

Getting UnCrabby

By Loren Gomez

I found out one night that the claw of a ten-pound lobster is larger than my hand. The sometimes raucous, often very crowded, always sociable Barking Crab in Boston is the scene for my latest coming out story. I would have taken one of those giant claws home for a souvenir that fateful evening, but as it turned out, I got to take this story with me. As a recently out bisexual woman, I am now dating men after nearly 25 years of relationships with women. The heterosexual dating scene is not something I even remotely know how to negotiate, but I am definitely having way more fun than I did when I was a hormone-filled teenager. This time around, I still have the hormones, but I have a few advantages including drinking legally and, thankfully, no curfew.

On this particular night, my date offered to pick me up at my apartment, and we drove into Boston. We took a walk, talked and made our way to the Barking Crab. On the waterside walk, I found myself thinking that it might be a fun evening, but I was not sure if I was interested in him on a longer-term basis. At the Crab, there was a significant wait time, and we ended up sitting in the bar with some people in the Navy, in Boston for a visit. One couple was getting married, and when I told them my date and I had just met that night, they could not believe it, we were both so chatty. After about an hour, we were seated at one of the Crab's signature picnic tables, next to a group from New York City, who were just being served this giant lobster. It was a very happy gathering

Loren, continues on page 12

Edith

by Kathleen

COMING OUT

My dad's sort of a weird guy, but when I told him, he hugged me. That was cool.

When I told my mom, she said, "Well, you never were very frilly." Good ol' Mom.

My buddy Rob said, "Great! It's always a great thing when people learn more about themselves." Pretty amazing.

So what happened when I first told myself? I cried. Go figure.

Kathleen Hepburn is a 49-year-old bi woman, business owner, musician and computer geek who came out as bi at age 18. She and her male partner plan to get legally married when all same-sex couples in the U.S. can do so.

Deviant Adventures in Bigmont, Population 8000*

By Monica Meneghetti

* Based on real events. Names of actual people and places have been changed.

Salt and her boy-sweetie, Pepper, live in a very conservative province, in a small town called Bigmont.

Salt's girl-sweetie, Sugar, moves to Nearmont, a small town just 20 minutes' drive from Bigmont. They think living and working in separate towns will insulate them from any major drama over being different in a small community. Still, Pepper, Sugar and Salt expect to deal with some situations not covered by Emily Post.

Salt picks Sugar up from work in Nearmont. Sugar introduces Salt to her employer and his wife, Betsy. She looks vaguely familiar to Salt. Eventually, Betsy places Salt's face.

"You're the one who always comes in to look at stuff but never buys anything."

Right! thinks Salt. Betsy works in Bigmont...

"Yes," Salt says, "I'm that customer who can't afford anything!"

Being introduced officially as Sugar's partner feels great. Still, Salt is unsettled. Betsy has probably assumed Salt's a monogamous lesbian. In Bigmont, strangers regularly assume she's straight and monogamous. Salt hates the idea of anyone thinking she's sneaking around.

At Sugar's place, Salt tells her, "You know, last time I was in Betsy's shop, I was with Pepper. We were discussing whether

Monica, continues on page 5

HONOR ROLL

Justin Adkins
Katelynn Bishop
Jen Bonardi
Marjorie Charney
Katrina Chaves
Lynne Levine
Linda McMahan
Robyn Ochs
Ellyn Ruthstrom
Gail Zacharias

& the amazing
Lewis (5)
& Gabriel (9)

And many more
fabulous people! You
know who you are!

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From your editor

The theme of this issue is “People Say the Strangest Things.” Readers were asked, “What are some of the strangest, funniest, most outrageous, heartwarming or interesting things people have said to you in reaction to your coming out to them as bisexual?”

Apparently, we hit a nerve because we received so many responses that there wasn’t room to include them all.

We present to you the writing of Amy Andre, Natasha Avital, Betty Aubut, Jo-Anne Carlson, Loren Gomez, Aicilia Lewis, Daphne L. Kanellopoulos, Monica Meneghetti, Robyn Ochs, Ellyn Ruthstrom, Dani SK, Jess Wells, Jayelle Wiggins-Lunacharsky, Lara Zielinsky, several letters to the editor, and a new advice columnist, “Tiggy Upland.”

We also put out a special call for artwork and graphics, and we are delighted to include photographs by Karla Rossi, drawings by Jo-Anne Carlson and Dani SK, and a comic strip by Kathleen Hepburn.

You’ll also find a *Bi Women* Around the World column featuring Jacquelyn Applebee from London, UK, a report-back from the 2011 Creating Change Conference and, of course, our Calendar of Events.

Enjoy this newsletter, and please consider adding your voice and/or artwork to the next issue of *Bi Women*.

—Robyn

Next in *Bi Women*

The theme for the Summer ‘11 issue:

Faith & Spirit

What do you believe? What motivates and inspires you? How does the religion (if any) in which you were raised match with your current understanding of the world? In what ways has your perspective changed? And how does all of this tie in with your sexual orientation? Tell us via essay, poem, short story, artwork, or cartoon about your experience of spirituality and/or faith.

**Submissions for the next issue
must be received by May 5.**

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

Upcoming themes may include:

In/Visibility; Out at Work;

Then & Now; another Youth issue, more...

**If you do not want your name
published, or wish to use a
pseudonym, just let us know.**

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

The Boston Bisexual Women’s Network is an all-volunteer organization. Want to host one of our monthly brunches, be the woman who coordinates the brunches, and/or help out with our website (we use WordPress)? Or, if you’re a student, consider an internship. If you are interested in helping out, please contact Robyn (biwomeneditor@gmail.com).

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, gender identities, class backgrounds, racial, ethnic and religious groups, ages and abilities are welcome. Through the vehicles of discussion, support, education, outreach, collective action and social events related to bisexuality, we are committed to the goals of full acceptance as bisexuals within the larger LGBT community, and to full acceptance of bisexual, lesbian, gay and transgender people within the larger society.

Bi Women Around the World: Jacquelyn Applebee, London, UK

By Robyn Ochs

Robyn Ochs: Please tell us about yourself.

Jacquelyn Applebee: I was born and raised in London, England. I'm currently a published writer of erotic fiction, although I work in an academic library too; sadly they only stock business books, so it's not much use to me! I'm out at work as bisexual, polyamorous and kinky too, thanks to my writing. I've had a lot of acceptance there, and it's something I'm very grateful for.

