

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 164
By Freddy and Eddy

Our Farewell Column, All Love LA, All the Time... (and sex finally returns to our household)

With exactly one sexual encounter in the month of December – and that one barely qualifying as anywhere near satisfying – we hit New Year’s Day wondering when, if ever, we might tally a passionate interlude in 2009. With our demented mother requiring constant monitoring, including her falling out of bed almost perversely in concert with our bedroom heating up each evening, we’ve resigned ourselves to self-imposed celibacy until putting Mom into care and getting her out of our home. In addition to her nightly wanderings, Mom has also developed the nasty habit of journeying to “the dark side,” at inopportune times, telling our son we’re out to kill her and, when provoked in the slightest, devolving into a screaming lunatic in need of restraint. On the evening of January 1st, for example, after travelling home from a wonderful visit with friends in Orange County, we had to forcibly remove her from our minivan after she took a swing at us when we tried to unbuckle her seat belt. Mom then erupted in a torrent of profane accusations and ramblings, eventually needing to be threatened with ratchet straps after being dragged into our home with the neighbors looking on bewildered. You can imagine the sexual energy wasn’t exactly volcanic that evening.

Finally, with our exhaustion levels at their peak and our patience depleted, Mom was taken to Kaiser Emergency, where she treated the evening staff to her amusing murder and rape accusations, all the while insisting she was in her 50’s (she’s almost 80), was living in Canada, and that we’d lost our money to crooks (killing her, it turns out, is our only way to keep creditors from taking our home and other worldly possessions). With a few of her other dementia episodes caught on our trusty home video camera, the Kaiser staff called in a psyche physician and gave us a healthy dose of sedatives to whack Mom into a more controllable state. The miracle of Big Pharma now squarely on our side, we’ve now gotten a semblance of normality back in our evenings, even if the daytime solution has yet to become clear. We imagine Mom will be back to living in an assisted care facility soon, albeit at much reduced cost and (most likely) lower quality service. In her state of mind, however, the change will probably go unnoticed by Mom herself.

With the sedatives now at our disposal to knock Mom into unconsciousness each evening, we merely have to direct our son to his sleeping quarters, wait a few minutes for him to pass out, and the night is ours. With the respite now being used to decompress emotionally, we envision a bit of passion creeping back in here and there, hopefully increasing in intensity until returning to normal once Mom departs. We can’t say we aren’t wracked by guilt at our failure to tough it out longer than we have, but with our business and marriage in serious jeopardy should Mom continue inhabiting our home, we must take the necessary steps to keep things together, guilt or no.

In just over two weeks from today, our 2nd annual Love LA Show will take place at the Music Box/Henry Fonda Theater in Hollywood, just in time for Valentine’s Day and

sandwiched strategically between the NFL playoffs and Superbowl, meaning no excuses for missing out on the best collection of adult product vendors, sex education seminars, and sensuality-themed entertainment LA has to offer. Though our environment will once again be a porn-free zone, sex-positive luminaries from across the adult industry spectrum will be on hand to mingle and pass on their wisdom. Please, if you've enjoyed our column over the last three-plus years, visited our store, want to save oodles of cash on that new vibrator, or want to learn some sexy tips to satisfy your lover, show your support and visit the Love LA website (www.lovelashow.com) to purchase a ticket and come join us Sunday, January 25th, rain or shine for a truly sexy day.

Sadly, we will be ending our run here at the Weekly, mostly due to reduction of space brought on by the economic crunch. We guess our meandering lives simply don't generate the income of escort services, strip club ads, and other necessary revenue streams vital to the functioning of a free weekly publication. Nevertheless, we'll still have a hand in running the newly launched Little Sexy Black Book section on the Weekly's website, as well as continuing our friendship with the two Pauls, Jane, and the rest of the Weekly team for whom we've become so fond. We always proceeded as if each week's column were our last, so we depart as happy as we came, still believing in the magic and sensuality of our sexy metropolis, continuing our 20 year odyssey together in the city that made it all possible. Much love to all our readers – Ian and Alicia.

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