

# A Dolls' house

I was psyched when I heard the Pussycat Dolls were opening a lounge in Vegas, but as the kickoff event drew near, I became increasingly nervous about what to wear. The dolls are hot chicks who can dance,

who, within minutes of meeting her, inspires you to want to be her best friend. She's funny in that fast-talking, pop culture-referencing, silly kind of way, and her style is palpable in her choice of trendy jeans, signature Chanel black cuff, vintage tee and white stiletto mules.

So here I am, a fashion reporter, planning on attending this supercool opening, wanting to be best buds with the stylish Antin and not knowing what to wear.

My quandary leads me to Amp Salon at the Palms: Hey, if you don't like your body or your clothes, get your hair done and you'll feel better, right?

I should note: I have tons of hair. All too often I go in for highlights and leave not noticing a difference. But at Amp I relaxed two minutes into the appointment when stylist Kylene Evans said, "Woof you have a lot of hair!" Yes, I thought to myself, she gets it. And she did: I left an invigorated blonde.

Wade Graff cut my ends by lifting my hair into the air and snipping random pieces, a technique he said he learned "from the master." I certainly didn't want to mess with master skills so I didn't question him. My silence paid off. I loved the layers, subtle and chic.

While at Amp I decided to have my eyebrows waxed. I tend to like bigger brows than some, but think they should be shaped to flatter your face. I asked to have the least amount taken off. Thankfully, I left happy, and didn't have porn-star penciled-in brows, which is what I worry about.

Feeling better about myself I decided to head over to Desert Passage at the Aladdin. Desert Passage is a Vegas secret. Tons of stores all share this weird mall, with

fake marble and mosaiclike flooring, strange lighting and lots of old people walking around. I caught the eye of a few younger shoppers who looked at me as though to say, "Oh crap, you know about this shopping mecca, too." A covert DP handshake might be in order.

I wanted something fun and playful, but not too sexy — after all I wasn't auditioning for the Dolls — so I headed to Betsey Johnson, where I flirted with some promlike ensembles before settling on a hot aqua dress. Tight on top, emphasizing my good part; loose on bottom, hiding the not so sweet sections; ruched through the middle, leaving a bit to the imagination. It was a perfect Pussycat Dolls dress.

I swung by French Connection, conveniently located across from Betsey, and grabbed a black ballet sweater with three-quarter-length sleeves. It's a perfect piece for unpredictable weather and a hot accent to any dress, tank top or T-shirt. An absolute must have this season.

Hair: check! Dress: check! Top: check! For shoes I decided to go with an old trusty rusty, my black patent leather Louis Vuitton bow-tied stiletto. And for a purse I went with a big multicolored blue and green Fendi, I got a few seasons ago.

With the exterior picked out, I just needed to work on the old confidence.

When I got to Caesars Palace for the opening of the Pussycat Dolls, I felt nervous. Was I too dressed up? Did I look funky enough?

It's funny how at bars or clubs, women check each other out: We're sizing up the competition. Sometimes I think I spend more time worrying about if women will like my outfits than men. I