

A Non-American Perspective on Roe v. Wade

By Laura Henares Vinaches

I remember when I first started to read about the overturning of *Roe v. Wade*. It seemed something very distant from my reality and my country (I live in Spain) and I recognize I didn't care so much. Besides, taking away the right to have a safe and desired abortion in a supposedly "advanced" country like the USA seemed something out of a movie for me, something unbelievable and exaggerated. As days passed by, however, I realized it was something bigger than I thought. Cisgender women and LGBTQ+ people kept claiming the dangers of overturning *Roe v. Wade* in regards to bodily autonomy, freedom, and health choices. Finally, it happened and the unthinkable started to become a reality: *Roe v. Wade* was overturned and abortion bans were spreading across the USA. An established right was removed from part of American society.

At first, I couldn't believe it. How was one of the most self-proclaimed free countries in the world letting this happen? How was Christian conservative ideology limiting the bodily autonomy of thousands of people in the USA in such a flagrant way? On one hand, I felt alarmed and agitated by the news, but on the other hand I felt relieved and safe since this wasn't happening in Spain. However, a little voice in my head started to ask some questions: Was I really safe here? Did I really have full body autonomy in Spain? Was the erasure of abortion or reproductive rights something so distant from my reality? Did ALL women here really have the same reproductive rights? Was Spain, supposedly one of the most LGBTQ-friendly countries in the world, really that much more egalitarian?

If I look over the past decades in Spain, there is something I can't deny: as a bisexual cisgender woman with a transmasculine partner, I didn't have the same rights as cisgender heterosexual women regarding reproductive care. Until November 2021, only cisheterosexual couples with demonstrable health problems with conceiving could access Assisted Reproductive Technology (ART) via the public health system. The law explicitly stated that only women who couldn't conceive naturally due to fertility-related disorders, who had a high risk of sexually transmitting a disease, or who has spent a year of trying to conceive unsuccessfully by sexual intercourse with PIV penetration (yes, the law explicitly stated the PIV penetration part) could be eligible to access ART by the public health system. Before November 2021, single women and couples formed by two people with

whose gaze ?

By ténìolá funmi



ténìolá funmi is a multidisciplinary artist based in Brooklyn, NY. On a cultural mission to make art with material impact, they approach creativity from a lens of feeling and healing.

uteruses (like mine) didn't have free access to reproductive care and had to spend a great amount of money in private clinics or adoption services if they wanted to have children. My brother and my sister-in-law could have had a baby with the help of the State if they weren't able to conceive, but my partner and I would have been excluded from the public health system only for being LGBTQ+. Finally, at the end of 2021 everything changed. A new law was passed by the PSOE government, thus

Laura, continued on p. 22

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Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

This is the second of two issues on “Bodily Autonomy, Privacy, & Feminism.” We received so much excellent content that we just had to create more space for this theme. Writers were asked, “With the repeal of *Roe v. Wade*, and the devastating loss of constitutional rights to bodily autonomy and privacy, we invite you to share your reflections both specifically and tangentially connected to this event. What has *Roe v. Wade* meant to you? What are your thoughts as an international observer? And what role does feminism play in your life as a bi+ person? Share your anger, sadness, hope for the future, or anything else coming up for you.”

What a wealth of responses! Writers in this issue hail from Argentina, Australia, Canada, England, Germany, Serbia, Spain, Wales, and—in our “Around the World” feature—Sweden.

On a separate note, we are very excited about our current BWQ team, which includes two new interns. You can read about them on page 5.

We are in our 41st year of publication! If you are interested in sending us a birthday gift which would—in large part—go toward paying our interns, please do so at BiWomenQuarterly.com/donate.

If you'd like to help copy edit and proofread future issues, or if you'd like to help us out in any other way, please reach out to us.

We hope you enjoy this issue as much as we do.

~Robyn

**Jordyn, Grace, & Maggie
read BWQ. Send a picture
of yourself reading BWQ to
biwomeneditor@gmail.com.
Be creative!**



Upcoming in *Bi Women Quarterly* Call for submissions

Summer 2023: Bi+ History

What do you know about the history of the bi movement, as distinct from the LGBTQ+ movement? What are the significant historic achievements that we should remember? What about your own bi history? Share the first bi pride activity you participated in, or a significant bi person in history whose life you've admired. Interview a bi elder. Reviews books or other media that reflect bi lives through the years. Plus, share your photos, artwork, or poetry that capture those important bi moments in your or our community history. Submit by **May 1, 2023**.

Fall 2023: Bi+ Joy

What experiences make you feel euphoric and affirmed in your bi+ identity? How has community belonging (or the struggle to find belonging) influenced your journey? How does your bi+ joy intersect with your other identities? Review books, shows, and other media that have wooed you. Share your poetry, essays, artwork, and other sparks of bi+ joy. Submit by **August 1, 2023**.

Submission guidelines are online at biwomenquarterly.com. Send your submissions and suggestions for future themes to biwomeneditor@gmail.com.

Note: You are welcome to use a pseudonym, if you prefer.

We are an all-volunteer organization (though we do pay our interns!). Want to proofread, edit submissions, host one of our monthly brunches, help us with social media, fundraising, our Etsy shop (BiProducts.Etsy.com), or our website? If you're a student, consider an internship. If you'd like to help out, please send an email to Robyn at biwomeneditor@gmail.com.

Bi Women Quarterly has been in continuous publication since 1983. It began as a project of the Boston Bisexual Women's Network (BBWN), a feminist, not-for-profit collective organization whose purpose is to bring women and nonbinary folks together for support and validation. Through the production of *Bi Women Quarterly* and related activities, we seek full acceptance for bisexuals and those with other nonbinary sexualities. More broadly, we work through an intersectional lens and seek the liberation of people of all genders, sexual orientations, abilities, nationalities, and racial and ethnic identities.

Around the World:

An interview with Žana Dončić, Malmö, Sweden

By Robyn Ochs

I met Žana in July 2022, when I was invited to speak in Malmö during Pride Week. She was an amazing host. She's also an amazing organizer.

R: Please tell us about yourself. How did you end up in Malmö?

Z: I was born in Yugoslavia, in what is now Bosnia. I came to Sweden in 1986 as a 10-year-old and that summer was one of loneliness. I missed everything—my dad, my grandmother, the smells, the food, the language, the culture. The Swedish children weren't especially nice, and I felt isolated. But then I started school to learn Swedish. I was in a class with children who also had come from other countries, and that was a great relief. I met children from all over the world: from Iceland, from Iran, from Kenya. This exposure broadened my mind, and together we could share our impression of how strange Sweden was and how apart from it we felt. We could recognize ourselves in each other. It was a relief, and I made good friends there. Later, when I had the possibility to do so, I moved to Malmö because Malmö is a much more vibrant and pluralistic city. Lund is a very nice town with a great university, but it's also very white and middle class while Malmö is much more diverse, and I feel much more at home here.

R: How did you come to your identity?

Z: Since I was young, I knew I was interested in women. It never felt difficult or strange, or like something I needed to think a lot about or work through. I always had a greater interest in women, romantically and sexually. I started out as a clear lesbian and, much later, something changed inside me. I found a greater freedom within myself, which also affected my sexuality, and I recognized that I could also be attracted to men.

R: What kind of responses have you gotten from other people—particularly lesbians?

Z: (laughs) I'd been a lesbian for a long time, so I have a lot of cred within that community! There haven't been any strange reactions. I'm surrounded by intelligent and accepting people who understand that growth and change are an essential part of a life well lived.

R: Do you identify publicly with a sexual orientation identity label?

Z: I work for an LGBTQI+ organization, and I have always been a part of the community, but I've always been uncomfortable with putting labels on myself because I don't feel that a word can really capture the whole experience of loving another human being or being a human being. I've been living openly as a lesbian for my whole life and I now identify as a bi person.

I feels like an integrated part of myself and I don't feel a strong need to put labels on myself. Some people attract me; others do not. It's not so much about their gender; it's about who they are. Does that make sense to you?

R: It makes sense to me as an internal perspective. I'm curious, though, whether other people make assumptions about how you identify?

Z: People don't ask me directly, but they make assumptions. I've noticed that working lately with bi+ questions, people want to know how I identify—am I part of that community or not? Mostly people are too polite to ask but they may perceive me as more reputable if I'm part of the community. Of course, personal experience of oppression when filtered through a collective is an important base for organizing for LGBTQI+ rights. Professional knowledge is also important, and values. I believe that it's possible to identify with other people's emotions without having had the same experiences. Somebody said, "Nothing human is strange to me." We read books and poetry and those stories resonate with us because we are human. I don't use my identity to prove a point. I don't think others need to label themselves



to be credible. I work with LGBTQI+ issues because I believe in social justice and a better world.

R: You work for RSFL, a national LGBTQI+ organization in Sweden and are now doing bi+ programming as part of your work. Has RSFL always done this kind of work?

Z: RSFL was started in the 1950s, and the B has been included since the 1970s. Attention to bi+ issues has fluctuated over time. We haven't always worked with bi+ issues and that, of course, has been a problem. Bi+ people didn't feel welcome. Like many other organizations, we get funding to work on "LGBTQI rights," as though we were a homogenous group. But of course, lesbians have some needs, trans people have some needs, gay men have other needs, bi folks have other needs. I feel we should work with each group but avoid fragmenting the community.

I've been thinking a long time that we needed to work with bi+ issues and decided we would just start a network. Last year, World Pride was here in Malmö. We had a panel discussion on "Where is the B?" and discussed why the B is so invisible within the LGBTQI+ community. It was a great discussion, and at the panel we announced the date of a meeting. Twenty people showed up to the first meeting. People were really touched to be, for the first time, in a room full of bi+ people. I was touched, too. I just checked our Facebook group, and we are over 300 now, just one year later. It's amazing! There is really a need for community and I appreciate our community's diversity. People say they feel very much at home. Nobody is saying you're not queer enough because of how you organize your life. Now there is a space where you can belong.

R: What is the group called?

Z: We recently changed our name to Bi+ Skåne. One of the reasons was that people use a lot of different words besides bi, pan and/or queer. At the same time, I also took initiative to start a national Bi+ members network in RSFL. A few people thought we were excluding pan and queer people. I felt that was a misunderstanding since we had never had a regional or national space. Language is also continually evolving. Other terms will surely arise in the future. The plus in Bi+ is not meant to put other things under, but to indicate that there is more. We also must be mindful of not fragmenting the community. The struggle is to challenge the hetero/homo dichotomy by showing how diverse human sexuality is. When we fight within our communities, we are misdirecting our energy. Things seem to have settled down, and the national network is growing. We are talking so much more about bi+ people in general.

R: There is so much pain in our community. Sometimes this pain expresses itself laterally, with us attacking each other. It can be challenging to navigate. Here's my next question: What activities has Bi+ Skåne organized since its formation?

Z: We have monthly meetings and members in the network host lots of activities: going for walks, exercising, singing karaoke. The goal is to provide a place for people to take action and to

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Preparing for the Malmö parade

get involved in building community. In July, a very prominent guest joined us (she laughs). You made quite an impact, Robyn. I think a lot of people felt validated that you came. It signaled that there are prominent bi people and was really empowering. The bi community is still talking about the Bi Forum we had in Malmö where you spoke. You saw the diversity of people who attended. Then we had the parade with a bi+ contingent. In addition, we also went to parades in other cities: in Lund and Skåne, and Helsingborg. Bi+ people were a visible part of the parade for the first time. It was empowering and makes me feel amazed. Something is really happening. We just need to find structures to make sure that we work with bi+ issues *every* year so it doesn't keep fluctuating.

