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Part I - Juicebox

Back when I worked at a smaller club in SW Portland, I would arrive at least fifteen minutes late with minimal repercussions. Normally this was not an issue, as there are typically more dancers than customers at said club. However, on this particularly unlucky evening, I arrive five minutes early. Why? I don’t know. But to make things more bizarre, I am hastily greeted by a pissed-off bartender.

“Ray, what the fuck? Why are you so late?”
“Hey, Ray, could you do me a favor?”

The bartender informs me at this point that a new dancer, whom I will refer to as Juicebox, needs to “get the fuck out of the club and never come back.” All my questions are answered with the same four sentences:

“Get. Her. Out. NOW!”

So I stroll into the dressing room, and there’s only one girl in there. Pretty face…quiet…seems normal enough.

Hey, I’m the DJ and I don’t know you, but the bartender wants you gone, so…”
“I know,” Juicebox says with a shrug. “I gotta go.”

“Yeah, look...I have no beef with you. If I see you at another club, we’re fine. I don’t even wanna know what happened here.”

As I’m walking Juicebox out to her car, I heard something that even a shroomed-out Dr. Seuss couldn’t make up.

“The club’s racist. I know you ain’t got anything but white bitches up in here, and I understand. But I mean, all I did was piss in the trashcan, and your bartender—”

“You pissed in our fucking trashcan?”
“Hey, I’m the DJ and I don’t know you, but the bartender wants you gone, so…”

“My pants were tight and I couldn’t make it into the bathroom.”

A little background: The club’s dressing room is met by an incline entryway leading directly to a bathroom with no lock. The trashcan in the dressing room is four feet tall. The physics behind removing tight jeans, crawling on top of the trashcan, and pissing with total accuracy are simply...let’s just say I think it would be easier to pop a squat on the ivory throne. But what do I know?

So I continued talking with Juicebox, explaining to her that girls of all ethnicities and creeds are prohibited from pissing on things that aren’t meant to be pissed on, customers excluded. Then again, maybe I’m wrong. Maybe Martin Luther King, Jr., envisioned a world where white strippers and black strippers could piss in trashcans together, peacefully and without discrimination.

After Juicebox pulled out of the parking lot—without signaling—and into the wrong lane, I politely waved goodbye and made my way back into the dressing room. In the trashcan was a wadded-up pair of jeans that smelled like Goodwill and half of a light bulb that had been burned on one end. I’m guessing that Juicebox was replacing a broken light fixture when her bladder burst. Either that or she was smoking crack slightly before she pissed herself, but I don’t want to assume anything. And maybe Juicebox was right. The club could be racist; they had an entire three white girls who worked there and only two black chicks. Time for the club to Photoshop some Asians and Latinas into their next Exotic ad, eh?

Part II - Rent Money

There are few times that I would actually mention a dancer’s name in this publication, but this is a well-deserved exception. Autumn was quite possibly the hottest woman I’ve seen since my left testicle dropped. She was Viagra personified. You all know the type of chick—one that could make Elton John start singing about eating pussy. And I was DJing on her last night in Portland.

“Hey, Ray, could you do me a favor?”

All I could think was, “Name your hole and my tongue will do the rest,” but instead I answered with a hiccup and a barely audible “Yes.”

“Here,” Autumn said as she handed me a double-disc CD. “That should be enough for all of my sets. Start with track one and go to the end.”

On her first set of the night, I announce that Autumn will be moving away from Portland. Autumn takes stage, and suddenly there are more customers at her rack than there are broken-down cars in Oregon City. I blindly hit “play” on the mixer, and...we’ve got RENT!

Not as in money-you-pay-to-reside-somewhere, but as in AIDS-inspired Broadway musical. And Autumn is not only dancing, but singing as well. Every. Fucking. Word.

If you look up “mindfuck” in the dictionary, you’re not gonna find much, but in a perfect world you’d see the faces behind the John Deere caps watching the hottest woman alive dance naked while singing tragic songs about a deadly disease.

I thought it was hot.

However, most of the regulars didn’t seem to like it. By about midnight, one guy walks up and asks me if Autumn will dance to anything else. I explain to him that she already paid me out and I can’t back out on the deal. He walks away, visibly pissed.

At one-thirty, the same dude comes staggering up to my booth, pulls out one of those little fishing knives that you get for free at gun shows, and with a shaking hand, he holds the knife to my neck.

“Cut the Rent, motherfucker, or I’ll cut you!!!”

His buddy notices what’s going on, runs over to the booth, and clotheslines Count Stabula onto the floor. I was laughing so hard I almost pissed in a trashcan, and virtually no one else in the club noticed. (Seriously, Autumn’s tits are like hypnotic train wrecks...you cannot look away.)

The next day, Autumn is on a plane and Stabby McStabsalot comes back into the club. He buys me a beer and asks me, “Was I in here last night?”

“No,” I respond.

“Yeah, so I didn’t try to stab you?”

“Nope, and even if you did, I’d never tell a soul.”