One of the things I love is getting out of London. I'll happily take myself off on a train for the weekend to explore a bit of the UK whilst getting inspiration for more smut. I'm always intrigued at the diversity of people I meet, and how receptive they are to alternative things. The UK may look like a white conservative canvas, but I've made some great friends whilst travelling; bonding over erotica seems to be the way to go.

RO: How did you come to identify as bi?

JA: I remember watching an episode of *Star Trek: Next Generation* where I realised that I fancied pretty much everyone on the Enterprise bridge, regardless of their gender. That was when I was 24. I spoke to my boyfriend about it. He phoned the London Lesbian and Gay switchboard, but they were not very positive about it. When I telephoned them after him, they recommended that I go to Scotland, as there wasn't anything for bisexuals in England! It took me some time to feel relaxed about things. The difficulty was that in those days there was very little support for bisexuals, and what there was tended to be only for a certain type of person. Some groups were outright racist, and that was extremely damaging to me.

RO: What is your religious background, and what impact did this have on your coming out? Did it make it harder or easier? In what ways?

JA: I am a Christian. I don't attend church any more, but I'm still looking for one. I've been to the Metropolitan Community Church, which is a gay-led congregation, and Asylum which is a Goth-led congregation. Even though I haven't settled with either church, I'm glad that they exist as they reach people who traditionally have previously not been made to feel welcome by the church.

I was brought up in a very violent and abusive



Credit: Robyn Ochs

atmosphere that was also very (hypocritically) religious. When I got out of that situation, I was amazed that I could feel love and desire for anyone ever again. I see my orientation as a positive thing; something to be thankful for, so for me there's no conflict with my beliefs at all.

RO: I was introduced to you through your wonderful essay in the *Getting Bi* anthology. In that essay, you describe yourself as a writer of erotic romance and the host of a monthly "Smutty Storytelling" session at an alternative London bookstore. Do tell us more.

JA: Well, the alternative bookstore – Coffee, Cake and Kink – closed down for a while although they are planning to re-open soon. Nowadays I read at events such as BiCon, Celebrate Bisexuality Day, and shindigs organised by Wotever, which is a great gender-queer group.

RO: We finally met in person at the International Conference on Bisexuality/UK Bicon just a few months ago. You led workshops there that I heard were brilliant. Can you tell us about them?

JA: I co-hosted the "Bis of Colour" workshop, which was amazing and very affirming for me. I also did an extended reading during my "Smutty Storytelling" session, along with another talented writer. And, of course, I participated in the *Getting Bi* panel. Because of my negative past, my speaking voice used to be almost inaudible. So when I was able to

Jacquelyn, continued on next page

Coming Out to Grammy

By Ellyn Ruthstrom

My grandmother was an avid stamp collector and she attempted to pass her passion for the hobby along to each of her six grandchildren. I was the only one who actually stuck with it, and so would look forward to our occasional stamp marathons when we would pull out the albums and glue the newly-acquired treasures into the huge books. Doing this always put Grammy into a good mood, so I took one of those moments to come out to her.

When I was first coming out to people, my strategy was to compliment the person in some way and tell them that I felt lucky they were the type of person I knew would be supportive. I also would say that it was important for me to be open about my life with them because I didn't want our relationship to be based on secrecy and lies. That usually set it up pretty well.

When I told Grammy that I was bisexual she was actually surprised. Since I had dated men since college and had married in my 20s, she figured that was the way things were. I thought the fact that I had the same female roommate when I moved from Massachusetts to Ohio to do my master's might have been a clue, but seeing that Robin was originally from Ohio it made sense to her that she was moving back there with me. Plus, I had moved back to Massachusetts without Robin so that was the end of it.

After taking it in and asking a few questions, she just chuckled and said, "To each their own poison." And that was about it. I introduced her to my next girlfriend and she was always respectful of our relationship and enjoyed the time we'd spend together.

Jacquelyn, continued from page 3

speak and read intimate stories to a roomful of people, it was amazing for me. In the "Bis of Colour" workshop, it was just great to be with others who had been through so many similar things, and to know that I was not alone.

RO: Do you see your erotic storytelling as a form of activism?

JA: Absolutely. My email signature reads: "Breaking down barriers with smut." My stories tend to feature people not usually seen in erotic fiction, such as the disabled, working class people, and those from ethnic minorities. It may not seem like much, but when I look at most erotica, everyone is still white, young, rich and American. To be able to let people know that black folks can be kinky too, that disabled people have desires, and all the while, still craft a sexy, believable story, is quite liberating for me. I have been humbled by some of the feedback to my writing: a woman wrote to tell me that after reading my bisexual story, "Fallen Soldiers," she hoped she could accept that part of herself. I've had other people write and tell me that they thought they were the only one to think or feel the way they did.

RO: What resources are available for bi folk in London, and how long have they been available? Can

you recommend any newsletters, websites or other resources?

JA:

Bisexual Underground is a monthly pub-meet in central London: www.bisexualunderground.org

Bi Coffee London is a great social event in an accessible location: bi.org/bicoffee/london

Bisexual Community News is a fantastic magazine which has been going forever!: www.bicommunitynews.co.uk

Bisexual Index for plain speaking information on all things bisexual: www.bisexualindex.org.uk

RO: Finally, Jacquelyn, how can interested readers access your writing?

JA: My writing website: www.writing-in-shadows.co.uk will have all my latest links to my work.

Robyn is the editor of the 42-country anthology Getting Bi: Voices of Bisexuals Around the World and of Bi Women.



Monica, continued from page 1

to put something on layaway. I wonder if Betsy's suspicious?"

A few days later, Pepper and Salt walk down the street, holding hands. Salt looks up just in time to meet the eye of a passing pedestrian, who gives Salt a searching look. Salt is puzzled. A few steps later, it hits her. They are mere meters away from where Betsy works. It was Betsy. The cat's out of the bag.

Warning Sugar by phone is useless. She won't get the message before finishing her shift.

Betsy drives to Nearmont, preparing herself for an emotional conversation.

"Sugar, can I talk to you?"

"Sure, what's up?"

"I'm not sure where to start. I've been thinking about it all afternoon."

Sugar sits down. This seems serious. Betsy takes a sip of wine.

"Does Salt have an identical twin?"

Sugar knows what's coming. She stalls for time.

"No, why do you ask?"

"Well, this is difficult...I saw her holding hands with someone in Bigmont." She pauses.

"A man."

Sugar smiles. "Oh. That's Pepper."

"You know about him?"

"Yes, Betsy. Don't look so worried! There are no secrets here. We're all happy."

