

AppethAlzing
THAI CUISINE


3207 SE Division Street
at 32nd Ave.

TAKE-OUT & DINE-IN

"It's just oppethalizingly delicious!"

www.myspace.com/appethalizing

503.233.9265



Starky's
Restaurant and Bar

PORTLAND'S EASTSIDE
DINING & SPIRITS

Featuring music and videos on flat screen plasma monitors

Extended menu including late night hours

Saturday & Sunday 9am to 2am
Saturday Breakfast 9 am
Sunday Brunch 9-30 am

703 230 7480 • 2913 SE Stark
www.starkys.com


Adobe Rose

LUNCH 11:30-2:00
Tues. - Sat.
&
DINNER 5:00-9:00
Tues. - Sat.

CLOSED Sun. & Mon.

Cafe FULL BAR

Experience The Flavors of New Mexico
1634 S.E. Bybee Blvd. • (503) 235-9114




CHECK OUT OUR PHOTO GALLERY ONLINE!

www.justout.com/photo_gallery

Gino's Restaurant & Bar

Where friends meet for good food and wine in a relaxed atmosphere.

"Life is Good"

Sunday - Thursday 4-10 pm, Friday - Saturday 4-11 pm

8051 SE 13th Ave. at Spokane in Sellwood
503-233-4613

ROUX

Dinner Six Nights (Closed Tuesdays)
New Orleans Style Brunch Sunday 10AM to 2 PM

Private Dining Now Available
503.235.1200

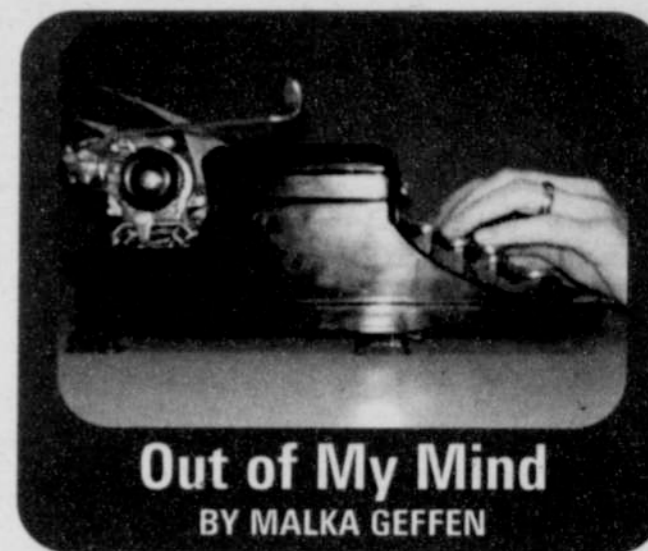
1700 North Killingsworth Street
One block from MAX in North Portland • www.rouxrestaurant.com

My Way and the Bi Way

I am not the arbiter of sexual identity

I had the pleasure of seeing Rufus Wainwright—a runway beauty and veritable chanteuse—sing his diva heart out July 31 at Crystal Ballroom. Adding to my delight was the opening performer, another talented musician with famous parents, Sean Lennon. During his set, Lennon pointed out that his previous tour billed Wainwright as his opening act. It turns out that no love was lost between friends who have shared more than a stage. Lennon confided that Wainwright is the “only dude” he’s ever made out with. During his set, Wainwright put in his two cents: “I heard Sean said I was the only guy he’s made out with.” After a pregnant pause, he added, “I can’t say the same.” This brought a round of encouraging giggles from the very mixed crowd. Wainwright, in a high-pitched squeal à la *Little Miss Sunshine*’s hyperactive pageant princess, blurted, “Because I’m a winner!” before breaking into song.

What did it mean to me, to the audience, to Lennon, that he and Wainwright enjoyed a private duet? “One time does not make Lennon bisexual,” I caught myself thinking. Or does it?



For me, bisexuality was a gateway identification—one I felt to be safer and more accepted while I figured my shit out.

Through the years, I heard straight- and gay-identified folks say biphobic things like, “Oh, they’re just fooling themselves” or “She/he hasn’t found the right girl/guy yet.” Even more disturbing was the “Well, I’d never *date* a bisexual” comment—a prejudice that says more about an individual’s relationship insecurity than it does about bisexuals. I imagine the assumption is that a breakup would be more painful if a lover left for someone of the opposite sex. Would you always think you had turned that lover straight? Given my personal experience with bisexuality, I wasn’t above entertaining these types of thoughts from time to time. It took a while to learn that my past and my attractions had no bearing on the reality of another’s.

More than a decade later, while settling into my own married, home-owning still life with dog, I have had the fortune of becoming good friends with a gorgeous couple—a married man and woman—who identify as bi. Here they are, recognized as legally married under the law and in any Home Depot across the land, identifying as bisexual. Yet their unified proclamation of attraction to a particular female celebrity is as real as her ability to point out a waiter he’d find hot as is their mutual love and affection. When they say, “We’re queer,” it rings as true in my ears as when the wife and I say the same.

This ride through the history of my relationship with bisexuality brings me to some obvious conclusions and interesting questions. I needed bisexuality as



Sean Lennon told the crowd at Crystal Ballroom about his makeout session with tourmate Rufus Wainwright.

a label to help me find my way out of the closet. Others are truly bisexual. But why is it of any interest to me how bi (or gay or straight, for that matter) someone else is? Will I listen to Sean Lennon’s music more now that I know he once made out with Rufus? Will my friend, once married to a woman and now marrying a man, hold less space in my heart? No. As I fervently shake my head no and as I grow up a little more every year, the memories of relationships, conversations and queries about others’ sexual identities fly away. 10

Around graduation time, I finally gave up the ghost and quit “dating” boys for good. It wasn’t fair to them (or their ex-girlfriends whom I truly liked).

My relationship with bisexuality began in college. During a summer session abroad in Ireland—where I found plenty of feisty females to fall for—I was only comfortable enough to tell my school chums I was bisexual and only after I’d found a nice young man to call “my boyfriend.” The identification came in very handy when I tired of said boyfriend’s physical attention. “It’s just that I’m bisexual,” I explained to a perplexed 19-year-old mid-makeout. I did not mean to be a tease. I was scared. I used him and bisexuality as a front.

MALKA GEFFEN has plenty of room in her head. Fill it by e-mailing malkageffen@gmail.com.