

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 165
By Freddy and Eddy

Sex in the Age of Obama

That Tuesday morning was a turning point in our country's history is to point out the obvious; yes, America ushered in a new era while not-soon-enough ushering out a lost one. Watching W. take that walk down the steps to his whirly bird ride out of Washington was less cathartic than relief, a collective sigh among those of us who agonized over these past two-plus months waiting for the void to pass and Obama's (and our own) vision to begin. The two of us, for our part, curled up together in our most comfortable chair, watched the inauguration unfold over two hours, wept, pumped our fists, and threw a ceremonial shoe toward our television in celebration. In all our forty-something years inhabiting this planet, we've loved our country; Tuesday, we could stand for the first time and say we were proud.

And then we had sex.

Glorious, uninhibited, messy, dirty, wet, wild, perverted sex. The kind the neighbors could hear. The kind of sex with thrashing about so intense it threw our cats off the bed. The kind kids half our age would envy and, mostly, the kind of sex uninhibited by the invisible hand of our Christian Coalition controlled government waving its finger in protest. The religious right had left the building and we re-christened every room in the house with the pheromones, fluids, products, and passions our uptight government sought to demonize. Sexual freedom is back in vogue, people, so go hump your brains out in one final "fuck you" to the departing administration.



So here we are, once again jotting down our boring lives for all to see, living the dream that is Los Angeles and beyond. The Little Sexy Black Book has resurrected our presence here at the Weekly and, we hope, offered up the opportunity to keep you informed not only of our day to day existence within the metropolis, but to continue to bring you information on products, places, and services to improve your own intimacy.

So what have you missed in the two weeks since our last column in the print edition?

Mom: she continues to live under our roof, albeit medicated heavily, and our hope is to have her in a nursing home or care facility within a couple of weeks. Because she is unable to accomplish even the most rudimentary of tasks, we have become prisoners of our respective responsibilities – caring for mom and running our business – and even a trip up the coast for one night in HoeNAY (our RV) last weekend required a friend to stay with her the entire time we were away.

Our business: hanging on, barely. Aside from having to move our Love LA Show from this weekend to July 11th, having only one of us able to work full-time has taken its toll. Filling orders, updating our website, helping customers, ordering products, and all the

other tasks that keep our doors open have overwhelmed our capacity and we came dangerously close to failing to make our mortgage this month. Thankfully, we have a very responsive and loyal customer base, which came through with enough business to scrape by; however, if we can't get Mom out of our home soon, Freddy and Eddy may be forced to radically change, perhaps closing our brick and mortar store to focus exclusively online. It's a tightrope, especially in economic downtimes, but we're continuing to hold out hope we'll pull through, regardless.

Kealii: our son continues to be the lone bright spot in our otherwise turmoil filled lives. He's been practicing his DJ skills, getting stellar grades, and being helpful around the house (he even cooks for us!) beyond measure. On our trip to El Capitan in Hoe-NAY last weekend, he took it upon himself to build a fire, cook us some hot links, and then drag us out for a relaxing soak in the park's Jacuzzi. All this after spending the entire afternoon beach running around with kids he'd just met. Baseball season is coming up fast and we can't wait to see him knocking in a few runs and manning the catcher's position.

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