

RAVERS Digest.COM

Together As One 2009 - Crossroads

This years TAO was an event I had been anxiously looking forward to for several months. Christy and I left San Diego early, took our time getting to the LA Sports Arena, and casually kicked back a few beers before midnight. We found the perfect spot to blast off the new year and captured stunning pictures of the big countdown. A perfect way to finish off 2008, except that NONE of this actually happened.

Busy with work and visiting family for the holidays meant that I barely thought twice about TAO. Christy and I left San Diego after Eight, but thanks to GPS, a turbocharged engine, and an excited girl driving, we made it to the Sports Arena parking lot by Ten. We hurried to the VIP booth, and thanks to our friends at GO VENTURES, we were rushed in before Eleven. Then it was a mad dash to the 21+ wristband line and a frantic rush to the drink line where we ordered Monster and Vodka (with a splash of cranberry).

We pounded our drinks and were back in line again, minutes later we finished our next round and it was time to find that special midnight spot. This is when things started to go astray. Although we were in the VIP area and only minutes away from an ideal vantage point behind the main stage, we decided to find a spot on the floor. Then, inexplicably, we decided to go to the second floor. As midnight approached, Christy and I were packed like sardines and practically missed the countdown.

To make things worse (or actually better, as explained later) unidentified junk on my memory card made the camera indicate that my card was full. I was at a crossroads where I could either keep the pictures I already had or reformat the card and start over.

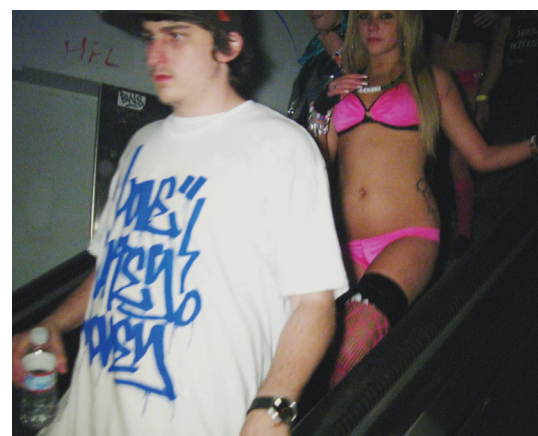
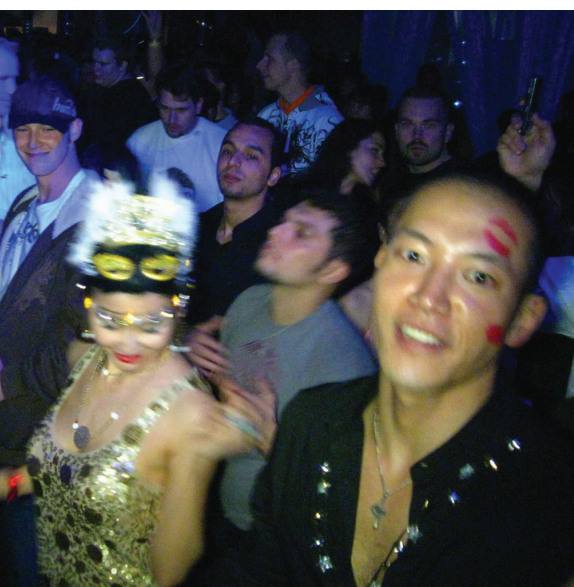
To me, the night was more about the beginning of 2009 than the end of 2008, and the images I had so far were just average anyway. I decided that in 2009 I was going to push myself and work harder, to sleep less, consume less, and produce more. I formatted the memory card and took the opportunity to take better pictures.

It was also time to rethink Ravers Digest. Our goals have changed over the years. First we focused on revealing a hard core and uncensored look into the world of raves. Later our goal was to bring the reader a very personal and subjective view of raving from the perspective of the staff. Eventually we ventured to other cities and distant continents to compare those scenes to our own local Southern California scene. At the same time, we tried to give the best possible direction to those new to raving so that their own experience could be healthy and constructive. We showed that raves could be so much more interesting when used as a form of expression, and that drugs don't make them better. And throughout, we always gave back to the scene by helping to promote local events. Today, Ravers Digest wants to continue to do all of this, while also incorporating the views of the ravers we meet. What do you think this is all about? What motivates you to go out week after week? Much more on this later, now back to the party...

Many raves are fun, but this one was inspirational. There were so many people here and they were all so happy. The quality and scale of the entire production was truly massive. Everyone looked good, felt good, the sound sounded like it should, I didn't dance much but felt inspired. Things seem to have finally come around. We have outlived the Bush Administration. No, really, fuck that guy, what a buzz kill. Is the United States united, will our course be righted? It's time to get productive, seductive as the thought may be, if we are constantly violent, we have no time left to be happy.



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