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That’s a lot of “reallys”—one for each of the 30 dogs that currently inhabit their two-bedroom Florida cottage. They also rescued me like a stray dog from a really, really bad living situation and allowed me to flop on a pullout bed in their TV room a few months ago.

Now, I am an impenitent dog-lover. My sherp-a-pug sleeps ‘tween my legs every night. And yet, living here, I realized I will never love dogs nearly as much as my brother and his wife do.

Thirty dogs is, indeed, far more dogs than is considered normal. But the scene here is nothing like you might see on Animal Cops, with shit-encrusted floors and sickly, mangy, malnourished, suffering, skeletal canines. Given the circumstances, the house is amazingly clean and orderly. All in all, the dogs here receive more affection and better health care than the humans. Still, one senses that every square centimeter of the house is coated in a thin, invisible dog shellac.

My main gripe, since I’m a light sleeper, is the incessant barking. If a leaf falls to the ground outside, they’re all howling. You know the brain-piercing ice-pick shriek a normal-sized dog makes when in pain? That’s what these micro-mутts sound like when they’re barking. Rarely is there a silent moment—maybe a few hours in the middle of the night. That is, unless my prostate nudges me to piss at 3AM, whereupon they start wailing again. On the rare occasion when all the dogs are mute, an African Grey Parrot who perfectly imitates their barking—only louder—picks up the slack.

At times it feels as if I’m being subjected to some weirdo government psy-ops program like when, at earsplitting volume, the FBI forced the Branch Davidians in Waco to endure the sound of rabbits being mutilated. The barking often reaches a point where my guilt might be mitigated were I to accidentally step on a dog and force the Branch Davidians in Waco to endure the sound of rab-

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But the sheer numbers are overwhelm-

ing. If you count me as a human, dogs outnumber humans here 10-1. I feel like Gulliver surrounded by yipping Lilliputians or an oversized Charlton

Heston stranded on the Planet of the Dogs.

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bits being mutilated. The barking often reaches a point where my guilt might be mitigated were I to accidentally step on a dog and forever silence it. After all, there would still be 29 dogs left.

My sister-in-law keeps a long steel clothing rack full of tiny outfits she’s fashioned for her dogs. She recently dressed six of the puppies as The Village People and won first prize at a local dog-costume contest. The other day I espied her gardening out-

side while wearing a papoose contraption containing two of her favorite pooches. While other dogs frolicked around her feet, she was performing menial labor with two dogs strapped to her back. I pulled my brother aside and said I found the papoose thing disturbing.

“What do you mean?” he asked, utterly failing to grasp why I might feel that way. I realized then that it was time for me to forever take my leave from Dogtown.

Like I said, theirs is a love which passeth understanding.

At its peak about a dozen years ago, Kitty City contained over ninety citi-

dens, but its depopulation was swift and tragic. A mystery feline contagion wiped out a thick swath of its inhabitants. My brother says he and his wife bawled their eyes out as the vet put twenty cats to sleep in one night alone.

These days he estimates there are fifteen to twenty felines lazing prowling the tarnished tropical landscape of his central Florida backyard. Like monkeys guarding an ancient temple, they quietly sink about these gently abandoned ruins. They’re scattered around the premises so that you never see more than four or five at one glance. You see them on weather-beaten patio chairs next to a neglected swimming pool that has gradually morphed into a green pond. You see them huddled next to an outside air-conditioning unit’s soothing purr. You see them peeking out from under DayGlo flower bushes and other flora that I’m too urbanized to identify. They’re on the roof. Perched on fences. Sleeping on tables. Or loll-

ing around on the ground, slowly licking themselves. Most are refugees from maltreatment. My brother has granted them entry into this feline retirement home, this sanctuary where crippled cats come to enjoy their last days free of abuse and starva-

tion. There’s One-Eyed Pete. Three-Legged Susie. Jill with the crushed paw and half an ear. And a slim orange mutant with six toes on each of his front paws.

The silence seems massive compared to inside the house, where dogs and humans reign supreme. Cats are Mother Nature’s most relaxed carnivores. Their turds softly decompose in the sandy soil as they curl up and take another siesta. What are these cats thinking about when they sit there deep in meditation, squinting at some faraway point I’d never be able to see? Are they thinking about me? Can they tell I’ve had cosmetic surgery? Due to their innate virtues, I resent and envy them. They are at peace with themselves. They don’t worry about their cell-phone minutes or IRS problems or that mysterious red mark on their dick.

They live in a state of placid harmony that humans, whether Caucasoid, Negroid, or Mongoloid, never seem to manage. They coexist with a refreshing lack of violence, ideological conflict, or personal insults. They don’t even realize they’re in Florida and therefore suffer no collateral loss of self-esteem.

They spend their entire lives in a sort of blissful introspection and muscular slackness unknown to me in my lifetime. Even after snorting 80mg of Oxycontin, I’ve never approached the serenity that is their birthright. Suspended in the womb, I was more stressed and neurotic than these cats are on their worst day. I could never make my hand feel as good as a vagina, and I could never be as gracefully nonchalant as a cat.
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