

## We Bought Sex Toys, Isn't That Cool!

### or Self-exploration and Education on Buying and Using Sex Toys

By Meredith Hartsel

A few years ago, I bought my first sex toy when my friend and I attended a sex toy party at a mutual acquaintance's house. It was one of those cheesy, stereotypical events where guests play funny games and win prizes like penis erasers and whistles, and everyone sits around in front of a young woman touting jelly rabbits, funky-flavored lubes, books on how to "tickle his pickle," and cheap, somewhat trashy lingerie that is "sure to get him going." It was also an interesting affair due to the fact that the majority of guests were queer women, yet the language was heteronormative and to be honest, a bit trite. All of the toys and other various products at the party were extremely overpriced for their quality, and, as young college students, we didn't have a lot of expendable cash, nor were we yet all that comfortable with the idea of purchasing sex toys. My friend and I made an agreement to go to Spencer's in the mall the next day where they had similar toys for less than half the price.

We each bought a different kind of vibrator and were enthralled, saying to our friends, "Isn't this funny? We bought sex toys, isn't that cool?" It was still taboo and I remember hiding the purchase from my roommate when I got home, tucking it away in a dark corner at the top of my closet. I only used the toy a few times that year, mostly because I lived in a dorm and shared a room, but also partly because I was embarrassed and worried about what she would think of me if she knew that I had it (I'm pretty sure she never had a clue).

Though it only cost ten dollars, and it was, in all honesty pretty shitty, my first neon purple vibrator helped teach me a lot about myself, masturbation, pleasure and my own sexuality and body. It opened me up to learning about sex toys, gaining more knowledge about quality toys and safety. It also helped me realize more women use them than people tend to think, and that toys are for all genders and orientations.

Over the next couple of years, I became more educated about sex toys through research, talking with friends and a whole lot of self-exploration. I now own more than a few toys and I'm very comfortable talking about them with anyone who will listen or wants to know more. I talk about sex toys on nearly a daily basis, whether with friends, educators, people

Meredith, continues on page 8



Toy Dreams by Kara Ammon

### THE GIVING AND THE GETTING

By Anonymous

Person in black T-shirt with slicked  
Black hair a credit card and a car  
That works pull up here and take out

Sexual takeout I want the rice  
For my little shrimp bits they  
Look like pink mermaids like me

Begging to get out of the sea and  
Mingle until our hands reek of  
Plankton and scampi and fannies yes

bring me to a swell that salt that sea  
water tucked into your bedside table  
Drawer like an open secret that you

Play well with yourself know how to be  
giving with your hand or something  
plastic and the getting with your body

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## From the Editors

*Ellyn:* Most of us probably grew up with good feelings about toys. As children, we are often encouraged to play and be creative and learn how to “play well with others.” Thankfully, some of us take that same sense of fun into our adult lives and into playing with our sex toys.

Robyn threw out the playful issue theme of “Toy Stories” at a BBWN brunch, which sparked a really fun conversation and sharing of resources. Heron and I asked Robyn if we could co-edit this issue and we immediately started brainstorming what we’d love to see included. Once the call for writing went out, we waited to see how people would respond and we could not be happier with the range of things writers submitted.

We thank all of the writers in this issue who’ve shared personal stories about their own exploration, discovery, satisfaction, disappointment, empowerment and hilarity while playing with their toys. It may be noticeable that not all of the writers wanted to include their full names or their real names, but we think whatever it takes to feel comfortable sharing this information is fine by us. We hope the issue encourages you all to partake in some playtime soon!

*Heron:* I was so excited to help out on this issue. Sex toys have long been vital to women’s sexuality. They afford us the freedom and space to learn about our sexuality and to be in control of our own pleasure. I hope you all enjoy this issue!

**Julie reads the *Bi Women Quarterly*.**

**Send us a picture of yourself reading BWQ to**

**[biwomeneditor@gmail.com](mailto:biwomeneditor@gmail.com).**

**Be creative!**



## Next in

### *Bi Women Quarterly*

The theme for the next issue:

### “Pick a Side”

Have you ever felt pressured to “pick a side”? As bisexuals, some of us have heard that phrase in reference to choosing to be either gay or straight, but there are also other “sides” to choose from. Tell us about any experiences you have had with this concept. Personal stories, poetry, fiction, artwork, photography are always encouraged.

### Next Up: *Partnering with Men*

**Submissions for the next issue must be received by August 1.**

**Submission guidelines are at:**

[biwomenboston.org/newsletter/  
submission-guidelines/](http://biwomenboston.org/newsletter/submission-guidelines/)

Send your submissions and suggestions for future topics to

**[biwomeneditor@gmail.com](mailto:biwomeneditor@gmail.com)**

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

***Bi Women Quarterly* is online at [biwomenboston.org](http://biwomenboston.org).**

BBWN is an all-volunteer organization. Want to host one of our monthly brunches, be the woman who coordinates the brunches 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](mailto: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, 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.

# Marcia Mello-D: A True Oddist

By Robyn Ochs

It is with great sadness that I write about the untimely death of BBWN co-founder Marcia Deihl at age 65.

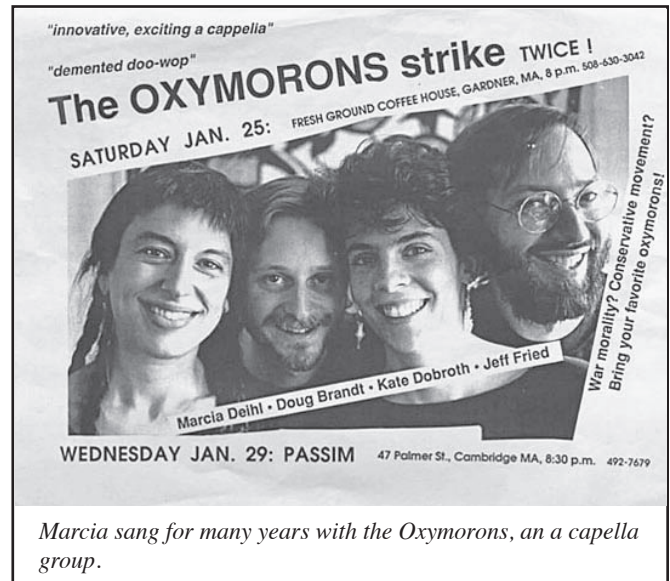
Marcia was a Cambridge activist who died as she lived: keeping her carbon footprint small on a quirky, old three-speed bicycle adorned with a basket and streamers. She was hit by a truck on Putnam Avenue on the afternoon of March 11. She had just finished her grocery shopping and had probably spent considerable time in the produce section, finding the biggest, most beautiful pieces of fruit in the store. She allowed herself one piece of fruit with her lunch, so the ones she selected had to be just right – and as large and as tasty as possible.

My life first intersected with Marcia's in September of 1982. I had been living in Boston for only two weeks and found a listing in *Sojourner*, the women's weekly, for a "Women's Rap" at the Women's Center in Cambridge. Topics varied, and the topic for this particular week was *bisexuality*. Starving for affirmation and community, I showed up, as did 19 other women. A few memories stand out: most of us reported having felt isolated, alone, and *extremely* rare, and for all of us this meeting was transformative. I remember tears and enormous grins. I remember feeling a profound sense of relief. Toward the end of the meeting, Marcia stood up and announced that she had been in a short-lived bi support group a couple of years back and was wondering if others in the room might be interested in joining her in starting a new one.

I was in! Marcia and I – along with six other women – became the BiVocals. We met monthly for a decade. We were very different people who fiercely affirmed each other's bisexual identities, providing a safe haven in a sea of external biphobia and bi erasure. In 1983 we helped two more support groups form, and then, together we all co-founded the Boston Bisexual Women's Network and this publication.

Marcia was an amazing and accomplished woman. For a self-described introvert or "cave pony," Marcia was very involved in music, in writing and in her community.

