

NIGHTSPOTS

To advertise in Just Out,
call 503-236-1253

POWERBOYS

It's gettin' hot in here....

GREAT DANCE FLOOR
DJ MATT'S HOT SOURCES
ALL MALE, ALL NUDE
REVUE

THREE SISTERS TAVERN
TUES-THUR (NO COVER)
1125 SW STARK
503.228.0486

FRIDAY NOV 15 @ 9PM

A Benefit for Project Quest & The Humane Society

A Pimps & Hookers Masquerade!

CC Slaughters Presents **the HOOKERS BALL!**

visit us on-line for details

CC Slaughters

219 NW Davis Street www.cc-slaughters.com

| UPCOMING EVENTS | FRIDAYS |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Smirnoff Party! 11/01 | High Energy Dance! |
| The Hooker' Ball 11/15 | SATURDAYS High Energy Dance! |
| The Harvest Party! 11/29 | SUNDAYS Latino Night! |
| CC's Christmas Party! 12/14 | MONDAYS Live Dancers! |
| CC's New Years Eve '03 12/31 | TUESDAYS Karaoke with Klass |
| | WEDNESDAYS Boot Scootin' Country Line Dance Lessons @ 8 |
| | THURSDAY Latin Dance Night! Latin Dance lesson @ 8 |

Slaughters Lounge
Great Food and Drinks
7 Days a Week!

the Northbank

gay-owned & operated

106 W 6th St
Vancouver, WA
360-695-3862

BEER, WINE, FOOD & FUN

**NEW OWNERS
NEW MANAGEMENT
NEW ATTITUDE**

We welcome ALL diversities

Hours
Tues & Wed - 12pm-12am
Thurs - 12pm-1am
Fri & Sat - 12pm-2am
Sun - 12pm-12am

KARAOKE FRIDAYS

"Make us your first & last stop"

Welcome to

SCANDALS PORTLAND

Mens Lounge

The Corner on Stark & SW 11th

503.227.5887
503.224.5141

Hobos

Dinochle Tournament
November 23rd, 4 pm
Watch for details

OLD TOWN NIGHTLIFE DISTRICT

~ Casual Dining ~
~ Lounge ~
~ Game Room ~
~ Open 4:00 Daily ~

120 NW Third Avenue, Portland, OR 97209 • (503) 224-3285
Parking Validated Smart Park Davis & Front
www.hobos.citysearch.com

HUMOR

Takin' care of business

Together, wherever we go

Well, Halloween has come and gone, which means Floyd and I have been together 16 years. (We met in the third grade, of course.)

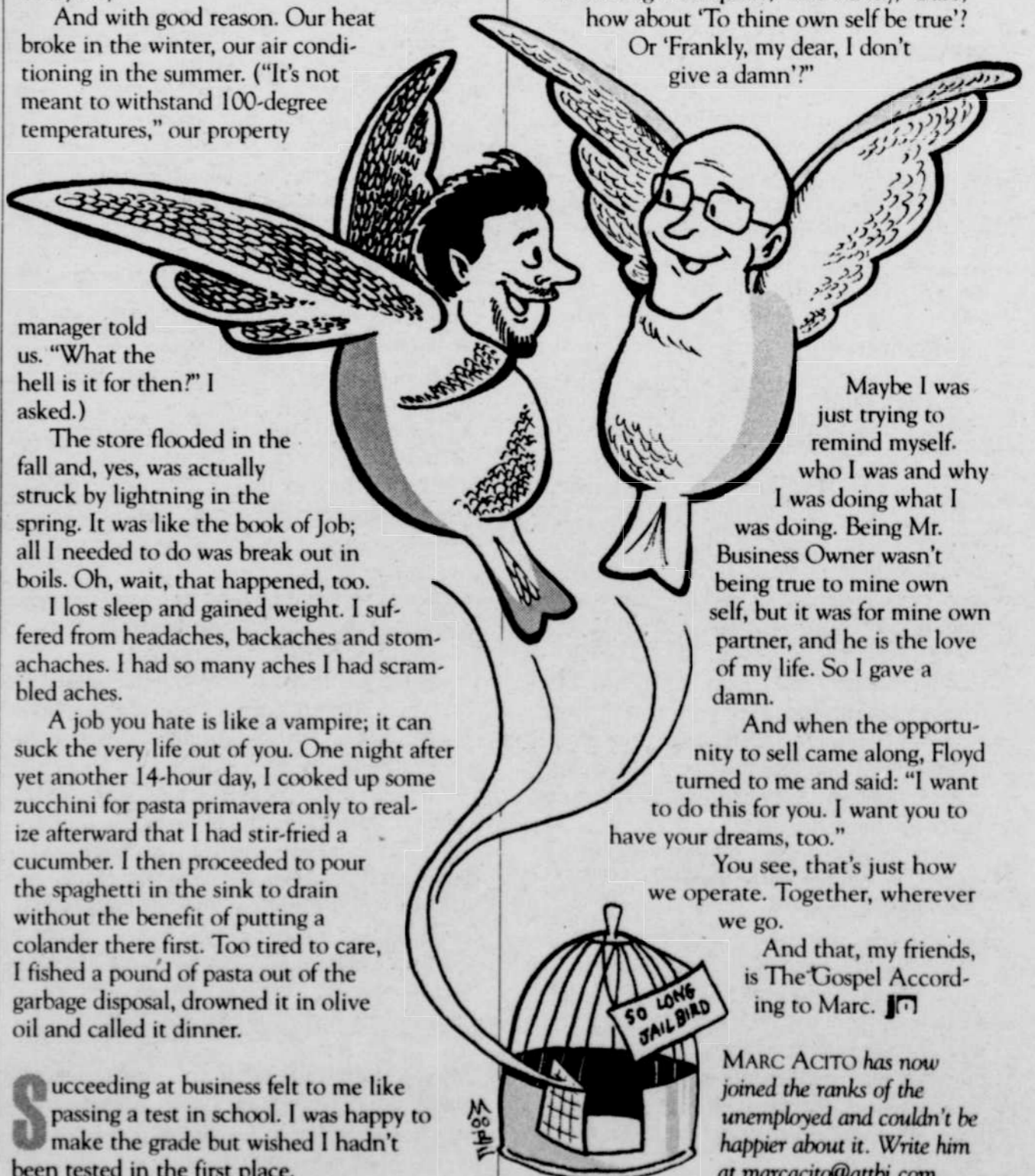
We're not usually big on presents, but this year we gave ourselves the best Halloween gift ever: We sold our store. That's right, after five years of manufacturing a boring but necessary product we are free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, free at last.