I'm also working on a network in the Nordic countries: Denmark, Iceland, The Faroe Islands. Hopefully we can get funding for a Nordic network and a conference. From my outreach, I could see that the other Nordic countries don't do targeted work with bi folks, but the people I spoke with said they'd like to work more with bi+ issues. Non-governmental organizations often suffer from not having enough resources or people. By opening themselves up to the bi+ community there will be more resources, but they must make themselves open.

R: I love how you've progressed from Skåne to all of Sweden, to the Nordic countries!

Z: Yes, next I'm going to take on Europe and then the world!

R: That would be great! Beside taking on the world, what activities would you like to see in the future?

Z: I'd like to see a platform for engaging with the community, where you could work on bi+ issues wherever you are, organizing a bi+ group at your work or at your school/university. We need to create spaces where you can be a whole person wherever you are. If people are more open about themselves, the fact that sexuality is not constricted to one thing or the other will become visible.

R: One of my favorite pins, which I sell on [BiProducts](#), our Etsy
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shop, says "A normal person is just someone who you don't know real well yet."

Z: (Laughs) EXACTLY! I mean, what is "normal"?

R: *So many people have complex experiences of identity. We need to break down the perceived wall between gay and straight and open that space.*

Z: Everyone would be much happier, and it's also a much more realistic view of human sexuality.

R: *In the U.S. we have Gallup, which collects population data. Is there similar research in Sweden?*

Z: Yes, but not every year. I think the last study, a couple of years ago, found that about 18% of young people identify as non-straight, so the trends are similar here to the U.S. data you presented during your visit.

R: *Where did you get your data about bisexuality?*

Z: I work professionally with LGBTQI+ health and with intimate partner violence. It's part of my job to keep myself up to date with the research and with the health disparities faced by bi+ people. There is research here in Sweden, in Europe, and in the States. It's easier for us to compare ourselves with Europe. But wherever you look, it's easy to find similarities in what's going on.

I want us to create networks and communities as a way to take action *before* bad stuff happens. If you have community, if you feel respected, if you feel you have a place, you will have a greater sense of value in yourself. I want to work preventatively by creating communities and relationships. We need each other.

And more than research, we need action. We know about the discrimination, about the violence. I would like to see more qualitative research and theories. We also need strategies and solutions.

Robyn Ochs is based in Boston, MA. In addition to her work speaking at community groups, schools, workplaces and to health providers, she is the editor of two anthologies, Getting Bi: Voices of Bisexuals Around the World and RECOGNIZE: The Voices of Bisexual Men, and of Bi Women Quarterly.



Malmö parade July 9, 2022

WELCOME NEW INTERNS

This spring we welcome two new interns to the BWQ team. They bring unique strengths to BWQ and will focus on social media management and community outreach.

Xin Yi (she/her) is a medical student, writer, and an LGBTQ+ activist and mental health advocate who runs @writingontherainbow on Instagram. An aroace lesbian living in an Asian country where people like her are criminalized and frowned upon, she aspires to change that by actively involving herself in various advocacy efforts.



Xin Yi also aims to uplift the voices of LGBTQ+ youth through her writing and by educating the public via her Instagram account. Through her writing, she transforms the emotions that are often too complicated for her to comprehend into cathartic prose and the occasional poetry. She is currently working on a few projects which she will hopefully publish in the future alongside her work that has been previously featured in *Archer Magazine* and *The Bitchin' Kitsch*.

By working with BWQ, Xin Yi hopes to further expand her impact and pave a way for the LGBTQ+ community to co-exist and thrive both in her country and internationally. It is her dream to be part of the creation of a better and fairer world where everyone, regardless of their identities, would be embraced and loved, just like they deserve to be all along.

Kaliisha Cole (she/her) lives in Lawrence, Massachusetts. She is a graduating senior at the University of Massachusetts, Lowell majoring in English with a creative writing concentration. She owns nearly a thousand books, primarily Young Adult novels, that she promotes and reviews on her Bookstagram page under the name of Kali's Bookish Rambles. In the future, she aspires to work as a publicist for Children's and YA books.



As a proud biracial and proud bisexual woman, she feels fortunate to be a part of the Bi Women Quarterly team. Her position as a Social Media Intern allows her to expand her creativity and learn more about advocacy for the bi+ community. She hopes to share the importance of not just our BWQ writers' and artists' stories, but those from all over the world.

We look forward to the ways BWQ will grow with the help of Kaliisha and Xin Yi. Welcome to the team!

Just a Shirt

By Charlotte Richardson-Deppe



ARTIST STATEMENT: A hotel near the airport in the suburbs of Chicago. The final night of choir tour, the spring of my senior year of college. I'm leaving someone's hotel room party with several friends to go back to our rooms, flushed and happy, wearing this shirt.

A man, middle-aged, enters the elevator. He makes conversation; I tell him that we're a college choir on tour. My friends and I exit the elevator, go into our hotel room. I think nothing of it.

The phone in my hotel room rings. My friend picks up the receiver, confused. A man (the man) is on the other line: he asks if a girl in a black and white striped shirt is staying in this room. The three of us make panicked eye contact with each other; gesture violent shakes of our heads, mouthing silent no's. My friend on the phone lies, says no she isn't in this room you must have the wrong room, hangs up. We are scared.

We double-lock the door to our room (the man must have seen me enter this room from the elevator). We call a male friend. He is tall and strong. He goes to the front desk, asks them to change our room. We move rooms at 1:30 a.m. We double-lock the door to the new room. It is hard to fall asleep that night.

Charlotte Richardson-Deppe is a queer textile artist currently pursuing her MFA in Studio Art at the University of Maryland, College Park.

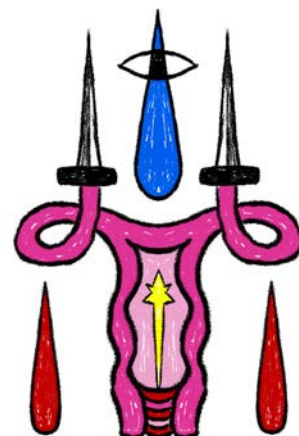


Uteram

By Anja Jovičić

ARTIST STATEMENT: This piece is titled "Uteram," a play on words, combining local slang and the word "uterus." It was created out of frustration, sadness and anger about events happening in my country, and in the world. It was a visual response, a mental image of my own body part, reacting to what my eyes have to see, what my emotions have to carry. It was all the struggles of being a woman, of being a queer woman, of having a uterus, of having something so precious so many want to come after, something so precious, they want to destroy it.

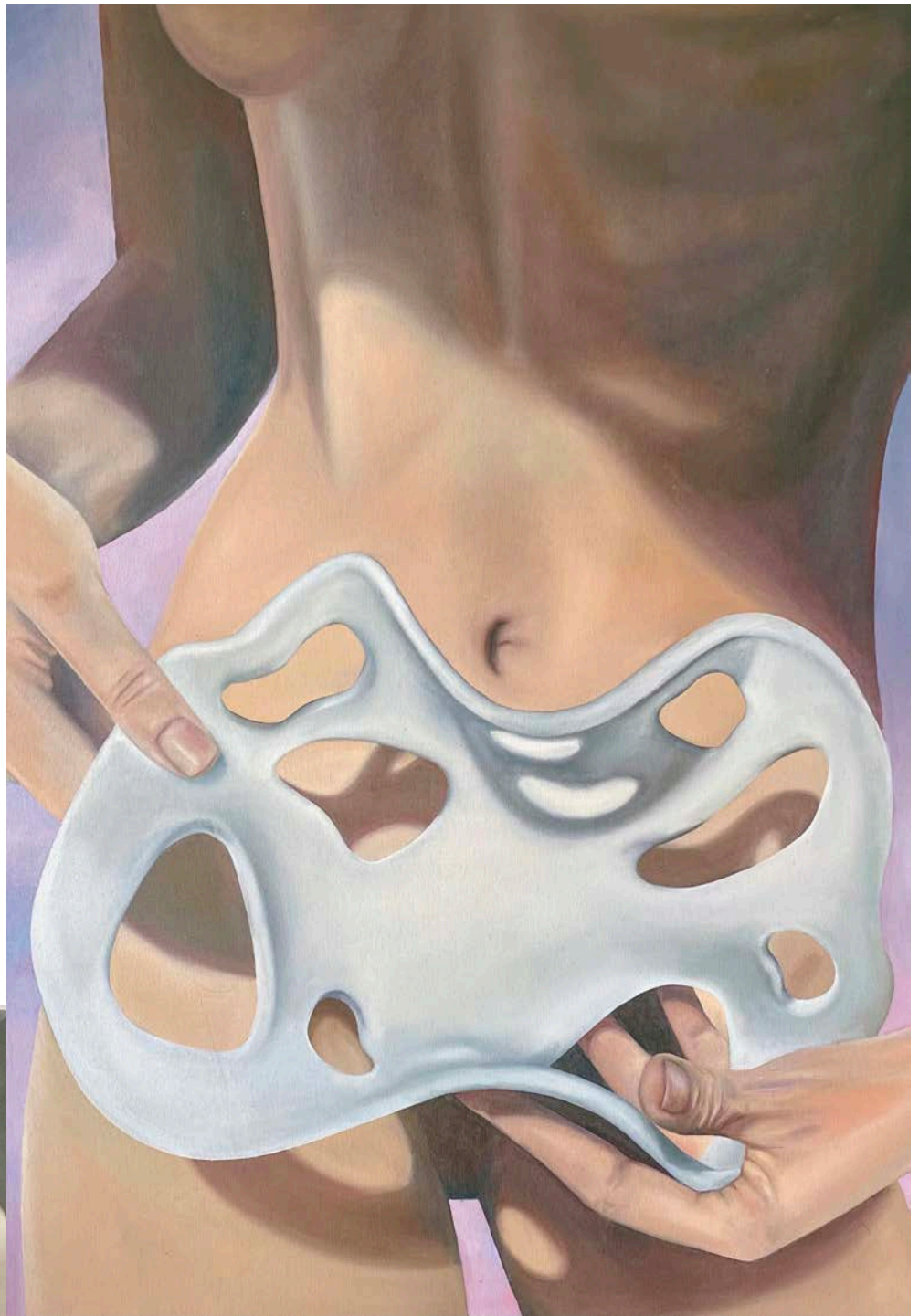
Anja Jovičić is a 22-year-old visual artist and graphic designer from Novi Sad, Serbia.



Feminine Displacement

By Cloe Galasso

ARTIST STATEMENT: Feminine Displacement is an oil on canvas painting that embodies the autonomy of ourselves as women in the world we live in. It encourages women to grab their inner force to remind themselves how important they are for the equilibrium of nature, energy, and ideas. As a bi woman, I have lived through many situations of violence, and my painting practice is a way to heal my heart and try my best to spread the idea that our selves are just ours.



