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NITE LIFE

Matt Unleashed: Every queen celebrates her birthday twice

Taurus rules! Victor Calderone, Peter Rauhofer and Paulo (and, oh yes, moi) celebrate birthdays with — what else — dance parties! Meanwhile, rocker Kelly Osbourne brought Mom & Dad to the Roxy, and Billy Carroll rocked Splash.

By [Matt Kalkhoff](#)
 Friday, April 29, 2005

I've never been one to limit my birthday celebrations to a 24-hour period. Yet for some reason I had actually considered doing just that this year. Then I stopped kidding myself and blissfully surrendered to the inevitable vortex of fierce parties that surely was my destiny.

The festivities kicked off on Thursday night at Splash amidst an almost obscene orgy of diva anthems courtesy of DJ Billy Carroll. From Madonna to Mariah to Samantha Fox ("I Wanna Have Some Fun" is so overdue for a proper revival), it seemed like I'm 17 again — almost. Meanwhile, as "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" and "Naked Without You" engulfed the dance floor, my VCR was busy at home recording "the return of the other voice" — the one and only Miss Taylor Dayne.

Thanks to the new VH1 series "Remaking," the sublime vocal talents of this incredibly gifted artist are finally being showcased again on a global stage. Cameras followed Taylor for 12 weeks while she prepared to make her nationally televised comeback while performing her new single, "Right Now," on "The View."

Reconnecting with fans after years of relative obscurity, save for a string of chart-topping dance singles and a critically acclaimed supporting role in Broadway's "Aida," isn't easy for anyone, let alone a single mother in her early 40s, with twins yet.

Even if her makeover team is successful in reinventing a look that registers with today's image- and youth-obsessed audience, the punk-vamp fashion and wildly oversized hair from the "Tell It To My Heart" era may forever haunt her. "All you needed back then was a blow dryer and a dream," she once joked of her early image.

More importantly, though, Taylor will have to prove herself musically, while scoring a hit record, I hope. To help her do this, VH1 recruited famed producer Rodney Jerkins (Destiny's Child, J-Lo, Monica). The collaboration yielded a catchy track with a guitar-driven rock edge, but only time will tell if the song has enough muscle to penetrate the hip-hop dominated charts and notoriously fickle radio airwaves. Naturally, being the hi-energy whore that I am, I'm waiting for the dance remixes.

A sensible Happy Hour gathering followed on Friday at Posh (where the bartenders seemed to be more interested in watching sporting events on TV and flirting with women than serving drinks to patrons) before settling down for the last good night of sleep I'd see for a few days.

Braving Mother Nature's rain-soaked rampage on Saturday, I made the weekly pilgrimage to — guess where? — Roxy. Lest you think it was just another ordinary weekend, though, fellow birthday boy DJ Paulo from Los Angeles made his long-awaited debut at the club.



DJ Craig Spencer (here, with boyfriend Skip Daley, left) kept it hard and fast at the M8 inaugural party at Octagon on Friday, April 22. These rough-and-tumble (literally; there will be boxing and wrestling in a ring in the middle of the dance floor) events will be sure to "L.U.R.E." in crowds who miss a certain departed Meatpacking District bar.

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Perhaps not quite as flawless as his Black Party set in 2003, nor as dark or tribal as anticipated (thankfully), it was a solid performance with numerous highlights. Susan Morabito even made a rare cameo. She said she was there to talk with John Blair, so maybe a future gig at the club is in the works?

Considering how incredibly well received her past several performances have been, I'd love to see this happen. If you would too, send an e-mail to John. Constructive feedback — much like fierceness — is always welcome.

I wasn't sure what to make of the Kelly Osbourne performance, so I just kept an open mind and hoped for the best. Unfortunately, as is too often the case with such incongruous performances, the energy in the room grinded to a halt once she took the stage. I probably would have enjoyed her three-song set in another setting, but that retro-pop-Euro sound just didn't mesh well with Paulo's set.

No worries, though, especially since I later heard that Sharon & Ozzy were also in the house. My only regret then was not having witnessed the spectacle myself.

Later, as a gesture of goodwill to the brave souls who dare to challenge creationist Jesus-freak bullies in support of Charles Darwin and the renegade teachers who espouse his blasphemous scientific theories, it was off to Crobar for Victor Calderone's Evolve after-hours party. (Okay, maybe it was just to dance.)

Hitting the decks at 5 a.m., following a set from yet another birthday boy, DJ That Kid Chris (notice a trend yet?), Victor tested the newly sanctioned after-hours waters by delivering a powerful set of intense grooves and dramatic effects that didn't let up until late in the afternoon. Considering the success of this party, where a diverse yet tolerant crowd coexisted peacefully, I suspect Evolve may well become a monthly event. Seen: Condoleeza Rice (or a reasonable facsimile); many others.

By Sunday night I was as sick of all this birthday crap as everyone else. But it wasn't over yet because I wanted to catch DJ Chad Jack at Avalon.

Basically running on fumes at this point, I didn't log too much time on the dance floor. But I did get a chance to chat with Joey Alvarado, who has been working like a dog in recent months throwing parties all over town. In fact, this past Thursday, he and Darren Wallace unveiled their new BMB party at Viscaya with DJ DeMarko providing the tunes.

Each week will feature different DJs and a "back to basics" vibe. By the way, BMB stands for Boys Music Booze. I think that speaks for itself.

Now for some must-dos:

- *SEE* "It's All Gone...Pete Tong." Yes, it's as good as you've heard. Better, even; replete with the wonders of British dentristry and the Ibiza music scene.
- *HEAR* Peter Rauhofer on Saturday, April 30, when he spins his monthly Work party at Spirit while celebrating his birthday. (Do Taurans rule or what?)
- *FEEL* remorse if you missed Erasure's sold-out week-long engagement at Irving Plaza. In the immortal words of my dear friend Vagenda Chips, "How dare you?"

It was one of the most fun and outrageously flamboyant concerts I've attended. Along with selections from their latest album, "Nightbird" (Mute), Andy Bell & Vince Clarke didn't miss a single synthesized beat as they performed every last one of their seemingly endless parade of hits. Who knew the boys still had it in them after all these years?

Until next time: Be Smart. Be Safe. Be Yourself.

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