



DONNIE WAHLBERG AND BRO' MARKY "WILD SIDE" MARK

PHOTO MELANIE SAGS DUNEA

BM Awards: Marky Mark and broken dreams

by Rosie McCobb and
Jonathan Dixon

Prior to this evening of entertainment and glamour, the single most important thing in our collective mind was: what do we wear (our usual, dirty jeans, Black Sabbath three quarter length t-shirts with colored sleeves and glitter bubble letters with our names on the back, purchased at Hampton Beach?). And, in Mr. Dixon's case, will I get laid?

Since the general office consensus was that our usual fashionable duds weren't going to keep us from going home alone, Mr. Dixon made a beeline for the Amvet store in Allston, picked up a mighty sharp, intellectual-looking tweed (tweed!) blazer for a dollar, and figured this, along with his pretentious repartee, would make any fifteen year-old Marky Mark fan wet with desire. Ms. McCobb, on the other hand, zipped into her plaid body stocking and said: screw the Marky Mark fans, I'm going for Dickie Barrett of the Bosstones—I mean Marky Mark.

Before dropping us off, the Boston Rock limo (vanity plate: TRIS1) whisked us around the city for an hour of dissipated luxury: a full wet bar and some of the finest blow Massachusetts has ever seen, courtesy of our advertising director. Fans crowded us like flies to roadkill on a hot afternoon, thinking we were the staff of the Beat, but the bouncer, Skulldog, made short work of them as they attempted to follow us inside. An AP photographer made a desperate charge to get a photo of the two of us together, but the ever-alert Ms. McCobb let loose the mace and sent him scurrying like the cringing dog he was.

Upon entering the marble foyer of the Wang Center, we started to get what we thought was VIP treatment: a friendly, middle-aged blond woman welcomed us, handed us our Press passes and then a gentleman dressed in a three-piece suit escorted us through the masses, down a flight of stairs, around a corner, down a hallway (we felt like Spinal Tap in search of the stage door at this point) and into a big room loaded with a stash

of blue corn chips, an empty bowl of salsa and fifteen Milky Way bars. This was the press room, and as the minions fought for seats up front, near the fold-up table with microphones attached (so when musicians won awards and were brought in for questioning, the press could ask the brilliant question: "So, how's the new album doing?"), we inched over to the food table and dumped the remaining Milky Ways in Ms. McCobb's satchel. We thought the snacks would make good ammunition once we were brought to our seats.

Well, after a few minutes and the sudden appearance of a TV set on wheels, which the press puppies all crowded around, it soon became obvious that we weren't going anywhere. This basement palace was a privilege, dammit. We would be getting the opportunity to ask our favorite stars (you know, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, Extreme, and of course, Marky Mark) anything we wanted, which was something all those people upstairs, being seen in stylin' outfits, sitting in seats where they could (a) see the show and (b) heckle anyone they wanted, would never be able to do. Nor did they have access to any of the fine press groupies which Mr. Dixon pursued so avidly with such disappointing results.

So there we sat, on cold, metal folding chairs as columnists in velveteen dresses pushed pens across paper like there was no tomorrow. Fat reporters in their trademark tan pants, polyester ties and running sneakers gave us dirty looks as they tried to set up boom mics, which we kept whispering obscenities into. And then, finally, we were so overwhelmed with excitement that we figured a breath of fresh air might calm us down. We breezed into the hallway, and who walks up to the payphone not two feet away from us but the man, JT himself. "We'd be a hero to so many millions if we killed him," noted Ms. McCobb.

"I won't be able to sleep at night if I don't," assented Mr. Dixon, "let's do it."

We charged him, screaming "Cable is on!!" but were suddenly blocked by a short, musclebound orange man with pimples. He body-slammed us both to the ground, then disappeared into a circle of females.

"Who the fuck was that?" Mr. Dixon yelled, losing his sense of composure. Ms. McCobb slowly rose to her feet, delicately stroking the finger that was broken by the hulk in the scuffle. "My God," she said, panting as Marky Mark's bevy escorted him into the press room, "I'll never wash again!"

At this point, Steve Tyler of Aerosmith came up to Mr. Dixon and said "Hey man, can I have your autograph?" Ms. McCobb couldn't stop yelling "I've been blessed!" We were both causing quite a ruckus, so this stagehand named Norman came up to us, put us both under his arm and carried us outside to our waiting limo.

"But wait!" we yelled, "we never even got to see the show!" Norman laughed, shut the door, and kept laughing. ♦