She identified as an artist – or "oddest" – she would say, with a wink and a smile. Like me, Marcia worked a job



Marcia sang for many years with the OxyMorons, an a capella group.

to pay the bills so that she could follow her passions "after hours." And then there was *everything else* she did:

## **Marcia was a learner.**

She had a bachelor's degree in music history and education from Boston University, a master's degree in feminism and folk music from the Cambridge-Goddard School for Social Change, and a certificate in publishing and communications from Harvard University.

## **Marcia was a musician.**

A songwriter, singer, fiddler and guitarist, Marcia performed in several groups over the years, including the New Harmony Sisterhood Band, formed in the mid-seventies, which released one album, *...And Ain't I a Woman?* Marcia and in the OxyMorons, a four-person group that performed "innovative, exciting a capella" and "demented doo-wop."

She hosted annual "Bizarre Song Parties," in which guests were invited to bring and perform strange songs. Among my personal favorites: "Trauma to the Kitty and Dreams of the Everyday Housecat," "People's Planet," "Chevrolet Chevrolah!" and "The Ants (Are Blowing in the Wind)."

She could also play a three-part round by simultaneously humming, whistling and playing a recorder through her nose. Yes, really. She would do this upon request – it was amazing!

## **Marcia was a writer.**

In addition to writing songs, Marcia wrote in her journal daily since she was 12 and was working on a memoir. She was part of a community-based writers' group.

She also contributed several pieces to *Cognoscenti* that can be

Marcia, continues on next page



**Marcia**, continued from previous page

found here: <http://cognoscenti.wbur.org/2015/03/12/reflections-on-a-good-life-marcia-deihl>, and she was a prolific writer of letters to the editor, to the extent that the *Boston Globe* ran an article after her death entitled “Marcia Deihl, the letter writer.” (<http://www.bostonglobe.com/opinion/2015/03/17/marcia-deihl-letter-writer/fhlpt0b7kRvHjUpSxZHI8K/story.html>)

Deborah Silverstein, a fellow member of the New Harmony Sisterhood Band, wrote of Marcia: “She was an archivist, in her own personal way, archiving our generation and her piece of it. I think she had the mind and the spirit of a historian, and she knew that we’d lived on the front lines of a revolution.”



*Marcia was a member of the New Harmony Sisterhood Band that started in the 1970s. The band sang at her memorial service at Old Cambridge Baptist Church in April.*

**Marcia was an activist.**

At Harvard University, from which she retired in 2012, after working for 30 years (we overlapped there for 25 of these years), she was active in her union, the Harvard University Clerical and Technical Workers. We were both also involved in LGBT activism: the Lavender Lunches, the LBQ Women’s Lunches (and their earlier incarnation as Sisters of Agnes). We were among the founders of the LGBT Faculty and Staff Group and its predecessor, the LBG Issues Network.

In the community, we were among the founders of the Cambridge Lavender Alliance and – of course – BBWN.

Marcia was an active member of Old Cambridge Baptist Church, where she sang in the choir and was active in their racial justice committee. She volunteered for – and donated to – the Theater Offensive, an LGBT theater company in Boston that includes programs for youth. She also donated money to MassEquality and to BBWN.

She showed up.

**Marcia was a friend.**

Marcia knew a lot of people in so many different circles. I was always impressed by her calm acceptance of others and their foibles. She was brilliant and ironic but never mean.

She sometimes called herself “Marsha Mellow-D.” Her niece and nephew called her “Auntie Martian.” She loved that.

She will be missed. I will miss her.



*The Cambridge/Boston biking community placed a memorial bicycle at the site where Marcia Deihl was struck while riding home from the store.*



**On a beautiful spring day**, over a dozen bi women from around the Boston area gathered at Robyn’s home and acknowledged what an amazing community BBWN has fostered for 33 years. We are so thankful for the vision that Marcia and Robyn set forth so many years ago, and for all the hundreds of women who have contributed their time, energy and friendship that have kept this network alive and thriving. Our monthly brunches are a touchstone for many of us to gather strength as bi women and we invite you to join us if you are in the Boston area. Check the calendar on pages 15-16 for details of future brunches and other community activities.

# Where Do Sex Toys Go When They Die?

By Raquel Thrustmor

Every woman needs to have a friend who has a key to her home and knows the secret hiding places of her sex toys, just in case a search and retrieve mission is necessary. At least it's a good idea if you would not like your nearest and dearest running across your rabbit vibrator, your multi-colored dildos, your heated oils, your handcuffs and well...you know. But sometimes you don't want to have to wait until your own demise to get rid of your sex toys. What does a sex-positive woman do when parts of her pleasuring collection need to be taken out of service?

So many questions come to mind: What is a responsible way to dispose of sex toys? Must they be destroyed or can dildos be recycled, repurposed? And what about *all* those batteries? I don't want to be responsible for raising the mercury levels in the Greater Boston area. Is there an eco-friendly way to dispose of batteries? What's a green girl to do?

We all have different levels of privacy in our homes. Single folks have a lot more freedom than, say, a mother living with her children or in-laws. Privacy includes the ability to dispose of sex toys that are past their prime. While we fully endorse people being sex-positive and happy about their sexual playtime, let's face it, most of us really don't want our 12-year-old pulling a dead vibrator out of the kitchen garbage and asking what it is. Two disposal suggestions for the totally embarrassed: 1) wrap it in an unmarked package and deposit it in a dumpster way across town; or 2) if you need more distance between you and it, take it with you on your next driving trip out of town and set it free. Just stay out of Texas – at least that's what Thelma and Louise would say.

If parting with your outdated playthings in an environmentally conscious way is more to your liking, then consider an alternative, like sex toy recycling. The internet has a couple of sites offering to strip your old dildo down to the bare bones, so to speak, and reuse the materials to make new products. I'm thinking the bionic dildo here. "We can rebuild him, we have the technology to make him better, stronger, faster..." Sextoyrecycling.com is one such online resource.

Now, if we are talking batteries – and I burn through mine at a ferocious rate – Think Green From Home ([thinkgreenfromhome.com/batteries](http://thinkgreenfromhome.com/batteries)) provides you with a kit that includes a recycling box to store nine-volt and smaller used alkaline, carbon-zinc, NiCad, and NiMH batteries, plus a pre-paid return shipping label so you just drop it in your nearest mailbox.

Let's say you've got a sentimental attachment to one of your toys and you just can't part with it. By repurposing it, you can hide that baby in plain view. My dildo and harness doubles as a plant hanger and that nice string of butt-beads hangs alongside the mardi gras bead collection on my door-knob. Want to surprise your dinner guests with something Martha Stewart would never think of? Take those cock rings and use them as napkin rings next time you invite your

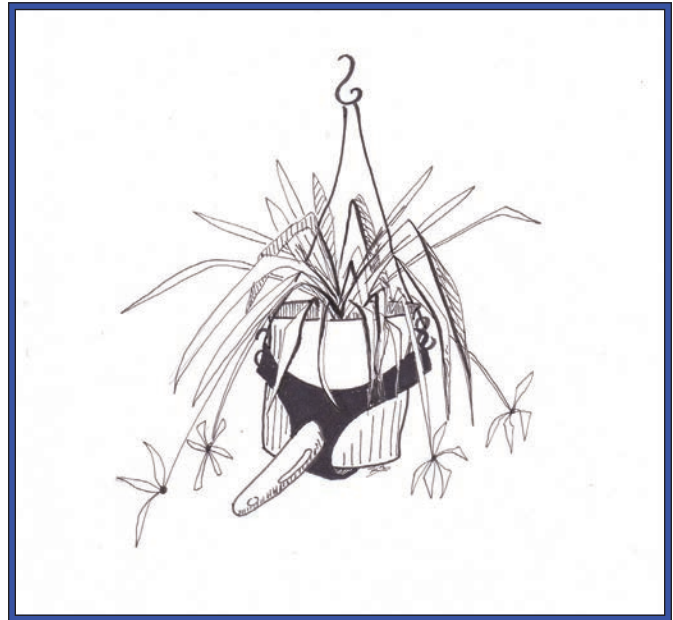


Illustration by Kara Ammon

friends around for dinner. If you are a cat lover, like me, you can tie a small feather to your old rabbit vibrator and turn it into an interactive cat toy. Pussies find it irresistible.

