

Single And Fabulous(!)



panda say what?!

BY BENNIE TAN

While I was working the door of an Oregon Bears event recently, an out-of-town Bear couple walked in with all of their new-meat-on-the-block glory. I introduced myself and gave them a warm welcome.

Then the inevitable line of questioning commenced—"Is this your boyfriend?" one of them asked while pointing to the Bear next to me. I told them no, he was just another board member. "Oh, where is your boyfriend? Is he at home?" No, I am single, I explained, feeling slightly chagrined because I knew what was coming. Then—as I anticipated—came the zinger. With pity oozing from his brown eyes and a you-poorthing tone in his voice, he posed the question, "Oh, why are you single?"

I used to get really offended and riled up when people asked me the why-are-you-single question. My view on the matter is, much like my religious beliefs, why I am single is nobody's business. But then again, can you blame people for wanting to know? Society and the media drill into our soft, malleable brain cells that to be successful in life, one must be in a relationship. It seems when it comes to mainstream media, couples are in, singletons are out.

I don't usually blame the media for society's ills, but I do believe it is partly responsible for how we view single people. Be it books, music or movies and TV shows—such as *Sex and the City*, *Bridget Jones's Diary* and, most recently, *Bridesmaids*—couplehood is celebrated while singlehood is painted in a sad and pathetic (albeit often humorous) light. Even if a series starts off with a protagonist who is single, by the end he or she has found a mate for life. Toxic bachelorette Carrie Bradshaw eventually wound up with Mr. Big; Bridget Jones, in all of her chubby, neurotic glory, found her Mr. Darcy; and even Annie from *Bridesmaids* literally rode off into the sunset (okay, if you want to get technical, it was night) in the handsome cop's car.

If you're still unconvinced the media is skewed against singletons, consider this: When was the last time you saw a show or movie depicting a carefree, stable and genuinely happy single main character?

The media focuses on how dreadful it is to be solo. And the kicker is these individuals are single because there is something inherently wrong with them. Carrie Bradshaw was in one failed relationship after another because she was a commitment-phobe.

When was the last time you saw a show or movie depicting a carefree, stable and genuinely single happy main character?

Bridget Jones was alone due to her neuroses and low self-esteem. Annie was single because she failed in her business venture and her relationship went south along with it.

I understand no one wants to watch a boring movie or TV series. On the contrary, we want to escape from the doldrums of reality. We want fun and fantasy—we want the big fairy-tale happy ending. But wouldn't it be nice for once to see single folks portrayed as happy, well-adjusted individuals and not as some flawed character waiting to be saved by a relationship?

Here's the truth—I am currently single because I choose to be. It is my choice and my choice alone. I'm not single because I'm crazy (granted, I may be a little nuts), ugly (my face has yet to induce spontaneous puking), fat (okay, I'm a little chubby but the Bears like it), or undesirable. Hey, I've got game and I get enough coitus. To be honest, getting sex is not all that difficult, especially between horny, gay men—it's always been my opinion that fucking is easy but being in love is an entirely different matter.

Recently, I've had a few suitors come calling, but after several failed relationships (three of them with the same person), I am biding my time and waiting for the right Cub or Bear to come along. Thing is, I've seen way too many couples who are in loveless, codependent relationships just because they are afraid to be alone and of being pitied or looked down upon for being single. I am not ready to settle and I refuse to accept second or third best only to realize years into a relationship this man was not meant for me.

Certain individuals have called me bitter and jaded because of my views. While I may be bitter, I am definitely not jaded. Look it up, there is a difference. In fact, I very much look forward to the day my hirsute Prince Charming comes riding in on a white horse and sweeps me off my feet. Until then, I shall remain single and fabulous—exclamation point for emphasis! ☪

Yes, this article's title was purloined from an episode of Sex and the City. If you are single and fabulous, feel free to commiserate with Bennie at pdxpandacub@gmail.com.

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