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Palpitations by Anuvab Pal

Stag-nation

The word "stag" in the *Roget's Thesaurus* is defined as "an adult virile male deer of acceptable proportions – in line with deer anatomy". At some point in Indian nightlife history, disco-owners got together and said, "Single man waiting in line to get into my nightclub." I will hereafter call him a stag.

I noticed stags outside a rather cavernous-looking, popular nightclub in suburban Mumbai on a recent night. One was wearing a beige shirt and matching pants that would have won him a free trip to Giorgio Armani's home. The designer's name, in bold black, was on his arms, his chest, his back and his bottom. Were this stag willing to dangle in mid-air in Worli, Armani wouldn't need to pay for a hoarding. Another gentleman stag, unfortunately, had probably done some fake designer-wear shopping in a particularly untrustworthy part of Bangkok because the text across his black T-shirt read, simply, f.u.c.k. in some terrible stitching mistake in

an effort to imitate f.c.u.k. The third was in a woollen turtleneck and long leather jacket, which meant he either had an alternate take on Mumbai heat or was a superhero or had just arrived from Reykjavik.

They weren't allowed in because the Bouncer (who looked like a cross between Mithun Chakravarty and Zinedine Zidane, or in other words, large, dark, bald, angry) said, "Sir, no, you are stag", raising his hand as if it were a traffic light for partying and he was the red light. "We only allow people with girls," at which point two semi-dressed women breezed past the velvet (almost ochre) rope saying, "We are girls ya", which was a fact. "See, they are girls", Zidane Chakravarty continued, "If you come with them, or others who are also like girls, you come, but not now."

"Listen, I have this," said Stag 2 pointing to a small hologram on his thumb. The Bouncer viewed it under a purple flashlight common at Communist check-

points and said, "This is just one skull stamp, tonight is special VIP party, you will need the double-skull stamp." "When did you change the rules?" asked Stag 2, as if he were Federer talking to an umpire. "What's wrong with this one skull?" The Bouncer found it beneath him to respond.

Stag 3, suddenly, took out two glow sticks, and started an impromptu glow-stick dance rapping "Sasha, Digweed, Ibiza, Ministry of Sound, yeah..." presumably to show off his knowledge of global nightclub culture, confusing his friends, the Bouncer and people in line.

Just then, a diminutive safari-suit wearing man in a thin moustache came out of an auto-rickshaw and inquired confidently, (in Hindi), "Is this a brothel?". No one responded except for a "no", from the Bouncer. "Shit. OK," said the brothel-seeker, got back in his rickshaw to continue his search. "He was a stag also," noted Stag 1 while a small lonely tear started forming at the corner of the Bouncer's eye.

Fast & loose

I would love to scratch Ranbir. He is so hot.

Darshan Shah, an 18-year-old gay student, declares his passion for Ranbir Kapoor.

She's developed like Princess Diana that deliberate foolishness, which is disarming.

Helen Mirren compares Paris Hilton to Princess Diana.

We must send those we call "big babies" out of the house.

Italy's economy minister explains his reason for offering young, unmarried men who live with their parents a tax break so they can get out and get married.

Strong-arm robbery? Over a doughnut? That's impossible.

Montana resident Scott Masters is told that he could be jailed for 30 years for stealing a doughnut.

Her eyes transfer a sexual energy to me that makes her irresistible.

Actor Bai Ling expresses her desire for Angelina Jolie.

We have leaflets at the entrance warning people to be careful as they approach, especially if they have young children.

London's Tate Gallery takes all precautions while displaying an installation of a 555-foot crack in the floor.

MORPARIA

