

## For Those

# About to Rock...

**Shelly Alexander salutes you**

"I feel like there's a void with rock 'n' roll (in this city)," says Shelly Alexander, as we spoke in the back office of Smokin' Hot Aces, the new rock 'n' roll club at The Venetian. We can't speak in the actual club because a band is soundchecking—yes, a real, live band, something that has become a rarity in most nightspots these days thanks to the unsubstantiated notion that only hip-hop and bottle service will cut it anymore.

Not that Smokin' Hot Aces shuns the club aesthetic completely; there's still bottle service, albeit economically priced (starting at \$200), and there are still sexy cocktail waitresses like Alexander, who mix in a little Christina Aguilera with their Joan Jett. But with live bands, an 11,000-song-strong jukebox (all rock) and three sizes of Pabst Blue Ribbon, it's gone a long way toward satisfying starving rock fans on the Strip.

Alexander, a part-time massage therapist and yoga instructor, plays her part in the action to perfection, serving everyone from conventioners to all-girls birthday bashes from California. She even plays matchmaker—with help from the club's secret weapon.

"People seem to love the pool table," Alexander said. "It gives them something to talk about. Last night, I had a table of guys who were interested in a table of girls, and it gave them something to flirt about." —Jack Houston



### Smokin' Hot Ace

We've mentioned bottle service and the three sizes of Pabst Blue Ribbon, but there's a whole lot more to consume at Smokin' Hot Aces that's not a shot of Jack (though we highly recommend that, for obvious reasons). Clocking in at 48 ounces, the Smokin' Hot Ace has everything we like about cocktails: size, smoke and lots and lots of alcohol. Grab a friend and a straw and soak up the mix of Finlandia Grapefruit Fusion vodka, Alizé red and Monin blood orange syrup. Don't say we didn't warn you. —JH