



CLUBS/EVENTS

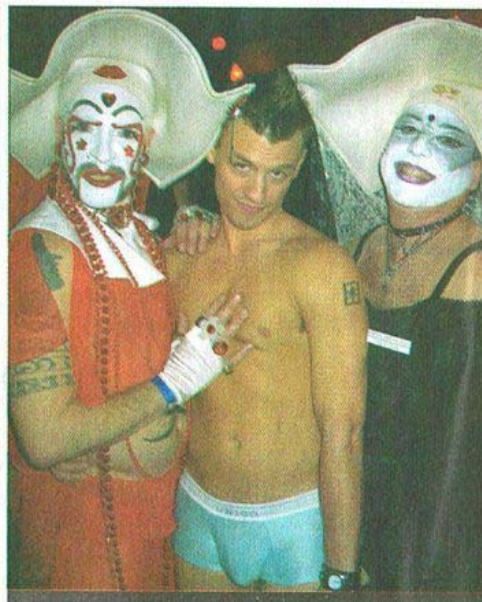
By The GooGabber

Hustlaball 2005 Sin City's fabulous gay soiree

What do you get when you throw porn stars, escorts, circuit queens, booze, thumping music, club-crazy partiers and Las Vegas' ever-present decadent aura together for one night at one of the hippest clubs in Sin City? Something even antibiotics can't get rid of.

Beyond that? 2005's Hustlaball (www.hustlaball.com) at Club Krave. An orgy of music, dance and all-around sin (the actual *orgy* took place the night before at the clothing optional, all-male Blue Moon Resort), Hustlaball is a self-professed "world of Hustlers, Hookers, Pimps, streetwalkers, Flesh-Peddlers, Porn Stars and other scandalous Sorts" and it by no means falls short of that claim. Created and conceived by Tom Weise and Jeffrey Davids of Rentboy.com (www.rentboy.com), the party conveniently takes place right as two porn conventions have brought loads of adult entertainment personalities to Vegas, assuring partygoers ample opportunity to rub shoulders (shoulders, folks... shoulders) with all kinds of men we pay to see naked.

When you're going to lose your Hustlaball cherry, it's best you do it with friends. And so it was that I showed up to my first-ever Hustlaball this last January 6th accompanied by a couple of out-of-towner friends,



Sister Erotica Psychotica (left) and Sister Rhoda Kill of the Sisters of the Perpetual Indulgence, with friend.

a few comrades from gay adult film company Bel Ami (Yves Caradine and Tommy Hansen, along with www.BelAmi0.com's fearless webmaster) and a native guide we picked up at Hamburger Mary's a few nights prior. Pulling up to the front of Club Krave in

the shadow of the Aladdin Resort and Casino, our senses were immediately overwhelmed not by the flashing neon lights of the strip, the lingering aroma of video head cleaner, or the bass track to that one Darude song that gets played whenever more

than five homosexuals are assembled, but by the massive, intimidating, and overpowering size of the line to get in to the place.

I suppose it's been decided by club owners and party promoters the world over that nothing generates buzz quite like having some painfully long line stretching off into the distant darkness. Unfortunately for the VGL VIPs, their line was even longer. Just a bit of modesty would have assured your getting in to the party that much sooner, but it's in the VIP line that you're very important.

Far be it from me to judge, though, as we pulled off the ultimate act of immodesty and elitism by skipping both lines altogether. With the impossible-to-resist Bel Ami boys leading the charge, we walked right up to the front door, sought out a recognizable authority figure face, and were invited inside by a very accommodating, nice, and quite busy Tom Weise.

Fortunately for the people we left behind in the cold, the lines obviously began moving soon after, as Club Krave quickly filled up and was soon packed full of gorgeous men. Claiming a spot near a bar and overlooking the stage, our little gaggle of Hustlaball-goers settled in amongst the crowd to take in the sights and see what it was the Hustlaball had in store.

was quite a lot. With Vegas' resident uber drag diva Frank Marino, infamous porn director Chi Chi LaRue, scantily clad Rentboy.com dancers, the boys of Rascal Video and Channel 1 Releasing (www.channel1releasing.com), and countless other piles of eye candy, any attendee would have to go out of their way to not be having fun, or at least find themselves fairly amused. As DJNineteen69 and Gioia Bruno (www.GioiaBruno.com) kept the music coming and with The Sisters of the Perpetual Indulgence constantly working the crowd, the Hustlers, Hookers, Pimps, streetwalkers, et al. indeed got their money's worth. With the entire event going to benefit Aid for AIDS of Nevada, attendance was made worthwhile in more ways than one.

Short on energy and not quite able to last to 5am, our Hustlaball excursion came to an early end around 2am. The Bel Ami boys went back to their hotel for some shuteye, and the rest of us went were off to the casinos to burn our paychecks at the blackjack tables.

Rumor has it our early departure spared our innocent and virgin eyes the truly debauched stage show that ended up taking place around 4am (dildos, anyone?). Alas, the Bel Ami beauties needed their sleep. And nothing that happened on the Hustlaball stage could compete with the hardcore reaming I got at the blackjack table. We'll no doubt be back for next year's Hustlaball, and if you're at all inclined to show yourself a good time, we'll be seeing you there.

When not following Bel Ami boys around Vegas, the GooGabber keeps a blog at www.JuicyGoo.com.