Cloe Galasso is a self-taught Italo-Argentinian artist. Her works include sculptures and oil paintings. She started painting when quarantine hit and she found herself alone in her studio month after month. As a bi woman, she has lived through many situations of violence and her painting practice is a way to heal her heart and try her best to spread the idea that we belong only to ourselves.

Self-love

By Julie Ann



My body's mine
I know her well
I know her touch
I know her smell

I know the softness
And the tingle
Know the fireworks
Drums and cymbals

I know her skin
Her gentle breath
Her dark and lightness
Birth and death

I know my feelings
Bold and tender
Deep, explosive
Liquid rendered

I know my body
Tame and savage
Fleeting, loving
Lush and damaged

My body's mine
My friend and lover
Enjoy your self
You'll have no other

Julie Ann is a pansexual British writer who writes on themes of identity, mental health, relationships, and being human. She loves a good cup of tea.

B is for Bodily Autonomy

By Lara Zielinsky

As a bisexual person, I am pro-choice. Fundamentally, it is necessary to my identity to be able to choose. Choose my partner(s), choose my level(s) of intimacy, and choose to manage the consequences of my behavior for myself. This is the very definition of bodily autonomy. But that is not my primary concern with this issue.

Healthcare in the United States is privatized through the employer. While we have government healthcare programs in Medicare and Medicaid and the Affordable Care Act, these are constantly under threat of being gutted, or the "allowances" chipped away as to be all but window-dressing on a serious issue: community health.

If an employee does not have bodily autonomy, work hours are up to the employer. Work safety is up to the employer. Workplace health coverage is up to the employer.

No coverage for anything the employer "does not approve" means that many types of life-saving medical care —of which we have the best researched available in this country—may not be accessible to those who need it. An employer is against stem-cell or gene research? No stem-cell therapies will be covered despite the fact that they have been proven to abate many childhood cancers. Employer against abortion? Not covered will be procedures to expel or remove the decayed fetal tissue when the child you wanted dies in utero at 14 weeks, so your spouse dies from sepsis, no death benefit. Against LGBTQ+ rights? No coverage for your spouse at all.

Bodily autonomy does not exist if someone else gets to make the decisions about what you are allowed and not allowed to do.

Lara Zielinsky lives in Orlando, Florida, where she works full-time as a freelance fiction editor and writes her own stories for publication.



Two poems by Olivia Buntaine

The Not-Want

To separate from someone
Whom you love
Is an act of patriotism
If they are your country

This is hard to understand but
We have to leave our homes
To grow—at one point or another
Especially if we are planning on returning

You, love, are my country
You are my values, my land, my shelter
Belonging to you fills me with pride
And no matter how far I go from you
I want everyone I encounter to know
That you are where I came from

You are where I came from
Your tongue what I learned to speak
Your landscapes where I first
Looked into the forest and knew
How small and sacred I was

I told you once
When air is all around you
It gets hard to remember
Breathing

I do not want to go far from you

Whatever

I ask God to send me a man I can
have sex with
Maybe even one I could love
(holy one, let me experiment with
heteronormativity)

And she gives me another gender
queer lesbian

Fuck!



Based in New York and Los Angeles, Olivia Buntaine (she/her) works in the worlds of queerness, girlhood, survivorship, and mythology—mostly by writing plays and poems. Catch her at www.oliviabuntaine.com, or her theatre company at www.projectnongenue.org.

Mary Jane Collective

By Shaeden Berry

My phone vibrates with a notification.

I'm proud that my fingers don't shake when I pick it up. Proud and somewhat concerned, because bodies are supposed to reflect what's happening inside—and internally, I'm screaming the sort of scream that would rupture my eyes with sheer force as it clawed itself out.

But my fingers are steady and my face impassive when I hold the phone up for the recognition software. The phone scans my face, snaps a photo that I know will go to a database somewhere, unlocks the app that notified me. Candy colors with bubble writing—PERIODTRACK!—greet me. A little red blob with cartoon eyes and a smile pops onto my screen and tells me I'm due for my period today and asks, did I start?

I'm not sure why the government decided on this mascot for their period tracking app. There's something grotesque about a red blob with a fixed grin monitoring the ins and outs of my body. Perhaps it was a decision made in haste; a quick design meeting before the app was rolled out, installed overnight without our permission—the government suddenly in my womb inspecting my eggs and flow.

Checking if I'm pregnant.

I click "PERIOD CONFIRMED" on the app. The red blob seems excited by the prospect of my menstruation and asks me a series of invasive questions. Have I had any cramps, how heavy is the flow, any discharge? Every answer is zinged into some government database where an employee will check them for inconsistencies, all the while probably contemplating their next coffee and how long until lunch, because to them the intricacies of my body are just another day at work.

I feel sick. But it's regular for me to feel mildly nauseous lately, so it's nothing to do with the app. Or everything, depending on how you look at it.

I check the time. In one hour, I need to be in a café down the road. I am, according to my Facebook messages, buying an iPad from a girl named Jess. It will cost me \$200. We haggled this down from \$250.

Every single word is fake.

Because I am pregnant and the woman I am meeting is actually helping me to organize my illegal abortion.

Two years after *Roe v. Wade* was overturned, abortion became illegal across the United States.

Then the app rolled out and they introduced mandatory GP visits every four months for a doctor to stick a scissor jack inside

and wind us open, check our engines are running smoothly and that we aren't trying to conceal a pregnancy.

I wait in the café and think about how I didn't attend any protests, though I posted about them on Instagram, retweeted support on Twitter, then deleted all that in the aftermath when jail sentences started being tossed around along with the words *political agitator*.

"Danni?" a woman has approached the table. "Are you Danni? I'm supposed to be selling an iPad to a girl named Danni?"

I give myself a mental shake, smile in a way that suggests I've forgotten how to, and say, "Yes that's me."

I call them the Mary Jane Collective.

I don't think they have an official name, because to name something is to give it credibility and existing as a vague concept serves them better.

My name is not original, merely a riff on the underground abortion network of 1969 to 1973, the Jane Collective. I like the name Mary Jane Collective, not just for the homage to their predecessors, but because I envision them all in chunky-soled shoes, the ones we call "Mary Janes." I imagine punkish people who stomp on preconceptions and kick down barriers.

It is Ginny who tells me about them—my co-worker at the call center whose sister *was* at the protests, and whom she visits every second Sunday at Bayview Correctional Facility. There they sit across from each other and Ginny clenches both hands in her lap to keep them from clutching at her sister's.

"I ask her what it's like in there," Ginny says to me at lunch one day, "She never tells me. I think that's worse. Silence is always worse."

I wonder if that's a jab at people like me, who sat back when it all went down and, as ever, let the burden fall to the marginalized, the people of color, the LGBTQIA people to push for resistance. The ones already with years of law-making imprinted on their bodies who kept looking at us like: *it can't just be us this time, this affects you too*.

"I'm sorry," I want to say to them now. "I didn't know."

But I retweeted that protest tweet, didn't I?

Shortly after it came out that Facebook was selling our data to police, Ginny tells me about the Mary Jane Collective. It's a news story on the television that sparks the conversation, about private messages being used in a trial against a 35-year-old mother of three who received an abortion.

"That's so horrible," I tell Ginny that day.

I say it low because the world is a hotbed of whisper networks. We all throw around jokes that Big Brother is watching us, interspersed with asking if we've watched the latest *Big Brother* episode, and there's a cognitive dissonance in that that makes me want to scream.

"There are better ways to do it. Where you don't get caught. Marketplace," Ginny whispers, "Electronics. Look for a number in the text, sometimes as a serial number, sometimes an IMEI. Sometimes just randomly thrown in. 2255263."

C-A-L-L-J-A-N-E.

(Four months later, Ginny will stop coming to work. Some days, I will tell myself she got a new job. Other days, I will be more adventurous and tell myself she joined the Mary Jane Collective.

In the dark of night, I will know that she gave information to the wrong person and she has most likely joined her sister behind bars.

I hope she knows it wasn't me.)

I use 2255263 as the pin code on the iPad when I get home. Once unlocked, I go to Google Maps, and bring up the favorites list. There is only one address listed and I write it down on a piece of paper.

Then I do a full factory reset on the iPad to wipe it clear.

The original Jane Collective reached people through signs posted in the city: "Pregnant? Don't want to be? Call Jane." They placed ads in underground newspapers. They would have people meet them at an address they called "The Front" and then bundle them into a car, driving them to a second location for the abortion.

I worry the piece of paper between my fingers.

This is the address for one of the many apartment complexes that the Mary Jane Collective rent out. Usually, they are positioned near a café with an Instagram-worthy dessert or drink. That way, if we're questioned why we went to that address, we can tell them we were visiting the café.

I was just doing it for the 'Gram, officer.

It's cold outside of the apartment complex. I have bundled myself into a large woollen coat and am staring at my phone screen.

"Danni?"

When I look up, there is a woman peering at me.

"I *thought* it was you!" she says. "My brother was friends with your brother, Josh, in high school! Do you remember? You look exactly the same!"

She leans in for a hug. I am frozen. I have not planned on being recognized by some stranger. I feel dizzy, until there is slight pressure and I realize she has slipped something into my coat

pocket during the one-sided hug.

It hits me.

She is the Mary Jane Collective. This is a pretend interaction. I do have a brother Josh; they have done their homework. It's both reassuring and alarming.

She pulls back. "We must catch up sometime! I have to run now—but definitely add me on Facebook! Good to see you!"

And then she is gone.

When I get home, I take the package from my pocket. It's wrapped in brown paper. When I tear through the wrapping, it's not a blister pack that greets me, but two small plastic bags, one with a single pill, the other with four. On the back of the brown paper someone has scrawled instructions.

"1 pill—take first. 4 pills, take 24-28 hours after, place in cheek."

There is something about the pills being in plastic bags that turns my stomach. The absence of a blister pack—of something that indicates legitimacy—spikes panic in me.

What if these are not abortion pills?

This could be anything. I'm alone in my apartment. No one can know what I'm doing, because I don't want to drag another into my mess. If something happens...

I think, and I think, and I think.

And then I open the first pill bag.

Shaeden Berry is a writer with a degree in English/Creative Writing, currently midway through her Master's program in Writing. She lives in Boorloo (Perth), Western Australia with her partner and two cats.



Femme à l'enfant viande [Translation: Woman Bearing Meat Child]

By Maxime Goldstyn



ARTIST STATEMENT: I felt particularly addressed by the theme explored in this issue. A woman's bodily autonomy remains a contentious issue on which people who identify with the female gender should have a voice, and their voice should be considered before anyone else's. Since the removal of abortion rights in the United States, I have become more aware of how fortunate I am to have access to health care that allows women to make decisions about their own bodies. However, the fact that the right to bodily autonomy is still seen as a fortune proves that we have a long way to go before we have full gender equality. For me, feminism is a value, and this value is unfortunately not yet acquired by the majority. Despite the regressions so well illustrated by the case of *Roe v. Wade*, I continue to have hope in an egalitarian world.

I am sharing with you this painting that I completed during the pandemic. Its dark tones and gloomy imagery indicate a pervasive pessimism. This issue's theme immediately reminded me of this painting. Looking at it several months after its completion, the beam of light in the background evokes more optimism and hope than when I first interpreted it.

