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NYNT DJ MR JONATHAN TOUBIN

Jonathan Toubin from New York Night Train throws the raddest underground rock parties in New York.

- Alex Thompson, *Paper Magazine*

With his impeccable taste and extensive vinyl collection, Jonathan always seems to know exactly the right track to get bodies moving on the dance floor.

- Bree Dillon, *L Magazine*

DJ Jonathan Toubin, from underground music zine (and label of the same name) New York Night Train, spins the 45s. The mid-'60s to early-'70s r&b and funk will have you dancing with the stars.

- Sharyn Jackson, "Voice Choices" (*Village Voice*)

New York Night Train's Mr. Jonathan Toubin spins a selection of first-rate funk and soul.

- Bruce Tantum, *Time Out New York*

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NEW YORK NIGHT TRAIN DJ MR JONATHAN TOUBIN

In a little over two years **New York Night Train Conductor and Soul Proprietor Mr. Jonathan Toubin** has permanently altered the face of nightlife in the wormy apple with his revolutionary parties and wild and woolly approach to **45rpm maximum rock and soul** music. Tirelessly chugging deep into morning after morning everywhere from dive bars to underground live music venues to art spaces to giant discos in over 300 gigs coast to coast last year - including Mardi Gras, South By Southwest, two stints in Los Angeles - collaborating with the likes of **Andrew WK, Black Lips, Calvin Johnson, Crystal Stilts, Genesis P-Oridge, Gibby Haynes, Ian Svenonius, King Khan and the BBQ/Shrines, Quintron**, etc., Mr. Toubin's uncompromised labor of love has paid off in a meteoric rise to previously cloudy unreachable vistas in his field has resulted not only in thousands converts, and the dozens of DJs, parties, and clubs he's inspired to adopt the reckless pulse raw immediate timeless song-oriented jams, but also in the spreading of a spectacular multimedia approach to nightlife that synthesizes pre-recorded music, live bands, performance, visual art, competition, and, of course, dance.

New York's only full-time professional DJ of his ilk, Mr. Toubin's success, first, in compelling rockers to cut a rug and, now, introducing clubbers to rock, is a major blow to the dominant post-1970s dance floor status quo (electro, house, "80s," etc.). Rejecting the predominant infinite beat-stretching aesthetic, his carefully selected 45s emphasize a dynamism ideal for the short attention span of today's cultural landscape - stopping, starting, sputtering, and segueing their way into one another to form a broader party narrative. Throwing down roughly 150 songs in a full set, New York Night Train rejects fashionable club trends, plunging dancers into an ocean of deep soul, garage, rockabilly, British Invasion, European freakbeat, New Orleans beat, glam, punk, girl groups, ye ye, boogaloo, contemporary underground singles, and everything else that's simultaneously solid and shaking. And, despite this foray into sonic classicism, New York Night Train advocates an exquisite musical experience where the dumbed-down popular hits are few and far between - a paradise of jams vibrant enough to be seductive while unfamiliar. It's no accident that this wild ride deliberately dismantles all of the primary principles and aesthetics of the last thirty-five years of the DJ's art - taking up from where the 1960s discotheque left off - applying its sounds and concepts to contemporary underground nightlife. Less a Quixotic act of rebellion against the bland, disposable, and barren nature of digital culture, but more a firm religious belief in the supreme sonic medium ever created, the authentic 45rpm 7-inch single has become the exclusive tool of Mr. Toubin's dance parties. New York Night Train's high-speed punk aesthetic employs these classic tools in a nostalgia-free manner to create a post-modern 60s beat collage that is decidedly fresh and alive enough to exist outside of the retro world - but rather where the wild things are - NOW!

The DJ/promoter/conceptualist behind the multimedia Glasslands **Animal Train**, Santos' Party House **Declassified!**, and now the traveling **New York Night Train Happening** (the first installment in June features **Health, Kid Congo Powers, Awesome Color**, and an eclectic cast of dancers, performers, projectionists, and visual artists), as well as the ever-popular monthly **Soul Clap and Dance-Off**, the unprecedented sold-out success of his parties blew up the previously amateur underground rock/soul DJ arena and, in the process, made Mr. Jonathan Toubin an international name. 2009 finds him spinning four weekly NYC gigs and touring the world as both a DJ and party conceptualist everywhere from rock venues to dance clubs to art galleries to major music festivals. New York Night Train comin' round the bend.

