

If You Want To Work At Club Arseni

by Paul de Denus

Sonya say new girl bring her own music. I shit-can idea right then there. My club have three tings my customer want: the tits, the pussy and the tall cold ones. I tell Sonya to tell new girl she need only be concern with first two. Leave music to me. I make sure she half no trouble dancing for me.

My club offer girls who do more den dance. I hev them please customer in private rooms in beck. Rich men, swinger men, all types, fet ones, even cops. As long as not too rough, we can, how you say, accommodate. I tell girls to keep mouth shut about service. In private, dey can open as wide as dey like.

Sonya tell me still some girls not heppy. She say Remma tink the cowgirl outfit silly. She doan know Americans. But she will learn. Girl in leather chap and cowboy het a real turn-on. Like a John Wayne.

My brother Victor want to be big shot now. This after I give him job so he doan end up on street. Now he tink he can run my place. He watch too many movies. He tink he Pacino. He forget, I see Scarface too.

Police give me trouble with license. Victor want a war. I tell him I take care of it. In America, you sit down first, hand the drinks, let see the girls. Then you grease the palm. My girls give hand too.

Sonya say the new girl not work out. She not understand the language. There plenty of girls anyway. Plenty Americans. This is land of plenty. Ha, I make joke of it.

Sonya say Natalia hev problem. She doan like customer touching their titties. "Dey tweeke da nipples like on/off swit," she say. "It turn Americans on," I tell her and laugh at mine own joke. Natalia not laugh. Only stare at me like a man.

I hev my girls shave. Some girls not heppy, prefer natural look. I tell them it American poplar and we are here to please. A few only trim parts, try to leave hedgerow. I make them remove. I'm not no barber but what dey do down there I make my business.

I bring in Torrey to take out trash. I don' mind a mick because he quite the useful one. Other day he remove a couple wogs in cheap flash suits and silly big collar. I don' want dem in my place. Dey try to steal my girls to work street and Torrey make sure dey doan come beck. He work behind bar too, mix-up sometimes special drink, make the good Molotov cocktail too.

My friend Leonid make it good in America. He buy boat for himself, get plenty of crew to support. I ask Leonid to hep me with problem I hev with little cousin Stepan over on the Avenue. I offer Stepan good job at my club but Stepan say no, he want to hev own business but need moneys. All he do is stand around, stand on street corners like fashion wonk in fancy clothes and make no good business. Stepan tink he can borrow money from me and not pay beck? He want to be stand up guy? I make him one. I stand him in suit at bottom of ocean.

