

Bottoms up!

Mardi Gras virgin recovers from a wild weekend

BY MICHAEL WAYNE KECK

When I decided to go out and party for Portland's Mardi Gras this year, I expected it to be a wild and crazy time. What I did not expect was just *how* wild and crazy three nights of partying actually could be. Two fistfights, one bitch-slap, two dozen dicks, four sets of tits, three unwanted run-ins, some public masturbation and one cracked-out stripper later, I decided, "Why can't every weekend be Mardi Gras?!"

I started out Friday night at one of my favorite bars, Boxxes, then headed up to Silverado—or, as I affectionately call it, Skankerado. From the second I walked in I was in shock. I've been to Silverado before, but whoa, let me tell you, it was something else this night!

The regular dancers were on break, and because everyone was in the Mardi Gras spirit, amateurs—the best kind, drunk ones—were going up on stage and just dropping their pants. No striptease, no exotic dancing—nope, just cock and balls.

The funniest part was that all the wasted people in the crowd decided to reward the poor bastards by chucking beads right at their packages. It was like some kind of sick carni-

val game—a "cock toss," if you will. But the amateurs seemed to love it (until they saw their bruises the next day), and more people started lining up to partake. It was complete madness.

I wanted to get away from the chaos for a minute, so I ordered another drink and took a seat in the back of the bar. To my horror—OK, my delight—when I looked to my right some guy had his johnson out and totally was spanking his monkey, right there in front of everyone!

Saturday night I decided to hit the bottle before I went out, which made sense at the time—you know, to save a few bucks. Turns out it might not have been the greatest idea. I started off at Boxxes again because the drinks, just like any good man, come cheap and stiff.

Next thing I knew, my friends were dragging my drunk ass down to Panorama, where in my own moment of Mardi Gras humiliation I agreed to flash the doorman to get in for free. (Mom, I hope you aren't reading this!)

I ended up just dancing the night away until 3:30 in the morning. At that point I needed toothpicks to keep my eyes open, so my buddies took me home.

After two days of hangover hell (I know you all can feel my pain), I debated whether even to go out for Fat Tuesday. But being the lush I am, it took my friends about two seconds to convince me.

This time I wasn't going to drink until I went out, but that meant a sober encounter with Ralph Waldo Emerson, this guy I met at a rave back in January. He was totally high on Ecstasy at the time and decided that he never had met someone like me before (or at least not that night) and that we should be together (go home and fuck). He continued to profess his love and affection (his altered state of reality due to chemicals) with a bunch of poems he had written (memorized in high school), my favorite being a little Irish sonnet about my sparkling blue eyes (they're green). He even went so far as to say we should live together (go home and fuck). Being the sweet, innocent little angel I

am (my friends took me home because I was so smashed) we never hooked up, but I swore if I saw him again we would go out and live happily ever after.

I excitedly approached Emerson to say hi and ask if he remembered me. His reply, as he got into some other guy's car, was a simple "no." Hmm, funny how soon his love for me faded.

Feeling like some *Temptation Island* reject, I went into Boxxes, where I proceeded to have a heart-to-heart with a drag queen named Sky Dreams. She sat there for 30 minutes and listened to me bitch and moan about how I never will meet a nice guy.

Then, like any good queen she gave me a pep talk—"You're special, and damn it, people like you"—and handed me some beads. That was about all the pep talk I needed, because right then some straight dudes came over from the Brig and started flashing their breeder cocks at us for beads.

Apparently, nobody told them they could've bought some at Rite-Aid for about \$1.39. But what fun would that be?

I decided to hit the Brig and see what kind of shenanigans were taking place there. I pulled up a stool by the dance floor and just watched all the clowns shaking their groove thing.

Some straight schmuck was working his magic on this pregnant girl in a miniskirt so short it would make Erin Brockovich blush. Sadly, the guy was so drunk I don't even think he knew she was knocked up.

Then I noticed a really wasted lady try to take a flamer's pride and joy: his big pearl necklace (the beaded kind). He was having none of that, and all of a sudden I was watching some messed-up Fox special, *Homos Gone Bad: When Fags Attack*.

He shoved her so far back she almost fell on her ass. She got in his face and began shouting, but our little gay diva stood his ground and just starting shaking his finger back and forth like a mama scolding her child.

Before long she was pushing him, so he pulled a Diana Ross and bitch-slapped her. After that, I decided I'd had enough Jerry Springer fun, so I headed home.

It would seem I picked a good year to pop my Mardi Gras cherry: fights, tits, dicks, divas, skanks and all-around jackassery. But from what friends have told me, it was nothing out of the ordinary. Dang! I thought it was just because I was special and people liked me. **JK**

MICHAEL WAYNE KECK, although contrary to what it might seem, is not an alcoholic. He is, however, a recovering frat boy who likes to go out and have a good time. E-mail him at michaelwaynekeck@hotmail.com.



Clockwise from top: Sky Dreams dishes advice; P.J. Swan, Candy and Kuntisha are bosom buddies; Michael Dippel and the author earn some beads; general jackassery

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