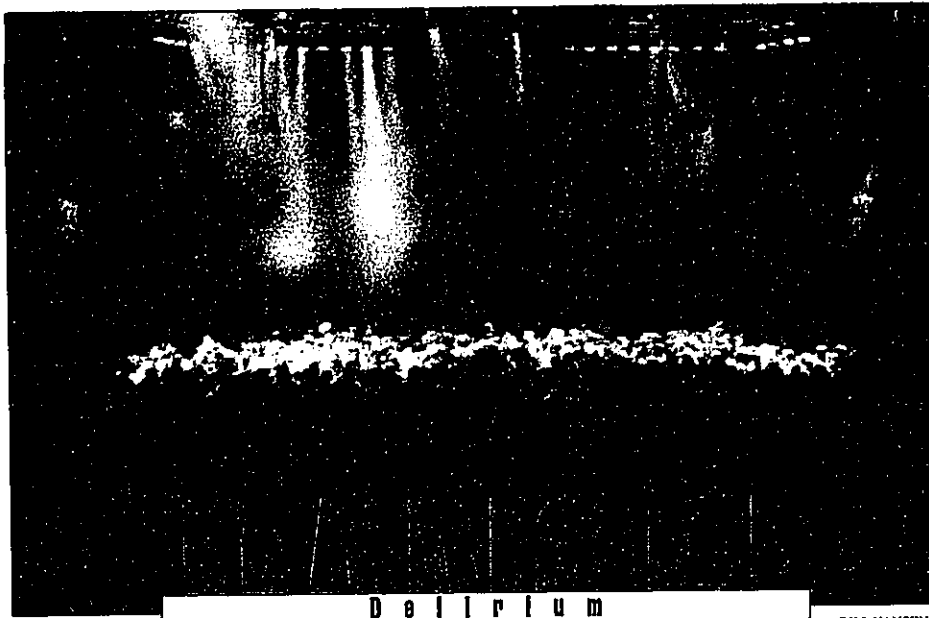




Frenzied state: Club X at the State Theatre draws more than 2,000 people for its dance parties on Saturday night.

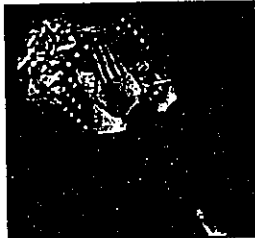
D E L I R I U M

BILL HANSEN

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Raves are the rage of the dance hall scene

By Larry O'Connor



Hat trick: Rick Rave of Warren makes a fashion statement at Industry.

On the cover: Megan and Jennifer Clark of Royal Oak get caught up in the dance fever sweeping this area at "The Factory," a weekly event on Fridays at Industry in Pontiac. Staff photographer Dan Dean captured the action on the floor.

BY LARRY O'CONNOR
STAFF WRITER

In a sea of flailing limbs and bobbing heads, there is a moment of surrender. Body takes over as the mind is hypnotized by a repetitive yet pulsating beat and optic shattering strobes.

Welcome to the rave.
The dance phenomenon has hit this area — albeit a tad late — but with the ferocity of a hailstorm.

In certain context, the term rave is a misnomer. Technically, they are underground dance affairs usually held after-hours at unlikely venues such as empty warehouses.

Although established clubs such as Industry, Club X at the State Theatre and The Majestic have capitalized on the energy of such underground gatherings and have become prime congregation points for vigorous movement and ear-splitting sounds of house, techno

and industrial music.

Whatever the circumstance, such dance parties stir the baser emotions.

"It's the beat I like," says Tracie Pickell, 21, of Troy, spending a night at Club X in the State Theatre.

"I like a chance to go out and wear crazy clothes," adds Damion-Gabriel, 19, of Sterling Heights.

A fad? Perhaps, but the energy engulfing the rave is more than self-sustaining and manages to supersede any particular fashion, personalities or even the music itself.

Industry, a futuristic nightclub in Pontiac, hosts industrial dance parties on Fridays.

The crowd is diverse in make up. On this night, there's black-clad alternative cognoscenti, youthful jean wearing Bohemians and formal-wearing suburbanites who look like they've stumbled in from a wedding — all moving frenetically to tunes spun by guest DJ Dimitry from the avant garde dance band Deee-Lite.

The scene is repeated on a massive scale at the vibrantly antiquated State Theatre as more than 2,500 patrons fuel near-hysteria on the dance floor every Saturday night.

Some have put the rave and dance scene on the same wave as the punk movement of the late '70s. Then, like now, the trend was one requiring more

spirit than resources.

All a good rave/dance party needs is a DJ, a decent turntable and stereo system amply cranking out 180 beats a minute and a level dance floor.

From there, it's merely a matter of endurance.

Jennifer Clark, 20, of Royal Oak says it's not uncommon to dance nonstop two to three hours at a time.

"I compare it to a runner's high," says Clark, who dances at Industry and underground raves that pop up. "When you're running, you go past the point of feeling tired and you can't feel your body anymore."

After a hot, sweaty night at a night club, the serious dance patrons turn up at an underground rave at such places as 1515 Broadway or the Bankle Building in Detroit.

At a recent rave at the Bankle Building, things were just getting started at 1 a.m.

People shuffle, flap and gyrate to a throbbing mixture of house and techno music. The dance floor is illuminated by black lights and by a washer and dryer awash with dazzling neon paint. Above the fray hang fluorescent Hula-hoops.

"Smart" drinks, a natural high-energy (non-alcoholic) concoction with naff

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