



Raid: I'm looking for a bug costume. Photo by Russ Adams/Dal Photo



One bird out of a flock of 25,000, cruising Argyle Street. Photo by Russ Adams/Dal Photo

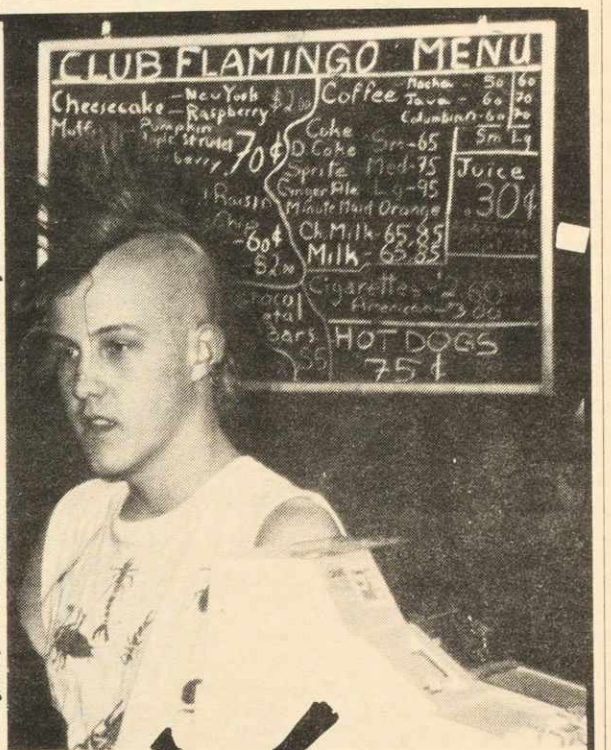


Photo by Mark Plesanen

"oh yum, cheesecake..."

FRIDAY ~~13~~ 31

by Mark Plesanen as told to Heather Hueston

"Club Flamingo?" says my cabbie. "Wherezat?"

The old Cove Theatre, I tell him, and I find myself under the 20-foot pink flamingo on Gottingen Street.

I breeze past the bouncer and mingle with the Black-dressed crowd. In my pink pirate costume I stick out like a wayward prep, but hey — I'm a photo-journalist. I take risks.

The old lobby is now a cafe area with a non-alcoholic bagels-to-hot-dogs bar and

little high-tech black tables. There are pin-ball machines in the corner and a curvy wall of old TV sets showing art videos. About 12 screens full of some guy delicately slashing his bare chest with razor blades till the blood dribbles down. Other videos are collages of movie clips and old Siouxsie and the Banshees. Definitely not MunchieMusic.

I head upstairs into the main room. Black everywhere. The floor slopes down to the stage — but it's okay, they adjusted the tables so your Pepsi won't slide off. The dance floor is packed and the stage is just the right height for the thrashers. Low enough to climb on and dive-bomb back into the audience.

The first band is Basic English and on their opening chord I see two punks slam together, face first, in perfect synch. Poetry in motion and one bloody nose. The slam dancing continues on and off all night, even during blues numbers, which is weird.

False Security, Dog Food, and October Game, plus the Killer Klamz (in a surprise performance) all play later. Between live shows the club's dance music covers the whole spectrum of alternative music. They even play Run-DMC, to the disgust of two other punks. "They play rap?!!" they sneer as they hide out in the men's john.

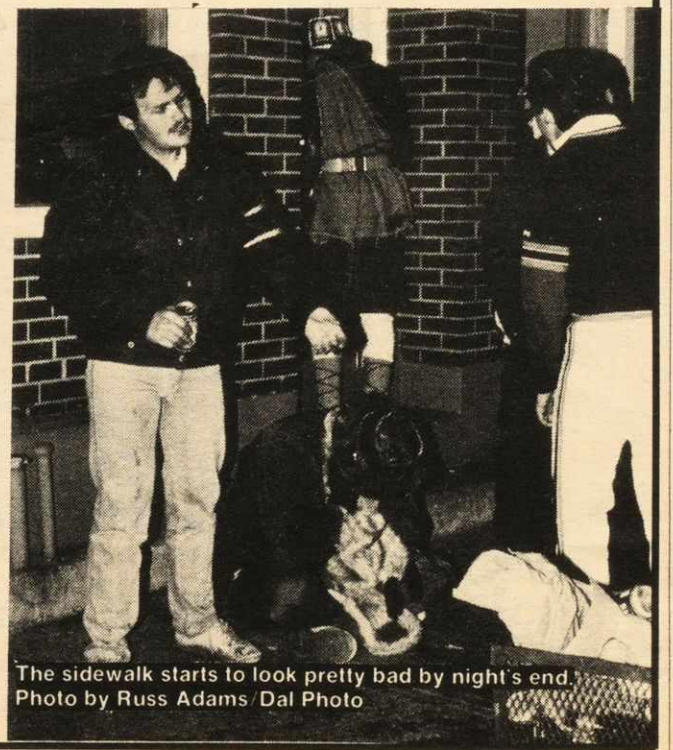
The john backs up later and that's where I meet Keith Tufts, one of the owners. He's red-eyed after 44 hours no sleep but he says everything is way beyond his expectations.

The club will show movies from Sundays to Thursdays. Upstairs in the balcony you can even put your feet on the tables as you watch Clockwork Orange or The Inheritors, a film about neo-Nazis.



Close to the action

Photo by Mark Plesanen



The sidewalk starts to look pretty bad by night's end. Photo by Russ Adams/Dal Photo