As I said at the beginning, I'm considering giving my friend a map of my home and marking the location of each sex toy so that she can collect them and get out fast. A map for myself might also be handy since I am becoming more forgetful. (I don't want a senior moment to get in the way of an afternoon interlude.) Of course the industrial size pump bottle of lube next to my bed won't be hard to find.

So, women, don't be afraid to let your creative juices flow. With all these green options at our fingertips there is no need to feel guilty for our pleasures.

“I was in my early 20's and nervously, but proudly, bought my first vibrator. I brought it home and was excited to try it out. I ripped open the box, turned it on, and started using it. *It felt great!* After about 10 minutes, I was heating up, getting turned on, and almost ready to come. Then the thrumming of the vibrations fizzled out. The battery had only been partially charged! Talk about anti-climactic . . .

—L.R.



# The Egg and I

By LW

A close friend won a raffle at an event the other night, a gift bag from a sex shop. She explained over the phone to me that most of the gifts were decent, but one was something that she wasn't in a position to enjoy. So I asked her what it was and she paused, longer than she ever had. Her first words were, "Well, it's kind of hard to describe. It's kind of like an egg, (ooo, vibrating egg?) and when you open it up there's this thing inside it and in the middle of that there's this hard thing with some lube." I was thinking, well, can the thing work on a clit, or can you just turn it on and it's an equal opportunity toy? But the next words out of her mouth were, "It's meant for someone with a penis." Now I was really curious. I was thinking a vibrating ring that goes on a penis or...? My thoughts were running away from me and from what she was saying. The gist of it was that she was in no position to receive pleasure from it, so she wanted to give it to someone who could enjoy it. If possible, a woman friend with a penis.



Being gifted with a sex toy is terrific. Mind you, I had always hoped my first store-bought toy would be a dildo or a sparkly pink prostate massager, but an egg that couldn't be described was potentially a thing to enjoy and was certain to be a giggle at the very least. So I let go of wondering what it was 'til she gave it to me, which happened last night when we all went to see a movie that was part of the LGBT film festival. It was a bi film that was kind of hot, about a young woman dumped by her girlfriend, her past and present relationships, and her sexual encounters since. I was still kind of warm the next morning, so it was a good time to consider having an egg for breakfast.

“For my 16th birthday, one of my best friends gave me one of those drug-store variety vibrators (you know, the kind that promises on the packaging that it will be great for massaging those tired . . . shoulders. A few months later, my mother found it in my room. She sat me down and cautioned me in her most neutral and pretending-to-be-comfortable voice that using a vibrator might make it impossible me to later find satisfaction with men. She was wrong.”

I'll admit that when I got home the previous night I googled the egg and found out that it was from Japan. And in my mind, all good things come from Japan: my friend Midori, anime, Rodan, Godzilla, Hondas, Priuses and now, penis eggs. Still unclear on why it wasn't a pussy egg, I found it online and became enlightened. Apparently, the egg was a Tenga Egg, belonging to a category of sex toy called a sleeve, for a person to insert their penis into. In my mind, the whole idea didn't do a thing for me, but I admit I was intrigued; this was a sleeve that closely resembles what it feels like having intercourse with a woman, but without the woman. Now, I'm the kind of woman who would greatly prefer the woman without the intercourse, but I was still intrigued. And as I said, after the previous night's offering I was still a little warm, so I thought that it would be the best time to crack open the egg.

The fact that I'm a vegetarian who hasn't had an egg in 29 years was totally offset by the fact that it is popularly known that mornings are the best time for an erection. I think in part they tell this to boys so they don't feel like freaks when their penises rise up and wander about in the morning on their own. Yep, it was time to rendezvous with a squishy, internally ribbed egg, squishy-filled with water-soluble lube. (I used squishy twice in that sentence but I could've said it three times; that's how squishy it is.)

If I sound lukewarm about the whole set-up, I was, but I was also quite game about it. After a while of thrusting and more thrusting, and then having it climb on top and thrust on top of me (pretend climb and pretend thrust), I knew it wasn't going anywhere. I wasn't enjoying myself. I can take a long time when I'm with myself, and sometimes even then it doesn't go anywhere, egg or no egg. The problem with adding the egg was a complete lack of desire on my part to fuck an egg, as it were. My hand had infinitely more character. The egg; well, it was squishy but without context or a face; there was no breath or sounds to spark my interest. No weight, sighs, deep breaths, or exclamations. No scent, candlelight, coffee, dessert, dinner, or intimate sharing, nothing. It had no zing. It was totally up to me, and it wasn't telling me what it wanted; it was acting just like a squishy lube-filled egg – which it was.

In any case, I will say that sleeves for men don't work for me. What I will say is I like context, context and touch. A person next to me with a scent and their energy, their voice, their breath, their mind and touch. I want sharing and I want hotness. Power shared and reinvested; energy, intimacy. And in toys, something hard and not ghostly white or squishy like a runny egg that stays in place. Perhaps something with batteries and/or something that can fuck me good where my sex wants it or can have it.

As for the egg and I, we won't be seeing each other again. There was no chemistry. Or rather, there was chemistry, but no biology.

## Sex Toys Are Us *By Anonymouse*

My first sex toy was my hairbrush. Too big, too dry, but I tried. My second one was my own hand. Couldn't really reach down enough: short arms. Another girl's hand: ideal, but clumsy as per ignorance but mind-hot with J and me, not quite synchronized between body (we were so ready) and hand (just what to do with it – place it down, but no idea of any adverbs like back and forth). High school: sex fascinating, boys fascinating, and at the end, after endless petting in a VW bug in the woods overlooking the Pacific, a lovely little twinge come. Boyfriend as hand toy.

Did it work with happy Italian college boy? Very pretty but dumb. Dumb as anti-toy. Exeunt older man, older but not better. Worse. Violent. Nothing for me, thank you. Explored the open group marriage (Harry gets Tuesday night, Ted takes out the garbage, Saturday night, swinging). Two out of my three spouses called me a cab to get out of it. Feminists took me in, opening up a chaste cot in their dining room.

Threesome post-divorce, discover the pleasures of acting upon (and not being the acted upon). Idea of sexual liberty: out to see *Women in Love* movie with a shrink who carried a pager and got a call in the middle. Movie interruptus. Overwork-nik just like daddy. Not good with people.

