

## *Le Club Femme Nú*

1997 – *Kimfucious*

It was eight o'clock on a Thursday night, and I sat in a desk that I could feel groan under the weight of my un-exercised torso. I'd grown way too used to ergonomic office chairs and bucket seats designed with Farvegnügen. I was awaiting an epiphanic moment that was to spur me on to literary inspiration.

Our instructor had just handed out our latest assignment, an observational essay, and was looking to us for examples of what we thought might be interesting. He paused for a moment, chalk in hand, to observe the awkward silence that befalls a classroom in one of the classic teacher/student moments where eye contact is as elusive as a greased weasel.

Leonard, one of our star pupils, cut through this stillness to the relief of us all. "Club Femme Nú," he said with a wag to his eyebrows that insinuated something more than an innocent laugh.

The chalk went into motion—scratch, scratch, scratch—and the words were written on the board. Words for me that were words of inspiration.

Class was dismissed somewhat anticlimactically, and we all filed out amid the chuckles and sly remarks that generally shroud the mention of an establishment such as Club Femme Nú, which for some people—and this is not exclusive to the French—invokes some very distinctive imagery.

I left immediately, rushed to my car and plotted a course for the now notorious Club. I was on assignment, and there was no stopping this mission.

Upon my arrival, I could hear the music from far outside the club. It grew with intensity with my every step. I passed a threshold of heavily hung, red velvet curtains; and, at that instant, I was immediately transported to another world. I had now entered the bastion of eroticism infamously known as *Le Club Femme Nú*—a.k.a. The Naked Lady Club.

A kaleidoscope of pink and blue neon flooded a smoke filled sea of men, mirrors, and Mata Hari. The music was loud enough to be felt. *Shakin' that ass, shakin' that ass*, the jukebox pulsed. The syncopated bass line reverberated into my chest through the souls of my feet as I waded through puddles of virility, squeezing my way past throngs of lecherous onlookers who bore witness to a spectacle that was so far hidden from my eyes.

“It’s an observational essay,” I explained to the bartender, ordering a ten dollar pitcher of Steinlager. “My assignment is to observe the inhabitants of this establishment and report in detail upon my findings.” My tone was as didactic as possible in the given situation.

“Oh yeah, well observe that!” He said pointing the beer tap at a group of girls balancing upon heels so high they could impale a man.

I tipped the man and proceeded with my insertion mission. My sortie.

I gaped with rapt fascination upon the tawny, naked body of a dancer on the stage. Her silhouetted figure loomed through the acrid haze of cigarette smoke that hung in the air. Tongues of smoke trailed after her taut legs, licking at them as she swayed languidly in rhythm to the pulsating beat of *Shakin’ that ass, shakin’ that ass*.

She’d triggered autonomic response, my arm tipped, and I began to gulp down the cool, bitter and intoxicating lager in a futile attempt at maintaining my composure. Two streams of beer overflowed in spurts from each side of my mouth and onto my shoulders with each quaff that passed lips. I realized that she may just as well turn me to swine for, now, there was no escape from this odyssey. I emptied each glass in rapid succession hoping its spell could quell the affects of this Circe.

It were her eyes now, most of all, that held my attentions. Hers were thick liquid pools of sensuality in which I was lost adrift. She motioned to me with them, beckoning me to come closer, and I obeyed.

I numbly took a seat where she met me at the edge of the stage, a place I later learned had been dubbed Bolo-Head Row by the local denizens.

She brought with her a small, white sheep-skin rug and nothing else.

“Are you always this naked?” I asked.

A smile came to her rich lips as she sank to her knees before me. She gyrated her body towards me, bringing herself within inches of my ensorcelled gaze. I watched the surreal light from a thousand mirrors paint their color onto the smooth tight canvas of her flesh as I breathed in the redolent blend of perfume that so perfectly spun themselves into an aromatic tapestry of her raw, naked animal scent.

With uncanny grace, she fell backward onto the rug and lay supine. Her legs raised together and the tips of her gleaming chrome-plated heels formed a zenith that demanded my attention. Slowly, slowly, they began to part as

would the petals of a lazy tropical flower embracing the balmy warmth of the late-morning sun. My eyes followed the sculpted physique of her calves down to her full and beckoning pudenda. She shared with me in this suspended moment of fantasy a bond shared only by lovers—or so I thought.

Something, at that very moment, seemed odd. I dropped from my reverie long enough to notice her thumb holding open the black rubber garter which gilded her thigh.

I abided her request for money in conditioned response if only to sustain this delusion, for I was rapidly falling in love with this girl. With every dollar I delivered, I was treated with the erotic affections of this succulent nymph in more and more inventive ways.

My lust had become a vile and evil gnome determined to squander my every penny on this rapacious seductress. Soon, her belt was *filled* with money—all of my money. It stank. Its smell was a rank reminder of her successful ambition. The sight of it there, on her person, was enough to reverse the direction of my erection.

She stood up, mouthed me a “thank you,” and went off to stalk other prey while I could only sit there and mope in silent, frustrated futility. A pitcher of beer had sent my inhibitions home for the night and irresponsibly left my libido to fend for itself on this killing floor of Sodom.

I stood up, light-headed, and took a moment to take in my surroundings. I saw the recent object of my irresponsible lust in the distance, her dance replicated for the next guy, her smile just the same, her garter getting fuller.

Realizing I had to pee, I made way across a nasty carpet of unknown color. I moped past the cheap, red booths packed with testosterone in human form. They were eyes in the darkness-hooting like a row of aroused owls.

The bathroom reeked of Lysol and urine. As I relieved a now brimming bladder, I reflected upon myself in the mirror above the urinal. I had been tantalized by fruit I could not eat and a thirst I could not satisfy though I stood amid a river of beer. I felt dirty. Maybe this is how Pee Wee Herman felt once discovered in earnest manipulation alone in the dark reaches of a flophouse movie theater.

Nonetheless, *Le Club Femme Nu* is a resort for the male hedonist who can maintain his illusion. An illusion sustained by the depth of the pocketbook and restrained by the girth of 400-pound Samoan at the front door. However, once the facade has been exposed, the result can be a tragic

confrontation where fantasy and reality spar in a no-win battle, and the only victim is the lonely man with empty pockets.