


Tire  stamp collecting?  
Catch me if you can.



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HOME

NEWS

COLUMNS

MUSIC

FILM

CULTURE

FOOD

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## BEST ENTERTAINMENT, NIGHTLIFE AND MUSIC

Thursday, October 23, 2003 - 12:00 am

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

### BARTENDER LEAST LIKELY TO FORGET A FACE—OR A DRINK

Whether you've been hitting up Detroit since its former days as Club Mesa or you just stumbled in off the street, Steve greets you with an empty glass and an inviting smile—if you didn't know better, you'd think he has been waiting his whole night just to make your drink.

So you down your first whiskey and Coke and then head back for round two. He sees you out of the corner of his eye and mouths, "Another?" You nod, and just as you open your mouth to refresh his memory, he's got a bottle of Jim Beam in his hand and a sly flare in his eyes. You think it's a fluke—a bartender remembering your drink of choice—but then return the following week, and he beats you to your order. He has your number, and he won't soon forget it. *843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa, (714)432-7685.*

### THE PATCHOULI LINGERS

Hippies may seem quaint now, but there was a time when they were Public Enemy N. 1 in OC. One of the few places hippies could walk in relative safety was Laguna Beach, and as often as not, they'd be walking to the Sound Spectrum, then and now the main record store in town. In the '60s it was about the only place in the county where you could find rare Hendrix imports, underground records and the like. Owned and run by its founder, Jim Otto, the store still has a strong alternative vibe, where hippie-era music mixes with reggae, jam bands and world music. And you can just bet they've got incense there. *The Sound Spectrum, 1264 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach, (949) 494-5959.*

### BEST PLACES FOR AN OUT-OF-TOWN TOURIST TO SPOT DENNIS RODMAN

You can't make your way through Newport Coast's guarded gates to catch a glimpse of Kobe Bryant, there would be no deciphering the directions to get to Mark McGwire's Irvine Coast manse, and Bette Midler apparently sold her Laguna Canyon pad. But thanks to his all-love philosophy toward us little people, there's no problem encountering NBA bad boy-turned-uh, whatever-the-hell-he-is-now Dennis Rodman. First, there's the usual places: his beachfront home on the Balboa Peninsula (just walk the strand until you come upon the pink pad at 48th and Seashore hosting a huge commotion involving strippers, helicopters and/or police dogs); Josh Slocum's, the restaurant/nightspot he co-owns on Pacific Coast Highway in Newport Beach; and Newport Harbor, through which Sir Worm often plies his boat, *Sexual Chocolate*. He often docks the boat up at such harbor-front watering holes as Hooters, the Cannery and Woody's Wharf. If you check all those places and still don't find him, simply follow any Newport Beach police cruiser with its lights on. Chances are you'll find Denny on the other end of that call.

### NOISE NOISE NOISE RECORDS

Here you'll find every classic record your collection needs—Kinks, T. Rex, Who, Velvet Underground and more that don't even involve guitars—for pennies on the dollar, and if that doesn't swing you, they're actually selling whole crates of vinyl for literal pennies on the dollar. Like 9 cents for an EP. There's your wallpaper, kid. Now never go to Urban Outfitters again. *1505 Mesa Verde Dr. E., Costa Mesa, (714) 556-6473.*

### RACE WARS

Screw the WWE. The true ring battles can be found every Sunday at the Anaheim Indoor Marketplace, where the men, boys and dwarves of World Power Wrestling put on the best *lucha libre* shows in the Southland. *Los luchadores* don't mince actions or words despite the three-generation families in attendance: little kids throw sodas into the ring, white fighters call the