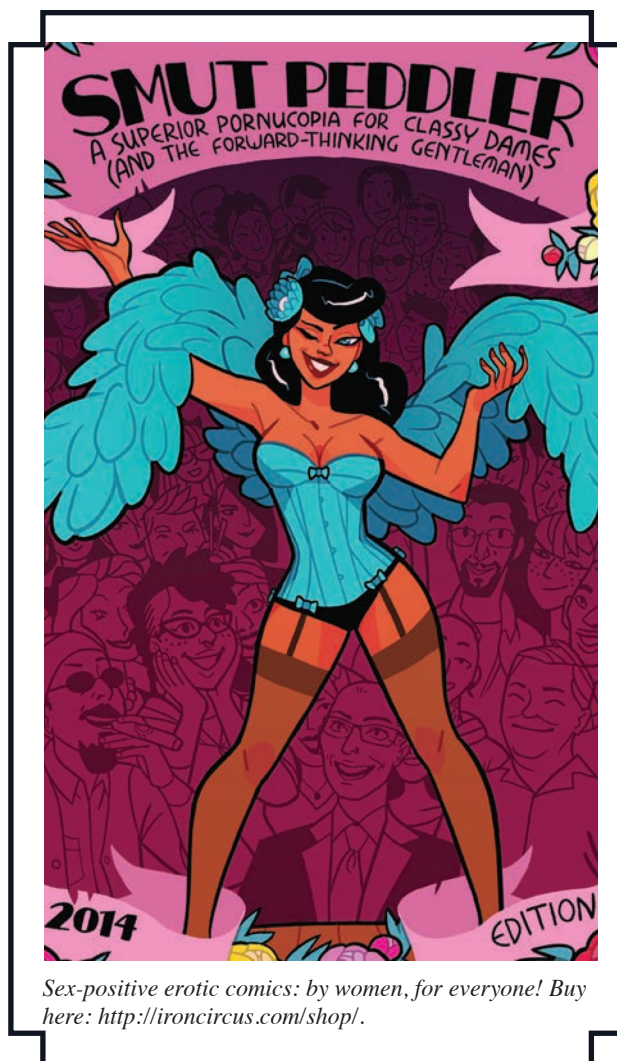
Best pal turned lover but no promises becomes a move-in marriage with sumptuous cooking; erotic equality, and the patience of the man who was bi and boring. I'm into women too and sold my soul to masochistically prove I was a candidate for rejection. The obsessed mind as a sex tool. Multiple orgasms but coming back to earth: nada (nothing) such as love. Definite improvement with highly boring girl: mild S/M – crawling and hands tied with rope – that sort of thing. Possibly a zucchini or two.

Official dyke receptive to the geography of a woman but so falling short of wiring up. My brain froze on “searching” and stayed that way until I got sober and then my real insanity prevailed and a lover with wise hands – or four women, none remotely wife material knew how to give a good time.

By now I knew the requirements: size (a little too big); slick easily applied; a good solid B plus for a lady recalibrating for the end of empty calories. And pop: a boy entered (so to speak), mindful of generosity, so nonthreatening, his nonthreatening was threatening. Also on a strict regime of one metaphor per year. A clutter addict never gonna get serious cause he's still hitched to a schizophrenic and you're hypomanic.

Then I kicked the people habit and went back to my dead idols Woolf and Colette. And Sappho, of course. Beautiful prose so very exotic. And perfect grammar. And talk. Talk me to death, darling.

Cut away from the chaste; I devised the best recipe: one ridged



metal flashlight, one condom over that, switch somehow reaching a direct hit on the G spot, so a crayon bit affixed inside the rubber amplified that bliss, and I was good to go in two ways, success always guaranteed.

Have a roommate. Have no space. Haven't touched my sacred area for so long, but there were men and women I look at and ask: are they witty, are they cute? Yes, one went to Harvard, this girl pink-cheeked with a long blond pigtail; a couple of boys face beautiful but then died or got girlfriends say it ain't so I sit in my therapy group and say I'm open for funny business.

Then a guy turns up, flirts, ever garrulous clutching books I would read, flirted with me twice. It felt so naughty and nice – this talker with giant pretty hands and I know that these and maybe a candle or the one word of erectus and while they're occupied, he could definitely mutter many insane things to me. And if you're out of practice like me, Carnegie Hall chants: practice, practice, practice. And stay away from STDs, AIDS, other communicable misfortunes. The body is sacred. Pleasure belongs to all of us, playing nicely alone or with others. It's a gift of its gODDs and gODDesses. Oh, little flashlight shine on. You're the best.



I'm educating, colleagues, or even my mom. Yet, I am still constantly learning new things and changing/adapting my views and opinions on toys and sex positivity in general. Through my own work teaching sex positivity, I hope to make the subject of sex toys and sexuality less of a taboo.

Within the queer community, particularly as a woman who identifies in the middle sexualities, there are a lot of stereotypes placed on my identity and my sexuality. Bisexuals are often labeled and stereotyped as promiscuous and slutty, and our sexualities are fetishized and often under stricter scrutiny than those of others. It can be difficult to combat these stereotypes while also remaining adamantly sex-positive. It's extremely important to focus on sexual empowerment in the bisexual community and to use sexual liberation as a form of self-care.

I was sound asleep and awoke to the sound of my downstairs neighbors running a power drill—or so I thought. I waited a few minutes for them to stop, then banged on the ceiling. But the noise continued. I banged again. But the noise continued. Turned out that the vibrator stored under my bed had somehow turned itself on. I never did explain to my downstairs neighbors why I was banging on their ceiling.

I use sex toys to promote sex positivity and empowerment within my communities, using them as a form of self-love expression for queer woman. I believe that it is important for everyone, but queer women in particular, to feel empowered to embrace our sexualities, to accept ourselves as whole people and to believe that our sexualities do not exist for the pleasure or prejudice of others.

I have taken quite the journey since buying my first sex toy in Spencer's with my friend to being at a point now of educating friends and peers on the subject of sex toys and of writing for a company that sells toys and promotes feminist, sex-positive exploration of one's own sexuality. It may not be an easy journey for everyone to take, and becoming comfortable with discussing these topics may not be a simple feat, but I whole-heartedly believe that everyone can reach their own sex toy epiphany. As bi women, we can rise above the stereotypes and labels placed on us; we can embrace and love who we are and not be afraid of sharing that with the world.

Here are some resources for finding quality toys and information to help you get started or to expand your toolbox if you're a seasoned sex toy expert.

- **Njoytoys** is a high-quality line of stainless steel toys designed for sexual exploration and pleasure, personal or shared. ([njoytoys.com](http://njoytoys.com))
- **Lelo** is a fairly well-known Swedish sex toy manufacturer with various lines of toys, all designed for intense pleasure. ([lelo.com](http://lelo.com))
- **Picobong** is Lelo's fairly new sister company. Though they have a smaller selection than the Lelo line, Picobong products aim to take a younger, edgier approach to talking about sex toys, including a gender-inclusive toy. ([picobong.com](http://picobong.com))
- **OhMiBod** is a line of toys that you can connect to your mp3 device and will vibrate to the rhythm of the music you are listening to. An interesting and intense experience for music lovers, or anyone looking for something new and different. ([ohmibod.com](http://ohmibod.com))
- **Smitten Kitten** is a blog and sex toy shop that provides information on toys as well as selling a variety of quality, body-safe toys. ([smittenkittenonline.com](http://smittenkittenonline.com))
- **Unbound** is a sex toy subscription service that sends members a box every three months with the latest sex toys, lubes and more. They also include an online magazine with articles discussing various topics, erotica stories and more. ([unboundbox.com](http://unboundbox.com))

*\*All of the toys from the sources provided are body-safe. Body-safe toys are not only safe to be used on/in the body, but they are free of any toxic/dangerous chemicals or non-porous materials (stainless steel, medical grade silicone, glass, etc.) so they are easy to clean and won't absorb and hold bacteria as long as they are cared for properly.*

It is also important to be educated on **toy safety** – to make sure you are using your toys correctly and safely – and to know about **toxic toys**. Dangerous Lilly is a fantastic sex toy review blogger who has done quite a bit of research on toxic toys and has compiled it into one post on her blog ([dangerouslilly.com/toxict toys](http://dangerouslilly.com/toxict toys)). This is just one source on toxic toys, so it is important to do some research before purchasing a toy from many companies, but it's a great place to start.

*Meredith is a 22-year-old queer, poly, bisexual, feminist activist currently residing in Harrisonburg, Virginia. She is a recent graduate of James Madison University where she received her B.S. in social justice. She does work in various fields including reproductive justice, LGBTQIQAP+ issues, mental health advocacy, body and sex positivity, and more.*

**Toy Tip from Shalashaska:** Pay special attention to silicone toys. Never use silicone lubricants with them because the silicone can be warped and ruined by prolonged contact with other silicone products. You don't want to ruin a toy you spent good money on, so keep silicone toys in their own separate bags. **Play safely!**



# No Drama, No Games...for only \$19.99

By Rene

Sex toys – I have said many times over – are one of my favorite wonders of modern science. If you ever get the chance to visit a sex museum you should. I have been to the one in Barcelona and the one in New York City. I hear the best one is in Amsterdam. Seeing antique vibrators and all the odd instruments of pleasure throughout history is fascinating. The concept dates back to some very ancient times.

