine. (Murphy-Ryan, an LGBT activist since her undergraduate studies at Duke University, was awarded the Bisexual Organizing Project's 2010 Community Recognition Award for her work promoting bisexual and non-monosexual inclusion by writing a bisexual-inclusive LGBT section for the Mayo Medical School Handbook and for continuously challenging her professors as well as fellow students when issues of biphobia arise.) During the workshop, she showed us an exercise given to students at Mayo which was written in such a way as to infer that the patient had contracted HIV *because* her husband was bisexual. Murphy-Ryan addressed this and the exercise was re-written. Unfortunately, as many of us are painfully aware, there are still few healthcare providers who understand the difference between identity and behavior. There were plenty of biphobic and transphobic anecdotes to go around. We explored different methods of interacting

with and interrupting health care providers when they make assumptions and Murphy-Ryan left us with a packet of resources for bisexual and transgender folks, many of which are available online. If you have a question or would like links to these resources, she can be reached at murphyryan.maureen@mayo.edu.

The last workshop I attended, "Exploring Intersections Between Bi and Trans Identities and Organizing" was very exciting for me as a genderqueer bi person who spends the majority of my time in trans spaces. It was co-facilitated by Lauren Beach, chairperson of the Bisexual Organizing Project and member of the BECAUSE organizing committee, and Alex Iantaffi, a psychotherapist and editor-in-chief for the *Journal of Sexual and Relationship Therapy*. I was especially interested to hear what Alex had to say as a bi-identified transmasculine queer person. An issue that arose throughout the conference – and that often comes up in conversation in my own life – is whether the label 'bisexual' is harmful or invalidating to trans identity. Iantaffi's experience mirrored my own in that ze has had a very positive experience in the bi community and felt that the label bisexual was important to hir. Beach passionately addressed what she calls "passing privilege" versus "passing oppression." Bi people are often accused of accessing or having greater access to privilege based upon the supposed ease we have of passing for straight. Beach asserts that a passing oppression is a better term and way of thinking around having identities erased in this manner. To begin this discussion, Beach had us complete a self-assessment, wherein we had to fill in our identifications versus how we believe we are seen according to North American binaries in four locations (classroom/workplace, where we live, with friends, in volunteer activities/communities of worship) This exercise was emotional for me as a genderqueer mixed-race person with multiple-gender attractions – it really brought home the fact that I feel that I am rarely seen by others the way I see myself. While I acknowledge that when I am walking home late with my transmale partner and we are misread as straight we might be more "safe" if no one looks at us too closely - in most instances this hardly feels like a privilege and is definitely more aptly described as a passing oppression.

Saturday's conference programming wrapped up with a plenary panel on which I spoke with other activists: Amy Andre, leading expert on bisexual identity and LGBT health and Executive Director of San Francisco Pride; Scott Bartell, longtime bi activist, psychotherapist and founder of the Twin Cities Sex Positive Society; Ryan Li Dahlstrom, a mixed-race Asian American genderqueer-identified community organizer and activist who works as the Director of the Trans Youth Support Network; and our very own Robyn Ochs. The panel was moderated by Claire Chang of the Minnesota Community Foundation and The Saint Paul Foundation and a leader in addressing racism in Minnesota in a variety of ways including as supervisor of the Facing Race Initiative

BECAUSE, continues next page

BECAUSE, *continued from previous page*

at The Saint Paul Foundation.

This panel, "It's Time: Perspectives on Bisexuality: Past, Present and Future" was the best one I have had the privilege of participating in. Each panelist brought a richness of experience in terms of identity and activist communities that continued to fuel this discussion of intersectionality and what exactly our issues are as non-monosexual people. Dalhstrom and I were both most interested in working within people of color, trans and youth communities while working towards sexual and gender liberation. Bartell pointed out that while he started a men's group in 1975, he wouldn't do the same thing today in 2010. We addressed different issues we could organize around as members of multiple communities, but even this can be problematic in instances where goals may be similar (keeping our communities safe) and methods may differ (engaging police/increased legislation vs. finding ways to be safe outside the system as communities of color and trans communities are frequently re-victimized by law enforcement). Another question that was raised: whether bisexuality shows sexual orientation is a choice and therefore interrupts the L/G movement for equality – is further proof that we should be moving towards a politics of sexual and gender liberation. The notion that our rights as human beings are only merited if "we just can't help ourselves, we're born this way, who would choose this?" etc., is predicated on a sex-negative belief that we are only queer because we have no other options. I don't know exactly how I came to be blessed with feeling attracted to so many people of varying bodies and genders but whenever anyone asks "Who would choose this?" I just want to shout, "I would! And I do!" So rather than seeing non-monosexual people as a liability to the LGBT movement, I see us as an asset in the direction I hope we're moving towards.

If you're able, I hope you'll consider attending BECAUSE 2011. Because it's nourishing. Because it's good.

Amanda Morgan lives in New York City.

