

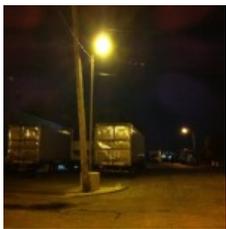
Nuptials Announcement – Jen & Peter

Posted by Jen G | October 21, 2011

It's with much excitement that Greenpointers announces the marriage of Jen and Peter. They got married near a "secluded beach" in an outer borough (not Brooklyn) inside a box truck along with hundreds of other "couples." Each of them married their favorite person in the whole world: themselves.

All of this was part of a night of roving art installations set up inside box trucks for a few magical hours. The location of this box truck interactive performance block party is texted to guests the day of the event, changes each year, and we are not at liberty to divulge the location. Half the fun is finding it, and only builds once you arrive.

Doubts built once I left Greenpoint and searched for the trucks, all the while thinking, "Geez, we better find it. I told so many people to come and what if it's not here?"



We found it. The first truck was blacklit and guests were given glow in the dark markers to create group artwork on the walls.

My friend Jon had this to say about the next one: "The idea of being blindfolded and groped by a bunch of strangers isn't really interesting to me," so we skipped that truck, from which we could hear the screams of joy (perhaps) from the guests inside the bouncing vehicle. Later another friend got on that long line and started peeling off things that might interfere: "Take my bag and my glasses...and my pants?"

Then we walked down to the end and entered a truck that seated about 20 eager guests who were attentively watching hardcore porn while a comedian in doctor's garb made hilarious commentary. I spotted Greenpointers writer Peter in the front row, laughing hysterically with a few friends. He was having his viewing tastes carefully examined by [Dr. Porno Jim](#), obviously NSFW, and had this to say of the experience: "Dr. Jim saw immediately that my love of [CENSORED] and hopping [REDACTED] blue-black vinyl [FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE, NO] was indeed a more common taste than I thought, and prescribed some excellent material for it." As a stunning display of vegetables began to take a starring role, we moved on.

For our own entertainment we timed how long Peter stayed in there: 14 minutes. What a champ! [Peter's note: Anything for my readers.]

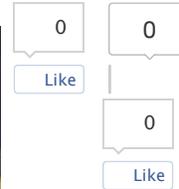
After the porn truck experience, it was apt to enter the confessional truck, in which you tell your worst sin to a priest (and whomever else is listening) in exchange for a donut and possibly urine-laced coffee. The prize varies according to the severity of your sin, but you don't know if bigger is necessarily better. I got a mini donut; make of that what you will.

The Fishing Truck, where we threw an object attached to a clothespin on a rope over a curtain then received a present in return was fun as was the Saloon truck, where we got wooden bar tokens and drank diet coca cola while shooting (with a real pellet gun) ducks (that are plastic) while being cheered on by wild-west Ladies of the Night.

We spent the end of the evening in the marriage truck. It was quite enlightening to look at yourself in a mirror and vow all sorts of things. I vowed to allow pictures of myself that aren't attractive to be seen in public. Which may happen in a book published by the ["the encouraging priestess."](#) The joke was that after one marries one's self, it's back to Dr. Jim for the honeymoon.



Jen & Peter get hitched!



I would tell you about the next one, but as a fellow blogger told me, "it's against the rules," plus I don't know where it is until the day of...

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