Why work so hard for one orgasm if, with the help of a bit of electricity, batteries, silicone and the many other space-age materials, we can have so many more? Why not have more intense and larger numbers of orgasms if possible? Quantity is never bad when it comes to orgasms, so I have always encouraged buzzing and penetrating anything that works for you! I must confess not understanding people I have met who never want to try toys, considering themselves purists of some odd variety.

Some modern inventions are worth a try and, as a person that has always loved new technologies, sex toys are at the top of my list.

In the late 70's I started making one of my meeting places for friends or dates in front of The Pink Pussycat Boutique (one of the first sex toy stores) in the West Village of New York. It was seedy and campy and didn't have much that wasn't a ridiculously cheesy, poorly-made, over-priced pile of junk, but it was provocative and dependable as a meeting spot in the days before cell phones. If the weather got nasty you could easily slip in (pun intended) and browse without any hassles until whomever you were meeting showed up.

My first discovery regarding the magic of vibration to the clitoris was some old neck massager I found in my parents' house that resembled a large rolling pin without handles. IT WAS LOUD and STRONG and I had to put a blanket between me and IT or I would have decapitated my poor clitoris! I didn't move out with much when I went off to college but it was the first item I packed.

For some reason, I thought that I could use it in a bed with a roommate only feet away my freshman year of college. She was much too polite to ever say anything but she must have been aghast. I was so horny, I was rude, and I didn't care. That was 1977 and we still exchange Christmas cards this many years later so I guess it wasn't the worst vibrator crime I ever committed.

Some years passed and I discovered a smaller, quieter, gentler version of vibration in the form of my still-favorite style: a small corded vibrator that was sold and marketed as some sort of face/neck massager with many parts. I remember making that big investment in my pleasure...\$30.00! That was when I could live on \$30.00 a week for food. Or, if I went out on a Friday night to the clubs, \$20.00 was more than enough to have a great time with plenty of money left over.

I am sentimental regarding my sex toys because, let's face it, it

is wonderful to have something pleasure you with or without others present, no drama or games, and my favorite... no polite conversation if you're not in the mood. Pleasure and escapism with no complications or danger; except the time I refused to give up my favorite vibrator (yes, the same one I paid a whopping \$30.00 for) and would hold the split in the cord together for a connection to get it to work. I had no knowledge of electrical tape back then. Sparks flying and practically setting my New York apartment and full 80s bush on fire! I was going to ride that puppy until not a murmur or movement could be detected, no matter what the consequences. My orgasm so close and seeing the sparks start to fly and I would just keep going. Yes, a very ridiculously strong libido in my twenties made me do some very dumb things. The terms young and stupid go together quite a bit for sound reasons. There were days I would need to orgasm at least five times just to keep myself calm. I can't imagine how much trouble I would have encountered without it! That was in addition to whomever I was dating and having sex with at the time.

Decades have gone by, but I still find it fun to sex toy shop once in a while to see how things have improved. I go on shopping sprees for new toys every three or four years now and it is still **so** much fun.

I am proud of my current collection of some of the latest and most aesthetically pleasing new toys. I have thrown many toys away but must admit sometimes holding onto one or two because they remind me of a certain time period or a specific person from the past. So much of my life has gone by, I guess I have created my own personal mini sex toy museum now.

I am always impressed, amazed and lured by the new shapes, materials, colors and battery strengths, but I am sentimental about my toys and seem to always revert back to my old love, the face/neck massager with my favorite attachment that is now sold for \$19.99 online. Sometimes she is described as medicinal (a nurse to help heal me), sometimes for deep relaxation, sometimes marketed honestly by using the word pleasure. But it is very comforting to know I'll be able to afford her even when I am very old.

Some women say they will wear purple when they are old. Well, I will ride my trusty steed until death do us part and my clit turns purple.

Masturbation has been both an uncomfortable topic to talk about — while also being a powerful healing technique. It's time to finally embrace it. Masturbation has gotten a bad reputation, mainly because religion and culture tell us it's a sin.

--Alexandra Jamieson, "10 Reasons To Make Masturbation Part of Your Wellness Routine"

# Hank

A Story by Sarah Q. Parr

**Hank** is handy. He's always ready, always willing, always able. He knows exactly what I need and delivers every time.

Hank has been with me for a few years now. He doesn't seem to mind sharing; in fact, he's selfless to a fault.

Hank soothes me when I'm stressed. He brings me up when I'm down and mellows me out when I'm too high. He's good for a quick gallop or a long, gentle trot.

Hank lies right next to my bed. He's eighteen inches long. He plugs into the wall. He has a "massage head" with only two settings: OMG and DEAR GOD YES HANK!

Hank is my trusty tried and true Hitachi Magic Wand.

One quick story about Hank.

I went on a business trip with Hank a year ago. Winding down with him at the end of each busy day of the conference was

wonderful. On the third or fourth night, my (living, breathing) partner and I were on the phone.

"I brought Hank with me," I said.

"I noticed he was gone from your bedside table," my partner said. "How is he?"

"Oh, he's doing very well."

"Tell him I said hello."

"You can tell him yourself," I said, turning Hank on so his rumbles could be heard through the phone. "He's right here."

"Oh!" said my partner. "Hello there, Hank."

My partner and I were on the phone quite a bit longer that night. And Hank joined in for the fun. He seemed happy to be there.

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## My Mom and My Sex Toys

By Nyla Palm

When I was 16, I went on a camping trip with my best friend. Just as we were about to leave, I realized that I forgot my underwear. Luckily, I have the kind of mother that would deliver me a bunch of g-strings.

Shortly after the camping trip, my mother and I went to the Registry of Motor Vehicles to get my learner's permit. While waiting on the wooden bench in a room reeking of urine, surrounded by many other miserable people, my mother bluntly spat out, "So, I found your vibrator."

Stunned, I asked her to repeat herself. It turns out, I had forgotten about my super-secret vibrator hidden in my underwear drawer when I'd asked for her help. My face flushed as my mind raced to come up with some excuse as to why I had this *dangerous* device in my possession.

I ended up blaming the toy on *that friend that no parent really likes* in your teen years. I said my friend bought it as a joke and I had never used it. This satisfied my mother – even though she probably knew I was lying – and we restored our mother/daughter dynamic. I threw away the vibrator and tried to pretend I did not miss it.

During my freshman year in college, an RA from my dorm floor decided to throw a sex toy party. Being pretty inexperienced with sex, I was intrigued. I ordered my first big-girl sex toy . . . a rabbit vibrator. I was excited and terrified all at the same time. I tracked my sexy package diligently and picked up my delivery in the mailroom right after I received the email.

My college was a dry campus and the freshmen were under close watch so we had 24-hour security guards who checked our bags every time we entered the residence hall. An especially grumpy security officer was on duty when I came through with my vibrating package. He asked what was inside the package and I blushed. I stammered through some words and said that it was personal. He grew suspi-

Nyla, continues on page 16





# Bad Vibrations

By Jennifer Bonardi

In 2002, I was a Luddite but I had a good – well, distinct – excuse. I had just moved to DC from San Francisco, which had been busting hard after a tech boom. The boom split the city into two parts: the start-uppers and the beatniks, the haves and the have-nots, the techies and what would eventually be known as the hipsters. Since I had a career in non-profit activist work, my allegiance was decided for me. As such, I didn't have a cell phone and didn't want one. I didn't want to be one of Them. I also didn't want anyone to be able to get ahold of me at any given moment. Of course, I was as predictable as a Roman army so if you knew me at all, you could guess with roughly 92% accuracy which café I was frequenting at the moment, sucking down mochas and making infinite to-do lists. But that wasn't the point.