Soul Man

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A little over two years ago, the Butthole Surfers' Gibby Haynes brought musician and writer Jonathan Toubin to DJ on the South Williamsburg waterfront. It was the first gig of Toubin's new career as **a rock and soul DJ**, a niche that has made him famous on both coasts. When in town, he can be found turning platters almost any night* of the week. His most popular party is the Soul Clap Dance-Off at **Glasslands**, where you can win cash for boogeying. (Last time nearly 500 people came and it sold out by midnight, so arrive early for the March 28 installment.)

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What's special about Toubin's nights is that he spins exclusively 45's — and, 90% of the time, it's a cut you've never heard before that you'll love on the spot. Tonight he celebrates St. Patty's at **Daddy's** and later this week he brings his soul party to Texas with a 24-band, three-stage **show at SXSW** that includes Brooklyn acts **Crystal Stilts** and a second one with **King Kahn and the Shrines**. It's one of many out-of-town gigs filling up his dance card lately (**New York Night Train**, his record label and site, details 'em all). Toubin talked to BB before hitting the road.

Why spin soul, and why 45's?

I've always loved soul and, when I started dealing with these dance environments, either trying to get clubby people into raw immediate music, or conversely, rock and rollers into dance music, I found soul a great tool. It was never my intention to be retro — it's just that I can't find more exciting, better played, more soulful dance music than the kind made in the 1960s, and I haven't heard a sonic medium that comes anywhere near a 45.

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What's your take on NYC nightlife right now?

The decline of mixing/scratching DJs and various electro genres, people's weariness with the same New Order song, and the blandness of the newer hits have left a big void in the dance club economy. Nobody really knows how to fill it, so clubs are a bit more adventurous. This is a great time for change all around. I think that's why I've gotten so many unusual jobs.

I live and breathe my records and expect the same when I see other folks. **When I hear a bunch of tiny tinny mp3s of obvious music it breaks my heart.** Nightlife needs to be more special. I'd also like to see more clubs, promoters, and DJs paying attention to the environment out there and trying to determine the needs of this emerging generation of party-goers — not only in terms of aesthetics, but also in relation to the economic crisis. (Perhaps the recent success of Soul Clap has something to do with the \$3 cover, free beer and cheap drinks?)

There are a number of others out there who are also trying out new possibilities. Josh Styles, whose **Smashed! Blocked!** party has been one of New York's finest for years, spends a great deal of time, money, and effort obtaining records that aren't the least bit obvious...and I admire both **Rebel Night** and the **Weird** party for their subcultural spirit.



Any exciting new finds?

Today I got a copy of Richard Berry's "Have Love, Will Travel," which is killer — the version that most of us know best is the Sonics' cover. I also got Roger and the Gypsies' "Pass the Hatchet" — an amazing New Orleans shaker that, like many of my faves, I learned from Crypt Records ages ago. And Johnny Jones and the King Casuals' stellar cover of "Purple Haze." And "Dis-nous Dylan," a little 4-song, 7-inch EP by French freakbeat band **Les 5 Gentlemen**, which is some of the wildest floor-filling music of all time.

Where do you go record hunting?

Academy Records in the East Village, with an annex in Williamsburg; **Eat Records** in Greenpoint; **Permanent Records** in Greenpoint; **Passout Record Shop** in Williamsburg; **Tropicalia in Furs** in the East Village. And the Brooklyn Record Riot that happens every few months at **Warsaw**. I dropped five bills at that one a few weeks ago.

Toubin's weekly parties include New York Night Train, Wednesdays at **Motor City, Boogaloo Shampoo, Thursdays at **Beauty Bar**, Shakin' All Over Under Sideways Down, Fridays at **Home Sweet Home**, and afterhours Saturdays at **The Shank** (Yes, it starts at 4 A.M... Yes, the cops may come and break it up).*

Wednesday, February 18, 2009

Bash Compacor: Still Playing Pretty

An evening with Ian Svenonius

By Justin Richards



Justin Richards

At first I didn't see it. There was **Jonathan Toubin** behind the turntables, chest hair sprawling, Dr. Strangelove hair hanging over his right brow, wearing that perpetual smile like, *Man you've gotta hear this joke*. His partner **Ian Svenonius**, radical rhetorician and former frontman of The Make-Up, who described his first band, Nation of Ulysses, as "a political party," was off to the side chatting with **Jared Leto**. How did this fit with his agenda for musical anarchy? What was so radical about being Cake Shop's guest DJ?