2020
Oil on canvas
32x48 inches

Maxime Goldstyn is a multidisciplinary artist based in Montreal, Québec, Canada. Her practice mainly involves painting and sculptural installations.

Quiet But Not Silent

By Zoey Yang

ARTIST STATEMENT: This depiction of a serene nude model resting on a chair was painted from life. The dominant blue color scheme contributes to the overall tranquility, yet one can sense an element of turbulence introduced by traces of raw amber. The background is governed by vertical brushstrokes, further enhancing the truth that her internal thoughts are disintegrating and melting away under the well-preserved mask of calmness. This revelation of one's vulnerability reflects my observation of minority groups in society, of how they are obligated to appear composed and undisturbed when in fact, their beliefs are challenged daily.

Zoey Yang (she/her) is a fine artist and painter currently based in Montréal, Canada. Her works are often highly personal, as she perceives the process of making them as a way to find resolution and bring peace to problems she struggles with, stemming, for the most part, from self-reflection and family issues.



Two poems by Jane Barnes

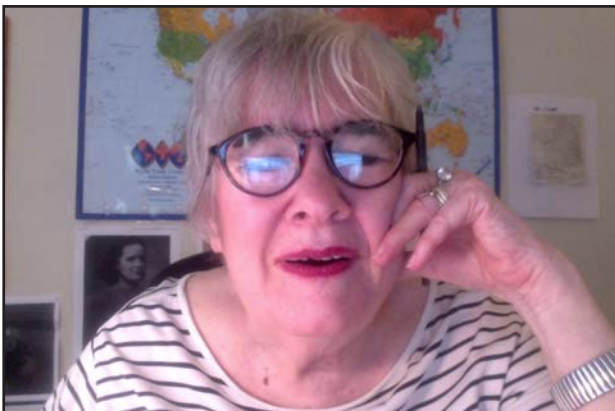
First Night / Cambridgeport, 1977

She and I lay on her bed
watching "Persona" the couple
fights weeps fights She said
I hate this part Me, too I said

I leaned my head on her shoulder
and she leaned her head on mine;
we watched the screen, end
of the film, a silence, the clank and

hiss of the radiator. I said
do you think...? I do, she
said, but how would you feel if
it were just this once?

That's okay, I said, sad but delirious
with joy, as if someone'd said
We've found one of your friends
Dead—but the other one's just fine.

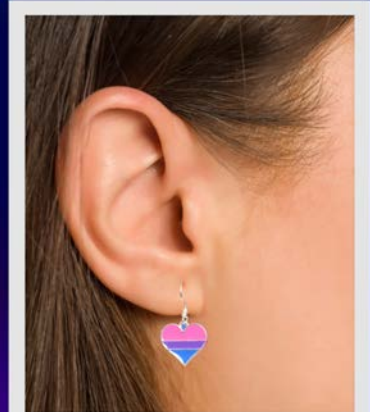


Jane Barnes has poems in: Gay And Lesbian Poets In Their Time (St. Martin's, 1988), My Lover Is A Woman (Ballantine, 1995), Getting Bi: Voices Of Bisexuals Around The World (Bisexual Resource Center, 2005, 2009), and many poems, stories, and essays here in BWQ, as well as poetry and fiction in many other literary magazines. She lives in New York City.

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District of Calm

No more adolescent rebellion in the brain,

when anything was possible, everything
spectacular. I nap now in the afternoons,

love two things only like everyone else:

one being, one doing and even my air is
organized, the clock counting my hour,

my body bending, one stem to one rose.

women in the woods

By Vivien Solveig



ARTIST STATEMENT: This drawing shows two androgynous-looking women surrounded by birch trees. The one looking directly at the viewer seems thoughtful, while the other one is watching her. To me, this work is related to feminism.

Vivien Solveig studied fine arts in Germany. You can find Vivien on instagram: too_fat_to_paint and at www.vivien-solveig.de.

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Abortion

By Emma Love

I love sex.
Rough and dirty,
Tender and slow,
I love it all.
I was taught
I am free to make choices about my body
As I saw fit.
I was taught
That any pregnancy not my own,
Isn't any of my damn business.

Tell me life is sacred
And I will agree.
My life is sacred—
I will not jeopardize it
For a religious belief I do not share.

Tell me I'm a godless whore
And I will laugh.
Emblazon a letter on my chest
And I will stain my lips the same scarlet.

Tell me it's about morality
And I will shrug.
I like my morals fine
And I sleep in peace at night.

Tell me it's about anything but the babies
And I can brush it off
As impersonal ignorance.

But tell me it's about the babies,
And I cannot be held accountable
For the beast with sharpened teeth
That emerges.

I cannot be convinced
Condemning a parent and fetus to die
From internal bleeding
As an ectopic pregnancy shreds
Their fallopian tubes apart
Is saving the babies.

I cannot be convinced
Tossing a nameless infant
from foster home
To foster home,
Carving trauma into their DNA,
Is saving the babies.

I cannot be convinced
Pain being passed from one generation
To the next,
To the next—
The love of ill-equipped parents
Warping into despair—
Is saving the babies.

I will wear that scarlet letter,
I will endure judgment and condemnation
and shamelessly enjoy
Every dirty sexual act I please
Because the villains of this story
have never been the pregnant and vulnerable.
The villains of this story
Rule from their bench
Of unelected God-Kings,
Telling us to live with their manufactured consequences.

But where were they
When I first looked into the haunted eyes
Of a violated child?

Where were they
When I photographed cigarette burns
On a young boy's arm
In a house too small for all his siblings?
Where were they
When I cradled an emaciated toddler
To my chest and wept
As his eyes drifted shut
With exhaustion born of hunger?

So go ahead and preach
Your vile views on sin and sexuality,
But don't pretend your hatred
Is helping anyone.
When my judgment comes
I won't claim myself
A paragon of virtue,
But at least when I say I saved the babies,
It will be true.

Emma Love is a 26-year-old writer from Washington state. After working in social services for several years, she is working on her Professional and Creative Writing degree at Central Washington University.

You get to have your cake and eat it too! Reflections about Light (Stereotypes) and Heavy (Abortion) Topics Post *Roe v. Wade's* Reversal

By Meredith Worthen

You get to have your cake and eat it too!

I've always hated that stereotype. It also never made much sense to me in any realistic way. Dissecting the phrase doesn't help because it seems to me that bisexual people are either viewed as hetero-passing or gay/lesbian—and rarely celebrated for their authentic bisexual selves. A more accurate phrase is something along the lines of:

[Sarcastically] Lucky you! You get to sample multiple cakes! (But really I will only recognize you for the cake you are currently enjoying, in public, that you seem to really like based on my own observations... Oh and I think you're greedy because you could (maybe) sample a completely different kind of cake in the future if you wanted—and I don't like that because I feel like I do not have such tasty opportunities.)

This long-winded phrase hardly has the same ring to it, but it is certainly more reflective of the bisexual experience, which is fraught with navigating challenging stereotypes and experiences in a monosexist world. Some are just annoying and surface-level, but others cut deep.

Enter abortion. I think I first learned about abortion through watching the movie *Dirty Dancing* (1987), which I undoubtedly viewed via Showtime, Cinemax, HBO, and/or on a VHS tape. In the film, Johnny's (Patrick Swayze) original dance partner Penny gets pregnant and seeks an illegal abortion, which has severe complications but is later fixed by Baby's (Jennifer Grey) dad who is a doctor. Yeah, remember that? *Dirty Dancing* (1987) is actually a pretty deep movie, especially when viewed by a kiddo under the age of ten (which I was when I was watching it). I also remember my mom told me when I was a kid that she had once considered having an abortion in 1977 when she got pregnant despite having an IUD in place (she didn't get the abortion and now I have a super cool older brother). I know my cousin has had an abortion, and I would consider having one if I got pregnant again.

Being a cis woman and having a cis man partner means that the generalized fear of pregnancy is a fixture in my anxiety-ridden head. This is something I know would not be a concern if I were with a cis woman partner. But my privilege and social location allow me to feel confident that if I did seek out an abortion post-*Roe's* reversal, I would be able to get one—even if I had to travel outside of the U.S. But I know so many others are not so lucky.

As a feminist and a mother, I am firm in my belief that abortion rights should be universal, so I've never really understood the arguments against abortion. With the reversal of *Roe v. Wade*, I'm hearing more and more iterations of the same confusing garbage. One of the most troubling to me is something along the lines of “*Why would you want to murder a baby?*” This is not only disturbing, but it is also triggering to those who have experienced miscarriages. I also always wonder, “*Why would you want to force someone to carry*

a fetus/baby to term when they don't have the capacity to care for the fetus/baby or even their own bodies during pregnancy?” There are a lot of things a pregnant person must endure. It is a demanding job. If we were to expose these ridiculous anti-abortion arguments, we would hear something more like:

You should keep your baby! (Because I feel that it is upsetting to think about any other possibilities, even though your fetus has NOTHING to do with me and even though you might not be able to carry the fetus to term due to any set of individual reasons and potential complications.)

So here I sit. Concerned about pregnancy despite the precautions I take, unable to have easy access to abortion, attempting to sift through the weaponized “murder”-focused arguments against *Roe*, and still wondering exactly *how* do I get to have my cake and eat it too?

It is a tough time for so many people for so many reasons. I think it is important to pause and recognize that.

In closing, I want to shout out to all the feminists who fought for *Roe* and continue to fight for abortion access, women's rights, and equality. A special thanks to Justice Ruth Bader Ginsberg, too.

Meredith G. F. Worthen (www.meredithworthenphd.com) (she/her/hers) is a Professor of Sociology and Sexualities/LGBTQ Studies scholar with key interests in stigma, prejudice, and crime. She is a social justice activist for the LGBTQ community, especially through her creation of The Welcoming Project (thewelcomingproject.org), and an advocate for survivors of sexual assault through her work as #MeTooMeredith (instagram.com/metoomeredith). As a researcher, teacher, and activist, she dissects multiple dimensions of prejudice in efforts to cultivate understanding, empathy, and social change.



Meredith as Ruth Bader Ginsberg with her daughter on Halloween

Free Eve

By Kyrsta Morehouse

The first time I got catcalled I felt a rush of pride mix with my anger, but I covered my smile with a face of disgust like the girls next to me. That night I wondered why it brought me joy to know a man found me fuckable even though I was far too young. To this day, a catcall or whistle is met with a whirlpool of gratitude and anger inside me. The first time a man followed me four blocks to my car in the dark of night not uttering a word, I held my keys tight between my fingers. Funny, I've never seen a man scan his surroundings with each step, his white knuckles gripping a makeshift shiv.

Through the fear, something deep in my bones still chants the words from bible school that I was made from Adam's rib and should be forever grateful. I don't think he ever forgave us for stealing a part of him. The day Adam stops trying to get inside our bodies and take his rib back—laying claim to our mascara-stained corpses—is the day that we will stop holding our breath when we walk to our cars, scaring our palms gripping keys between our fingers, counting the steps before we are under a street lamp, wondering how loud we have to scream for the closest person to hear and, finally, breathing once we are safe in our car and the door is locked. He followed her, yet we let him go free and instead teach her to be a good girl. Good girls say please and thank you, good girls cross their legs, good girls smile, good girls cover their shins and elbows; we learned far too young that too much skin can mail you home to your mother in a body bag.