DC was different. No one cared about the dot-com bust but absolutely all were fascinated with whatever wonky, pedantic facet of federal policy had cropped up in the last five minutes. In DC, everyone walked fast, wore a button-down shirt, and bragged about their brief, meaningless exchange with a Congresswoman rumored to become the next vice chair of the House Committee on Energy and Commerce. In San Francisco, the millionaires stumbled out of their houses in trucker hats and dirty t-shirts that reeked of weed.

I had to hang on to who I was. I had just gotten a job with a non-profit that allowed me to work out of my studio apartment, so that solved the problem of wearing a button-down shirt. Or pants, for that matter. I purchased a beeper for which only my boss had the number; then she could page me when I was tying up the phone with my NetZero dial-up internet. The rest of my identity of dishevelment was assured through my meager paycheck and a cable plan that lacked CSPAN.

As I set out to work on that third day of employment, I heard a buzz. What could that be? It sounded again, urgently. "BZZZZT." I began to search around my 384 sq. ft. apartment. The plaintive, intermittent buzzing continued, as did our modified game of Marco Polo. "BZZZZT." What *is* that? It didn't seem to be my alarm clock or any of my appliances.

The image of my blue vibrator flashed in my head. I rifled through the boxes under the bed and brought it into the light. I had bought it at Good Vibrations in San Francisco along with a doorstopper tome of pin-up photos. Vibrators never really did it for me – I always preferred my hand, which was more convenient anyway – but I figured I'd buy a good one and give it another shot.

Failing to impress me, it made the long road trip to our nation's capital only to be shoved under the bed indefinitely.

But now...it was exacting its revenge. I stared at the blue phallus in horror. *I'm afraid. I'm very afraid.*

Was this thing just buzzing away on its own? *The buzzing is coming from inside the house.*

Is it mad because I chose my hand instead of it? *The vibrator is possessed!*

I hurriedly removed the batteries and threw them away. I threw out the vibrator as well, shoving it deep into the trash barrel – a different barrel than the one with the batteries.

I learned a lesson that day. All technology had ever wanted to do was please me but I eschewed it for some sort of imagined allegiance. It had finally had enough of my neglect.

I never did get another vibrator...but I did finally shut off the beeper that I had put on vibrate, angrily buzzing under my pillow. I turned off NetZero and picked up my landline to call my boss as I wrote myself a note to buy a cell phone that weekend.

## Show me what you want: a trip to Good Vibrations

By Lani Ka'ahumanu, 1989

She went right for the dildos,  
I stopped at the card section, knowing that someone I knew  
would walk through the door at any moment.  
She asked many questions,  
I acted cool and casual testing massage lotions,  
She went into the dressing room to try on a harness,  
I moved as far away as I could to the book section,  
She came out with a big smile on her face and said,  
"Come here and show me what you want!"  
I thought I was going to die...

By the time we got home I was very excited.  
I ran to the bedroom and tore open the bag,  
spilling the contents onto our bed.  
She checked the answering machine and put water on for tea.  
I loved it – dildo, harness, lube, gloves, plastic wrap, and condoms!  
We were ready for anything and everything.  
As I lit the candles and got undressed I began to wonder  
what she was doing. I found her in the kitchen,  
and told her to come to the bedroom.  
I was ready to show her what I wanted.  
I thought she was going to die...

# Traveling with Your Toys By Anonymous Traveler

Are you ready to turn down the volume on your stress, and turn up the volume on pleasure in your life? So you know self-pleasure is good for you, whether you are with yourself, or with a partner. What about if you want to take your pleasure on the road? How can you confidently travel with the toys you have chosen? For those looking to avoid embarrassment, here are some suggestions for travelers.

The simplest way to avoid mishaps in the security line is to pack items you want to keep private in your checked luggage, though there's no guarantee that "your companion" won't disappear from your suitcase. If you pack it in your carry-on, baggage screeners may stop you to confirm what it is. Travel light and, if you have to use a carry-on, make sure to pack small equipment. Also remember, the three-ounce liquids rule also applies to lubricants.

## Travel Tips for Toy Transit

Remove the batteries to prevent a sex toy from accidentally turning on during transit. Place your batteries in a plastic bag and store them separately. If you're traveling with a rechargeable vibrating toy, or one with a battery that can't be removed, check if it has a lock feature. This will pre-



vent it from turning on, even if its buttons are accidentally pressed.

Rather than let a sex toy roam freely in your carry-on or luggage, pack it in a carrying case or plastic bag and place it between layers of clothing. And, if your bag does get searched, you don't want a customs officer handling your toys, so pack them in clear plastic bags.

If an airport security agent asks you what's in your bag or has you explain an item on the x-ray display; tell it to them straight. This will save you being pulled aside for further questioning and perhaps avoid them having to go through your bag. NSA screeners handle thousands of articles every day; your sex toy won't even qualify as break room gossip.

Sex toys aren't accepted in every country. Some countries and regions have bans on your little buzzing buddy, like India, the United Arab Emirates and Saudi Arabia — even some American states. Google it before you risk having it confiscated on your travels.

Traveling with your toys should be fuss-free, and when you reach your final destination, they can help you feel relaxed and comforted in a new place. Happy travels!

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## Leia's Sex Toy Advice

The first sex toy I ever owned was given to me on my 16th birthday. It had started off as a joke between friends but I was excited to receive it. The friend in question wrote a cute set of instructions and drew some art alongside it. The toy in question was a teeny, pink vibrator that was described as 'discrete.' I hid it behind the electric fireplace in my room and hoped that nobody would find it. I was initially ashamed of talking about what I did with it when my friends asked so I said, "I use it for my cramps..." I just wasn't comfortable talking about it. That sparked laughter and the continuous dismissal of what I had to say on the topic. I probably should have told them the truth because they were curious but an awkward, inexperienced 16-year-old had to deflect.

Years and many sex toys later, I've drawn up a list of some tips for finding and safely using your favorite toys.

Start off with something you feel comfortable with. Buying

a 20-inch glass dildo will probably scare you, with good reason, if it is your 'first time' buying a toy. Something small and something you can operate will do the job.

It's better not to buy something you don't want to explain. If you have parents who may stumble across it or you don't want to face the horrors of explaining what 'that thing' is to a bewildered roommate, perhaps you should buy something more low-key. If you don't really care what other people think, buy whatever you want. Why should you be ashamed of your sexuality as a human being?

Read instructions carefully. Some toys may not be suitable for certain purposes. Don't stick anything inside any orifices or under water without checking the instructions. Play safely!

Keep your toys clean, otherwise it can lead to infection or irritation and that won't be pleasant. Again: read the instructions for each toy. With battery-operated toys, it is best to wipe clean with a damp cloth and a very small

*Leia, continued on page 14*



# News Briefs

By Robyn Ochs



The finalists for this year's **Bisexual Book Awards** and **Lambda Literary Awards** were announced in April. By the time you read this, you can find the winners at [biwriters.org](http://biwriters.org) and [lambdaliterary.org](http://lambdaliterary.org), respectively.

**LAMBDA LITERARY AWARDS FINALISTS: Bisexual Nonfiction:** *Fire Shut Up In My Bones*, Charles M. Blow; *Not My Father's Son*, Alan Cumming; *Recognize: The Voices of Bisexual Men*, Robyn Ochs (YES, ME!) & H. Sharif Williams, editors. **Bisexual Fiction:** *Best Bi Short Stories: Bisexual Fiction*, Sheela Lambert, ed.; *Extraordinary Adventures of Mullah Nasruddin*, Ron J. Suresha; *Finder of Lost Objects*, Susie Hara; *Give It to Me*, Ana Castillo; *She of the Mountains*, Vivek Shraya.

**BISEXUAL BOOK AWARD FINALISTS:** Fifty-one books are listed as finalists so we can't list them all, but here are tops in fiction and non-fiction.