After work, Sugar calls Salt on her cell.

"So, guess what?" she says, and tells her story.

"Sugar, I'm so proud of you! You handled it perfectly!"

Salt and Pepper decide to drop by Sugar's job together, so Betsy can see it's all on the up and up.

Sugar prepares her boss. "You remember Salt? Well, she has a boyfriend as well. They're popping by today."

Sugar's boss says, "Huh. I'd be interested to hear more about that. I imagine it takes some maturity..."

The two chat away while they work. They work together happily for a long time after that.

And the world keeps turning, the sun rises and sets. Nothing but everything changes.

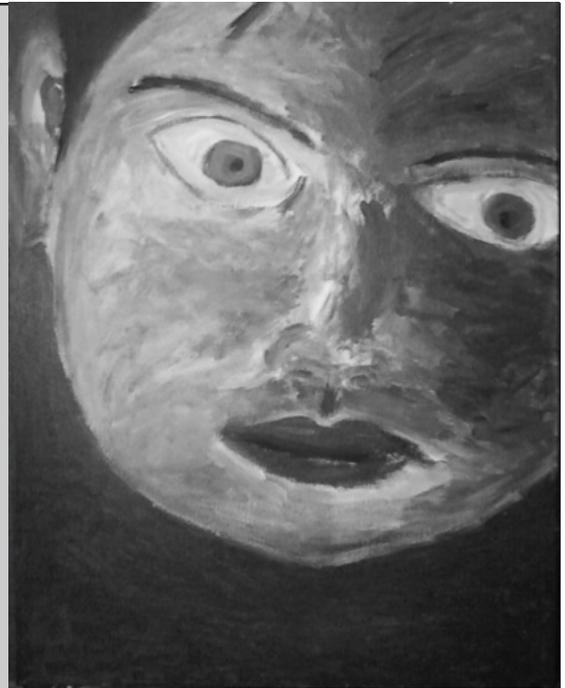
Monica is a writer, instructor and literary translator. Visit monicameneghetti.com or join her Facebook group, Monmen.

She

*Poem and drawing
by Jo-Anne Carlson*

Jo-Anne has been writing poems and songs from an early age. She lives in Atlanta, GA and finds inspiration from the world around her..

To be thee, he said
Perhaps you need
To be with she
But I am with ye, I said
Ye, my love and life
Yes, he said, but with she
You would be free
Free to be thee,
Thee as in me,
A she
Shock to me, I felt
Strange the thought
But truth I dealt
To my conscious
And found the strength to be
With he and she
Thee as in me,
A she



More from Jess Wells...

As promised, here are two more pieces from Jess Wells's nine-part story, "The See-Saw Family":

A Movement Lesbian

Twenty-three years with women is a long time. A lot of sex can be had in 23 years. I had done the committed relationship thing. I had done the SM thing, the non-monogamy thing, the orgy in the country thing. What was left?

I guess when you've been a lesbian long enough, sex with men is the only thing left that's taboo.

And I hadn't been one of those lesbians who knew at age six that she was gay. In fact, I had no desire to have sex with women, but 25 years ago men were a piggish lot, especially in Europe where I was living. I was between the boat and pier. So when a German woman told me, "You're called a movement lesbian," (women who come for the politics and stay for the sex), and then pressed me into the wall like a good top should, I stayed.

Twenty-five years ago, orientation wasn't a fluid thing. You were in or you were out. Going 'back to men' was like a nun who gave up the frock, it was giving in to The Man. It was aiding and abetting the oppressor.

But I seem to re-invent myself every decade or so. I became a lesbian and 10 years into it became a mother. Ten years into motherhood I became bisexual. If my mother were still alive she would be afraid of the future.



"Bay Bridge & Pier 24, San Francisco"

Karla Rossi is a photographer living, working, studying, and playing in San Francisco. She was the founder and former Managing Editor of Anything That Moves.

The Swinging Closet Door

It's odd to tell people about this. "I've gone bi," I practice, but it sounds like I've gone by the store, or gone by the river, by the wayside. There are people who see a picture of my boyfriend Simon (ok, not his real name but he deserves a little privacy) on my desk at work who have no clue that I 'used to be' a lesbian. I come out to gay people on the job and it's an awkward conversation that makes them suspicious, the new millennium version of 'some of my best friends are gay' but now it's 'some of my best years were gay.' I have new friends who have never known me as a lesbian and old friends who are just getting used to the idea of my not being a lesbian. Twice as many awkward conversations, twice as many closets.

Like having dinner with a straight man in the Castro. Clearly a bi-type move. Or maybe it was the move of a lesbian who didn't know what she was doing on an Internet het-date site. Well, it was late at night. Sitting at Orphan Andy's counter eating, my 'date' mentions that the gay people around us seem nervous. As if they haven't seen straight folk in a while, he whispers. But it's me, sitting there at total odds with myself, eating a salad with identity crisis dressing. Who is this guy? And who are men, really? What do I know about them? I've only got one male friend and he's a radical fairie. Of course, there are all the dads I hang around with, they're pretty cool. But what about this guy?

I've never been on the outside of the outside before. A bisexual in the Castro is on the outside of the fringe. Assumed to be the inside. I had whiplash.

And having dinner, again, with my boyfriend Simon, in the Castro, where the waiter treated us like breeders, camping it up as if we'd never seen a queer before and making all kinds of references to how "we gays" do things. I wanted to raise my hand like Hermione Granger, "ooh, ooh, I'm a sexual outlaw too!"

But there are advantages, I admit. Even here in San Francisco gay people on the street stiffen up and drop hands when they walk past people who appear to be heterosexual, and I don't have to do that anymore. My guy's not really the hand-holding kind (he tolerates my hand looped through his arm) but, hey, I don't have to stiffen any more. The world's definitely safer, I'll attest to that.

Jess is an author/editor who can be found online at www.jesswells.com.

A Statement, Not a Question

By *Natasha Avital*

“Oh...so you have an open relationship then.”

It's a statement, not a question. From this woman who hardly even knows me. From this woman with whom I've never discussed my relationship before. All of a sudden, she thinks she knows such an intimate part of my life...not only that, but she also thinks she knows such an intimate part of my boyfriend's life, this man she doesn't even know.

And all because of two words: “I'm bisexual.” Two words, and this woman already has in her head a distorted image she thinks is the perfect picture of my relationship.

“How dare you?” I wanna scream. “You don't know me!” I wanna scream. But this is before Bi-Sides, before bi activism in my life. So I only say “No, no, we don't.”

