



Follow the doorman

It's been a while since the island has seen a good ol' fashioned skin-to-skin, fluorescent, smoky, warm, fuzzy, touchy-feely rave. The grand opening of **Club Mist** (sounds like a Korean Bar, no?) vibed with the sensation of an underground club, especially with the grungy stairway leading up to the throbbing wall of sound. I wasn't even sure I was in the right place until I saw the scene's most welcoming face: the **Hardest Working Doorman in the Country**. Seeing him at a club's entrance is almost as comforting as beating up a hooker in *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*. In fact, I can totally picture what would happen when we're all dead and gone. We get to the pearly gates ... and there's Matt. Now *that* would be a tough venue to get into.

"No really, let me in. When I voted for Bush, I didn't know it was for a *person!*"

The venue itself was impressive in its sheer, dark size; high ceilings and lots and lots of black-painted space. During daylight hours, the location should be converted into a goth flea market for maximum time-share value. "Twenty dollars for a Robert Smith-signed copy of *Head on the Door!* No? \$18? \$17?"

Equally notable was the air conditioning. When I asked **G-Spot** for details about the venue, I was a little puzzled when he stressed that the AC was working great. Now I understand. With that many people packed into a room, it was surprisingly sweat free. Usually you're rubbing against moist, sticky epidermis but everyone basically kept their shirts on — a rare occurrence for this type of event. In fact, the air conditioning was so strong towards the back of the main room, some of the more malnourished club kids were hanging onto heavy objects for dear life. "Auntie Em, it's a twister, it's a twister!"

The lighting system was astonishing, with sci-fi futuristic beams of green, red and blue shooting through the dry-ice haze (*Club Mist*. A-ha!), giving the impression that the room was a sentient cyborg organism scanning the inhabitants or liver damage. Or E.

It's been a long time since I've been surrounded by people enjoying the culture's favorite vowel. Kids with backpacks were sitting on the ground like they were waiting for a bus at Camp Erdman. Actually it seemed more like a public school health room since a large number were in possession of Vicks inhalers. Flu season I guess. Those without plugged sinuses were twirling glowstick nunchucks or doing the artificial Northern Lights in front of

tly pressed the rainbow fluorescent bulbs against their closed eyelids.

The only thing that wasn't entertaining about this return of the rave was the slightly muffled sound and lack of booze, but with all those diversions running amok (as well as animal-rights-activist tables and psychics), *Club Mist* was still worth it. Oh, and **Dieselboy** spun. I swear, he looks like Giovanni Ribisi, star of the 1999 remake of *The Mod Squad*.

I couldn't resist putting my night life into the HWDITC's hands again, so on Tuesday I followed him to his pet project **Glitter N' Glamour** over at the **Wave** for the first of an ongoing trilogy of decade-themed nights. The chosen span of time was the '60s (with the '70s and '80s to follow) and for the first time ever, I asked myself, "What the hell am I gonna wear?"

My personal favorite costume that night: a dude in a pair of plaid pants with only a white fur top. PETA don't protest. I'm sure it was fake cause there's definitely no animal in existence with that kind of pelt.

Another winner was a beautiful but seemingly inconspicuous girl across the way.

"You can always tell who's a professional dancer," my friend **KariBear** said.

"How?"

"They wear all black with red shoes."

In addition to kids with wild outfits, glitter makeovers from *Aquaria Salon*, cheap Bud Light, local artwork and funky fashion shows, there were — oh glory! — free massages from *Aquaria*, an *Aveda Concepts Salon*. I am not familiar with these "concepts" but, after my rubdown, I felt like a completely rejuvenated lush. The Nobel Prize should go to the person who created the "concept" of shoving an elbow into someone's back to relieve tension. All clubs should employ a masseuse. *Glitter N' Glamour* parties are worth it just for the rubdown. Even funnier was the guy who took over the empty chair of a masseuse who went on break.

KariBear pulls me back. "I don't think he works for *Aquaria*."

"Huh?"

"I was watching him. He's randomly massaging people."

Also random was a sighting of the King himself. That's right, *Elvis* isn't dead, he's just spinning house; reincarnated as a DJ named **CJ**. Not only does **CJ** have a decent wardrobe, he's a first-rate Las Vegas trained turntablist. (Wait. *Elvis?* Vegas? A-ha!)

Now that's glamorous.