**FICTION:** *Best Bi Short Stories*, Sheela Lambert; *Frog Music*, Emma Donoghue; *In Case of Emergency*, Courtney Moreno; *The Paying Guests*, Sarah Waters; *She of the Mountains*, Vivek Shraya.

**NON-FICTION:** *A Cup of Water Under My Bed: A Memoir*, Daisy Hernández; *Fire Shut Up in My Bones*, Charles M. Blow; *Queerly Beloved: A Love Story Across Gender*, Jacob and Diane Anderson-Minshall; *Recognize: The Voices of Bisexual Men*, Robyn Ochs (YES, ME!) & H. Sharif Williams, editors (YES, AGAIN!); *The Tastemaker*, Carl Van Vechten; *The Birth of Modern America*, Edward White; *Valerie Solanas: The Defiant Life of the Woman Who Wrote SCUM (and Shot Andy Warhol)*, Breanne Fahs.

Other categories include: Romance, Erotic Fiction/Erotica, Speculative Fiction, Memoir/Biography, Teen/Young Adult Fiction, Mystery, Poetry, Anthology, Book Publisher of the Year and Writer of the Year. Find the full list at <http://www.biwriters.org/bi-book-awards-finalists>.

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**Lani Ka'ahumanu and Loraine Hutchins, editors of *Bi Any Other Name: Bisexuals Speak Out*** are pleased to announce the release on May 28<sup>th</sup> of a new edition of this 1991 anthology with a new cover and updated introduction. This powerful anthology has sold over 50,000 copies, was listed on Lambda Book Review's Top 100 LGBT Books of the 20th Century and was published in 2007 in Mandarin.



**On CW's *The 100***, lead character Clarke Griffen, played by Eliza Taylor, kissed another woman. The Internet went atwitter, with fans wondering what that signified. Screenwriter Jason Rothenberg answered fans' questions over Twitter, writing, "In *The 100* they don't label themselves. If Clarke's attracted to someone, gender isn't a factor. Some things improve post-apocalypse."

A heads-up for *X-Files* fans: **Gillian Anderson** will be co-starring with David Duchovny in a six-episode reprise of this show. Anderson, who has long identified as bisexual, told *The Telegraph* (3/24/15) that she has been single for some time and is open to dating. When asked whether she would be open to a relationship with a woman, Anderson replied, "I wouldn't discount it. I did it before and I'm not closed to that idea. To me a relationship is about loving another human being; their gender is irrelevant."



In other celebrity news, Australian actress **Cate Blanchett** revealed in an interview that she had several relationships with women in the past. Now married to a man, Blanchett did not use the b-word to describe herself but we love that she answered honestly and forthrightly. Blanchett is portraying a queer woman in the film adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's novel, *The Price of Salt*. Blanchett plays Carol, which is the name of the film version. Many have described it as a lesbian novel or film, but some of us looking at it from a bi lens might take a more fluid approach. Hmm, sounds familiar.

**Julia Canfield**, president of the Bisexual Resource Center, recently received the Award for Student Excellence in Public Health Practice at Boston University. Julia interned with the BRC for two years during her graduate studies and piloted the Bisexual Health Awareness Month in 2014 as her practicum.

**Woody Glenn**, one of the co-founders of the Bisexual Resource Center, and **Ellyn Ruthstrom**, president of the BRC from 2004-2014, were elected Pride Marshals for Boston's 45th Pride Parade on Saturday, June 13th. This is the first time an out bi leader in the Boston community has been chosen for this honor. As part of the BRC Pride contingent, the group will be carrying a 45-foot bi pride flag behind Woody and Ellyn. For more information about how you can participate, check BRC's Facebook page for updates.



# Ask Tiggy

Dear Tiggy,

I am 16 years old and I recently came out to my family as bisexual. My parents said they were supportive but their behavior towards me has totally changed since then. My father – who, by the way, hasn't really been very tolerant towards gays – can't seem to look me in the eye anymore and acts like I just want attention. My mother treats me like I'm made of glass that breaks when you even touch it. She gets oversensitive and treats me like I'm confused. My older sister makes fun of me all the time. What should I do?

-Krissy



Dear Krissy,

I'm very sorry that your family is handling your coming out in such a ham-fisted manner. My guess is that they're making your bisexuality all about themselves: your father is uncomfortable with the concept of queerness and

now is grappling with the dissonance that someone he loves is something he, for whatever reason, considers odious. Your sister is likely uncomfortable with her own sexuality (although not necessarily her orientation). And while your mother means well, it sounds like she thinks she did something to make you bisexual but you'll get past it as long as she doesn't make any more mistakes.

The good news is that if your parents said they were supportive, then they mean well. They just don't know how to conduct themselves in this new reality other than to pour the whole thing through their own filters, crusty with outdated assumptions. Suggest that they read the Bisexual Resource Center's "For Parents" online essay ([biyouth.org](http://biyouth.org)) so they know they're not alone as parents of a bi kid. You might also let them know where and when the local PFLAG (<https://community.pflag.org>) chapter meets.

Get a minute alone with your dad and thank him for being supportive when you came out. Add that you just want him to know that you're the same person you've always been. With your mom, thank her as well and tell her that anything she did or didn't do in raising you had zero effect on your being bisexual. Mention that what would be especially helpful right now is if she told your sister to give you a break. And if you interact with your sister before your mother gets to her, there's not much more you can do than quietly but firmly tell her to grow up.

I hope you have the support of friends and a bi-friendly community to lean on, Krissy. It will take your family a while to emotionally gather themselves, but I bet they'll eventually come around.

- Tiggy

*Are you a bi lady in need of some good advice? Write to Tiggy Upland at [tiggyupland@gmail.com](mailto:tiggyupland@gmail.com). This advice column is for entertainment purposes only. The columnist reserves the right to edit the letters for any reason. Find more Ask Tiggy on [www.tiggyupland.com](http://www.tiggyupland.com).*

Leia, continued from page 12

amount of soap. Otherwise, it is best to use steam or warm water. Rubber, jelly or anything that feels like skin should be washed more thoroughly because bacteria develop a lot more easily on these materials. Dry all toys and store them away in clean, dry places so bacteria can't multiply.

If you are sharing toys, use barrier methods. Condoms or latex materials, such as dental dams, are necessary to prevent passing along STDs.

It is best to use your toys at the right time. If you only have five minutes to spare because you've got to travel across town for a job interview or you need to pick up your sister from school, it may be best to wait. You want to really enjoy the time you've got with your toy so find a relaxing, distraction-free period to do so.

Don't set the goal of having an orgasm, especially the first time. You want to relax and not get worked up about reaching some holy, celestial state. With practice, you'll find out what you like

and what works for you or a partner. Have a shower, use some essential oils or massage your body – whatever helps you to relax.

Have fun with your toys. This may seem like an obvious one, but you shouldn't be ashamed of them, as you are accepting a simple part of you: your sex drive. As long as you are exploring your body safely and the way you want to, there's nothing wrong with it. You don't have to scream out to the world that you own 25 zebra-print dildos, but you should feel like you have the right to own them!

*We are so excited to announce that Melissa Monier will be interning with BBWN this summer. Stay tuned for great changes coming to the Bi Women Quarterly due to her work!*



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## The "Bi Office"

is the Bisexual Resource Center, located at 29 Stanhope Street in Boston, behind Club Cafe. Call 617-424-9595.

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### Ongoing Events

**Come to our monthly bi brunch! All women are welcome! See calendar for dates.**

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#### 2nd Mondays:

**Bisexual Resource Center Board Meeting.** 7-9pm at the Bi Office. All are welcome.

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#### 2nd Mondays:

**Straight Marriage, Still Questioning.** 7pm. Info: [kate.e.flynn@gmail.com](mailto:kate.e.flynn@gmail.com).

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#### 1st Wednesdays:

**BLiSS: Bisexual Social & Support Group.** 7pm. All genders welcome. Info: [bliss@biresource.net](mailto:bliss@biresource.net)

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#### 2nd Thursdays:

**Younger Bi Group.** 7pm. For bi folks 20-29. Info: [kate@youngblissboston@gmail.com](mailto:kate@youngblissboston@gmail.com).