But by the end of the night, I got Toubin's joke: He and Svenonius know how to make people

freak out. I mean really lose it. They can access a primal human circuitry that somehow prefigured the advent of 1960s boogaloo, international freakbeat and garage rock. All that "nntzuh-nntzuh" Euro syncopation, all that New Order, even ol' Marr and Morrissey, were little queefs of ozone compared to the voltage that these two have amassed over years of rummaging through record bins. They've learned how to incite a kind of bond breaking, a freedom claiming, in young psyches.

"There's a crisis [in dance music]," Toubin says, "and I think we have an alternative." He and Svenonius weren't crazy about the Cake Shop gig. Playing under and between live sets, losing a battle for attention. Their next stop was Tip Top Bar in Bed Stuy. I shared a cab with Svenonius, who wore a dapper tan suit and heavy sideburns. He scorned, in his slightly sibilant voice, the repurposing of music in shoppers' venues. Svenonius, a professor's son, essayist and sworn enemy of the music industry, is a great pontificator. He can pontificate so far that the ideas turn inside out and he says things like "lighting is more important than music" or "music is overused—you can have silence."

At Tip Top, the DJs set up in a dance room adjacent to the bar, where some older locals drank peacefully. What followed was two hours of wild amnesia. Svenonius and Toubin would later say it was the best show they'd ever played together. With songs like "Pass the Hatchet" by Roger and the Gypsies and "Out of this World" by Gino Washington, they showed what can be done with clean piercing guitar licks on found 45s. By 3:30 a.m., the room was all wet forelocks, sunken shoulder straps and people shaking uncontrollably.

Then the main event. Toubin and Svenonius took their positions on a balcony overlooking the vast warehouse space of The Shank. Hundreds of people down there, dancing on their hands, kissing each other's sweat, lingering along the walls and looking out through the haze. When Toubin was warned of police presence, he switched on an old Smokey Robinson record. *Nothing weird happening here, no sirs. It worked, for the moment.*

At 7 a.m., though, cops cleared the place out. It was the first time this had happened at the makeshift club, and there was word of canceling its weekend parties for good. Over breakfast at Kellogg's Diner that morning, a concerned friend—the door girl from Cake Shop—asked Toubin how long he thought it would last. "After hours never lasts," he said, later adding, "But even if it does shut down, people will still be talking about it for a long time, you know? Like, 'This thing, it was special.'"



Photo © Violet Shuraka

SOULED OUT

BY MONTY SHAEKS

A Week of Night Training with Record Selector Jonathan Toubin

Tuesday, August 5th, 5:30pm:

I know the fucking tag line says a week, but listen, this is where I get off. My hands are shaking, my eyes are stinging and this is my fifth trip to the can in the last forty-five minutes. My throat feels like a grocery store parking lot. And my NASAL PASSAGES feel like a grocery store parking lot that someone just detonated a thermonuclear device in the middle of. My face looks like the drivers' side airbag of a Prius that's just been rear-ended by one of those trucks from Maximum Overdrive, or maybe more like the last bear claw in the office pastry box honestly, because no airbag has ever been this greasy. I haven't spoken to anyone in the hour

since I got up and honestly I'm not sure my voice is even working at the moment. Yes, Jonathan invited me to go record shopping with him today, and was going to take me to check out some of his favorite drinking and late night music spots in Brooklyn tonight, but NO I am not doing it. Six days of this insanity is plenty man. I'm just going to email in this article, finish eating the rest of this box of vegan nuggets, finish up in here and go back to bed.

[Editor's note: My apologies that Monty couldn't finish his assignment. Maybe next time we'll give him something more his speed, like a week of watching romantic comedy DVDs on the couch with his girlfriend.]

So yeah, here it is, one 'bible week' (day 7 = rest) with Mr. Jonathan Toubin, New York Night Train's Soul Proprietor...

Wednesday, July 30th, 10pm: Motor City

Here we go! The Lower East Side is pretty crazy these days and fully occupied by the nightlife army. It's been a while since I've been down to Motor City, but I'm happy to report that it is the same rock and roll dive bar it has always been. When I get there Jonathan is already squeezed behind the tiny dj table to the right of the bar starting off his weekly Weds. night curated guest dj party. I guess lately he's been running a series called "Bar Wars" and inviting some local celebrities from some of the better water-

ing holes around town to take a spin on the steel wheels. This week it is some kids from Union Pool, including Ryan from Tall Firs, Stars Like Fleas and more I'm sure.

