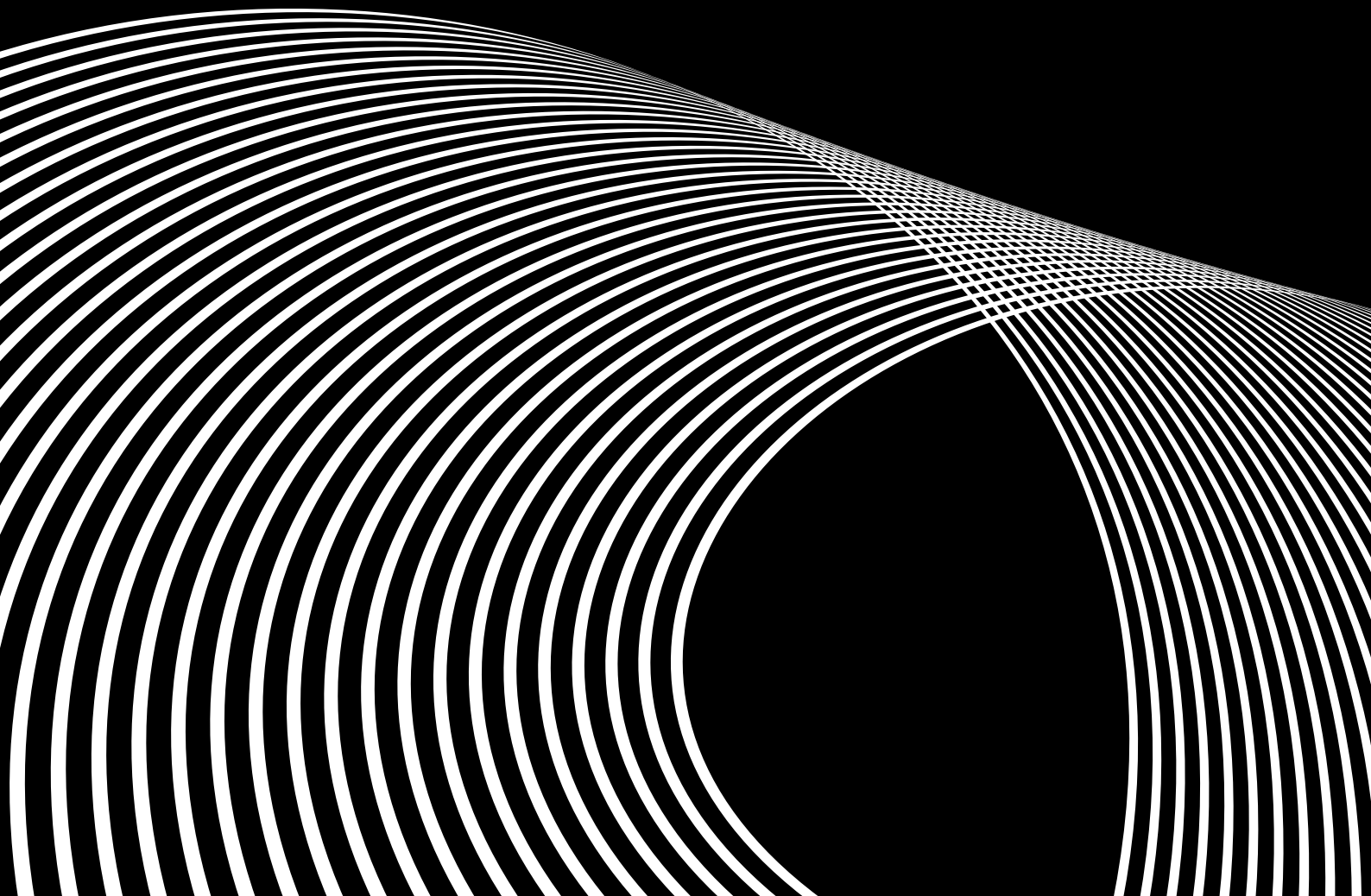


**moxa**<sup>®</sup>





**It's dawning outside. The morning of the 3rd January is icy. It's Sunday. Car trails will be slowly sweeping the road. Outside people are busy in other matters. Inside, still a hundred of us. Inside you sweat. We went through the night, fording a river of music. We made eye contact with dozens of people, we smiled, we hugged. Behind the console Little Louie Vega is agitating, it's been nearly six hours now. Mister V is on the microphone, kneeling on the counter with shining eyes. He had a plane to New York to catch but he preferred to miss it and watch the wavy show of a Club full of raised arms: restless, possessed, in adoration. He will soon explain to his wife. The saturated speakers are burning. The latest records are "sing-a-long". Strange people the Clubbers, always about to be sensitive. When Vega stops the music there are only applauses left. The silence gives vertigo. The morning is breaking our swollen hearts. It 's time to go. Nobody will ever forget the night we definitely fell in love with each other.**

**What you have just read is the story of a night spent at Moxa, like many others, but not average for that. At the precise moment when Vega accompanied the mixer fader down, dragging us in a hissing silence and earning the ever most admired applause, at that moment everyone of the presents felt part of something unrepeatably anywhere else. Neither better nor worse, just unique. At that moment "our" idea of Club Culture, that we have pursued all these years of work, reached the Zenith. Everything became suddenly clear, evident. "Project", "Passion", "Sensuality", "Sharing", "Research" on the deeper meaning of each of these words. We have created the club wanted. Today, introducing the new season, we are aware of it more than ever.**

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