

I Have a Little List

Internet dating gone wild

So, I'm at Mother's Velvet Lounge the other night for its third monthly Cabaret Karaoke, hanging out with the regulars like Steve Kochis and Eric Galoskowsky, when I spy somebody I haven't seen before. He's blond and in his 30s, with a sweet, angelic face. And, he's sitting by himself at the bar. Naturally, since I'm a flirt, I smile and brush against his arm as I pass by.

The next day I receive an e-mail from my pal Spencer Warden. "You know that guy sitting at the bar last night," Spencer writes. "I think he liked you. Check this out." And he includes a link to Craig's List, where, sure enough, my Galahad had posted a classified ad in the Missed Connections section.

"You were the bald (shaved?) cute guy wearing a cap at Mother's karaoke on Thursday night.... We exchanged a few looks and smiles.... You were busy working the room so I didn't say anything...but should have. You're a handsome guy and I would like a chance to get better acquainted."

This guy-thinks I'm cute AND handsome. One more compliment and I would have been picking out china patterns and engraved invitations.

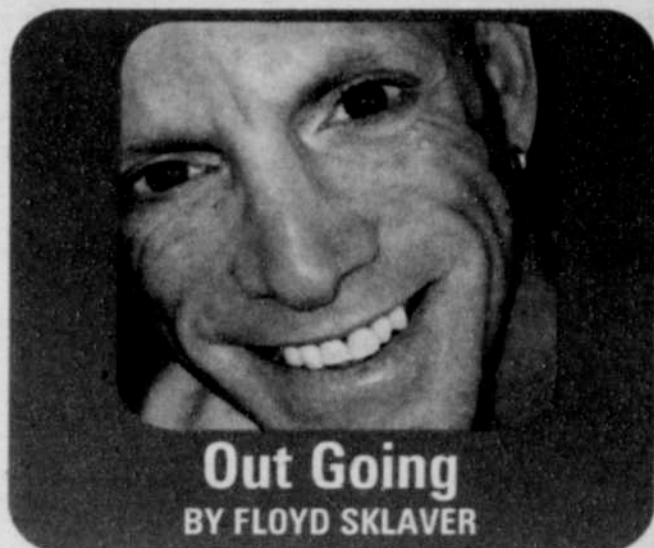
How does one react to a situation like this? Faithful readers know that I have had a boyfriend for more than 20 years and am not looking for a new one. But isn't it rude not to acknowledge the compliments in some way? What's more, is it even safe to respond to a stranger on the Internet?

While this guy may be dreamy, I know too many people who have had online nightmares—including Spencer. Spencer found a hookup on Craig's List only to have the guy spend the night and then walk off the next morning with his laptop computer. When confronted, the thief denied it, but then called back to admit the crime because, Spencer says, "He was hoping I'd tell him the password to get onto the computer."

Or Stephen Marc Beaudoin, who had what he calls "the MySpace date from hell." After chatting with a guy through the popular "place for friends," Stephen went to Eugene for what he called "a great dinner and drinks." But when the guy came to Portland, after a couple of rounds at Red Cap, the evening took a decidedly surreal swirl.

Driving to another bar for karaoke, Stephen's date made an illegal left-hand turn. Of course, a cop car pulled up immediately with his lights flashing. Then, after checking the driver's license, another cop pulled up, and then a third. When the cops asked his date to step from the car, Stephen thought it was just a routine ticket until he turned around and saw his Hercules being handcuffed and put into a patrol car.

About a week and a half later, he received an e-mail: "I'm so sorry for the embarrassing situation of my arrest during our date last week. All I can say is that I guess sometimes your past comes back to haunt you. Let me know if you'd like to go grab a cocktail sometime."