This is me still too immersed in a LG culture that often mocks and erases the B and T, too immersed in a culture that often sees me as an outsider, a fake, a joke, or a problem to be solved. This happens during the months of the horrific homophobic death threats one of my friends is getting, and I let myself believe that maybe those gay men and lesbians are right after all: having people making broad assumptions about my life based solely on my way of loving is not a serious enough issue to deserve attention when other people have it so much worse. The fact that I myself, based solely on my way of loving, have been the victim of online harassment, and said to be better off dead, goes unnoticed. I already bought the lie that there's only so much oppression to go around.

“But you're so pretty...and smart.”

This is after Bi-Sides, after the work and lives of so many amazing bisexual people from many places in the globe have empowered me to not be passive around “micro” oppressions, because there isn't such a thing. No oppression stands alone...they all feed off each other, often the major ones a product of a world where the less blatant ones go unnoticed, an ugly part of everyday life that should have never been allowed to nest there.

“So, only ugly, stupid women can be bi then?” The words are forming in my mouth, the dry cutting tone meant to leave no doubt that this is one of the most asinine remarks I've ever heard in my short life.

But then I remember where I am: in the front seat

(because he insisted I sit on the front seat) of this cab whose driver I'm seeing for the second time in my life, but who has already shown how little he cares for my personal space, with his remarks that I'm sure he thinks are compliments, but just make me very, very aware that I am, after all, sitting in a stranger's car.

I remember the ghastly British statistics about bisexual women being the ones at the highest risk for sexual assault. And I remember how ghastly it was that this news came as no surprise to me. In a world that makes it clear that a woman's desire for sex makes her available for any man willing to force *his* desire for sex upon her, and that projects the distorted image of bi women as sex-crazed creatures attracted to anything that moves, or sex-crazed women so desperate for male attention that they will have sex with other women for the sole purpose of titillating men...well, is it any wonder that those two damaging myths will combine to make sure that those sex-crazed, “anything goes,” biSEXual, assault victims “had it coming,” really?

And I'm afraid to say anything, because I don't know what kind of distorted image the word “bisexual” has conjured up in this man's mind by years of combined homophobia, biphobia and misogyny. I'm way too used to people thinking they know me based on those two little words to get into an argument and forget for even a second that I am, after all, sitting in a stranger's car.

Natasha is a member of Bi-Sides, currently one of the only three exclusively bisexual support groups in Brazil. She's also a member of E-Jovem, Brazil's only youth LGBT organization.



*“The Embarcadero, San Francisco,”
by Karla Rossi*

If I Just Began to Laugh

By Dani SK

She saved me from a glorious kind of pride
So how could I resist
The dedication to underestimating.
I had been asked before –
If the supposed confusion or uncertainty,
of my particularities
was a malformed arrest,
Or a failure in the development of my tastes –
to something more refined
some adult dementia that looked like normal
arrogantly forgetful,
general but loyal,
specific and one-sided but still questioning the validity.
I returned, imagining Woody Allen by my side –
The joke's on you!
But honesty respected me enough to remind me
Like clothes pin to a campfire rope
The burning was a metaphor
For the suffocation of those funny words
As though, requiring special admission –
Some exactitude.
“But you seem so feminine?”
“You seem so normal?”
a funny statement – at that – since my
quiet or unspecified differences still tip the uneasy
irk the parts of you that bathe in concrete
This pavement gave way to her other inquiries –
“how do you know the difference if you have so many options”
the quantifiable analysis no longer suspended over the quality of my gesture -
and this was the point of my inclusion
she saved me from a glorious kind of formula
by forcing me to describe the faces of my tabernacle
Where the interlockers do not form joints or measurements
But became the wedges and the fixations of her outlook
the beams of a desert run by self-professed experts
Her assertion – “It is far too much for us to deal with lesbians and gays to begin with, let alone bisexuality!”
As if biracialism couldn't be addressed because there are still racists
I could not believe such ineffectual and counterproductive teachings
Though their inquiry was enough not to engage not my pride – But my yearnings
for more expansive and inclusive prophesy
I imagined the altercations if I protested
I imagined what would happen if I just began to laugh.



Dani SK
Orangedimpleman
Graphite on paper
2010

Dani SK is an interdisciplinary scholar, artist, poet, educator and an advocate for gender fluidity and qualitative educational inclusion (daniskarts@yahoo.com)

Are You Dating Male or Female?

By Daphne L. Kanellopoulos

So I had a friend, let's call him Fred. We would occasionally hang out, go to lunch and chat. Even though nothing romantic or sexual was going on, there was definitely tension (which became very apparent later, but I digress).

One day, he called me up and asked me if I wanted to have lunch with him. Without hesitation, I said, "sure." Then it dawned on me that he ought to be made aware of my new relationship, in case it made a difference. So I found him online and instant messaged him to let him know that I had entered into a relationship. He started out saying, "Then I probably shouldn't take you out to lunch." (He almost always insisted on "taking me out" rather than "going Dutch." I got sick of fighting about it.) Then he asked, "Wait. Are you dating male or female?" (Male or female? What happened to "a man or a woman?" Never mind.) I responded, "Male." He said, "Oh, ok. Then I shouldn't take you out. If you were dating a woman, then it would be okay. It's a male territorial thing."

Male territorial thing? Ok, so women are property, and no relationship that I could have with a woman could possibly be as important as a relationship with a man. The man's "territory" is left alone. But women aren't taken seriously. They are, after all, just women. Now we're talking about a man who considers himself to be a "dyed in the wool Democrat" and extremely liberal. So even this so-called liberal hangs on to caveman ideology about ownership of women! It will probably be no surprise that Fred and I are no longer friends. I used to think of him as a cool, liberal

friend I could hang out with. He thought I was an original thinker. He had also insisted he was going to get me "used to being treated right by a guy" since he was certain I had no idea what that was like. I found Fred's line of questioning incredible and his reasoning for not taking me out since I "belonged" to a man infuriating, but I held my tongue. I did not want to rock the boat.

Of course, I told all my friends, which was probably not mature, but it was so ridiculous. It shows a basic lack of understanding that same-sex relationships ... no, let me start again ... that relationships with WOMEN are just as valid as relationships with MEN. Throughout history, and even in the Bible, importance has been placed on male sexuality. It's the man who is important. Many will argue that feminism is outdated and women are thought of as equals, but male chauvinism is still in our consciousness and is perpetuated by both men and women. I suppose one can only drink in the saturation of our society for so long before it sinks in and becomes internalized.