But my body will no longer be collateral damage in your never-ending fight between you and your god. We have grown a thick skin, we have calloused our hearts to the sharp words and whistles that cut through the air, we learn to not cower but stand tall. Yet my prayer is for the future. Let our children not grow up afraid to walk alone, let them no longer require a weapon just to walk to their car, let them never know how it feels to have the life drain from your body when you realize you're backed into a corner, may Adam no longer feel

incomplete, may Eve no longer suffer at his hand.

So today, may she reclaim her body and finally find peace. I am not yours. I am your neighbor crying across the hall. I am the six-year-old girl adult men will wink at saying "She will be a heartbreaker one day." I am your mother walking to her car. I am your best friend whose name is spelled wrong on my coffee cup because the barista couldn't look up from my cleavage. I am your daughter asking, "Daddy, am I beautiful?" And I am Eve wanting to finally be set free. I pray today we start to heal the wounds of our daughters with the lessons we teach our sons.

Based in Los Angeles, California, Kyrsta Morehouse is an emerging bisexual poet in her mid-twenties. While her main career is as a celebrity makeup artist in film/TV, she is quickly making a name for herself in the world of poetry.



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Venus of Now

By Stephani Twidwell

I will never be Venus
de Milo,
a silent trophy
a possession of men
of manufactured beauty

I am Venus of
Malala, of Steinem,
a voice rising above
the forced muzzle of
an outdated patriarchy

I will never be Venus
of Willendorf,
celebrated for the value
of only the fruit I bare
a symbol of fertility

I am Venus of
Kahlo, of O'Keeffe,
a creature of vision
and creating beauty
out of defiance

I will never be Venus
of Urbino,
an object for men to discuss,
a possessive expectation of
what a woman should be

I am Venus of
Payne, of Curie,
hellbent on understanding
the world we live in
and the stars beyond.

We are Venus
of now,
and we will build on the
small victories and voices
of the past because the
future is female.

Assumptions of Liberty

By Stephani Twidwell



Pencil and White Chalk on Toned Paper, 2019.

Stephani Twidwell is an artist, writer, and chronic idealist. Stephani has studied art at Cornish College of the Arts and Central Saint Martins. She earned a Bachelor of Arts in Humanities from Washington State University, where she received awards for her writing and graduated with honors.

Body Swap

Poem and artwork by Billie April

Mold moved to a habitat unknown
it began to split.

I unravelled, slipped on, different body, different person,
name.

Mirage, I put on shows.
Bounded up the hierarchical to Queen.
Then villain.

Which body was mine?

Returned to place of my birth, a religion I chained myself to
once.
But this was not home.

Returned to the linear, the expected, the binary.
Lines and lines and lines: no destination.

Swap and slip on,
this brand, these locks, correct colors
Paint on and lock in softness,

Politeness
Hush hush
So many things and ways not to be.
I'm irrelevant here.

But I could not squeeze into mold again.
Faith lost.
I did not believe.

I am curvy, curly, wavy—unrefined.



On the Kitchen Table

By Lily K ODa

No, this is not going to be sexy. But it is going to be meditative. It is going to be surprising. It is going to determine life or no life.

I come to the kitchen table, not to eat, never to eat, but to write. I eat standing up, leaned against the counter, sitting up carefully on the couch, hunched over the sink. But I write sitting down. At the kitchen table.

It's a long kitchen table. Too big for only three but just the right size for entertainment. Entertainment comes in the form of lasagna nights with friends or a few rounds with the letter tiles. It's a light kitchen table. The color of air conditioning and wicker baskets filled with crackers and small cheeses and honey. Drops of coffee dry on it to make outlines of amoebas, painted in the same color as the grain of the wood. The same color, but not the same curve. Both are organic, but one is linear and one is chasing itself in a wobbling ring. What else is there to do besides study dried drops of coffee? Unless of course I were to write.

There are three mostly-melted candles on this light, coffered table. One the color of molasses, sides melted at a jaunty angle reminiscent of ladies and horses and Kentucky. The middle one is the color of dried citrus, the kind they use in fancy cocktails. It's melted to two points on opposite sides of the once-circle, forming a kiss, or inner labia. The last is part yellow, part mahogany. One side is melted and collapsed onto the citrus

lips, the other has dipped into the curve of a smile. I don't know where the white wax came from, but it pools and trails from the molasses candle like semen carelessly spilled and left to dry.

Three plants, two vines and one succulent, stand sentry, the placeholders of life when no human populates the table.

Three candles, three potted plants. Three deaths, three lives. I can't help but think in terms of death and life. I've always been one but not the other. And I'm obsessed with this.

There's a third existence, too, though. The not living. Not dead, not alive, but not living. This is why I think of lips, and semen. This, the cloying biological motive to make alive! make alive! When to be alive! to be alive! is boredom and awkwardness and pain and being lost. Lost from an earth no longer young and fresh enough to be a Mother. Lost from a living wage and safe home and any sense of ownership or belonging.

So I sit at this honey and coffee table, long, host of life and death and the not living. And I write because it feels needed, if not important. Slow, if not meaningful. Life, if not death.

Lily ODa is an aspiring poet who loves to explore emotionally evocative images. She lives with her cat, bunny, and two roommates in Salt Lake City, UT.

Futuristic and from centuries ago, crossing boundaries—unexpected alien.

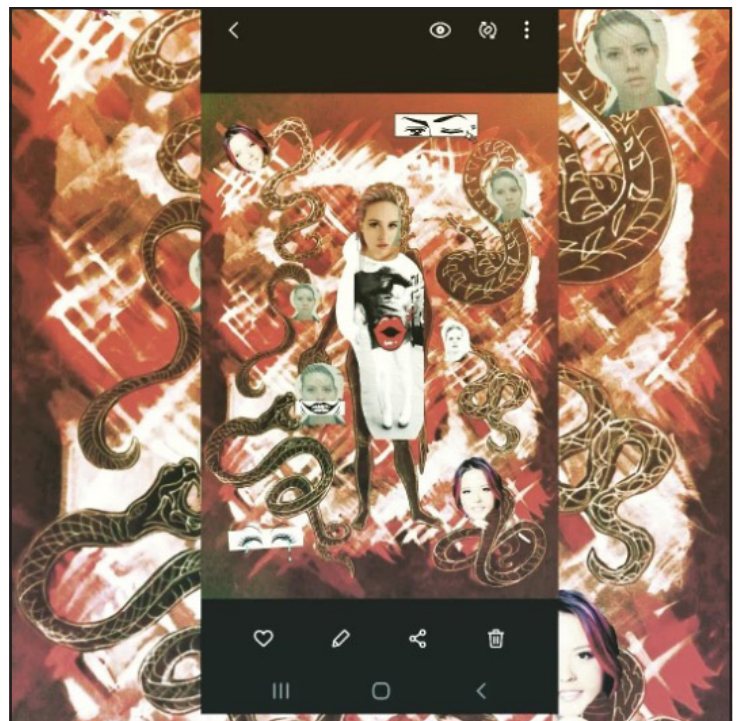
Irreverent.
I am boundless.

Such a thing as a body could never hold me.

Unpredictable.
Swap and swap and swap.

I am my own god.

Billie April is an aspiring writer, and artist working in theatre, film and events. She grew up in North Wales, UK, studied Sociology, and trained as a counselor. Billie fills her time with dance, yoga, and creative pursuits.



My Mind Belongs To Me, Too—The Double Haunting of Psychological Abuse

By Denarii Grace

Author's content note: emotional and psychological abuse, domestic abuse in general, reference to sexual abuse

Born in 1987, I'm a proud elder(ish) Millennial. As I relish in our nostalgia years, I reflect a lot on the media I consumed as a kid, tween, and teen. One of my younger brother's and my favorite shows growing up was *Boy Meets World*. We prefer the later seasons, when Cory, Shawn, Topanga, and Eric were in their last years of high school and, especially, their college years.

One of my favorite episodes from those years is when Topanga is sexually harassed by her college professor, aptly (and ironically) played by Fred Savage, older brother of BMW star Ben Savage. I was also very engaged by 1996 films *Fear* (Mark Wahlberg and Reese Witherspoon) and *No One Would Tell* (Candace Cameron Bure and Fred Savage).

In the 80s and 90s, television geared toward pre-teens and teens often employed the "Special Episode" method, attempting to influence our perspectives on "serious" topics. Often bluntly saccharine, it hit you over the head with fearmongering (sometimes rightly, often wrongly) about everything from gun violence and teen pregnancy to date rape, domestic abuse, and cannabis (lol).

I was already a survivor by the time many of these projects came along, but I devoured them anyway. Maybe not consciously but, on a very fundamental level, I *thought* that I was prepared. I believed that I knew what to expect, what to do. I could finally identify and handle predators.

But real life doesn't come with a script to follow; there are so many aspects of these situations that movies and shows just didn't cover. So much gets lost in translation. And, because of that (and a general lack of rape and abuse education), there was so much that I *still* didn't know.

I've only experienced domestic abuse once; my abuser is a minor celebrity I'd been a fan of for years. When we met, I'd already worked through trauma from multiple incidents of sexual violence throughout my life—some over extended periods of time, some one-time experiences. Unfortunately, I understand it intimately. But I'd healed so much from the damage that people (and institutions) had done to me over the years. I still had complex PTSD, but my nightmares were almost non-existent. Overall, I felt good about myself.

So, imagine the crushing devastation that overtook me when, after two and a half months of talking, I finally realized that his *sole purpose* in entering my life—under the deceptive guise of having feelings for me—was to gaslight, manipulate, and belittle me.

I haven't always been treated kindly in life (and I'm not even talking about all the abuse). It's really par for the course as a hypermarginalized person. But I had never, *ever* experienced such an intense, strategic violation of my mind and feelings. Not only were my mind and heart violated, but I would later learn that, as a part of his tactics, my privacy was violated on multiple levels as well.

I shared so much with him, intimate things that I *never* would have divulged if I'd known his true intentions. That was just *one* level of privacy violation. The rest I can't discuss publicly at this time, if ever.

It hovered over me like a ghost. Everywhere I went, it menacingly shouted. I was fucking terrified, exacerbated by the fact that he began cyberstalking me after I left. I struggled to sleep. I struggled to eat. I struggled to write or get any work done. Often, I *still* struggle with those things.

For a long time, I couldn't even wrap my head around it. It felt too big, too overwhelming. In many ways, it still does. After cutting off contact in November 2021, I asked myself so many questions over and over, the most painful of them being "Why?"

Of course, the only thing that roped me into an intimate, though non-romantic, connection with an abuser was his fervent desire to abuse me. I was targeted. That's it. But not knowing the signs, not being able to name them, is one of the things that left me vulnerable to one of the most insidious kinds of cruelty: emotional and psychological abuse.

It's funny because, from both my experience and observation, it's the kind of abuse that is inherent in pretty much *any* abusive relationship. Yet it seems to be one of the most invisible and often deliberately misunderstood. We rarely talk about it on its own.

For me, this culture had become the second specter. I was haunted by the silence, the invisibility, the isolation. I dread the ridicule, the victim-blaming, the suspicions. "How could anyone fall for that?!" "She obviously don't love herself." "That's one crazy, obsessed bitch."

