

CREATIVE LOAFING

Party with the plastics A night out at Ten Pin Alley

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BOWLING, BIG SCREENS AND BABES: A server at Ten Pin Alley delivers the goods.

"Where did you get your breasts?" a woman in the bathroom of Ten Pin Alley asks another. They leave before the answer can be discerned. No one in the crowded room so much as giggles.

Ten Pin Alley, which resides over Dolce in Atlantic Station and is owned by the same group of celebrities, heralds a whole new era for Atlanta nightlife. Part bowling alley, part club and part pool hall, the tri-level nightclub's large plasma screens play a frenetic mix of Bollywood numbers, crazy car chases and clips from 1970s WWF wrestling matches. The bowling lanes are gorgeous, and each one offers a leather lounge area to keep your hotties and wait your turn.

No plastic orange chairs here. Ten Pin Alley bowling has out-styled and out-priced its blue-collar roots, at \$60 an hour to rent a lane (\$80 on weekends). Shoes are included.

At the opening party, Wilmer Valderrama (star of "That '70s Show" and co-owner along with Ashton Kutcher and others) celebrated his 27th birthday. The guest list was VIP-only, and Scarlett Johansson was rumored to be in attendance. She wasn't. Instead, a sea of young women in spangles and fake tans sauntered around, craning their necks to see Valderrama and complimenting each other on their spangles. Waitresses in tight bowling outfits offered drinks and tapas. Valderrama was presented with a bowling ball adorned with whipped cream and candles. He spent most of the night posing for photos with his posse in front of the bowling lanes. Occasionally he would make a lap around the floor to collect ladies to add to the inner circle. There wasn't a hipster in sight, just miles and miles of bleached-blond hair, glossed lips and the occasional set of cheek implants.

A few weeks later, with no VIP list and no celebrity birthday, the crowd was much the same. Ladies lounged under the huge, beaded chandelier in the main bar area and gossiped about the reality TV show (Oxygen's "The Bad Girls Club") being filmed downstairs at Dolce. Some people bowled, but more posed. Waitresses had turned in their tight minidresses for black pants and pink tank tops. Down on the street outside, a girl bummed a cigarette from a short man in a turtleneck. He avoided eye contact with her as he proclaimed, "I'm in the magazine industry." She began to tell him why she was there, but he interrupted. "Yeah, I'm here with my CEO," he said. He then lamented the fact that MTV's "The Real World" had never been shot in Atlanta.

Upstairs, some bumping and grinding had begun as a DJ got going in the booth above the bar. The young, the rich, the beautiful and the artificially enhanced got down to the business of self-regarding jocularity.