

Ladies Only

ON THE TOWN FOR GIRLS' NIGHT OUT. BY JONATHAN AMABISCA

Anime addicts know Adult Swim doesn't play on Friday and Saturday nights, which makes it easy for me to leave the house between the hours of 11pm and 2 am, perfect time for my latest task — to track local women and observe girls' night out (guaranteeing some continuous contact with women for the weekend — a

good thing).

Festivities start out at The Jungle, the current club on 6th Avenue in a building that seems to be in constant flux. The name sets the tone: Black lights everywhere, with green camouflage gear hiding stairs and doors. Cover: \$5, Red Bull/Vodka, another \$4, and a capacity crowd writhing

in sweat and booze. Girl's night out goes an extra step here with a male dance revue — six rock hard bodies gyrate and thrust their way about the stage, a stripper pole and two adjoining slave boxes.

"It starts early in the day," says Carlos, security guard extraordinaire. "The [women] show up at about seven and we kick them out at nine, clean the place up. Wait a half hour and they come back in. The first guys to show up at the club, don't matter what they look like, are just devoured by the ladies. It's crazy."

Carlos is one to trust. The giant protects the VIP area from punks like me, though, under the guise of journalism, I frequent the topmost seats for a better view. Carlos is the man.

But The Jungle alone will not suffice. Next up: Tsunami, off of Coburg Road, another club destination for the college-aged woman. Regan (blonde), Theresa (brunette) and Shannon (curly brunette) all welcome me into this environment. Women don't pay a cover charge here, though I throw down \$3. Red Bull/Vodka is \$6.25 and vile. (Go to the bartender in the back; the big man knows how to make them right.)

The three women are just here to dance, not to hook up. The rest of the crowd seems to have more carnal intentions in mind: Within minutes of entering the club, a wave of miniskirts, tube tops and all around eyefuls of skin drives the man in me insane. But I see frat-sap after frat-sap slap some booty only to be heavily cursed down. Gotta earn it, gotta hit the dance floor.

It's dangerous up there. Diverse and drunk is the running theme of the night. Cohort Shannon, the "coolest East Coast girl with a body to kill," has the highest



Catholic Reform School Party, The Wetlands

breathalyzer rating of the night, beating even mine. Another stumbling female runs into Steve, the giant security man watching the floor, only to have her hand marked with a huge black X — no more drinky drinky.

"Men and women, it's about the same," says Steve. "I mark them both about equally, but the women show up more on Saturday."

First The Jungle then Tsunami, women are out, and I'm hoping for the best. But for all you dudes out there wishing: Make a good impression. Shannon won't return my calls. Coolest, indeed. **EW**



Packed house at The Jungle.



On the dance floor at Tsunami.



Our crew, Our brew

Leo Novoa
Brewer
Alaskan Brewing Company

Born and raised in Chile

Hosts a Latino public radio show

Mountain bikes in bear country

Drinks Alaskan Amber

Handcrafted in Juneau, Alaska
www.alaskanbeer.com

