



And I'd like to thank my Ab Swing...

My, you have such soft skin, Kevin

Groovin' at the Male Dreams Do Come True nightclub

Unfortunately, it's empty. Nearly everyone has finished eating in the funky restaurant, finished sitting elegantly on the blue lounges and listening to the funky DJ, and moved on to the Red Sea or Sapphire nightclubs. As I walk in, the last four girls walk out, followed by three stoked-looking guys. I do the same.

1am
RED SEA
83 Rokeby Rd

UP TWO flights of steps and past two semi-empty balconies, the Red Sea contains a shitload of people and more dry ice than a Bon Jovi concert. My progress is physically interrupted by John, a thickset man of about 30. He looks like he's been through all the usual drinking moods at least once, and finally settled on sullen rage. "Mate, every girl - they're all up for it, but they're not all into it," he says, glaring at me. "That's a major, major quote. I get on with these women - if I can be f-ken bothered." He goes on like this, while I try and figure out how to get away without being pounded. Like a coward, I tell him he's right about everything, until he feels he's got his point across. The dance floor runs nearly the

length of one wall, split by the DJ, who's putting out some awesome dance music. As I catch one dancing girl's eye, she beckons in a blatant invitation. One second later, a passing girl brushes her hand across my groin. OK, I think. Right. Good. The further I move towards the back, the weirder Red Sea gets. In one corner is a bunch of slick, dangerous-looking types, waiting for that *Sopranos* call-up. In the other are the bikies: all biceps, black leather and ink. On the dance floor, the big guys

"THE GIRLS HERE SHIT ALL OVER MELBOURNE GIRLS. I RATE MY CHANCES TONIGHT. I FEEL VERY CONFIDENT"

shuffle; the girls gyrate like it's their last chance. Two girls writhe together like lesbians should but probably don't. A tall blonde in a tiny white top says, "A lot of people come here to pick up. And they do quite well." Alice, a slim, dark girl in a practically illegal black number, says she comes here because there's nowhere else to go. "It's like a mix of everyone. The guys in here are alright," she says doubtfully. "They were better in Llama Bar." Mike and Vinnie, two guys on

holiday from Melbourne, can't get enough. "Hell of a lot of women, mate - lovin' it," says Mike. "It's the WA factor. The girls here shit all over Melbourne girls. I rate my chances tonight. I feel very confident." **1.55am**
THE SAPPHIRE BAR
298 Hay St
SUBIACO'S other club of choice is Sapphire. It's a medium-sized place on two levels, with a tiny dance floor and a big poster of Marilyn on the wall. Monroe, not Manson.

It's an off night. There's no real atmosphere, and the best-looking girls are the two blonde barmaids. People huddle on the dance floor like they're sheltering from rain. There's lots of guys, and most look like they're having one last try before calling it a night. Brad and Mike, two locals, stand near the bar looking bored. They normally go to the Red Sea but thought they'd try a change. "It's not too bad here," says Brad, scanning the room to make sure. "The talent

could be better. I've got to go to work in the morning so I probably won't pick up. Mike nods, although I can't tell if it's in agreement, or he's falling asleep." **2.20am**
Outside The Sapphire Bar
ON THE pavement are two cute blonde girls I've seen in nearly every place tonight. They turn out to be Norwegian students, Margrete and Anna. "We only come here sometimes," says Margrete. "There are a lot of Norwegian parties."

I wonder what goes on at these exclusive events. Norwegian stuff, probably. I notice three young guys, Blair, Matt and Gough, watching with great interest, as if they could really go a Norwegian party. "We've had an excellent night," says Matt. "We started at the footy. "[But] our mates dumped us. We went in there for a while and they f-ken walked off to the car and left us. We've got about a four-and-an-half-hour walk home now."