You might be sitting there thinking this is more of a feminist piece than a bisexual piece, but it is all related. So, ladies and gentlemen, please think before saying something so boneheaded. You just may wind up having an article written about you.

Daphne runs a bisexual social support group at the Pride Center of New Jersey. She also writes for the Pride Center of New Jersey newsletter and Out In Jersey Magazine.

Lesbian Privilege

By Betty Aubut

When I came out as bi, it was my first step out of the proverbial closet.

When I came out to my parents as bi in the mid-80's, my dad asked me "Well, have you ever slept with a man?"

The comment I loved the best was when, at the end of a two-hour very supportive conversation with my sister, her fiancé walked by and said, "You mean you aren't a lesbian?"

OR there was the straight person who told me I just wanted to usurp "lesbian privilege." Really? Lesbian privilege? In the 80's? Was there really such a thing?

Just to be clear, I am thankful to BBWN in the 1980's and the great women I met there, I came bolting out of a sealed and locked closet, got comfy with my bi label and eventually "transitioned" to lesbian. I owe a large gratitude to the bi community of Boston, in the early days. And yeah, I was one of the ones that showed up at the Women's Center in Cambridge that fateful day in 1983 with about 80 other women and met Robyn, Charnan, Kate, Betsy Rose and so many others. It was my very first time admitting in public that I was NOT straight. It was frightening and exhilarating. I was a member of one of the first bi support groups ever formed within BBWN. Yeah, bi women!

Greetings from the Bisexual Chamber of Commerce!

By Jayelle Wiggins-Lunacharsky

I've been out as bisexual, to some degree or another, since I was 17 years old. I am now 36. In the nearly 20 years I've been out, I've too often been the first "real life bisexual" that some people have met. "That isn't true," I want to tell them. "You've met others; they're just scared to tell you." I don't want to be rude, though, at least not at first. I joke about becoming "the Bisexual Chamber of Commerce" to monosexuals (mostly straight, but some gay as well). I answer lots of questions and learn that some people's minds are already settled, sometimes in very strange ways.

"When did you know? Were you always bisexual?" I was a little 50/50 bisexual girl in Daytona Beach, Florida during the 1980s. Despite some right-wingers' fear-mongering, one does not need queer cultural role models to experience queer feelings in one's youth. I fondly remember *The Dukes of Hazzard* as a vital part of my psycho-sexual development. At six years old, I alternately decided I wanted to marry someone like Bo, Luke, or Daisy Duke when I grew up. In my defense, there were only three network channels on TV at the time, and they really did look good in tight denim. ("I'll never look at *The Dukes of Hazzard* the same way again," I've been told more than once by friends.) As I got older, I maintained my appetite for smart-alecky rednecks, although my tastes diversified. When I was 13, I dated a boy whose family had recently moved from Great Britain and I began a longstanding crush on Irish alternative-rock singer Sinéad O'Connor.

"But I thought you were lesbian!" Yes, that's another woman's picture on my desk, and another woman's ring on my finger. She's meeting me for lunch today, as a matter of fact. But that doesn't stop me from noticing how cute the UPS deliverymen who serve my company are, or any other form of male attractiveness. Yes, I also like guys. No, I don't have a boyfriend on the side. Yes, I'm monogamous. No, she's not bisexual. Yes, I feel fulfilled. No, she doesn't get jealous, at least not often. And, um, if I'm gonna tell **you**, it's not like I'm keeping my bisexuality a secret from her!

"But you seem so normal." If I became famous, I wouldn't shame the community, and I have results from an Internet humor quiz to prove it. No vials of blood, no drugs, no meat dresses. I'll probably never be famous, though. I'm a femme secretary whose idea of rebellious fashion is to wear bright colors in New York City. I love to cook. I don't love to clean house, and I'm grateful my wife is willing to dust furniture. People occasionally seem disappointed that I can count my former partners on one hand and that I live a fairly average life. The more that happens, the more important I feel it is to

show what a boring bisexual life looks like. The one I happen to have handy is my own.

"So I guess you made up your mind. What happened to make you choose a woman?" What I "made up my mind" about was that I loved Katarina and wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. This doesn't mean that I chose to stop being attracted to men, or to women who differ from her physically. It doesn't mean that I can, either. I had boyfriends in my past. I was attracted to women when I was with them. There was no real trauma, nothing to "turn me off of men" and make me flee to the supposed safety of another woman's arms. Sometimes relationships depreciate, like fast new cars becoming old clunkers. This happened with males and, thankfully, hasn't happened with my wife. It's happened with you sometimes, right?

"I thought you were a married couple sharing one ID!" That amused the hell out of me when I encountered it at a hockey forum. I'm a huge fan of the Pittsburgh Penguins. I became a hockey fan because my wife, a Detroit Red Wings fanatic who's loved hockey her entire life, made me watch with her. (I'd gotten her into my beloved NASCAR, and she felt I needed to give her sport a chance.) On sports forums, I've found it's best to ease people into the idea that I'm same-sex married. The fact that I'm married to a Red Wings or Kevin Harvick fan naturally comes up. So does the fact that I find various Penguins and Tony Stewart attractive. My Internet "voice" is usually read as female. It becomes surprising to some of my fellow and sister fans, then, when they learn that my spouse is also a woman. That said, many calmly accept it, and are more interested in learning how we handled it when

Jayelle, continued on next page



Dani SK
BiGarden,
My Estate
Pen & Ink on Paper



Review: *Complementary Colors*

By Kate Evans

(2010; Vanilla Heart Publishing)

Reviewed by Lara Zielinsky

Gwen Sullivan is restless. There are many signs that her life no longer fits her, or she no longer fits it. She returned from a year abroad in Japan teaching English to a boyfriend, Daniel, who seems more involved with his post-doc research than he is with her. Though he let her move in with him, Gwen is very aware they share the space, some sex, and little else. He's never even invited her to meet his family back East. She's in a rut with her tutoring service job. Seeking validation, Gwen signs up for a poetry class.

With the introspection necessary for "going deeper" as the class instructor criticizes her first poetic effort, Gwen begins to develop a deeper awareness of herself. Gwen realizes two women in the class are lesbians, who write on her workshop poem that they "find her intriguing." More than just a feeling of flattery touches Gwen, and she realizes she's attracted to one in particular, Jamie, an artist.