But one of the lessons learned in those "special episodes" is that we have the right to say "no" to physical and sexual violence. *We* own our bodies and no one is entitled to them. No one is entitled to hurt us. And, if they choose to do that, it's *not* our fault.

It took many years, but I eventually internalized that my physical body is mine to control, to share, to withhold as I please.

But I've figured out that my *mind* is a sacred place, too. It deserves care, gentleness, and protection. It is worthy of consent. It doesn't deserve to be manipulated, deceived, or controlled under false pretenses. My heart should receive truth and honesty. My

feelings should be allowed to grow (or not) organically.

About a month or so after I cut off contact, I finally got around to watching *Maid* on Netflix. It's a loose adaptation of Stephanie Land's memoir about her struggle to survive poverty while taking care of her small daughter. A large part of the narrative revolves around her experience with intimate partner abuse, and the obstacles, shame, and isolation it creates.

What stood out to me—and was so relevant to what I was (and am) going through—was that the abusive relationship was strictly emotional and psychological. He never hits or rapes her; it's for this reason that, on multiple occasions, she isn't taken seriously. Not even by family.

At the time, I was in the very beginning stages of having left. I'd only begun to realize that I was being cyberstalked. I was confused, heartbroken, angry, terrified. But I'd finally found a piece of storytelling that made sense. I'd found it "too late," so to speak, but it validated so much of my experience as a survivor of emotional and psychological abuse specifically.

It's behind a Patreon paywall but, last year, award-winning anti-rape activist, theorist, and educator Wagatwe Wanjuki asked the question: "Have feminists neglected domestic violence victims?" I encourage you to support her so that you can really dig in, but the basic premise of the essay is an important interrogation. In the wake of #MeToo, feminist movements against gendered violence seem to have abandoned important conversations and education around domestic abuse to focus on sexual violence specifically, to detrimental effects.

And that's why I will continue to shout about what he did to me from the rooftops. One day, I will name him. If we don't talk about it, if we don't educate, it will fester.

It's no secret, within our community at least, that bi+/m-spec people are statistically more likely to experience domestic abuse than our straight, gay, and lesbian counterparts. I fucking hate being a statistic. I don't give a shit about what "good" might come out of this experience. I would much rather be a healthier person, without the burden of yet another trauma. I'd much prefer to know the Denarii that *wasn't* abused repeatedly, the Denarii that isn't still being cyberstalked.

And I miss watching *Buffy*; she was always the one to save me.

Denarii Grace (shelthey) is an activist of over 15 years and a multi-hyphenate creative New Yorker. They are the Editor-in-Chief of Disability Rights Washington's Rooted in Rights blog, dedicated to stories for and about disabled people.



Bi & Prejudice by Anna Kochetova

Reviewed by Jini Zuniga

Bi & Prejudice by Anna Kochetova is a short memoir outlining the author's journey of pride, marginalization, and search for equilibrium in the world as a bisexual

woman. She begins her book by conscientiously acknowledging her privilege and outlining her intent for the book—to generate thoughtful, honest, and safe conversations about bisexuality. Throughout her short, but sweet, 85-page story, Anna achieves just that.

Born and raised in Russia, Anna now resides in Australia as an author, poetess, activist, and social media strategist for non-profits around the country. She is also a regular writer for our very own *Bi Women Quarterly*. You can find her previous work here: www.biwomenquarterly.com/?s=anna+kochetkova and also see more from her on Instagram via @biandprejudice.

Introducing each chapter with moving original poetry, Anna shares the account of her personal evolution toward understanding and growing into what being bisexual means for her. In her quest to "connect the dots," Anna starts by describing the absence of a word that explained her identity or feelings before carefully threading that experience through the topics of stigma, assumption, presumption, gender-norms, prejudice, bi-erasure, truthfulness, and courage. She is honest, open, and considerate in her narration and remains simultaneously unwavering in her personal convictions *and* affirming her readers' lived experiences or interpretations.

While you're not likely to find any earth-shattering revelations in this book if you're a "seasoned" bisexual, it can easily be enjoyed as a compassionate and energizing pick-me-up if you're in need of validation for yourself or a bright spot in your day. Equally, this book could be shared to help somebody you love to understand more about the multi-faceted realities within the bisexual community. In either case, you will enjoy Anna Kochetova's *Bi & Prejudice*.

Jini Zuniga is the proud mother of a four-year-old cutie-pants-kiddo, who brings joy and light to each day. She currently resides in Hampton, Virginia, where she teaches middle school band and is working on her Masters in School Counseling. In her spare time, Jini studies issues of equity and social justice and spends time volunteering.



single cisgender women and LGBTBIQ+ people with the ability to gestate were allowed to access ART for free.

But there's a scary truth behind this story: just as half of the USA did not always have abortion rights banned, LGBTBIQ+ people have not always been excluded from public ART in Spain. We had the right to access public ART until 2014 and then we lost it. In October 2014, the PP government unilaterally passed a new law denying access to ART to single women and LGBTBIQ+ people. Thousands of women and trans people were denied something they already had taken for granted, as is happening now to thousands of women and trans people in America with abortion. In Spain we got back our right, but we don't know when and how Americans will get back their right to abortion. All this led me to some conclusions:

- Our rights aren't an untouchable and fixed monolith and never will be. As long as there are people with more power than us who want to take away our rights, we will be in danger of losing some level of bodily autonomy and freedom.
- We can't take our rights, privileges, and freedom for granted. When you are part of a marginalized group in our society (BIPOC, women, LGBTBIQ+...) you can't afford the luxury of staying calm and confident in the good faith of our governments and institutions. We need to fight every day to maintain our rights and to stop the actions of those who are trying to spread their hate and want us silenced, invisible, and erased.

- There's also hope. We may lose some rights and freedom now, but if we stay strong and refuse to be silent and still, we may take them back again. A look at our history proves this. Every time a marginalized group has achieved some rights there has been a violent response from the normative group. Some rights may be taken away, but after some time the marginalized group often takes them back again and gains some more rights. That's how bodily autonomy and freedom have been advanced over time. It's an exhausting process, but we can't give up if we want to have the same rights as everybody else.
- We need to create strong, diverse, inclusive, vibrant, and committed communities to fight against hate and bigotry. Without our community, we lack clear direction and are less powerful. A single person against a crowd may seem a waste of time, but lots of crowds united to spread tolerance, love, and respect may change the world for the better.

Laura Henares Vinaches has a Degree in Translating and Interpreting Studies and she's getting a diploma in Social Work, her true passion. She loves bisexual activism, social writing, and dancing and in her free time she volunteers for It Gets Better España, a non-profit organization against LGBTBIQ+ bullying.



Credit: It Gets Better España

Solid Solidarity:

A review of *Are Bisexuals Just Greedy?* by Fiona Dawson

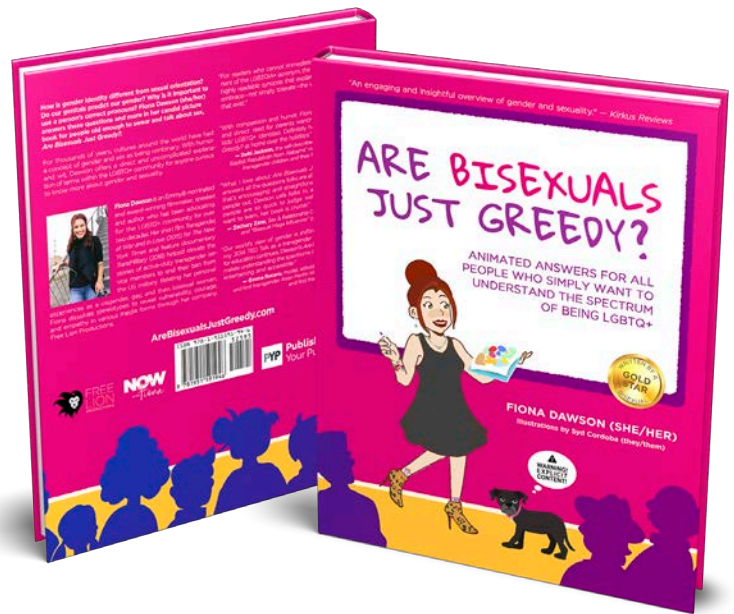
By Mikey Vibal

For any allies, *Are Bisexuals Just Greedy?* is the foundation for a great first dive into queer learning and education. As a bisexual queer person of color, I went into this resource thinking of all the allies in my life and the ways I can be an ally to others as well. This book focuses on common questions queer people face in daily life, at schools, in podcast debates, and in newsrooms. What stood out to me the most is that it addresses how homophobia and transphobia stem to a large degree from colonization and racism.

If you are looking for a book that is comfortable talking about race, and the effects of colonization on indigenous peoples and their identity, this is a great place to start. This book provides blunt and insightful answers to daunting questions, valuable answers which may be uncomfortable to hear. The slight discomfort someone may feel from reading is nothing compared to the homophobia and transphobia that queer people and their families experience. Be prepared to be uncomfortable, but if you are a person of color reading this, I hope you feel the level of solidarity that I did. I am someone that comes from a culture that has indigenous people who identified with queerness prior to colonization. It is unfortunately rare that this is addressed, but I am happy to see this considered as basic allyship knowledge.

I am also a child of immigrants, and I feel that Dawson absolutely captured my attention with her beautiful relationship with her father, who is simply trying his best to understand, but to also care for her actively and support the queer community. Dawson poses as the primary educator for her father, a role many children of immigrants take on when supporting their parents in a country and culture that is new to them, just as this information on queer identities is new to her father. Her inclusion of him and his perspectives is simply beautiful. He becomes a reoccurring character that other allies can relate to as the book progresses and the questions increase in difficulty. He as an ally is included in our world of queer people. Though her father does not identify as queer, he is still someone who loves somebody in the queer community. A lot of the questions he asks are typical of those that someone who is not a part of the LGBTQ2S+ community may have.

As someone who is a transitional-aged youth (the age between 18 and 26 when you can be considered both a youth and an adult), I feel there is another target audience: elders in the queer community who have not addressed or heard of things such as colonization or transgender/gender nonconforming identities, and who may have grown up in a time when talking about sex-



ual and bodily autonomy experiences was more deeply frowned upon or not accessible in public education. I am very blessed to open up social media to find all my favorite queer creators and educators. I am blessed to have access to queer publications through a simple Google search. This is the book I want to give to people looking to access education and an actively loving community. Once many of these issues are addressed, much of our societal challenges will be reduced or even come to an end, such as police brutality, homelessness, and human trafficking. This book is a doorway toward understanding how homophobia and transphobia are connected to and rooted so deeply in the above social issues. If you are reading this and are confused how or why, take that as a sign to hear Fiona Dawson out. May this be a challenge to your initial thoughts and may they expand towards decolonization and solidarity. Do not fear challenges. Much like Fiona and her father, the queer community is rooting for allies everywhere.

Mikey Vibal is a queer bisexual artist and writer residing in Los Angeles, California. She works toward decolonized narratives through her written and illustrated works that uplift her sexual, gender, and cultural identity.