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#### 3rd Saturdays:

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

#### **Metro-Boston women:**

Keep up with local events. Sign up for our email list! Send an email to: [biwomenboston-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:biwomenboston-subscribe@yahoogroups.com).



# CALENDAR

## June

**3 (Wednesday) 7-9 pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** All bi and bi-friendly people of all genders and orientations welcome to attend. Meetings are peer-facilitated discussion groups, sometimes with a pre-selected topic or presenter. Meets 1<sup>st</sup> Wednesdays. Info/RSVP: [bliss@biresource.net](mailto:bliss@biresource.net).

**5 (Friday) 6:30-8:30pm, Bi Women of Color (BIWOC) Coffee and Chat.** A safe and supportive space for bi women of color to discuss a variety of topics, meeting at Dado Tea in Harvard Square. Meets 1<sup>st</sup> Fridays. To RSVP/for info, email Gwen at [biwocinfo@gmail.com](mailto:biwocinfo@gmail.com). For online discussions please visit <https://www.facebook.com/groups/BostonBIWOC/>.

**6 (Saturday), noon-3 pm, Combo Potluck Brunch – Bi Women Quarterly Mailing (a "Stuff & Stuff") at Robyn's in Jamaica Plain.** Please bring a potluck dish to share. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the area! Info/ to RSVP: [robyn@robynocho.com](mailto:robyn@robynocho.com).

**7 (Sunday) 7:30am, AIDS Walk Boston.** The 6.2-mile AIDS Walk starts at the Hatch Shell in Boston's Back Bay. The Walk is sponsored by AIDS Action Committee and raises money and awareness for essential HIV prevention, advocacy and services. Info: [www.aac.org](http://www.aac.org).

**8 (Monday) 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. Meets 2<sup>nd</sup> Mondays. Info/RSVP: [kate.e.flynn@gmail.com](mailto:kate.e.flynn@gmail.com).

**11 (Thursday) 7-9pm, Young Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** If you are in your 20s or mid-30s (or thereabouts) and identify somewhere along the lines of bisexual/omni/pan/fluid (or are questioning in that direction), please join

us on the second Thursdays for a few hours of laughter, discussion, activities, and/or the eating and drinking of delicious things! Activities and locations will vary, so please contact Kate at [youngblissboston@gmail.com](mailto:youngblissboston@gmail.com) for info/to RSVP.

**11 (Thursday) 7pm-2am, Pride Queer-oke.** Kick off the big Pride weekend with karaoke and dancing at the Midway in JP. \$10 cover is a donation to Boston Pride.

**12 (Friday) 7 pm, Boston's Dyke March.** Gather at the Boston Common Gazebo for a night of frolicking and marching with the queerest women in town.

**13 (Saturday) Pride Day in Boston.** The theme this year is #wickedproud, and the bi community is wicked proud to have two of its own leaders, Ellyn Ruthstrom and Woody Glenn, as parade marshalls! Get your bi pride on and march with the Bisexual Resource Center's contingent for its 30<sup>th</sup> Birthday! Info posted on [www.biresource.net](http://www.biresource.net) and the BRC Facebook page the day before.

**14 (Sunday) 2 pm-8 pm, Pride Block Party: JP Edition.** Keep on dancing at the hottest women's block party the day after Pride. Info: <http://www.bostonpride.org/jp/>.

**20 (Saturday) 11:30 am, Bi Brunch.** This mixed gender bi group brunches at Johnny D's on Holland St. in Davis Sq., Somerville across from the Davis stop on the Red Line. Meets 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturdays.

**20 (Saturday) North Shore Pride.** Salem Common is the site for this pride festival for north of Boston LGBTQ community. Noon march through the city followed by booths, food and entertainment on the Common. Info: [www.northshorepride.org](http://www.northshorepride.org).

**20 (Saturday) Rhode Island Pride.** Rhode Island has the unique distinction of having their parade at night, after a day-long festival along the river in Providence. Info: [www.prideri.com](http://www.prideri.com).

**Calendar,** *continues on next page*

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## Calendar, *continued from previous page*

**25 (Thursday) 6:30-8pm, Young BLiSS Bi-Weekly, Discussion Edition.** This meeting is more discussion-based than the 2<sup>nd</sup> Thursday Young BLiSS, so come prepared for some excellent relevant conversation! Meets at the Prudential Mall Food Court, near Copley on 4th Thursdays. Info/RSVP: contact Gabby at [gmblonder@gmail.com](mailto:gmblonder@gmail.com).

## July

**1 (Wednesday) 7-9 pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** (See June 3<sup>rd</sup>.)

**3 (Friday) 6:30-8:30pm, Bi Women of Color (BIWOC) Coffee and Chat.** (See June 5<sup>th</sup>.)

**9 (Thursday) 7-9pm, Young Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** (See June 11<sup>th</sup>.)

**13 (Monday) 7pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning.** (See June 8<sup>th</sup>.)

**18 (Saturday) 11:30am, Saturday Bi Brunch.** (See June 20<sup>th</sup>.)

**19 (Sunday) noon-3 pm, Potluck Brunch at Kate's in Somerville.** Please bring a potluck dish to share. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the area! Info/to RSVP: [thewriterkate@gmail.com](mailto:thewriterkate@gmail.com).

**23 (Thursday) 6:30-8pm, Young BLiSS Bi-Weekly, Discussion Edition.** (See June 25<sup>th</sup>.)

## August

**5 (Wednesday) 7-9 pm, Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** (See June 3<sup>rd</sup>.)

**7 (Friday) 6-8pm, Bi Women of Color (BIWOC) Coffee and Chat.** (See June 5<sup>th</sup>.)

**10 (Monday) 7pm, Straight Marriage, Still Questioning.** (See June 8<sup>th</sup>.)

**13 (Thursday) 7-9pm, Young Bisexual Social and Support Group (BLiSS).** (See June 11<sup>th</sup>.)

**16-22, 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! Info: [www.ptown.org/Carnival](http://www.ptown.org/Carnival).

**15 (Saturday) 11:30 am, Saturday Bi Brunch.** (See June 20<sup>th</sup>.)

**16 (Sunday) 12pm, BBWN Potluck Brunch at Frances's in Roslindale.** Bring a potluck dish to share. A great opportunity to meet other bi and bi-friendly women in the Boston area! Info/RSVP to [frances@gardenofwords.com](mailto:frances@gardenofwords.com).

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*Nyla, continued from page 10*

cious of my behavior and questioned me further. After much stressful defense of my privacy, I was let through.

I found the whole experience incredibly embarrassing, but it was all worth it. I had my rabbit and I was a happy frosh girl! Life was good until it came time to move home for winter break. My mother was coming and I panicked after my underwear drawer fiasco and threw my beautiful rabbit down the garbage shoot.

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*Nyla is a 24-year-old, newly-out bisexual woman, who is currently living in the Boston area. She is studying for her CPA exams and works in the finance field.*

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**BIWOC Tip:** If you use Pinterest, check out Bisexual Women of Color's (BiWOC) Pinterest board "Bisexual Sex Positivity." It has some steamy tips on sexual positions, sexual intimacy, sex toys and, of course, sexual health! Find it at <http://bit.ly.BIWOCsexpos>.

“One work day when I did not expect my uncle to be home, I let myself into his apartment to play videogames. He hadn't heard the door and when I popped my head into the kitchen to say hello I frightened him. He was in the middle of washing a sex toy in the kitchen sink! He turned around and screamed, thinking I was a burglar, and almost threw the toy at me before he realized who I was. Seeing a man in his late twenties screaming with a wet sex toy in his hand was a very strange experience for me.

--Shalashaska

Stay connected to BBWN by visiting [www.biwomenboston.org](http://www.biwomenboston.org) and by joining the BiWomenBoston Yahoo group.