This is how we operate: No matter what one of us does for a living, the other person gets sucked into it—as in the word "sucker." Call it cooperation, call it codependency; we don't ask questions. "Together, wherever we go," that's our motto.

So, despite having no business acumen whatsoever, I went to work at what I came to think of affectionately as I Hate My Job Inc. You see, after watching Floyd endure years of me fighting and scratching my way to the middle as a resoundingly mediocre opera singer, I thought it only right to help him fulfill his dream of running his own business. (And, let's face it, I needed a job and had few skills other than the ability to sing loudly in several languages.)

With the exception of an institutionalized mental patient, I can't imagine a person more unequipped to become a businessman. I couldn't even operate a staple remover properly. The first month we were in business, I put my head down on the desk and cried every day.

And with good reason. Our heat broke in the winter, our air conditioning in the summer. ("It's not meant to withstand 100-degree temperatures," our property



manager told us. "What the hell is it for then?" I asked.)

The store flooded in the fall and, yes, was actually struck by lightning in the spring. It was like the book of Job; all I needed to do was break out in boils. Oh, wait, that happened, too.

I lost sleep and gained weight. I suffered from headaches, backaches and stomach aches. I had so many aches I had scrambled aches.

A job you hate is like a vampire; it can suck the very life out of you. One night after yet another 14-hour day, I cooked up some zucchini for pasta primavera only to realize afterward that I had stir-fried a cucumber. I then proceeded to pour the spaghetti in the sink to drain without the benefit of putting a colander there first. Too tired to care, I fished a pound of pasta out of the garbage disposal, drowned it in olive oil and called it dinner.

Succeeding at business felt to me like passing a test in school. I was happy to make the grade but wished I hadn't been tested in the first place.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC

by Marc Acito

Of course, there were some days I didn't hate my job—like on the weekends, for instance. But most mornings I had to peel myself out of bed like an old Band-Aid stuck to the skin.

Not just anybody can do a job they loathe; it requires real mental strength to marinate in all that discontent and resentment.

The worst were the networking meetings. There I'd be at Dark O'Clock listening to some Vice President of Paper Clips go on about a job even more soul-killingly dull than mine, willing to chew off my own foot to escape (but settling instead for the Costco muffins), and I'd think, "This isn't the Chamber of Commerce—it's the Chamber of Horrors."

I tried to make it fun, honest. Our store was a franchise, so one day in response to a request from the corporate office for ways in which they could help us better, I typed a quick e-mail that said, "Lap dances would be nice." I hit "send," not realizing I was distributing it to 400 franchisees nationwide. Store owners in the Bible Belt were not amused.

Sometimes customers would call and say, "I'm looking for a quote," and I'd say, "Sure, how about 'To thine own self be true'?" Or "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn!"

Maybe I was just trying to remind myself who I was and why I was doing what I was doing. Being Mr. Business Owner wasn't being true to mine own self, but it was for mine own partner, and he is the love of my life. So I gave a damn.

And when the opportunity to sell came along, Floyd turned to me and said: "I want to do this for you. I want you to have your dreams, too."

You see, that's just how we operate. Together, wherever we go.

And that, my friends, is The Gospel According to Marc. **✠**

MARC ACITO has now joined the ranks of the unemployed and couldn't be happier about it. Write him at marcacito@attbi.com.