Complementary Colors is thematically and structurally much more than "straight woman discovers attraction for women and leaves man." It's a journey of self-discovery for Gwen. Whether she ultimately stays with a woman, the reader cannot know. However the reader journeys along as Gwen grows to understand the most important thing in the world: herself.

An interesting subplot involves Lucy, Gwen's coworker at the tutoring service. As Lucy witnesses Gwen's examination of

her own life, and choices, Lucy opens a lens on her own life. But her changes are more sudden, more bombastic. This really contrasts the careful, steady shifts Gwen makes in her life.

Complementary colors, as Jamie explains, are opposites on the color wheel that, when placed side by side, both show off more brightly. This vivid detail is not just an appropriate description of plots aligning against subplots, but with author Kate Evans' descriptive choices as well. Gwen begins her journey living between the more conservative and the more liberal areas of town.

There is also purpose to the setting: 1992. The novel is set in the time before LGBT issues were pervasively discussed and visible in society. This is before Ellen's coming out, before "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" and DOMA are enacted. Gwen's journey is taken without that cultural context which to situate and compare her experience. This comes through in Gwen's introspection as poignancy. She also doesn't discount her history with males, which is refreshing.

Many bisexual women will see themselves and their own journey in Gwen's. And the journey through Gwen's struggle with writing poetry is equally interesting. *Complementary Colors* is a very worthwhile, full-bodied read.

Lara is the host of Readings in Lesbian & Bisexual Women's Fiction, a published author, and a freelance editor. Her latest release is Turn for Home. (www.lzfiction.net)

Jayelle, continued from previous page

our teams faced each other in the 2008 and 2009 Stanley Cup Finals.

"The word 'bisexual' explains a lot." I'm quoting myself this time. I've tweeted that several times, because I felt a need. It explains why I speak of a wife and an ex-boyfriend. It explains why I cuddle with my wife to watch sports, kissing her when our teams score goals or our drivers get to the front, then complain that the Penguins who I find really hot leave the roster too quickly. It explains why I don't really think of gender or sexual orientation being a barrier to relationships, and have to remember that others often do. "Labels are for food," I've been told more than once, but the people who say that tend to have their own labels that they assign to others. Better to be honest and to assign yourself the correct label first, I think. Besides, what the hell else should I call myself? Some people don't get it, and some people don't actually want to get it. That's their problem, and I do my

best not to let it become my problem, too.

"I guess I need to raise bail money for you this weekend, 'case you get yourself in trouble." That came from a good friend of mine, a straight man whom I'd met at work, in December 2005. I was the first openly bisexual woman he'd met, aside from a few "barsexuals" in his Southern college. New York City affords many cultural opportunities. On the same weekend, Tony Stewart was in town for the NASCAR Sprint Cup championship awards festivities, and Sinéad O'Connor was in town for a concert. My friend knew me well enough to tease me about my crushes, and didn't let issues of sex or gender freak him out. I was amazed, and perhaps I shouldn't have been. After all, he wasn't the first and only. Quite a few people do want to understand. For them, it's worthwhile to keep the Bisexual Chamber of Commerce open.

Jayelle is a reformed commitment-phobe who moved from Florida to NYC for love. She blogs at crackerlilo.blogspot.com and tweets as @greeneyedlilo.

Ask Tiggy Upland

Dear Tiggy,

I feel really shaken up and need your advice. I was exchanging emails on Facebook with a cute guy I met at King Richard's Faire. He told me that he thought I was pretty and nice but he had a big problem with my bisexuality. Specifically, it meant to him that I am undecided as to my sexuality. He asked (rhetorically): "If you aren't sure whether you're straight or not, how can you be sure that you want to be with me?"

I came out fairly recently and haven't dated a whole lot of people since, so this kind of reaction is all new to me. I told him that we would have to kindly agree to disagree on his view of bisexuality. I also said that while he has a right to his opinion, I thought that he was being a bit close-minded.

He became incensed, countering that I had insulted him; that he couldn't care less whether I was gay, straight, orange, or a robot; and that some of his closest friends are bi. He finished by unfriending me.

Was I totally off base? Was he, as he put it, "merely expressing why [he], personally, could not date someone who is bi," and not being close-minded?

-Kermit



Dear Kermit,

He's wrong, you're right.

This guy holds an insulting, twisted view of bisexuals which, honestly, is forgivable only if he's open to being schooled. However, his immaturity isn't forgivable. You spoke to him with respect after he trotted out a tired cliché, and he reacted defensively with even *more* tired clichés. "Some of my best friends are bi"? Sir, here's your gold medal in the Vapid Expression Olympics. I will give you a shiny nickel if you can produce even one person who will admit to being both bi and your friend.

Kudos to him for having the good sense to know that being ignorant and viewing different people as "lesser" is wrong. Unfortunately, he shows a lack of self-awareness. He's right that a person can decide not to date someone for any reason they want, but what he expressed was not an opinion; it was plainly incorrect and rude. You nicely set him straight (pardon the pun), so you have no reason to feel bad about the exchange.

Seriously, you dodged a bullet. Let him date a bunch of gay orange robots while you move on to bigger and better.

-Tiggy

Are you a bi lady in need of some good advice? Write to Tiggy Upland at tiggyupland@gmail.com. This advice column is for entertainment purposes only. The columnist reserves the right to edit the letters for any reason.

Loren, continued from page 1

of four women and a man, two of whom had completed a triathlon that day. More talking and socializing took place.

Mentally, I was starting to feel some pressure at that point in the evening, stemming from the fact that I didn't really know this guy I was with, and he didn't know me. I felt the presence of my bisexuality weighing heavily on my mind and wanted to be sure that I let him know more of who I was. I am not sure why I feel so strongly about coming out to my dates and potential dates as soon as possible. Somehow I feel like I am being dishonest if I don't say anything and allow the guy to think I am straight.

Since I was determined to be honest, I tore myself away from the sight of that lobster and looked at my date. I told him that I had something to tell him. That I was divorced from a woman, with whom I'd had a long term relationship. My date didn't say much, but after a few minutes he excused himself to go to the men's room. I continued marveling at the large stones with which the New Yorkers were cracking the lobster's claws, not realizing that I was at work cracking something as well. Once back,

my date looked at me rather seriously. He told me the date needed to end right then. He said I should have told him the information before about being with a woman. He then proceeded to give me money for a cab home, which I declined, and gave me money to pay for the appetizers and drinks, which I accepted. I watched him walk out.