At this point they're trading off sets of a pretty wild mix of soul, some rock tunes from the all over the time map plus some other kind of music I can't even identify that has a vintage and foreign feel with some undeniable shake to it. Whatever it is, the girls of motor city seem to be digging it and some of the crowd has cleared in spots for spontaneous dancing and carrying on. Jonathan's tagged off the decks, and manages to glad hand his way through the crowd of what seem to be all friends or admirers over to the vintage Galaxia video game table I've bunkered behind to take some notes. He tells me how tired he is of the whole cult of the dj and how he considers himself "just" a record selector that lives and dies my his (perhaps not a direct quote here...) music nerdiness. He's just combing through the dusty bins and the dirty internets for unharvested party jams to keep our nights interesting. He also wants to make sure that I'm not going to pepper my article with all the old cheesy dj cliché's like "take a spin on the steel wheels", "tagged off the decks" or "combing through the dusty bins". Awesome. By this time I had also already written tomorrow night's entry about all Toubin's stacks of wax, fat tracks and so forth. Thanks. Guess I'll see you tomorrow then.

Thursday, July 31st, 10pm: Motor City again.

I was a bit rough around the edges for the DJ (day job) today. Stayed in the city after work for some falafel and hairofthedog so I made it in before the throng and was able to speak to Jonathan for a bit. I asked him if he was the Motor City house DJ, but I guess Wednesday night is his real night here and he's just been helping out for a bit on Thursdays until his new "Boogaloo Shampoo" party at Beauty Bar up on 14th St. starts next week. It was at this moment that I realized I actually would be staying out until the party stops for the next 6 days. I must have gotten that deer-in-the-headlights look because Jonathan offered me a drink to "calm the nerves". I ask for one of those energy drink vodka combos or a Sparks or whatever keeps the kids snappy these days, but he came back with an EL NIGHTTRAIN, which appears to be a pint glass filled mostly with tequila and ice and a splash of seltzer. Thursday night in LES is even crazier than Wednesday, and outside the doors of motor city it is starting to look a little thick with the business casual / family credit card gone wild crowd. But I have to admit I'm having a blast inside. Jonathan isn't doing any fancy dj tricks or sticking to any kind of taxonomic playlist, but he sure can set the mood. The night went on swimmingly like this until 1 or so, when things took a turn for the worse: these goth rockabilly dudes--I believe psycho-billy is the correct term--came in and started ass grabbing a few of the girls dancing to Jonathan's tunes. Girls became upset and of course, gentleman and party supervisor that he is, J.T. came out and tried to tell the billies to chill (sorry for that everybody, it has been a long night...). THEN this one big guy that looks like a cross between a linebacker for the Pokipsy Punk Rockers farm team and some kind of 70s batman villain, covered in chrome studs and little skulls, charged up and head butted Jonathan! Now, under normal circumstances, I would have stepped in and gotten the shit kicked out of me right along side him, but you know, as a journalist I felt like it was my job to observe, and, you know, document and shit. Anyway, this guy had flattened out his pompadour on Jonathan's face, and was screaming about who's looking for a fight? and all his buddies were menacing in too. But despite the head butting Toubin was still grinning. He just smiled and shrugged his hands up: "Guys, you can all get together and beat the shit out of me, but I don't think it is going to be very FUN for you... So how about I put on an other record? Any requests?". Seriously I think there was a little sparkle off his teeth as he said it and smiled his big smile. Next thing you know the goons are settled into a corner singing along to Human Fly.

I mean, I'm not sure I totally get what's he's trying to do with the whole New York Night Train endless party thing, but I have to admit there is SOMETHING about this guy... I waited around past 4 to share a cab with him back to Williamsburg, which entailed doing a bunch of shots with the bartenders and waiting around while Toubin politely diverted or rain checked the advances of what appeared to be a few of his more devout fans. As we were riding over the bridge I remember him talking some more about music and up tight Disc Jockeys and the new soul revival bubbling under the skirts of our fair city and about to pour forth into the streets. And maybe some other stuff too, I don't know, at that point my head was spinning crazy like a-- um, ok what's something that spins?

