



IT'S ONLY MID-AFTERNOON, BUT THE SKY OVER JOHNSTON is dark — it's full of rain. The parking lot outside Jazzi's is slippery with puddles that reflect the shop's red-neon sign. *TANNING*, it says. *Monster Bed \$1 per min. Hot! Hot!*

Inside, though they say it's a slow day, this family-run place is a blur. Lori Paolino smears dark-green hot wax on a customer's upper lip; her husband, Don, sifts the mail; their daughter, Lauren, answers the ever-ringing phone. As the rest of the staff works, sculptured nails are applied, locks of hair are carved, faces are steamed clean.

A woman slips in, stops at the front desk, and then enters a room

with one chair and a large contraption that seems opened like a clam. She steps out of her clothes, gets into the apparatus, and closes its cover. A timer is set and the clamshell lights up from inside. It concentrates its greenish energy on the woman, who rests there illuminated for 20 minutes.

Her name is Nadine Volatile, and her skin is already the color of hazelnuts, with a glaze of strawberry on her cheeks.

"I just got back from vacation" in the Dominican Republic, she says. "We had an awesome time."

She says she used to go tanning a lot more than she does now, but today she really had the urge. "I love going tanning on rainy days."

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PHOTO AND TEXT BY
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