

The Strip Club Date

I'd never ask a girl on a strip-club date. But when S asked me, I said yes.

We weren't the only couple at the Spearmint Rhino that night. Apparently, strip clubs are semi-popular Vegas date destinations. But why is that? Don't strip clubs intimidate women? Make them self-conscious about their bodies?

"I actually felt less pressure than usual," S told me after our date. "At a nightclub, I feel like I have to compete with the other girls for men's attention. But when we went to the Rhino, it was a given that the guys would be gawking at the strippers. So I didn't feel bad that I didn't get many looks."

I had another theory as to why S didn't feel self-conscious: She's very attractive.

I asked her, "If you thought the dancers were more attractive than you, would you have had such a good time?"

"If that were the case," S replied, "I probably wouldn't have gone."

Guys: Unless you're with a girl who's got superhuman self-confidence, don't ask them to a strip club.

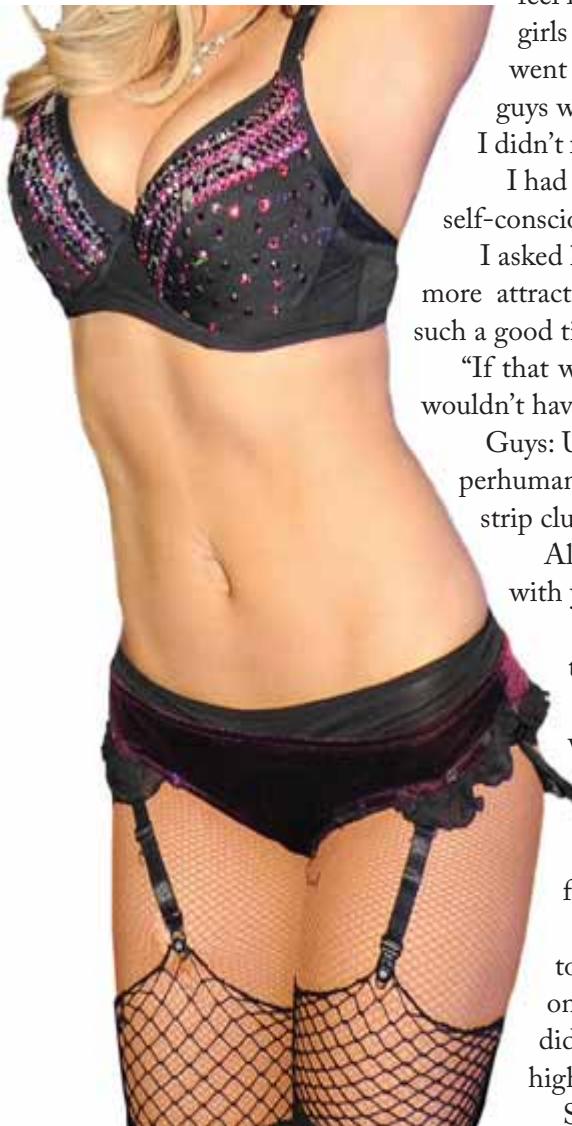
Also steer clear if you want a future with your girl.

"If I met a guy, and he proposed taking me to a strip club," S told me, "it'd be obvious that our relationship was going in the sexual direction and that we wouldn't have longevity."

If you start off with something so sexual and intense, where do you go from there?"

The main upside of taking a girl to a strip club is that it might turn her on. But the odds are slim—S says it didn't—and the potential for disaster is high.

So, I say, wait until she asks you.



The Geeks at LAVO

In celebration of National Nerd Day, LAVO brought Dustin “Screech” Diamond to the Palazzo, and brought this question to the nightlife forefront: Can a hot girl be a nerd?

I vote no.

I hate going through drop-dead-gorgeous girls’ social-networking profiles and seeing, “I’m such a nerd!” *Really? Do you watch MythBusters? Did you play Magic: The Gathering in middle school? Do you know how much mana you have to tap to play an Ornithopter? (Trick question; the Ornithopter has a casting cost of 0.) Then take off those thick-rimmed, taped-up glasses and admit that Honey Horneé (Garth Algar’s girlfriend in Wayne’s World 2, as portrayed by supermodel Kim Basinger) has no real-world counterpart!*

Well, hot female nerds might not exist in reality, but they sure existed at LAVO—hot girls sporting “KICK ME” signs, hot girls in pigtails, hot girls dancing like Pee-wee Herman. They were all there. One of them even took home the \$1,000 costume prize. And while I wish the money would’ve gone to a guy, I’ll get over it. After all, LAVO’s event was a genuine celebration of nerdom, not a mockery, so I approve and applaud.

I’m sure Melvin Nerdly and Maxwell Nerdstrom would, too.



On a Scale From Ten to Zero, He Got a Ten For Looking Like De Niro

Last weekend, TAO gave away \$15,000 to the best '80s celebrity look-alikes. When the club asked me to serve as the evening's celebrity judge—"celebrity" in the absolute loosest sense of the word—I jumped at the chance. First, because I love judging people (in non-moral contexts), and second, because I'd heard that club contests are rigged, and I wanted to find out for myself.

Turns out they're legit. At least, this one was.

Over 65 look-alikes entered the field. They were dressed as icons like Michael Jackson, Madonna, Rick James, and Cher. But none of *those* celebs, in my mind, truly exemplify the '80s. Their careers were longer, spilling over into the '70s and '90s, too.

Same goes for Indiana Jones, who called TAO beforehand, in character, to ask if he could bring in his whip. When he arrived, Jones filled out his application by Zippo light, which won him some points, but not enough to eclipse his non-resemblance to Harrison Ford. He looked like Harry Anderson from "Night Court;" he should have come as Judge Harold T. Stone.

I was less impressed by the guy who showed up in blackface saying he was Sho'nuff from the 1985 movie *Shogun of Harlem*. And was Sho'nuff the slightest bit embarrassed when requesting a contest application form from TAO Group marketer Jillian, who's black? Course he wasn't.

We let Sho'nuff compete, but we had to draw the line at Austin Powers. His first movie didn't come out till '97. Inside TAO's Opium Room, Pee-wee Herman had an impromptu dance battle against one of the Rick Jameses, as the Terminator (T-800) watched from afar, unflinching.

Using four criteria (resemblance, '80s-ness, audience reaction, sexiness), the other judges and I narrowed the field down to six. I fought against Pam Anderson (too '90s) and Robert De Niro (not '80s-specific enough), but I eventually buckled. I couldn't deny Pam's sexiness or De Niro's striking resemblance and strong audience reaction.

The finalists—Pam, Bobby, Pee-wee, Whitney Houston, Terminator, and Rodney Dangerfield—took to the main stage and the audience made its decision clear: De Niro would walk away with the big check. I'd have picked Pee-wee, but I respect the democratic process. Which is just one of the many reasons TAO should invite me back to judge their next girl-on-girl kissing contest.



The Porn Pool

The most shocking thing about Hard Rock's XFANZ Outdoor Porn Expo was how much it resembled any other afternoon at a Vegas casino pool. I'm not saying XFANZ wasn't sufficiently pornographic—it was; there were over 100 starlets in attendance—I'm saying XFANZ revealed, by comparison, how pornified the Vegas pool party scene has become.

"The purpose of the XFANZ expo," event organizer Kristen Kaye told me, "is to give guys the chance to interact with the porn stars. At the AEE, the girls are behind the counters, but here, they're out talking, swimming, and interacting with the fans."

I can attest to the bit about interactions in the pool. Cliché as it might sound, "scandalous" is the only way to describe them. Well, "oral sex" would work, too.