News Briefs



There has been an unusual number of bi-related news stories of late. Many have been positive portrayals of bi communities and individuals, while others remain more controversial. Here are some highlights that have received attention from mainstream media:

Rapper Nicki Minaj is coming out with more than her debut album: she has, in a recent interview, come out as bisexual. She acknowledges the homo/biphobia that permeates the hip-hop industry, while saying she is optimistic about the future. She believes it won't be too long before more hip-hop artists are able to publicly identify as other-than-straight.

In other pop culture news, singer **Lady GaGa** came out as bisexual, saying her hit song "Poker face" was about bisexuality. She openly self-identifies as both "boy-crazy" and "girl-crazy," despite not having much time in her life for relationships now. Her lyrics suggest that her "poker face" allows her to be with a man while fantasizing about a woman, and she appears to be quite comfortable discussing her sexuality, which her fan base greatly appreciates and admires.

Black Eyed Peas singer **Fergie** has been open about her own bisexuality, but it recently made headlines again due to her newlywed status, and the subsequent analysis of her orientation on *The View*. Unfortunately, the ladies of *The View* spent time discussing ideas of "cheating" more than anything else, and seemed to promote the notion that bisexuality and infidelity go hand-in-hand.

And actress **Anna Paquin** whose credits include *The Piano* (1993), and who is currently co-starring in HBO's "True Blood" vampire series, came out while taping a public service announcement for the True Colors Fund, an advocacy group dedicated to LGBT equality. "I'm Anna Paquin. I'm bisexual, and I give a damn," she says into the camera.

But for a more accurate portrayal, one can catch **Bi-Licious**, a show by, for, and about bisexuals, and a part of the National Queer Arts Festival. Bisexual comedy, history, music, film, dance, and poetry are followed by a panel discussion with the performers. The show takes place June 4 at San Francisco's LGBT Center. More information can be found at www.biliciousproductions.com.

And speaking of bi visibility, where was it at the GLAAD awards? No one discussed or mentioned bisexuality, including celebrities like Wanda Sykes who previously identified as bisexual. The only real nod to bi folks during the event was from Adam Lambert, who said, "We need to celebrate diversity within the gay and lesbian community, too."

Finally, three bisexual men from the San Francisco area have filed a lawsuit claiming they were discriminated against during the Gay Softball World Series in the Seattle area two years ago, in violation of Washington state laws barring discrimination. The three men allege that after another team complained, the alliance ruled the three men were "nongay," and took away the team's second-place finish. Apparently, the alliance has no category or definition for bisexual or transgender people in its rules. The National Center for Lesbian Rights is representing the three men.

Many of these stories, and much more, can be found at the Bisexual Examiner website: www.examiner.com/x-3366-Bisexuality-Examiner.

Calendar, *continued from p. 16*

40 Years of Progress. Kicking off from the South End on Tremont Street, the parade will wind its way down Tremont, up Beacon Street and down the other side of Beacon Hill into Government Center. This year we will have the **first bi float** as we celebrate the **BRC's 25th anniversary!** We will post the exact place to meet up by email and on the Facebook page. Join the BRC Yahoo group (biresourcecenter) to make sure you get the email. We'll provide coffee and bottles of water for everyone riding on the float and marching alongside. Want to find out how you can get involved with the float or the booth at the Pride Festival? Email brc@biresource.net to get involved.

Sunday, June 13, Heat on the Street: Perkins Street Block Party, noon-7 pm in Jamaica Plain. Dance at the hottest women's block party the day after Pride. More deets: www.bostonpride.org/jpbp.php.

Thursday, June 17, 7 pm, Nachos & Noshing. Join BLiSS to share some of the best vegetarian nachos in Boston, or other delicious snacks to nosh on, at the Other Side Cafe, 407 Newbury St. in Boston. RSVP to Linda: bliss@biresource.net.

Saturday, June 19, 11:30 am, Bi Brunch. Bi Brunch (a mixed gender bi group) is now always the 3rd Saturday of the month at Johnny D's on Holland St. in Davis Sq. in Somerville. (Across the street from the Davis T stop).

Saturday, June 26, Noon, Bi & Bi-Allies Bike Ride. Join us for a safe, fun, leisurely bike ride, starting and ending in Davis Square. Our route should be between 10 and 15 easy (flat!) miles, and promises to be mostly on bike paths. We plan to meet up in front of the Davis Square T-station at noon. Please bring your helmet and some water. There's the possibility of refreshments after the

ride at Red Bones or another local establishment. Please RSVP to Dave and Arthur: bliss@biresource.net.

JULY

Wednesday, July 7, 6:30-9 pm, BLiSS, Bisexual Resource Center, 29 Stanhope Street, Boston. (See June 2nd)

Tuesday, July 13, 7-9 pm, BRC Board Meeting. (See June 8th)

Monday, July 14, 7 pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. (See June 7th)

Thursday, July 15, 7 pm, BLiSS. (See June 2nd)

Saturday, July 17, 11:30 am, Saturday Bi Brunch. (See June 19th)

Sunday, July 25, noon, BBWN Potluck Brunch at Denise's in Marlborough. Please bring a potluck dish and/or drinks to share. Contact Denise at 508-481-1916 or dgarrow@verizon.net to RSVP or get directions. If you want a ride from the Boston area let Denise know and she can see if others are coming from your area. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the Boston area.

