

THE FLAMER CHRONICLES

THE WILD WEEK OF MERRIMENT

by Adrian Crawford

In the Beginning...

The weekend got off to a fantabulous start with yours truly appearing at the Cabaret au Fromage in full drag. I donned my best Cher ensemble and gave L.U. a dose of female impersonation. Judging by the mixture of male drool and female jealousy, I'd say I was convincing enough. I didn't win the cheese but pinching Tim's nipples made it all worth it. We Queens get away with so much!

"Maybe we can co-exist with the straight community after all"

I was just getting started at this point. I found myself at a gay social later that night where I met the man who would rock my world for the week. Non-committal flirts are the cherries on the banana split of life. I could tell this one was special when I found myself using less spit and more swallow (Don't be offended, it's the nineties after all.) Thanks to a rather racy game of truth or dare, I even got some use out of my nipple ring! Inhibitions mean nothing when you add the proper amount of alcohol.

And Then There Was Light...

Saturday was a queer-fest at La Scala. B.G.L.L.U. and ActB put on a great social for all the happy people. The music made me want to roller-skate and the light show gave me flashbacks. I felt like I was in a Quentin Tarantino film. I wouldn't have been surprised to have seen Uma Thurman and John Travolta doing a jig to "Saturday Night Fever". Of course they would have had to share the floor with Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise and a cast of Norwegian skiers. The night eventually did end, but I still haven't lost the perma-grin.

Sunday deserves mention only because I learned that Swedish people really do say "Yaw!" In turn, they learned that we sneaky Canadians have been lying all along about the great skiing conditions in Thunder Bay.

Fright Night on Pub Night...

We blew the doors off of our closets on Thursday. There were so many fairies on the premises that I thought I was in Oz. I wonder if the D.J. realized how many gay anthems he played that night. It was definitely a very tongue in cheek evening. More tongue than cheek for some. I was most impressed by the lack of homophobia. Maybe we can co-exist with the straight community after all!

Wasn't that a Party...

Friday night provided me with an opportunity to play host (and hostess). I decided to throw a party for some new found friends and ended up with a hard-core houseful. The stereo pumped out everything from Soundgarden to

Harry Connick Jr. and the crowd was equally diverse. I sucked face with a fag-hag, got whipped by a male escort, discussed ethics with a biker, and taught everyone the "bus stop". It's good to be me.

"There were so many fairies on the premises that I thought I was in Oz"

Shut your Hole, Mine's Making Money...

Saturday was another night of drag. "The Darling Divas", Thunder Bay's only female impersonation group, of which I am a founding member, performed for a crowd of almost 150 people at Harbour 16. A month of blood, sweat, and panty-hose all came together for a kick-ass show. Some were offended by a few admittedly vulgar jokes; but honestly, radical feminist views have no place at a drag show. We mock women just as much as we exalt them. I gave "Hotgirl" a slap on the wrist for bad behaviour and from now on the Queen of Crass will try to be more careful. Don't hate us because we're beautiful!

The Final Chapter...

I had thought that Sunday would be

a day of rest, but I was pleasantly surprised. My flavour of the month missed his flight and I wasn't about to miss the opportunity for one more night of come-what-may. So we packed up the gang and headed for the 'Towner. The band was so hokey I thought that Jed Clampet had grew out his hair and started playing clubs. Keyboards in a Green Day tune are like screen doors on a submarine-they just don't fit. It sounded like Elton John on hallucinogenics. If it weren't for substance abuse I don't know how I would

have coped. The crowning glory of the week was curing the munchies with a Canadian Mint, Cool Ranch chips and a Fruitopia. Paradise!

Epilogue...

At 6 a.m. Monday, I called an end to my Spring Break. What began as a week of relaxation and studying turned into a decadent foray of passion, over-indulgence and more fun than you can shake a whip at. So now I ask myself what I learned from all this. Simple - Have Fun at all Costs!