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P-28

victoria's secrets

Give Bi a Try

Why not go to bat
for both teams?

By RINGO WILDE

Happy Pride Week girlfriends! And boyfriends! And Bi-Friends, because you—yes you, all my sweet and happy half-time homos—are the ones I want to talk about this week. Well, about you. And me. And all the beautiful music we could make together. . .

Yes, that's right. Ringo is coming out. Well, I'm already out, and about, and all over the place, I know, but I'm hereby officially coming out as Bi. Bisexual, that is. Although I have at times joked that I'm trisexual, as in I'll try anything (or anyone!) at least once, but for all intents and purposes it's the same thing, isn't it?

Anyway, where were we? Oh yeah, me coming out. Ta-daaa! Bring out the party blowers and the bubbly, girls and boys! It's time for Ringo Wilde's list of reasons why I love to be bi.

Ready? Fasten your garterbelts, because here we go. It's Ringo's list of why I love to be bi:

— Because as somebody famous once said, it doubles my chances of a date on Saturday night. Why limit yourself, I always say, when you can have your Jake and Enid too? Now, don't get yourselves all hot in the pants, even Ringo isn't indulging in wacky threesomes every weekend (I wish! You know

my e-mail addy, sweeties, why not use it!). But let's just say that if I'm ever so unfortunate as to be both bored *and* lonely, I'll be happy for whatever company I can get. Why be choosy when you can be a floozy? Oh, go on. You know I'm just joking. And if I say I love you, I mean it, at least at that moment—but I digress.

— Because there are lots of nice people involved with BiVictoria, our own home-grown group of out and proud bi boys and girls. You can reach them by e-mail at bivictoria@angelfire.com, or just drop in to one of their first-Tuesday support meetings (on the first Tuesday of every month) or occasional social events. The next one is coming up soon, so check in at <http://www.angelfire.com/bc3/bivictoria/>

— Because you can march behind the BiVictoria banner in the Pride Parade, and be as proud of yourself as anyone else there!

— Because I like being able to be, um, flexible. Some bi people in committed relationships envy me the ability to swing both ways, but then again, some straight people in committed relationships envy me for just about the same reason, so I don't know what the fuss is. Except that if you're bi, and you commit to a relationship with just one other person, well, unless you're lucky enough to find a transgendered person with whom to share your life, you're going to have to choose one side of the fence or the other, darlings. You can't bat for the girls's team if you're wearing the guys' uniform. Or some such summery baseball analogy—I'm not into that kind of sports, obviously. But imagine, a whole team of boys in tight white pants, and those cute little ball caps they wear, and they're all in the locker room after a particularly sweaty game . . . oooh, but I digress. (Do I ever! Once I digressed right in the middle of a dinner party and you wouldn't believe the looks I got when I licked my fingers afterwards . . . but anyway, where was I?)

— Because there's stuff to shop for! You got it, you can buy

bi. Get your own bi pride flag (part magenta, part lavender, part blue). Or a bi pride coffee cup! Or a keychain! Or bubble bath! Or cock rings! You name it, they got it, at www.bipridestore.com. Bring on the bi pride baseball caps, someone, please?

— Because there are some classic books out there on this very tasty topic. If you haven't read *Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out*, a batch of deliciously revealing essays edited by Lorraine Hutchins and Lani Kaahumanu, you should. Now. Before anyone finds out you haven't!

— Because I enjoy being able to smash the stereotype about bisexual people. No, not the one about us all being nymphos—I'll admit to that one. But you know, the other one, about inside every bi or bi-curious person, there's a queer person waiting to come out. Don't be silly—being bi means being able to lick both sides of the ice cream cone, and like it, too. Why switch teams when you can play both sides of the field? Oh, there I go with that baseball fetish again . . . guess it's time someone took me out to the ballgame, huh? Oh, I have some fond memories of a warm summer evening on the bleachers after the crowd went home. I'm such a sucker for soft balls . . . and don't even get me *started* about those women's softball teams.

— Because some sex theorists figure that everyone's really bisexual—some are just more bisexual than others. I like being part of that vanguard of people who are open-minded enough to try a little of everything on their salad, if you know what I mean. It makes everything taste so much better . . .

So that's all I have to say on the matter, at least for the time being. I'll be getting my little bum to all the Pride Week events I can, so come and smooch me if you see me. It doesn't matter what gender you are, I promise, I'll like it! M

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