

Channel Sex On Your Side

STORYVILLE -- In response to the current media exposure of the sexual predilections, perversions and peccadillos of powerful politicians and pundits, the Mystic Krewe of Spermes, in conjunction with television station WDSU (Weird Degenerate Sexual Utopians) announces its latest public service: Channel Sex On Your Side. Members of both organizations will be available to answer phone calls on their hot-line, 1-800-MORESEX.

According to spokeswoman Susan Roesgism, "Our viewers have a lot of unanswered questions: When is it sex and when is it not sex? How old do you have to be for a youthful indiscretion? How can I become an intern? How do you get rid of those nasty stains? Channel Sex On Your Side will rise to the occasion with a graphic series of show(-and- tell)s. Our first installment will be a probing investigation by reporter Stephanie Blowswell on Bob Livingston's contributions to the women of Louisiana."

Ms. Blowswell added, "Mr. Livingston's position proves the maxim, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the bedroom." No one confirmed what Mr. Livingston's position was, but informed sources said it was doggy style.

Future reports will focus on other prominent figures, including Governor "Bananas" Foster (what really goes on in that duck blind?), former Senatorial candidate Woody Jenkins (what body part does that nickname really refer to?), Mayor Marc Morial (this will be a bi-part series), and Sheriff Harry Lee (why does he spend his nights chasing nutria?).

"Louisiana leads the nation in many unfortunate trends: obesity, illiteracy, corruption," said reporter Margaret Orrgasm. "With all the new sex scandals making head-lines, we cannot be passive. We have to come out of the closet and expose the naked truth (as well as various body parts): Louisiana is still number one when it comes (and comes and comes) to sex!"

Page of the Muses:

Enough Tail 4 Two Cities

A Poem by the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E.
(with apologies to Chuck Dickens)

It was the best of times,
It was the worst of times.
But the worst of times,
Was oft the best of times.

While enjoying sex pleasures and bearing no shame,
We shudder to tryst, with an end - "Crying Game",
The Bourbon Street hookers, the floozies, the harlots,
All beckon to innocents, picked up in car lots.

And when the morning approaches with dawn,
The girls dump the guys, even real men named John.
Into the sewer, the ladies they slide,
Knowing that sunshine their skin can't abide.

Morphing to gators, and gators galore,
A gator now slinks, where once stood a whore.
Now all the through the daylight, they lurk down below,
Emerging past darkness and ready for show.

Plying their trade and flashing their titties,
They're a big myth: Enough Tail 4 Two Cities!
A sad life perhaps, but please don't feel pity,
They're just fulfilling the "Myths of the City".

Nutria Alert

UNDERDOME -- There have recently been reports of a giant nutria in the CBD. Early accounts, from Saints fans leaving the Superdome after another defeat, were discounted due to the, um, state-of-mind of the witnesses. Said one eyewitness, "It was huge and scary. It blocked everything in its path ... oh, wait, that was Harry Lee."

Although reports continue to come in, there have been no verified sightings. There are rumors, however, that the nutria is inordinately fond of parades and a particular fan of the Krewe du Vieux, so be on the lookout as the Krewe saunters through the French Quarter on the night of January 30, 1999, at 7:00 PM.