A Reflection on *Between Certain Death and a Possible Future: Queer Writing on Growing Up with the AIDS Crisis*

By Daphne Fauber

“Usually we hear about two generations—the first coming of age in the era of gay liberation, and then watching entire circles of friends die of a mysterious illness as the government did nothing to intervene. And now we hear about younger people growing up in an era offering effective treatment and prevention, and unable to comprehend the magnitude of the loss.”

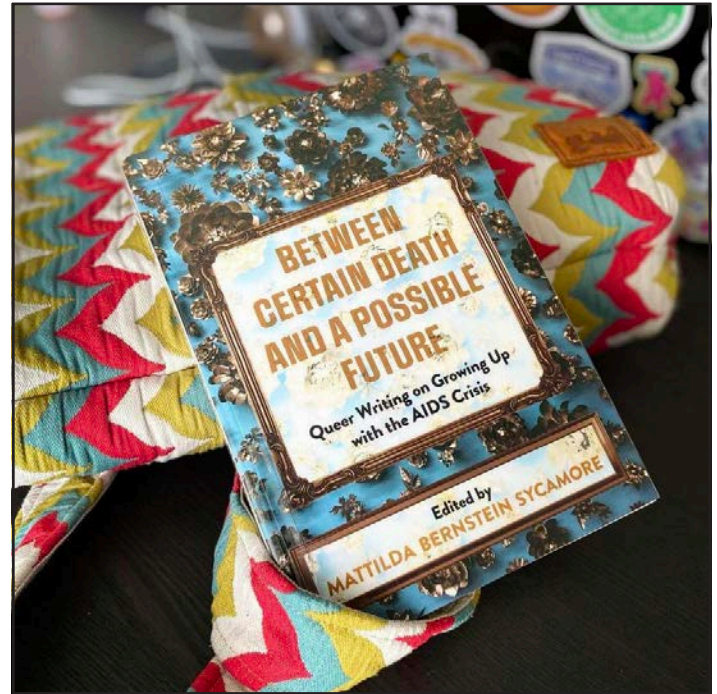
—*Between Certain Death and Possible Future: An Introduction*, Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore

[*Between Certain Death and a Possible Future: Queer Writing on Growing Up with the AIDS Crisis*](#) is an anthology of 36 essays edited by Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore and published by Arsenal Pulp Press. The book’s purpose is to catalog the lived experiences of diverse queer voices who came of age surrounded by AIDS/HIV. Despite a focus on the idea of two generations, many of the contributors varied in age, background, and identity indicating where the divide lies between the generations is not as straightforward as it may seem. In fact, the crux of many of the anecdotes was that the AIDS crisis never ended for some populations.

I was particularly moved by the essay, *From the Inside: One Prisoner’s Perspective* by Timothy Jones. This piece recounted the experience of an incarcerated man serving a life sentence and living through the AIDS crisis from the 1990s through today. It was a grisly look into prison culture and how it has and continues to perpetuate violence against those most at risk. *Homeless Youth Are Still Dying of AIDS* by Sassafras Lowrey also directly posited that the AIDS crisis never ended for queer homeless youth. In their personal experience, as both a homeless youth and a program director for services for queer homeless youth, HIV/AIDS is widespread and killing young people who don’t have the resources to pay for life-saving medication or basic necessities. They also described homeless youth attempting to become HIV positive in order to become a higher priority for scarce resources (i.e., personal apartments, counselors, etc.).

While many of the essays consider how the legacy of the HIV/AIDS epidemic lives on today (and in some ways never ended), an equal number of essays are reflective memoirs of events decades past. I connected to *To Make a Whore Of* by Emily Stern, an essay about Emily’s experiences as a bisexual woman growing up in Indiana in the 90s and watching her mom die of AIDS. As a fellow bisexual Hoosier and a teacher, I saw both myself and my students in her anecdote. Like many of the essays within the collection, *To Make a Whore Of* is a heartwrenching capture of growing up and being failed by system after system.

This collection demanded I consider my relationship with the older generation of queers I would never get to meet and the



ones who are still telling their stories. Not only that, but the contributors begged me to evaluate how the queer spaces I exist in today were molded by death, life, hope, and despair, in order to fully understand my community. These are ideas I had not previously been given the tools to comprehend due to my own limited experiences with HIV/AIDS.

I was born two years after antiretroviral therapy became the standard treatment for patients with HIV/AIDS. My earliest memories of HIV/AIDS are edgy jokes on *South Park* and on school buses. To me, HIV/AIDS was something that only existed in museums (and therefore was okay to joke about), occupying the same space in my brain as polio and cholera. My first official introduction to the disease was attending the Indianapolis Children’s Museum in elementary school. Within *The Power of Children: Making A Difference* exhibit, I walked through a replica of Ryan White’s bedroom. A fellow Hoosier child, he had contracted HIV from a blood transfusion, eventually developing AIDS. All I really knew at the time, incorrectly, was that a long time ago a child like me was bullied and died because of a mysterious disease hidden in his blood. I took solace, incorrectly, in the fact that what happened to Ryan didn’t happen anymore.

In high school, I was a victim of Indiana’s abstinence-only sex education and my own school’s propensity for hiring uninterested football coaches to teach health. I was told at some point that any STI could become AIDS eventually, meaning the only way to avoid serious disease (or worse, pregnancy) was to avoid sex. However, HIV/AIDS wasn’t explained as a death sentence, just something you’d have to live with like diabetes or arthritis. That was the extent of my formal HIV/AIDS education. Again in high school, I watched an episode of *Ru Paul’s Drag Race* in

which one of the contestants, with tears streaming down their face, revealed that they were HIV positive, and my first thought was confusion that it was such a big deal.

Even in college, my knowledge of HIV/AIDS was severely lacking, despite my believing otherwise. I volunteered at local Pride events, attended drag shows, and watched the local production of *Angels in America*, all with only a cursory understanding of the deeply rooted trauma and bodies these events were built from. In fact, I found *Angels in America* to be shocking for the sake of being so, often to the detriment of the plot and viewer experience. On further reflection, maybe that was the point. I read physician-anthropologist Paul Farmer's *Infections and Inequalities*, a medical anthropology book from the 90s on the HIV/AIDS pandemic and its impact on global poor communities. While a wonderful book, it barely touched on how queer communities in the United States were impacted, furthering my view that HIV/AIDS was something that other people in far-off places and far-off times dealt with.

In summary, as a Gen Z bisexual woman in a long-term monogamous relationship, I never once considered the role HIV/AIDS has in my life until I read *Between Death and A Possible Future*. I had never been asked to. I fully fit the stereotype put forth of a second-generation queer kid with no concept of the horrors those of the first generation, only marginally older than me, had to endure. I recognize fully this privilege. I grew up middle class in a college town, with parents that were happy to supply me with birth control and regular doctors' visits. I've never been homeless, done sex work, been to prison, injected drugs, or had any short-term sexual partners—which I mention only as characteristics of heightened potential risk to HIV/AIDS, not as moral determinations. To me, HIV/AIDS was simply never a part of the reality I lived in, as my life was sheltered.

I recount my own experiences with HIV/AIDS as a conversation with the essays in *Between Certain Death and a Possible Future* to provide one of many perspectives of a young queer woman still learning. I provide these thoughts to encourage other young queer people to read this collection, to learn through firsthand accounts in what ways the AIDS crisis never ended and to mourn alongside the contributors those we will never get to meet. I encourage those with lived experiences similar to those within the collection to practice self-care but not be afraid to tell your story and the stories of those who no longer can. While chilling and visceral, *Between Certain Death and a Possible Future* is a must-read for those curious about where they belong in a "Post-HIV/AIDS" world that hasn't left history as far behind as it likes to pretend.

Daphne Fauber (shelher) is a queer artist, writer, microbiologist, and teacher based out of Indiana, U.S.. She also writes reviews of anything horror-related for HauntedMTL, an independent horror website that raises money for LGBTQ+ charities.

RESEARCH CORNER

"Femme it up or Dress it Down": Personal Experiences and Research on Bisexual Women Pushing Back Against Normative Interpretations of Gender and Sexuality

By Lindsey Thomson

As a (cisgender, white) bisexual woman, my gender expression has become more intentional and varied as I have come into my bisexual identity and navigated different romantic relationships and social contexts, all while trying to hang onto and express my bisexuality.

As I grew up and discovered my queer identity in my early 20s and fell in and out of romantic relationships with people of different genders, I noticed some curious preferences for my own gender expression began to emerge. Shortly after getting together with my first girlfriend and coming out to myself and others for the first time, I felt a real desire to look queer and integrate into queer communities and cultures. My hair eventually got shorter, yet I was still often doubted as queer when I went to queer clubs. On the other hand, my girlfriend and I received a lot of unwanted attention from men in mainstream bar who assumed our affection for one another meant that we were seeking their attention.

Fast forward to my next romantic relationship, which happened to be with a queer man. I was faced with the new challenge of my bisexuality being erased in a different way. I was assumed to be straight again—only this time my queer identity, which had come to mean so much to me, was ripped away. I joined bisexual social and support groups and made a point of going to queer clubs with my newfound bisexual friends and experimenting with clothing in a conscious way—sometimes “femming it up” with a dress, and other times “dressing it down” with a T-shirt, vest and jeans. No matter who my partner was romantically, or where I was, I tried my best to be seen as bisexual, which often required deliberately coming out to be read accurately.

Recent research investigating gender expression and the experiences of bisexual women in same- or different-gender relationships echoes and validates many of my own experiences. A 2018 study by Daly, King, and Yeadon-Lee asked 19 bisexual women in the United Kingdom to keep a diary and take part in phone interviews about their gender expression over time. All participants were in a monogamous relationship at the time, or “desired to be in one.”

Women in different-gender relationships were more likely to wear clothing and hairstyles that could be interpreted as “butch,” or more stereotypically lesbian, to make their bisexual identity visible. Many women intentionally chose these gender expressions because they wanted to be “read and decoded” as queer, despite being with a different-gender partner.

On the other hand, women in same-gender relationships were more likely to feminize their appearance, choosing clothing and hairstyles that pushed back against stereotypes of lesbian women as butch, and enjoying the idea that this may be disorienting for people with binary expectations around gender and sexuality. At the same time, women were aware that appearing in traditionally feminine ways may be read as less “authentically” queer, and in the context of queer clubs they often felt compelled to physically demonstrate affection for their same-gender partner to concretely display their queerness.

This shows that many bisexual women intentionally use varied gender expressions as a tool to “keep alive” a bisexual identity across relationships and social contexts. The stereotypical (and monosexist) ideas that masculine/butch gender presentation = lesbian, and feminine gender presentation = heterosexual motivates bisexual women to make strategic choices that shift across social contexts depending on which aspects of their sexuality they wish to highlight for which “audiences.” The authors note a distinct challenge in presenting a clearly bisexual gender expression given that there is no one distinctly bisexual style or common gender expression. Bisexual women were also considered “chameleons,” showing fluidity in their gender expression. Bisexual women deliberately chose when, why, and with whom to embody femininity in particular ways to authentically express different parts of their sexuality. Overall, many bisexual women seem to be comfortable switching between gender expressions deemed feminine/heterosexual and butch/lesbian.

