

STRIP CLUB SPORTS

Womyn, Naked

By Susan Bremer - Photo By Robyn Twomey

Usually I'm oblivious to my effect on men. But once I step into the strip club I'm fully aware of my power as a woman.

Even the stoic business types become lost in what I call the big-breasted-beautiful-blonde-babe zone, or bbbbbb for short, which, when said quickly, resembles the sounds that children make by vibrating their lips with their finger. If only there were a self-activated alarm to awaken them when they start to get sucked in, they might have a chance of escaping with some dignity or money.

My game is a fantasy: visual seduction. Clients enter the field alone or in groups, but you can be sure they've huddled with their teammates: the "Rebels" who throw tantrums and yell at the referee because they inwardly wish to be taken to the box; the "Charmers," who think their good looks and wealth are sure-fire offensives; the "Dithers" are nervous and flustered every time a woman comes into striking zone.

The fact that I'm in a strip club wearing a g-string and heels raises my attractive quotient eight points on a scale of ten. I don't even have to do anything. On stage, two feet higher than spectator level, I'm on a pedestal. They sit anxiously awaiting the moment when I expose my breasts or, more pointedly, nipples. At this grand event, some rise out of their chairs in salute to the anthem of ecstasy. Others I have to command; like a coach who's bound to get her way, with a simple gaze and finger motion, "Come to me, Come to me," I silently beckon. The mariettes draw near, hands fumbling for the wallet.

Just like any professional athlete, I'm there for the fan to see. "Will you sleep with me?" they ask. Would you make the quarterback carry the team's water? They don't really want to sleep with me because the illusion would end. They like the chase from a distance. That's the allure. It's like basketball: They come, dribble a little, and hope to shoot and score. But if they score, the game is over. Their brain recovers its full thought processes and there's no more to the challenge, no more reason to run the plays.

Susan regularly lectures on human sensuality and self-esteem in women in San Francisco. Visit www.susanbremer.com.

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