Friday, August 1st: Home Sweet Home

Down a bit deeper into the Lower East side, Home Sweet Home is a step through the wardrobe into some kind of back to the future nightlife wonderland shit. I posted up early, as is my way, in this cozy downstairs bar that is half dance floor and half museum of creepy taxidermy nicknack's, after walking by the nondescript stairway entrance 3 or 4 times like one of the account executive goons stalking these parts with me this Friday night. Grim indeed outside, but easier to process than what is going on in the basement; by eleven it is packed with kids. No grizzled psycho-billy dust heads here, just a whole crew of the young and beautiful that are inexplicably in love with shaking their asses to Jonathan's frenetic soul party jams. There's a bunch of hip grew-up-in-chinatown kids; sharp-shoe'd young turks blowing off art school steam, and of course a breathtaking fleet of the glamazons that seem to pop up to see Jonathan wherever he "selects". By 12 he's conjured the sweaty press into a froth and even I'm on my feet by the time his cohorts: legendary underground music icons Ian Svenonius (frontman for Nation of Ulyssess, The Make-Up, Weird War, author, talk-show host and full time radical dude) and Calvin Johnson (Olympia's indie-rock kingpin, founder of the seminal K Records, and band leader of Beat Happening, Dub Narcotic and countless others), take over. I was pretty in awe of being in the same room as these guys, but honestly what I didn't expect was to see this new soul revolution BS that Jonathan was slinging at me last night with my own eyes. As I wobbled my bike over the bridge in the early morning gloam, shivering through my dancefloor baptized clothes was really feeling like, I don't know, maybe I'm a believer?

Saturday, August 2nd: Hope Lounge

Slept the entire day today. Awoken by voicemail from Toubin with tonight's itinerary. I think this is the 8th straight night that he has been working. It doesn't seem to phase him at all. Tonight at least we're on my side of the river in lovely, metallic-smelling Williamsburg. Hope Lounge, like many of the new places popping up around here is a bit too fancy to harmonize with the tone set by this decade's crop of young gentrifying conquistadors. But tonight the place is packed with enough underground rock and roll luminaries to make a blogger drop his iphone in the toilet from his hands shaking as he tries to text his blog buddies about it. But none of them were there! Scooped again by Cheap & Plastique I guess... Tonight Jonathan is joined in the booth by this girl Alix, who I recognize as the bass player from local favorites Golden Triangle. I think she might have some heavy hitter connections with the Memphis rock scene too, but I'm not sure because she is far too intimidatingly hot to speak to or look at directly. One of the guys from the Black Lips is also supposed to be playing some records, but he's nowhere to be found. Instead, I'm milling around with the likes of Ian Svenonious, Calvin Jonhson, the infamous King Khan and his band the Shrines, some of the members of Deerhunter and probably other indie-famous folks from the NY/Atlanta/Memphis scenes that I don't recognize. They're all congregating here to get drunk and shake a tail feather. Many drinks and feathers later, the Black Lips guy shows up and things get REALLY



Jonathan in action, wooing the ladies.

crazy and I'm having such a blast my face is numb. Actually not sure if that was related, but it was definitely numb. Before tumbling into the car service back seat I apparently agreed to attend the Black Lips & King Kahn show at Mcarren Pool tomorrow afternoon. ONWARDS!

Sunday, August 3: Mcarren Pool and then Glasslands

What is this, day 12? I'm feeling really not so good. Whoever designed this fucking pool obviously wasn't in the loop with the designers of THE SUN. The beer they're selling here tastes like batteries to me and is not helping with my near-deathness. Not sure if I am going to make it to the glasslands "afterparty" tonight, without some divine intervention. This maniac has been throwing around bananas, and via the back of my head I get a hold of one. It's written all over in sharpie with the details of Jonathan's Glasslands party tonight. I know Toubin wasn't involved with this. From the looks of him--amazingly dapper seersucker suit and sunny disposition notwithstanding--Jonathan hasn't spent much time alone since last night; and I certainly can't imagine that he and his companion have been spending their time writing out "glasslands" on hundreds of bananas. Does this guy have a street team? Seems unlikely. I decide on a more miraculous explanation, as the banana was bruise free except for one small one arguably in the shape of Saint Peter. Also, it was delicious.