AUGUST

Wednesday, August 4, 7 pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS). (See June 2nd)



Monday, August 9, 7 pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. (See June 7th)

Tuesday, August 10, 7-9 pm, BRC Board Meeting. (See June 8th)

Sunday, August 15, noon, BBWN Annual Potluck Brunch and Book Swap at Ellyn's in Somerville. Please bring a potluck dish and/or drinks to share. Bring a few books to swap with others (not required to attend the brunch) and take home a few for your summer reading. Contact Ellyn: nellythrustmor@comcast.net for directions and to let her know you'll be attending. This is a great tradition and gets a wonderful book-loving crowd.

Saturday, August 21, 11:30 am, Saturday Bi Brunch. (See June 19th)

August 15-21, Carnival Week in Provincetown. A week of festive activities including Drag Bingo, the absolutely fabulous Carnival Parade on Thursday, and much more. Bring your beads, bathing suit, and sunscreen! More info at www.ptown.org/Carnival.asp.

Thursday, August 20, 7 pm, BLiSS. (See June 2nd)

Regional Pride Dates!

Connecticut: Saturday, June 5, Bushnell Park, Hartford. www.connecticutpride.org

Boston's Dyke March: Friday, June 11, www.bostondykemarch.com

Boston: Saturday, June 12, Boston, www.bostonpride.org

Southern Maine: Saturday, June 19, Portland, www.southernmainepride.org

Rhode Island: Saturday, June 19, Providence, www.prideri.com

The "Bi Office"

is the Bisexual Resource Center, located at 29 Stanhope Street, behind Club Cafe. For info call 617-424-9595.

Ongoing Events

Last Fridays:

Bi Women's Rap. 7:30-9pm at the Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St., Cambridge. For info and discussion topics call 617-354-8807.

2nd Mondays:

Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. 7pm. Email kate.e.flynn@gmail.com for more info.

1st Wednesdays, 3rd Thursdays:

BLISS: Bisexual Support & Social Group, 7-8:45pm. Meets at the Bisexual Resource Center at 29 Stanhope St. in Boston. Call 617-424-9595 for info.

3rd Saturdays:

Biversity Bi Brunch, 11:30am at Johnny D's, Davis Square, Somerville.

Sign up for our new email list! Send an email to: biwomenboston-subscribe@yahoogroups.com



Ask not what Bi Women can do for you ...

Help us send *Bi Women* to you, to other women, and also to community centers, youth and campus LGBT groups. Think of the support that *Bi Women* has provided to you, and give generously because your contribution will indeed make a difference in many, many lives. It will only take a minute and you will make a difference.

It costs \$5000 to keep *Bi Women* and BBWN going for one year. No donation is too small (and none too large).

Make your checks payable to BBWN, PO Box 301727, Jamaica Plain MA 02130. Or you can donate online via paypal to biwomenboston@gmail.com. For more information, visit our website: biwomenboston.org.

CALENDAR

JUNE

Wednesday, June 2, 7-8:45 pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLISS). Meets on the 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday of each month at the Boston Living Center, 29 Stanhope Street, Boston. All bi and bi-friendly people of all genders and orientations are welcome. 1st Wednesday meetings are peer facilitated discussion groups, sometimes with a pre-selected topic or presenter. For the summer months, the 3rd Thursday meetings will be held at local restaurants. See the individual dates for details or check biresource.net for updates.

Saturday, June 5, 3 pm, Scenic Walk in the Mt Auburn Cemetery. Join the BLISS Group and Biversity Boston for a walk through historic Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge. Flowers will be blooming and the tower provides city views. Wear comfortable walking shoes and bring water. Take bus #71 or 73, or park free in the cemetery on any road WITHOUT a green line. Meet at 3 pm at the shelter at the main entrance, on Mt. Auburn Street. Heavy rain cancels. No pets. For more info on the cemetery, see www.mountauburn.org. RSVP to Lucy at bliss@biresourcenet.

Sunday, June 6, AIDS Walk Boston. The 6.2-mile AIDS Walk starts at the Hatch Shell at 7:30 am in Boston's Back Bay. The Walk raises money and awareness for HIV prevention, advocacy and service. Info: www.aac.org.

Monday, June 7, 7 pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. A peer led support group for women in a straight marriage/relationship struggling with sexual orientation or coming out. If interested in attending, contact kate.e.flynn@gmail.com. Meets on the 2nd Mondays.

Tuesday, June 8, 7:00-9:00 pm, Bisexual Resource Center Board Meeting. All bi and bi-friendly community members welcome to attend. Email Ellyn at brc@biresource.net for more info. At the Boston Living Center, 29 Stanhope St. near Back Bay station on the Orange Line.

Friday, June 11, 6:00 pm, Boston's Dyke March. Gather at the Boston Common Gazebo at 6:00 for a night of frolicking and marching with the queerest women in town.

Saturday, June 12, Pride Day in Boston. The theme this year is *Riots to Rights: Celebrating*

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