Gender expression also took into account whether participants were “out” as bisexual with certain people or within particular contexts. This led the study’s authors to wonder if bisexual women were reinforcing assumed binaries of straight and gay by switching gender expressions. I don’t agree with this interpretation; it is clear that bisexual women used gender expressions that were the opposite of what may be expected across social contexts and pushed back against norms. In my view, bisexual women use different gender presentations to carve out new space for non-monosexual queer identities while employing gender presentations that are recognizable across heterosexual and homosexual contexts alike.

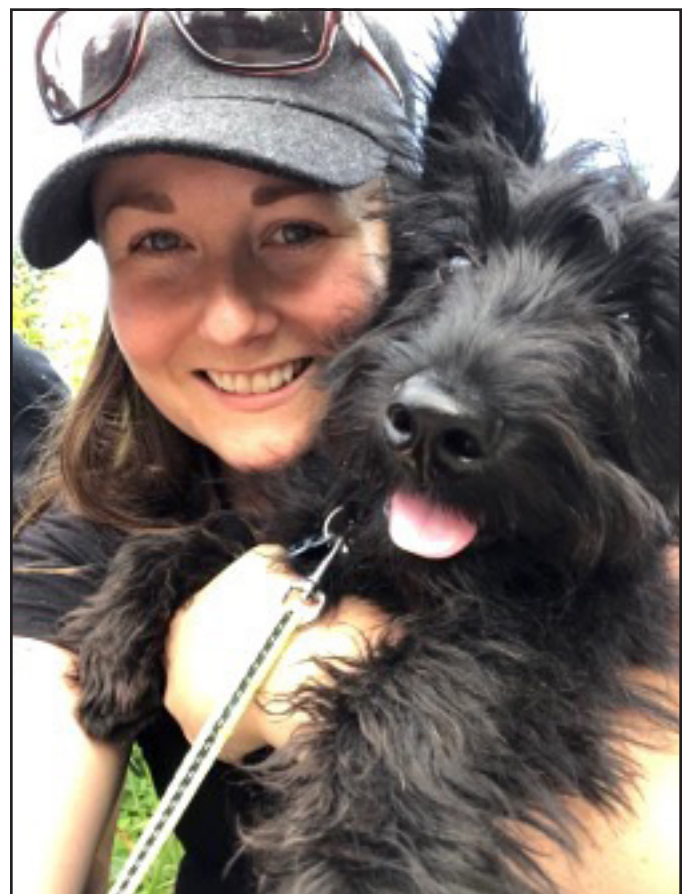
Regardless of the gender of one’s partner, it is clear that being read as bisexual is important for many bisexual women. Playing with feminine and masculine gender expressions are intentional ways of resisting and disrupting binary assumptions of heterosexist and monosexist cultures. This is a very

intentional and complex process that demonstrates sophisticated understandings of other’s automatic and mistaken assumptions that conflate gender expression and sexuality in stereotypical ways. Bisexual women’s gender expressions are more complex and varied than mainstream heterosexual and homosexual sub-cultures account for. Our gender and sexuality exist in relation to other people who are romantic partners, “audiences” who make up the social contexts in which we move in and out of, the social norms that govern how others interpret us, and where we live and belong as undeniably queer people.

References

Daly, S.J., King, N., & Yeadon-Lee, T. (2018). “Femme it up or dress it down”: Appearance and bisexual women in monogamous relationships. *Journal of Bisexuality*, 18(3), 257-277.

Lindsey Thomson lives in Guelph, Ontario, Canada, with her wife CJ, two dogs, and a 29-year old turtle. She is a white settler and late-discovered autistic bisexual woman who is a specialist in community-engaged research and first year PhD student at University of Guelph. She is very passionate about the role of collaborative research in social justice.



Lyndsey with Kevin, one her dogs

RESEARCH CORNER

Why Our Numbers Matter: An Example from Canada

By Dr. Nicola Koper

I probably notice numbers and statistics more than most people. I'm a professor and a biologist, so my life is steeped in numbers—not a day goes by that I'm not reviewing computer model outputs, teaching statistics classes, or assessing exactly how much an endangered species has further declined (sigh). So, I've been pretty drawn to survey results about how many folks in a population are queer—and how inconsistent those estimates are.

For a while, these discrepancies just bounced around in the back of my head a little bit, telling me ... *something*—but I wasn't sure what. I told myself that surveys are notoriously inaccurate, especially when they are about sensitive information, so it wasn't surprising that their numbers didn't quite agree. And one reason we survey people is to see how trends are changing over time—in that case, it doesn't matter if survey estimates are wrong, as long as they are *consistently* wrong. But that's not quite right.

One reason that this discrepancy has been so glaring for me is that I am Canadian, and official Canadian estimates of queer populations are way off base. Statistics Canada—our official government statistics agency—estimates that 4% of Canada's population aged 15 and older is “LGBTQ2+” (their acronym). This is *much* smaller than estimates of 11% of Canada's population from other surveys ([LGBT+ identification worldwide by country 2021 | Statista](#); [LGBT+ Realities Survey - Fondation Jasmin Roy](#)), estimates of numbers of LGBTQ+ folks in America ([LGBT Identification in U.S. Ticks Up to 7.1% \(gallup.com\)](#)), and world-wide estimates of 10-11% ([Distribution of sexual attraction worldwide 2021 | Statista](#)). Basically, there is no earthly way that Statistics Canada's estimate can be accurate—all other evidence suggests that real numbers are likely 2.5 to 3 times higher. Statistics Canada tells us there are about 1 million queer folks in Canada, suggesting they are off by 1.5-2 million people. By anyone's standards, that's a major gap between estimates and reality.

Why care about these numbers, though? First, population estimates lead to funding—and a seat at the table to develop policies. A bigger population—i.e., a bigger voter base—gets way more attention. Second, in Canada, sexual orientation is one of 14 protected human rights ([Canadian Human Rights Act \(justice.gc.ca\)](#)), meaning that there is *significant* protection for queer people here*. But in some ways that protection depends on estimates of how many queer Canadians there are. For example, it is common for job ads to state that an organization is committed to ensuring its employee diversity reflects the diversity of the Canadian population. This often leads to “strategic hiring” practices by large organizations (such as the federal government) such that hiring preferences may be given to members of minority groups if they are underrepresented by

their current employee community. And here is the problem. If an employee community is 6% queer, and the organization uses Statistics Canada estimates to assess its diversity, the organization has exceeded its goals for representing Canada's diversity in terms of sexual orientation—it's got more queer people than it would aim for! Great job, Corporate Canada! But if it uses the estimates of how much of Canada's population is queer derived from *any other survey*, then it has only about half of the percentage of queer employees found in society, giving the organization the clear message that it must continue to improve to achieve diversity. This might include strategic hiring, reviewing its culture and hiring practices to assess why queer people are underrepresented, developing new programs to increase inclusion, visibility, and representation, and generally acknowledging that something about its systems has resulted in its workforce being less diverse than Canada's population. But none of this would be triggered by using Statistics Canada's numbers. So there are very real organizational implications that follow from using Statistics Canada's incorrect numbers.

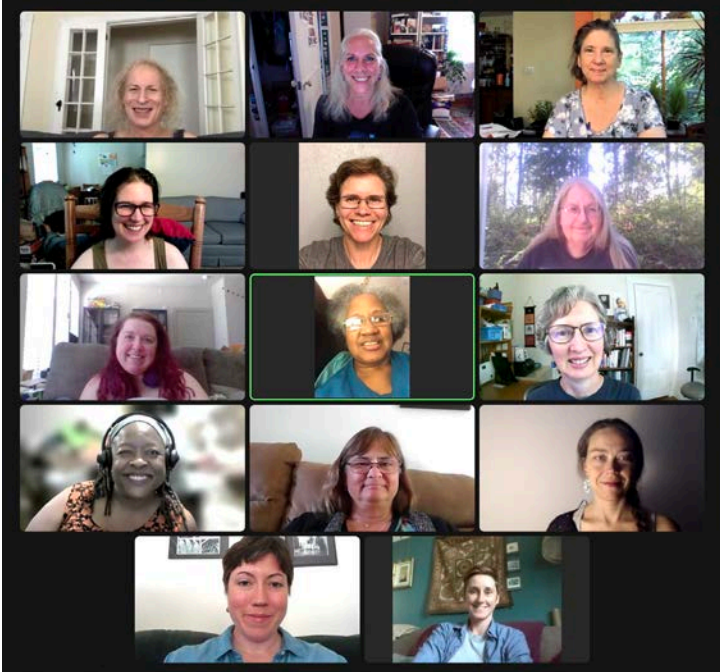
But one statistic that is quite consistent among surveys, regardless of the culture or nation in which they are conducted, is that bi+ folks make up about half of all populations reporting queer identities (e.g. [LGBT+ identification worldwide by country 2021 | Statista](#)). I'm sure everyone reading this is aware that despite our predominance, there are far fewer resources for bi+ people than for folks with binary queer identities. My latest literature search using the Web of Science search engine shows that for every scientific research article about bi+ people, there are four articles about gay or lesbian folks. This means our needs are not well known, and that we have poor access to support services—as many of us have experienced in person. Thank goodness we have grassroots organizations like *Bi Women Quarterly* to support our community.

* Sexual orientation identity is not a federally protected human right in the USA—leading to many of the legal issues we've seen emerge across many states in the last couple of years.

Dr. Nicola Koper (Nicky) is a professor of conservation biology at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, Canada, and edits BWQ's Research Corner.



CALENDAR



Digital Brunch

A special invitation to our readers EVERYWHERE:

Please join the Boston Bisexual Women's Network at one (or all) of our digital brunches. We are proud of our community of women (trans and cis) and nonbinary folks, and we would love to make connections across the country (and globe). Grab your coffee or tea and some food while we chat about bi+ issues and other fun topics.

Digital brunches will be held on the following dates starting at 1pm EST:

Sat., Mar 4
Sun., April 2
Sat., May 6
Sun., June 4
Sat., July 8
Sun., Aug 6
Sat., Sept 9

Info/RSVP:
BWQEvents@gmail.com.

(Note: Dates are subject to change.
Check BiWomenBoston.org to
confirm date.)

Consider this: If you rarely (or never) see people like yourself represented in print, your voice is especially important. When you lift your voice, someone, somewhere will FINALLY see their own experiences reflected, perhaps for the first time. (See our calls for writing on page 2.)

FREE Bi+ Global Event

Join us at the 10th World Bi+ Meetup! To accommodate people in various time zones, we will have TWO meetups each time: Meetup #10 will be April 21, 4 p.m. EDT/10 p.m. CEST & April 22, 4 a.m. EDT/10 a.m. CEST. Bi+ people everywhere are invited to join either or both meetups on Zoom. We'll be using breakout rooms to give folks an opportunity to meet each other in a friendly and free setting. The meeting is in English and is organized by Barbara Oud (the Netherlands) and Robyn Ochs (U.S.). Pre-registration is required. Register at <https://biplus.nl/biplus-world-meetup>.

Metro-Boston women & non-binary folks:

Keep up with local events by subscribing to our Google group: <https://groups.google.com/forum/#!forum/biwomen-boston>

We offer FREE digital subscriptions to BWQ to people of all genders and all orientations everywhere. Subscribe at BiWomenQuarterly.com.

**"Every time a
bisexual person
makes their bi+
identity known,
that is a form of
activism."**

Robyn Ochs