Immediately, I turned to the New Yorkers and told them my date had just left. Their mouths dropped open. They wanted to know why. "I told him I am bisexual," I replied. "No way! What an asshole!" they all said in true disbelief. I was in agreement. Kindly, they invited me to stay and have dinner with them, which I accepted, and had a very fun time. I joked that if they didn't get a takeout container for that giant claw, I was going to have to take it. Later on, as my new friends got up to leave, the one man in the group looked at me with a warm smile and some parting words. "We're not all assholes." I smiled back. I do believe that.

Loren lives in the Boston area and attends the BLiSS group. She is constantly at work on improving connections on all levels.

Creating Change 2011

by Robyn Ochs

The 23rd National Conference on LGBT Equality: Creating Change took place in Minneapolis, Minnesota from February 3-7. Among the 2,500 or so attendees from all over the United States was a good representation of bi-identified activists and several bi-specific programs. Faith Cheltenham and Becky Saltzman were the prime organizers of the day-long Bisexual/Pansexual/Fluid Organizing Institute on Thursday. Additional facilitators included Sidney Gardner, Morgan Goode, Angel Fabian, Loraine Hutchins, Lauren Beach, Kyle Schickner, our own Ellyn Ruthstrom, and myself. On Friday, Loraine Hutchins moderated a panel on “*Bi Any Other Name: A 20 Year Anniversary Dialogue.*” I facilitated my “Beyond Binaries” program and co-facilitated a Bi Caucus, and on Saturday, Lauren Beach and Alex Iantaffi facilitated “Exploring the Intersections Between Bisexual and Transgender Identities and Organizing.” Every one of these sessions was well attended.

Here are the impressions of conference attendee **Aicilia Lewis, Co-Executive Director of Out Boulder!, an LGBT center in Colorado:**

“Bisexuality is not a compromise between gay and straight, but instead a fundamentally separate identity.” – unknown conference participant.

Five years ago I came out in my lesbian community as a bisexual woman and began dating a male-bodied person. Since then, I have rarely felt accepted in queer spaces when I have been open about my identity. This Creating Change was a refreshing change from that experience. With a bi-etiquette outline in the conference program and an institute for bisexual/pansexual/fluid participants, I felt accepted and affirmed as a member of the queer community for the first time in five years.

Sitting in the Bisexual Institute, I had a moment of comprehending that my experience wasn't personal. It felt personal to lose close friends because of the gender of my partner and vaguely familiar. But it wasn't. Every bi-identified person in that room expressed experiences I could have claimed as my own. While I diminished the impact of biphobia and the invisibility of our community

Our conference experience was greatly enhanced by the existence of a Bi Hospitality Suite that was hosted by the Bisexual Organizing Project (BOP), which provided food, games and good cheer to conference attendees.

With a menu that included homemade soups and stews, there is no doubt in my mind that the Bi Hospitality Suite had the best food at the conference. There were crowds at every meal, and a constant flow of people throughout the day.



Lou Hoffman (BOP), Robyn Ochs, and Lauren Beach (BOP)

within the straight and LGT community from a personal perspective, my inner activist could not ignore that the impact was universal.

There is a power in not being part of the binary system we exist within. Those of us occupying the intersections between worlds see things very differently. I believe we can bring that perspective to the larger movement in a powerful and positive way. I am hopeful that Creating Change will continue to embrace the diversity of identities within our movement and felt like the steps taken this year were a good beginning.



Some of the Bi Institute participants

Letters

Dear Bi Women,

This past year, I decided to pick a few organizations to which I could make charitable donations, and BBWN was one of them. I went to the BRC website, biresource.net, and saw that I could make a recurring monthly donation, so I signed up to give \$15 per month and I asked that it be designated for BBWN. In this economy, even though I could only afford what felt like a small monthly contribution, it felt good to know that it would add up to more by the end of the year. I encourage everyone reading this who has felt supported by our wonderful bisexual organizations, especially the pioneering BBWN, to make this kind of monthly commitment so our organizations can keep up their important work. Just go to <http://biresource.net/>. We are the ones we've been waiting for—no one else is going to do it for us. THANK YOU, BBWN, for being there for me for over 20 years since I first learned about you. May you be around for many, many more!
Ananda in Massachusetts

Dear Bi Women,

I was a many-year member of BBWN when I lived in Boston—I am currently in northern Florida and have posted a tune on YouTube that I want to get out to the larger community. It addresses the don't ask/don't tell controversy that is going on as well as general LGBT issues from the perspective of an out and proud bi woman. Here's the link: www.youtube.com/user/hanaheron.
May we all be blessed with a more tolerant populace in 2011...blessings and thanks,
Hana Maris

Dear Bi Women,

I just wanted to let you know that this issue was really an answer to prayer. I am a bisexual Christian and thought I was the only one in the world. I just wanted to let Dari know that her article meant a lot to me. I felt like she gave a voice to my fears and frustrations. If you could let her know that she really touched me that would be greatly appreciated.
Sincerely,
Whitney
Brighton, MA

Dear Bi Women,

Has it really been 27 years since the start of BBWN? Was I really only 19 when I first got involved? Thank you for all the work you have done to promote bisexuality as a viable lifestyle and real sexual identity! I feel so fortunate that I was able to connect with a real bisexual community at such a crucial age. I don't think I would be the same person I am now if BBWN hadn't been there at the time it was!

Here's what I've been doing post-BBWN: In 1985, I moved to Scotland to live at the Findhorn Community. While there, I was in a relationship with a wonderful woman, but our relationship was cut short when I was deported for working illegally in 1986. I then returned to the Boston area.

Shortly after this, I met my son's father and my son, Asa, was born in July 1987! By then I was living in East Orange, Vermont on a 365-acre farm with a group that was forming a co-op. A couple of years later my son's father and I split up and I moved to southern Vermont.

In 1993 I went to Prescott, AZ to attend Prescott College, then came back again to Vermont in 2002. I finally bought my dream home in 2009 and am settled here now. My son, now 23, ironically, lives near Boston!

All along, I have had some very special relationships, with both men and women. I have been a person led by my heart, and I have only benefited from where that has led me. I can safely say I am a very happy and proud bisexual!

Much love,
Maya Costley

Dear Bi Women,

I've just made a donation to support *Bi Women*. I wish I could give more! I thoroughly enjoyed the latest issue. In particular, I was impressed by "Room" by Dari, "Tuxedo Shirts" by Jess Wells, and "A Breath of Fresh Air" by Sara Volumnia Fox. All of these essays explore important issues. Additionally, the newsletter provides a virtual space for us to come together and share, which I appreciate. I hope you will feel free to pass my comments along to the writers.