After a huge plate of beans and rice and several spicy BMs (bloody maries) from Enids, I am a bit more of myself. Glasslands is a sweaty trainwreck of boozey goodwill. The K-Holes came on like a wild garage throwdown, despite one of the members of the Stalkers sleeping on the stage through their set. It was a looong night following a long day for sure. I hung outside for a while trying to dig up some dirt on Jonathan. I met a bunch of folks who each had a 'crazy story' about how they met Mr. Toubin; a few banana followers and a bunch of people that know how to use the internet and are chasing the dream of a "wild party". I heard some stories about Jonathan's most recent birthday party at Santo's Party House (wow I just said 'party' many times), the seemingly legendary Animal Train parties (theme based art-music dance party happenings)

that Jonathan has put together (the dinosaur cave man one sounded particularly insane), and the time that Gibby Haines of the Butthole Surfers showed up to DJ with Jonathan's right after he had been ejected from his own band's reunion show for punching the sound guy. The more I understand about Mr. Toubin the less I get him. He's like a good-times perpetual motion machine. Back inside Golden Triangle is finishing up with their euphoric freakout and Jonathan brings up a this raw shrieking witch howl of a song as their last note dies. It couldn't have been recorded any time after 1964, but over Glasslands' straining PA static it is more like the sound of that beer today in the anvil of the pool, and these drunk and sloppy kids with their heads thrown back on the dance floor, and Jonathan's wild grin as he sets up another song.

Monday, Aug 4: Santos' Party House, Crypt Records 25th Anniversary Party

Thank Jesus I had the wherewithal last night to send an email to my boss telling him I was really sick with food poisoning and wouldn't be able to make it in to the office today. I don't know where Jonathan gets his stamina for this shit. I can't really sleep so I've just been sitting with my eyes closed on the couch since this morning. I ordered a veggie burger and fries from Enids, then another veggie burger and double fries from Lodge and I'm starting to feel like I could put on some pants. Another 4 hours of couch and 90 minutes of shower and I'm dragging my ass out for another stop of the New York Night Train. This time we're back in Manhattan, down in Chinatown at Santo's Party House, a big new 2 floor venue masterminded by the enigmatic Andrew W.K. and some other big time NY Nightlifers. It's sort of a coup for Jonathan I think, since this place is a few times larger than glasslands for sure, and every other night of the week is filled with techno thud from pro-style DJs like the LCD Soundsystem guys and Disco Pioneer Nicki Siano. The Santos folks wanted to have a rock and soul night and they tapped Toubin, so now he is doing Mondays here. Tonight is an unbelievable bill; it is a party to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Crypt records, the visionaries that dug up the totally required listening: Back From The Grave garage records, and have launched the careers of countless purveyors of some

of the most raw, dirty and energetic rock ever bashed into existence. King Khan is playing again tonight, this time with his collaborator "BBQ", plus the K-Holes, Red Dawn II (super-twofer group of local celebs Wolfie from Roxy Pain and Alison from Awesome Color), with Jonathan sharing the disc jockeying duties with Tim Warren, the founder of Crypt. I didn't make it on to the dancefloor so much tonight, on account of the headache and motion sickness, but my mind was blown again by King Khan and by Jonathan's selection of cuts. I found out later that he did an entire set of only Crypt releases, which was pretty smoking, and probably the lowest fidelity music ever blasted over Santos's state-of-the-art sound system and walk in sub-woofer!!! Sadly, my battered body and brain could not handle any more nightlife, and I left as Jonathan began his second set. I caught his eye as I was trying to remain vertical while crossing the sea of shimmying, arm-swinging and hand clapping. I was about to flash him a salute, or some kind of sign to say, "hey man, I get it. I don't know what foul hell fire stokes your engines but this is good work you are doing. In this stale city that makes even the richest poor, and the poorest gone; in the shadows of the newly birthed and vacant luxury condominiums that rise around us, in the crush of drunken NYU students hiking up their skirts to piss in the gutter and belligerent senior account executives furious that people are having fun downstairs from their loft-style 300sqft railroad apartments, we need this sound you're summoning up--this primal music howling out the past like the voice of everything that needs saying. We need it and we'll take it on every night that you'll bring it...", and some other shit along those lines but I was knocked on my face by these near-dertal morons dancing up a storm and singing along to some brit version of bo diddy. As I was crawling to safety I could see their pompadours flapping, and their fists pumping in the air as they jumped and wiggled and laughed like 3 year olds as the disco ball spun on, glinting from their studs and greasy faces. More fresh-faced recruits for the Soul Party Army, punching their tickets and climbing aboard the New York Night Train. So I redirected from the door to the bar, refreshed my tequila and decided to take my seat and ride on down to the end of the line.