Cathouse for Dogs in Village?

MAXWELL FIRBANK

For many New Yorkers, "Do dogs shit in the street?" has replaced the timeworn "Are Bears Catholic?" as a rhetorical response to any obvious/redundant question. The attitude toward dogs in this city is not unlike the gun lobby—there seem to be an equal number of canine fanatics who feel totally justified in their right to own and sport a dog as there are Rabidophobes (i.e. citizens having an excessive and constant fear of being bitten by a dog, *any* dog, and/or stepping in their feces...either of these factors liable to result in subsequent dementia and, according to Rabidophobe extremists, even death). Thus to our story. An establishment recently opened at 365 Greenwich St. in Manhattan, known as "The Cathouse." (N.B. Since this story was begun, the principals involved have been unavailable for comment.) To this place doglovers could bring their faithful fido and he would be provided with a female dog in a state of artificially-induced heat with whom he would be free to fornicate, for the sum of $50 (Bankamericard, Amex and Purina in bulk not accepted.) Included in the $50 fee would be pictures snapped by the Cathouse's resident photog of your number one pooch working out with Fifi, Bobo, or whichever brassy bitch he is confronted with.



These photographs would then become the property of the dog's owner to do with as he wished. And if you were weird enough to take your dog there in the first place you must have enough imagination to recoup your $50...limited editions of dogfuck sequences, squalid animal porno stills, or even, as one doglover suggested, Christmas cards for your special friends.

Theoretically, the "Cathouse" concept is just another, albeit rather esoteric, moneymaking scam. It seemed at first that there were enough canophiles who wanted to give their pets a treat more sensual than chocolate biscuits, to make it work for entrepreneur Joey Scaggs, the proprietor of this bizarre establishment.

Unfortunately, we have been unable to contact Joey for his side of the story, his reasons for going into the dog brothel biz, or any other details about his background. Nor have we been able to contact the man named as the Cathouse's resident veterinarian, a Dr. Tony Parker.

We did check with the Division of Professional Licensing (99 Washington Ave., Albany, New York 12230. Tel: 518-474-3817). According to their records (going back as far as 1920) there is no record of a Dr. Tony Parker as a licensed vet in New York State. (N.B. A veterinary surgeon gets his license after he graduates *and* passes a qualifying test.)

According to our man in Albany, the license qualifies you, and you are entitled to obtain drugs for animals. However, technically, if you are not registered after being licensed, you should not be practicing. But, said the man in the records office, a lot of people *do* practice who are licensed, but not registered—(officially a vet registers every two years, and it's mainly to let Albany 'know where you are'). But the words 'technically' and 'officially' in Albany are bound in an insoluble maze of red tape...

So, Dr. Parker's function at the Cathouse was to induce in the "femmes de la maison" a state approximating "heat" (which in the normal female canine cycle occurs only twice a year, over a five day period). Parker did this by injecting the bitches with *Estradial*. After this they would be led out to your panting pooch, who could then partake of the old in-out without all the usual hassle of fighting off competitors, hanging around the lady's abode for days on end, and all the other tiresome trips less fortunate mutts must endure for the chance of some fast Fifi.



Allan Tannenbaum

A leading New York veterinary surgeon we spoke to thought repeated use of the drug was, under these circumstances, "negligent and improper. *Excessive use* of Estradial can cause uterine infections, breast tumors, and many other serious side effects."

There are however other specific problems involved in running an establishment like the Cathouse. The management originally ran an ad in the Village Voice stating that Fifi and other brazen bitches were available for services of all kinds, at all times. First the response was encouraging.

When a SWN reporter visited this 'bordello aux chiens' last week she saw a dozen or more potential clients ready to stud up. But the presence of ten male dogs in an enclosed space in the vicinity of bitches in heat created a potentially dangerous situation, and there seemed to be little effort at crowd control on the part of the management.



For most of the dogs, this could be their only chance of some real action, and the mildest of mutts can be transformed into a kill-crazy canine once he gets a whiff of that pherenomal odor. However, not once during her three hour visit did our observer witness a single act of carnal congress. Disappointing for dogfreaks like the lady who had brought her pooch to meet his trick as a treat for completing (presumably with great success) his obedience training course.

Another technical problem the management and/or Doc Parker did not seem to have catered for was the act of copulation itself, if any of the dogs did manage to get it on. Domestic animals have unfortunately acquired many of the societal/sexual hangups that have made psychiatry such a lucrative profession. It's absolutely necessary to have an attendant present to ensure smooth congenital contact. There were no such attendants visible, and indeed many of the male 'clients' seemed simply confused..."How could it be this easy?" barked one puzzled Dobermann as the promised land was set before him.

Where the Cathouse's stable of naughty bitches come from is another question that remains unanswered as we go to press. Are they pedigrees gone astray? Freshfaced collies just off the bus from Iowa? Girls who never got an even break and had to turn to this? We hope to be able to supply some of the answers to these and other questions by next week. ●

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