

SIX COMES CLOSE TO BEING A PERFECT 10

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Last year, for my birthday, my friend Anina gave me a certificate for a facial at a local spa and "Trouble in Mind" by Lucie Brock-Broido, which I'm now reading for the second time. The poems are dense, with some of the richest imagery possible. The things I love the most are the titles: "Self-Portrait with Her Hair on Fire," "The Halo That Would Not Light," "Death as a German Expert," and "Boy at the Border of his Own Allegory." Each title draws me in, lures me into the poem.

"Six" is a good name for a bar — straightforward, direct, curiosity-piquing. (How funny that "Six" absolutely seems like a bar/club name, while "Rain" and "Vicci" feel like names of clubs.) Six, of course, is a mix of bar and club — DJs on the second floor balcony of the multilevel space spin above the open segments of the floor, and the rooftop bar with the expansive views of the Warehouse District couldn't be named anything but a rooftop bar.

That rooftop bar is lovely — handfuls of tables, the sky visible above and merrymakers visible below. Post-work men and women linger over drinks, mingled with trendy clubbers dressed to the nines and couples here and there in Tevas or jeans. The singles scene looks lively — I saw some chatting, scooping and flirting when I stopped by, and those were weeknights.

Downstairs in the clubbier area, plush seating is interspersed with funky old movie theater seats; an alcove or two provide breathers for dancers, as does a long raised platform with comfortable squashy places to place a shaken booty. Two enormous TVs offer amusement for the eyes, and the downstairs bar offers libations for the thirsty. And yes, Lance Armstrong has invested in the bar, and according to one of my friends, sometimes actually goes there.

Just below Six and operated by the same people is the Tap Room, where the B-Side Lounge and Tap Room used to be. The set-up remains the same — multilevel and intimate, but where there once was seating for 12 or so (in that little space just down from the entrance and to the left of the stairs to the main floor), there's now a platform. That's right: Live music is now on the menu.

When we stopped in one night, a singer/songwriter type was playing with a band, and the place was packed with fans. Given the low-key attitude and the music, I was reminded of nothing so much as the Cactus Café (with comfier seating and broader drink choices). We ordered Jack Daniels (though I was tempted by the 15-year-old Balvenie), played the tabletop Ms. Pac-Man tucked away in a corner and watched as people sang words to their favorite songs, leaned over the balcony to get better views of the performance and clambered over each other as they brought drinks from the bar to the couches they were sharing with friends.

I have to admit I was disappointed by the live music — not that it wasn't good, but because I'd always liked B-Side as a late night hangout with friends. It's too hard to have sprawling, overlapping conversations when the music is live.

That said, when I stuck my head in about 1 a.m. on a Wednesday for a close-the-night-down drink, the place was much more how I remembered B-Side. Most of the patrons gathered round the bar, talking to each other and the bartender in a neighborly way. Ribbing occurred. I ribbed, my friend ribbed, we were veritably rife with ribbing each other. Both times I was in — packed and slow— the service was quick and the Jack and Cokes \$5.50, just like Six.

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