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Pressler's Miscellany

by [Jessica Pressler](#)

The Real World : Lights on, Nobody Home



So this girl I sort of know? She happened to be around Third and Arch recently, all by herself. It was a normal summer day in Old City: The sun beat down on sweaty children in matching T-shirts, Duck buses quacked by, people in period costumes yelled angrily into their cell phones.

She doesn't exactly know what happened next--what

compelled her to put hand to door handle, or then to turn it--but she does know that the door clicked and happily swung open and ... well, there she was.

"Hello?" she called out. No answer. Her mind reeled: Was she having an acid flashback? Because like **Alice**, the girl had been transported someplace curiouser, a spacious Wonderland decorated like a hyper-Philadelphia. She clocked a **Stango** painting of **King Britt**, a Philadelphia LOVE poster on the wall. It's here, she thought, that those seven elusive roommates laugh, cry and engage in dramatic psychosexual battles (and probably, she surmised, her eyes casting over the kitchen area, argue over who should do the dishes)--all for the pleasure of lumpen viewers in tiny, dingy rooms across America.

She was in the *Real World* house. But no one was home.

"Hello?" she called again, her voice quavering, her feet rooted to the floor. She was definitely freaking out. But even as her blown mind repeated its incoherent mantra: *shitfuck ... shitfuck*, and then: *cops ... shitfuck ... arrested ... shitfuck*, her hand was thoughtful



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enough to fumble for the digital camera, and she managed to take a quick couple of pictures before heading back to the warm safety of the tourists, the Ducks and the sunshine.

All for the folks at home.

Here's What's Fun

The smell of beer belch and barbecue hung over the extravagant outdoor setup at the Borgata in Atlantic City last Saturday--but no one, not even the high-maintenance **Paris Hilton** lookalikes whose heels were sinking into the sand, was complaining. It was only apropos, as the orgy of flesh, booze and marketing taking place was none other than *Maxim* magazine's Fantasy Island weekend. Hence, several specimens of celebrity manliness were on display: **Boston Rob** from *Survivor* and **Jesse Palmer** from *The Bachelor* drank Bud in the VIP tent, **Hoobastank** was on the stage and Philadelphia gentleman-about-town **Tommy Up** was seen bonding with gravel-voiced comedian **Colin Quinn**. **David Spade** and **John Stamos** appeared and reappeared, as if to remind us all that little guys can be virile too (though Stamos disappeared before his planned introduction to cock-rock band **Velvet Revolver**, and it was rumored he was too tipsy to handle it). Velvet Revolver, in which former **Stone Temple Pilots** frontman **Scott Weiland** and **Slash** (n? B>Guns n' Roses) wage a mighty dick duel that somehow works, played new songs and GN'R favorites to a happy crowd. Afterward everyone traipsed inside to follow their bliss, be that in the form of gambling, heavy drinking or threesomes with leggy blond twins (er, Slash?). Everyone, that is, except Weiland, who was seen in a brief heated exchange with the thick-necked bouncer guarding the VIP area at Borgata club Mixx. "I'm Scott Weiland. I'm the lead singer of Velvet Revolver. I'm like ... the *reason* for this event," he sputtered to the large animal at the entrance. The bouncer responded, "I don't care who you are. You don't have a pass." Weiland, who has the coloring of an Irish setter and the carriage of a praying mantis, looked for a moment as though he was about to go back on drugs. Lucky for him, a kindhearted reporter, one with fond memories of *Core*, saw the exchange and went to get a man with a headset, who ushered Weiland into party. Oddly, instead of being all: "Who was that mysterious and ravishing woman who saved me from a thick-necked bouncer, from the madding crowd, from intense personal embarrassment?", the rock star just breezed on by with nary a thank you. He was seen, like, five minutes later in the same room as Jesse the Bachelor and **Garrett "G. Love" Dutton**, smiling as a large-breasted woman in a *Hustler* T-shirt inched her bosom toward his skinny face.

Here's What's Crap

Dude, all he wanted was for you to play some **Skynyrd**: During his set with the **New Earth Mud** at the TLA on Friday, a very-**Jesus** looking **Chris Robinson** took a break from shaking a wide variety of maracas to wag a beer bottle at an offending fan in the audience, yelling, "Fuck you, frat-boy asshole," in a manner most un-Christlike.

Things to Do This Week

(other than *ooh*, *ahh*, clap-clap, woooooo!):

>> Get into the groove at Pop Rocks!, a celebration of the Artist Formerly Known as **Madonna**, where rare videos--like the one for "Dear Jessie"-- will be screened and super-fun music by all your favorite one-named artists--**Britney**, **Justin**, **Usher**, **Beyonc?** **B>** and **Janet**, **duh--will be played**. Two happy homos will even walk away with VIP tickets to Esther's way-sold-out concert at the Wack on Monday. *Thurs., July 3, 9pm. \$5. Trocadero, 1003 Arch St. 215.922.LIVE. www.spincyclenyc.com* target="new">www.spincyclenyc.com

>> Load up on sugar, sugar: Francis Jerome offers this summation of Jessica Simpson's new edible body-lotion line, which they've acquired. "She may be a little bit of a dud in the brains department, but her products are really fun and rather unusual." Miel Patisserie will provide pastries at the launch party for the products this week. *Wed., June 30, 5:30-8pm. Free. Francis Jerome, 124 S. 19th St. 215.988.0440*

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