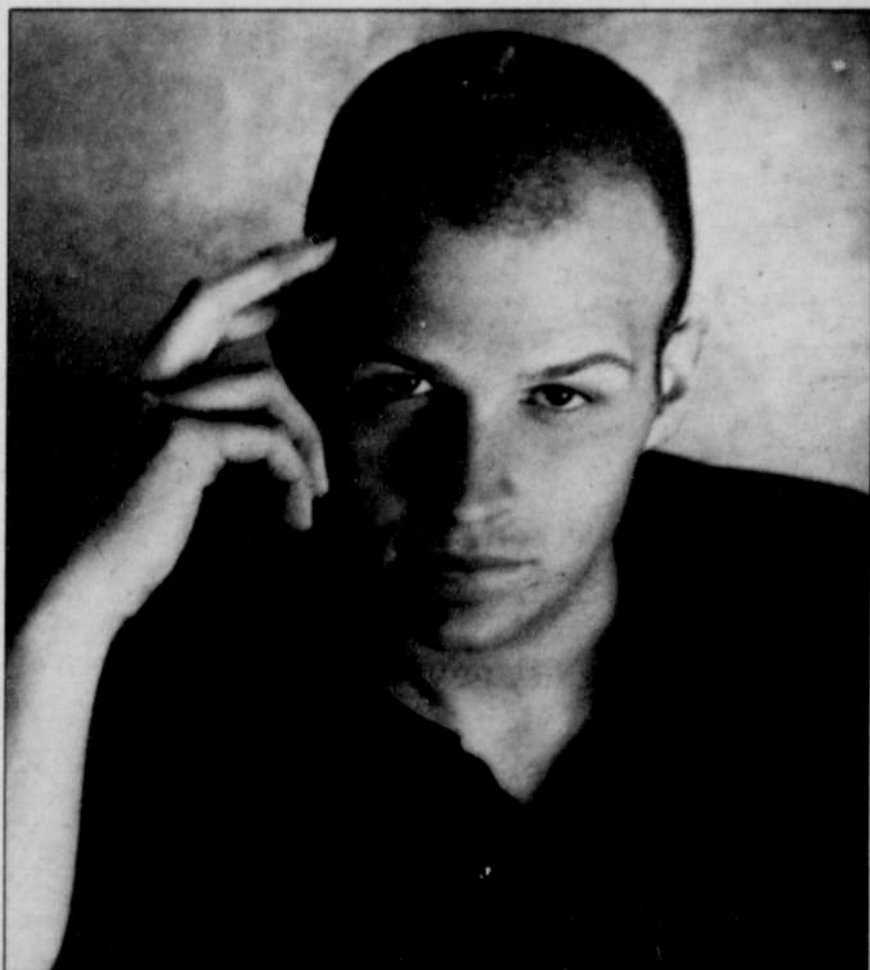


Out Going
BY FLOYD SKLAVER

The scariest situation, however, occurred to my dear friend Brian Wilson, who responded to an ad on Craig's List from a young man looking for a mentor. When they met at an eastside bar, he discovered that his potential protégé was also very hot. Brian's libido (along with bad judgment) kicked in, and he extended an invitation to his beautiful West Hills home. The happy couple decided to take a bath together (a reasonable idea after a night at Portland's über-smoky bars), and Brian began filling the upstairs tub while his date had a cigarette on the front porch. Ten minutes later, when the young man didn't appear, Brian discovered that his house had been cleared of all small and valuable electronics including his laptop, phone, digital camera and XM receiver. What makes this story particularly perilous is that Brian drove the crook home, which means there must have been an accomplice following them. And the creep is still on the loose potentially victimizing others.

Tales like these (and others, including the rampant syphilis my doctor tells me is being passed around at Manhunt sex parties) make me nervous. So, while I'm not advocating celibacy by any means (who could live without sex?), when it comes to meeting men on the Internet, there's such a thing as being too Out Going. **jo**

FLOYD SKLAVER wants to know about your event.
E-mail him at floydsklaver@comcast.net.



Stephen Marc Beaudoin had what he calls "the MySpace date from hell."

Dance party
Dress in white
Go-Go Dancers
Fondue
Cotton candy
Balloon Drop

THE WHITE PARTY
March 18th, 2007 5-10pm
at the restaurant & lounge
1082 W. Burnside
Portland, OR 97209
www.warisonline.com
Advance tickets \$23
Presented by girls on gay
photos design www.posterchildpromotion.com

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DJ'S KENETIC / STORMY / AIRICK
PLAYING NEW WAVE, ROCK, PUNK, ELECTRO AND PROPER GOOD 80'S

PERFORMANCES BY "MALICE" AND
"MAMA & THE JIHADS" (OF SISSY BOYS FAME)

WE GOT: BEARS, PIGS, PONY'S, DYKES, DAGGERS,
HAWKS, COCKS, CHICKEN, FAGS
AND THEIR HAGS, WITH A LITTLE TRADE...

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