

# HOOTERS BRINGS 'PIECE' TO INDIA

**A**ttention people of India: On behalf of your friends in the United States, I'd like to apologize in advance for the impending arrival on your shores of Hooters.

The press release that recently crossed my desk is the incriminating evidence. After expanding to the other three corners of the earth (14 countries and counting!), it seems the folks at Hooters Central Command decided the next natural extension of their busy, bouncy franchise, where the food is secondary to the view of the servers, was India.

We all know that Hooters is much more about sex appeal than food. A friend described Hooters as a happy medium for guys who'd prefer to go to strip bars but who know their wives would never let them. Nothing goes on, really, other than your food arriving in the hands of an attractive young woman in a tight T-shirt, orange running shorts and pantyhose.

Company public relations representatives spin it as a family restaurant. I guess that's accurate ... if you believe Dad and Junior ogling waitresses while Mom and sis pretend not to notice to be an enriching family experience.

**B**ut it's the mystique surrounding the Hooters girl and all the associated events — the bikini contests and pin-up calendars — that lure the crowds of male golfers and NASCAR fans

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that make up much of its customer base.

Not that there's not sex in India, of course. They're the folks who brought us the Kama Sutra, after all, and consistently rate at the top of global population statistics. Still, given the cultural mores of much of the nation, somehow it's tough to envision the success of a bevvy of subcontinental cuties serving up curry shrimp and tandoori chicken wings with a heaping helping of T & A.

American tourists who object to interacting in any way with the native population will love it, as I'm sure they have in Austria, Singapore, Switzerland and all the other foreign nations fortunate enough to have Hooters call them home.

Maybe Hooters Air, which will fly you to a number of locations up and down the East Coast and guarantees *two Hooters girls on every flight*, will tack on some international destinations in addition to Atlanta and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

**O**r perhaps the Hooters girls will finally come into their own as brokers of international peace. I can see it now: Representatives of India and Pakistan meet in The Hague to discuss their overlapping claims to Kashmir. Each side stands firm, refusing to budge.

Suddenly, a flock of international Hooters girls arrive with U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan in the lead. Using their charms, both physical and social, the beautiful, scantily clad delegation brings each side back to the table and comes to an amicable agreement for each nation.

And all the while, the male delegates will enjoy eating substandard food while ogling the women who brought them peace as the females among them pretend not to notice.

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