



[Strip Club Escape](#)



By [Roger Keays](#), 1 February 2011

Tonight I was taking a walk through the streets of Buenos Aires to get some fresh air. It wasn't late, only about 11pm. You know the mamasans on the street promoting their strip clubs and brothels? Well, as usual, I was approached, but as it happens I was talking about strip clubs yesterday with my date and have bookmarked a strip club date with her. So I decided to check it out.

I am also curious about the sex industry in general and am interested in the tactics pimps and prostitutes employ in their business. Tonight I discovered new extremes in the concept of pressure selling. Basically, it goes like this: buy our product or we beat the fuck out of you.



The mamasan led me into the club, which was pretty obviously not a club, but a brothel. I asked about the strippers, where is the club? Yes, yes, we have strippers bla bla bla incomprehensible spanish. No, no, you don't understand, my girlfriend wants to go to a strip club.

"Complimentary" drinks were served. Oh shit, this is getting bad now. The ladies are getting upset, showing me their menu and prices, although I couldn't quite figure out what service was which. Drinks seemed to be 60 pesos (15USD), and "entrance", presumably including a prostitute, was 300 pesos (75USD).

"Bueno, gracias, pero estoy buscando boliche con stripper. Ahora me voy."

(Okay, thanks, but I was looking for a strip club. I'm leaving now.)

When I turned to leave, this massive guy is blocking the way and demands I pay for the drink I didn't order and didn't touch.

"No, perdon" I say calmly.

One of the girls pushes me and says *"no pushing"* in English. Like I was going to start a fight with King Kong. The girls were a distraction, I knew they had no impact on whether I was getting out of the club. So I ignored them and kinoed the Kong, holding his bicep and placing my palm lightly on his chest.

"Ahora, me voy, gracias" (I'm leaving now, thanks)

Kinoing bullies and gangsters was something I got used to doing in South Africa. In fact now I kino anyone when they are being persistent, except if they're too dirty.

The kino got me a few yards, but pretty soon Kong repositioned himself to block the entire corridor by stretching his arms from wall to wall. Sixty pesos is not really much to pay for some guy not to beat the crap out of you - I just don't like extortion. I said I had no money.

"No tengo dinero"

The girls start patting the pockets of my jeans. Where the fuck does this guy keep his money? Not in my pockets you dumbarses. I might look like a stupid tourist but ... one of the girls bumps something hard near my genitals. It is my phone. I *really* don't want to lose my phone. Not only does it have the names and numbers of all the girls I am gaming, but it records all my thoughts, ideas and plans for my life.

"Tiene algo" (He has something)

What to do? I am really close to Kong now, my hand on his shoulder. I keep looking towards the exit trying to check to see if they had locked me in, but it was out of view.

"Seor, No quiero un problema" (Sir, I don't want a problem)

He shows no real sign of letting me past, but I notice his arm is trembling very slightly which surprised me. I think he was eyecoding the girls behind me too, who had stopped trying to find my money.

"Seor, No quiero un problema" I repeated slowly.

Reluctantly he lets me past and I walked slowly out the club without turning back. They just weren't sure what to make of me. Perhaps they thought I had a weapon, I don't know.

The whole experience was great practise for handling AMOGs. Also, being kinoed by stunning hookers has to be the best practise I know of for controlling your automatic response system. They know exactly how to arouse men. If you've never done it, give it a try and you'll see what I mean. Next time a hot prostitute approaches you, flirt with her, let he kino you,ask her what she charges, imagine fucking her and then tell her you've already had sex twice today.

Chances are your heart will be racing by the end of it.

About Roger Keays



Roger Keays is an artist, an engineer, and a student of life. Since he left Australia in 2009, he has been living as a digital nomad in over 40 different countries around the world. Roger is addicted to surfing. His other interests are music, psychology, languages, and finding good food.