



## Glitter on my pillow

Due to an emergency trip to Vegas and depression over *The Matrix Revolutions* (the Wave entrance was funner), I'm recycling my social life. Mea culpa.

Way back in the dark ages of 2003 (October in Klubland time zones), I went to that Saturday edition of **Glitter N' Glamour**. Saturdays excite me because unlike Tuesdays, there are no Wednesdays following them.

The event was Red Carpet and the party was cooler than cool — ice cold. **Mei Lwun**, Soulstice's DJ and Iggy Pop look-alike, was in the house from S.F. He spun all kinds of fun little songs: LL Cool J, White Stripes, Justin T, Salt N Pepa, Janet Jackson. ...

Till this day, **Pyuntae** still nostalgia trips over the night. He looks at me and goes, "We like the cars, the cars that go boom."

I shake my head and say, "No we don't."  
"Yes we do."

"Okay, you do. My cars do not need to BOOM. If anything, I'd rather they calmly purr Dionne Warwick."

I also popped my cherry on the glitter. After seeing **Keanu Fan** and **KariBear** get sprayed, I figured WTF, so I offered my noggin for a shining. Nocturnal tip: Before bed, take a shower and shampoo vigorously. Rinse and repeat. It's been over two weeks and I still have glitter on my pillow. That sounds like a Mariah Carey album.

Also entertaining was a Bacardi rep named Nicole. Just to obtain free swag, we downed Vanilla shots of her company's rum. It was an impulse purchase though. Still not sure what to do with a Bacardi visor. As for the imbibing, chuck that into the Something I'd Never Do Again pile. Bacardi is like maraschino cherries: It stays in your system for 10 years and glows under ultraviolet light. Regardless, it prompted **Keanu Fan** to proclaim, "We need a liqueur that tastes like poundcake."

Uh, right. ...

I loved **Mei Lwun** so much I went back to see him at the **Pussycat Lounge**. Even though it was a dreaded weekday, I heeded the Special Olympics motto and was brave in the attempt. Paid for it the next day but those song choices were fun: "Oh Sheila," "I Feel For You," "Glamorous Life."

Little did I know that that would not be my last chance to catch him. **Mei Lwun** must have a lot of frequent flyer miles cause he's spinning again on Thanksgiving Eve at Longhi's (most excellent view in that restaurant), then he'll be at the Wave after 2 a.m. Perfect opportunity to get hammered before gobble-gobbling with

the folks. Who will he gobble-gobble with? He's welcome to supper at our house. He spins rawking loud, so my deaf Gramma will be able to hear him!

Speaking of hammered, I got completely bombed on All Hollow's Eve. I couldn't remember jack shit 'cause I lost my trusty notepad, but managed to hit **Feng Shui** the next day to catch the Windy City's DJ **Heather** coming off her wild previous night at the **W's** 2003 Spooked.

Feng Shui's venue is at the bizarrely cuisined Italian/Chinese restaurant **Ciao Mein**. Not sure how I feel about mixing those two food groups, but it's a helluva location. Outdoor pool area under the Milky Way and a moody, spacious, feng shui-ed, indoor restaurant with Chinese statues of dogs, lions and old deities. Sometimes I didn't know whether to dance or offer incense.

The wonderful DJ **Heather** was located near those dogs. Like a dumb-ass, I had no clue she was in there and only caught her for the last few minutes. I expected her to be at the station near the bar and the bass-clattered windows overlooking the pool.

Me: (standing above *Kalākaua* traffic and pointing towards the flashing lights)  
"Is that her at the turntables?"

KariBear: "What does she look like?"

Me: "Black woman. Probably in a tank top."

KariBear: "No ... I think it's an ... Asian boy. You think there's another dance area?"

Me: "Doh!"

Pleasantly surprising were the *Grey Goose* specials — soothing low-pressure vodka sodas to take the sting off a bad Halloween hangover. (Two glasses of virgin Bloody Mary mix, a Red Bull and a V8; only then could I form sentences.) Unpleasantly surprising was uncalled-for bodily fluids. **KariBear** and I settled into some reclining pool chairs and, while I sipped my *Goose*, we watched the island's most obnoxious pair of cigar smokers spit on the deck. At least have the decency to do it in a fucking plant. Never trust night-club stogie aficionado wannabes.

As I tried to wipe spit off the bottom of my *Skecher* in the restroom, I overheard some Jap-stahs in the urinal line.

"Where we going aftah dis?" asked **Baggy Jeans**.

"Dea's only one place for go," said **Slanted Baseball Cap**. "Pipes, boo. Unless we go strip club."

Uh, right. ...

Someone get that crew a copy of the *Weekly's* calendar section. Please.

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