

The Bare Essence

All the nudes that's fit to print

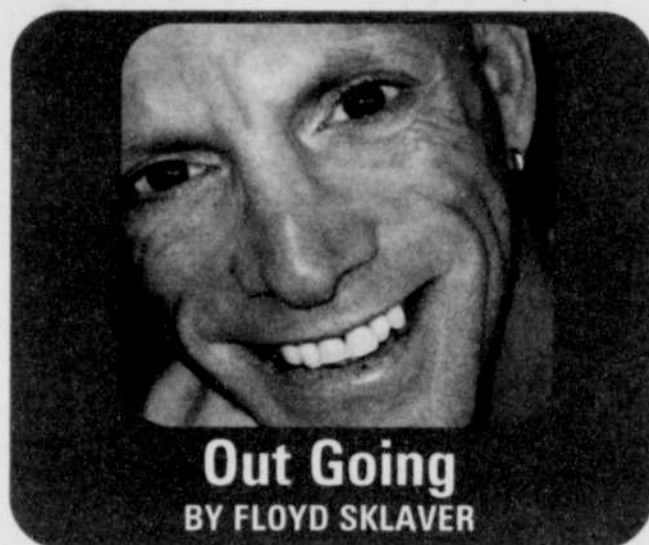
Truth be told, I'm kind of insecure about my body. When it comes to public nudity, I believe the less shed, the better. But I certainly enjoy watching other people get naked, so my favorite day of the year is Fat Tuesday, when, for the price of a cheap set of beads, handsome men will drop trou at the drop of a dime.

This year, armed with an abundance of gaudy trinkets, I ventured to C.C. Slaughters for the annual Mr. Dixi Normus contest hosted by the very stylish Bolivia Carmichaels. Zach Young and Darren Burns were there covered in wampum, which means they must have been showing lots.

Spencer Warden watched from the front row wearing a T-shirt that said, "Buck Fuddy." Perhaps I should have introduced him to William Smith, who told me he has "no gag reflex and a very long tongue." Donovan "Tiara" Banks, who has appeared Friday and Saturday nights at Darcelle's for eight years, was out in full force, as was Jeff Bingham, who felt my chest and asked me to take off my shirt.

I shyly declined but had a change of heart a few days later when No Fish! Go Fish! owner John Doyle asked me to be a contestant at his Friday night Strip Jeopardy game. (Actually, what I was thinking was, "I have a column deadline and nothing to write about yet.")

Of course, before I could tell all, I'd have to show all, and that thought sent me scurrying to the gym, where I pushed my workout buddy Mike Long beyond his comfort zone. (Hey, if I have to work



Out Going
BY FLOYD SKLAVER

out hard, so should he!)

When the day of reckoning finally arrived, despite my misgivings, I was surprisingly calm. "This must be what a condemned man feels like," I thought.

I arrived at the Southeast Hawthorne restaurant to discover a packed house of hipsters including Tom Burk, who has watched more than 20 games (but never participated, I might add) and Christopher Cuttone, who's been a contestant eight times.

Listening to Doyle review the rules, my nerves kicked in and I threw back a large scotch. Each contestant then selected a hat, which becomes the final object to be removed. Once your hat's off, so to speak, you're out of the game. Of course, you can also remove it at any time to drop out. In a nod to my fantasies, I selected the fireman's hat.

Fortunately, the categories weren't that intimidating. They included disco, Broadway and cock-tails, subjects with which I'm intimately acquainted. The other choices were circuses and Northwest conifers. (Huh?)

Since the rules call for you to lose an article of clothing every time you call out an incorrect answer, my initial strategy was to keep my mouth shut. But as the game progressed (and the scotch kicked in), I became bolder and, of course, less dressed. In fact, by intermission, as I chatted with Chris Brought and Nico Loening (who met while Nico was a contestant—his losing category was British monarchy), I was down to boxers and a T-shirt. With the concrete floors, though, I should have taken the boxers off before my socks.

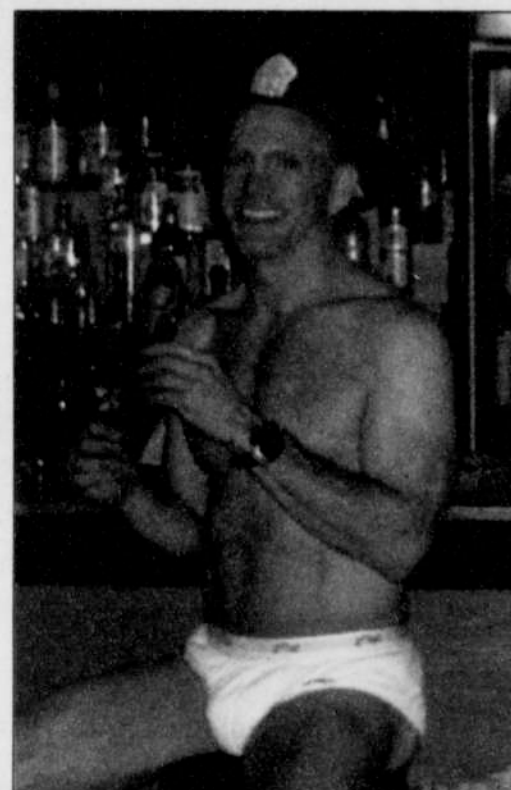
In the second round, the categories were jocks, cocks, Broadway flops, women with large breasts and Seinfeld. By this point (with a second scotch during intermission) I was feeling no pain—and no shame.

Amplified, when the moment of truth arrived, I pulled down my boxers and revealed a pair of tighty whities amply fortifying the family jewels. Then a pair of tighter whities appeared and, finally, a G-string. (I wasn't going down without a fight.) I had more layers than lasagna.

This being Oregon, of course, the game progressed to the full monty, for which you'll have to use your imagination. (Suffice to say, I was a bare bottom.)

Speaking of *The Full Monty*, any opportunity to watch Gregg Arntson and Rick Lewis shirtless should make you run to the box office at Pixie Dust Productions. In the audience next to me was Holcombe Waller, fresh from his work in Wade McCollum's *One*. Gary Maffei and Marcus Lintner were also there, seated close for the best view.

Unfortunately, the lights went off the moment the boys shucked their shorts. What a gyp. Compared to the contestants at No Fish! Go Fish!, these guys are definitely not as Out Going. **JO**



Floyd competes in Strip Jeopardy at No Fish! Go Fish!

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