Morgan O'Donnell
President, DFW Bi Net (Dallas/Fort Worth)
www.dfwbi.net

What are YOUR thoughts?
Please write to us!



April

Sunday, April 3, BBWN's Bi Women's Bruch at noon, in Belmont at Lucy's. Please bring a potluck dish and/or drinks to share. Info/RSVP/directions: Lucy at lucylizard@yahoo.com. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the Boston area. There are cats in the household and the brunch is not appropriate for children.

Wednesday, April 6, 7-9pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS), (See March 2nd)

Monday, April 11, 7pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. (See March 14th)

Tuesday, April 12, 7-9pm, BRC Board Meeting. (See March 8th)

Wednesday, April 13, 7-9 pm, Boston Queer Poly Women's Discussion Group. (See March 9th)

Saturday, April 16, 11:30am, Saturday Bi Brunch. (See March 19th)

Thursday, April 21, 7pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS). (See March 17th)

Friday-Sunday, April 29-May 1. Lavender Country & Folk Dancers' annual Dance Camp, in Woodstock, CT. Info: www.lcfd.org/lcfd.camp.

May

Wednesday, May 4, 7-9pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS). (See March 2nd)

Saturday, May 7, 30th Annual Northampton Pride March and Festival. And Robyn Ochs is a Parade Grand Marshall! Join us to celebrate bi pride with a potluck brunch at Sarah's home on Elm Street in Northampton. People of all sexual orientations and genders are invited for brunch and/or to march with us. We will also be collecting old cellphones (no chargers necessary) to donate to The Network/La Red, which provides bi-inclusive support for survivors of partner abuse. For directions & to RSVP, contact Erika Kate at erikakate@PackOfOthers.org.

Saturday, May 7, The Women's Dinner Party, Westin Copley Place. Fenway Health's annual women's fundraiser. A great night out in downtown Boston with several hundred fabulous women.

Dinner, dancing and Kate Clinton as emcee. Tix are \$175, not a cheap night out, but supports a great resource. Info: Womensdinnerparty.org.

Monday, May 9, 7pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. (See March 14th)

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

Wednesday, May 11, 7-9 pm, Boston Queer Poly Women's Discussion Group. (See March 9th)

Saturday, May 14, 11:30am, Saturday Bi Brunch. (See March 19th)

Saturday, May 15, noon. BBWN's Bi Women's Brunch at Robyn's in JP. Please bring a potluck dish and/or drinks to share. There are cats in the home. Children are welcome. Info/RSVP/directions: robyn@robynochs.com. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the Boston area.

Thursday, May 19, 7pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS). (See March 17th)

Huh?

By Amy Andre

After coming out to someone as bi, while I was in a long-term relationship with someone this person knew, I got this question: "Why would you call yourself that?! Here's an analogy. What if you stole something once, when you were a kid? Would you, your whole life, identify as a thief?"

In case you were wondering...

News Briefs

By Katrina Chaves

... will return with our next issue.



Interested in hosting one of our fabulous BBWN brunches at your place? If you would like to host and want more information, email elruthstrom@comcast.net.



The "Bi Office"

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

Ongoing Events

2nd Tuesdays:

Bisexual Resource Center Board Meeting, 7-9pm. at 29 Stanhope Street, 4th floor, in Boston. All are welcome.

2nd Mondays:

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

1st Wednesdays:

BLiSS: Bisexual Social & Support Group, 7-9pm. Meets at the Bisexual Resource Center at 29 Stanhope St. in Boston. Call 617-424-9595 for info.

3rd Saturdays:

Biversity's Saturday 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



HEY, YOU! YES, YOU.

Do you value *Bi Women*? Think of the support that *Bi Women* has provided to you, and please consider supporting our important work. Help us send *Bi Women* to you, to other women, and also to community centers, youth and campus LGBT groups. It only takes 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 checks payable to BBWN, PO Box 301727, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130. Or donate online via PayPal to biwomenboston@gmail.com. Note: If you're an individual receiving *Bi Women* by post, consider making a donation or switching to an electronic subscription by emailing biwomeneditor@gmail.com.

CALENDAR

March

Wednesday, March 2, 7-9pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS) meets 1st Wednesdays at the Boston Living Center, 29 Stanhope Street, Boston. All bi & bi-friendly people of all genders & orientations welcome. First Wed mtgs are peer-facilitated discussion groups, sometimes with a pre-selected topic or presenter. Info: bliss@biresource.net.

Tuesday, March 8, 7-9pm Bisexual Resource Center Board Meeting. All bi and bi-friendly community members are invited to attend. The board goes over essential BRC information for the month. Info: Ellyn at president@biresource.net. Location: Boston Living Center, 29 Stanhope St. near Back Bay station on the Orange Line.

Wednesday, March 9, 7-9pm, Boston Queer Poly Women's Discussion Group at the Diesel Cafe, 257 Elm St. in Somerville. T stop is Davis on the Red Line. The group meets to discuss issues relevant to women in the poly community, especially those of interest to queer women, ranging from social chatting to more in-depth discussions. Info: Donna at dalbino83@yahoo.com &/or join the meetup group: <http://www.meetup.com/BQP-Womens-Group>.

Friday-Saturday, March 11-12, True Colors Conference for LGBTQIA Youth on

University of Connecticut's campus in Storrs. This year's theme is *ibelong*: Social Networking and LGBT Youth. Info: Ourtruecolors.org.

Sunday, March 13, BBWN's Bi Women's Bruch at noon, in Medford at Loren's. Please bring a potluck dish and/or drinks to share. Loren's kids won't be there, but there is space for kids. She has a small caged rodent, in case anyone is allergic. Info/RSVP/directions: Loren at lorenomez@comcast.net. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the Boston area.

Monday, March 14, 7pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning. A peer-led support group for women in a straight marriage/relationship struggling with sexual orientation or coming out. Meets monthly on 2nd Mon. Info: kate.e.flynn@gmail.com.

Thursday, March 17, 7pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS). The 3rd Thursday meeting for BLiSS is in flux right now. The Living Center is now closed on Thursday nights, but the group will still meet for a social event at 7 pm. Info: bliss@biresource.net, or visit www.biresource.net/bievents.shtml.

Saturday, March 19, 11:30am, Saturday Bi Brunch. This mixed gender bi group meets 3rd Saturdays at Johnny D's on Holland St. in Davis Sq, Somerville just across from the T. Meet near the bar to be seated together.

Calendar, continues on page 15