



**Timaree Schmit, Ph.D.**

*Sexuality Educator and Podcaster*

As a cyclist and as a pedestrian, I experience sexual harassment and unwanted commentary on my body on a daily basis. Regardless of the time of year or what I'm wearing, men who are complete strangers feel comfortable telling me what they would like to do to me and pressuring me to talk to them and give them my number. In addition to be annoying most of the time, it can be intimidating and threatening at times.

There's the night 2 guys in a car drove next to me on Morris and yelled weird things out the window. I tried slowing way down so they'd pass- they slowed down too. I tried going way faster- they sped up. As I tried to get away, they started actively chasing me, taking the same turns I did. I had to illegally turn the wrong way on Passyunk and ride on the sidewalk to ditch them, but I saw they continued to circle looking for me.

There's the afternoon I was biking down Broad to work and a guy in a giant truck immediately behind me started honking. Then he pulled up next to me and hollered out the window that I was beautiful. I told him to leave me alone. He continued the chatter out the window about my looks, effectively pinning me in a tiny space between his vehicle and the parked cars, which was incredibly scary. He suddenly pulled ahead and went faster, only to come to a dramatic stop at the next light where he turned and angled his car so I couldn't easily pass. More yelling out the window on how I should pull over and talk to him and I had to go up the sidewalk to ditch him too.