

LAST STAND

BAYOU BITS

- > **15** Percentage of New Orleans' population that practices voodoo.
- > **2:1** Gator-to-human ratio in St. Charles Parish.
- > **3,000** Gallons in the world's largest Bloody Mary, mixed in New Orleans.
- > **67** Seconds it takes Michael "Hollywood" Broadway to shuck a dozen oysters.
- > **120** Seconds it took our writer to eat 'em.
- > **12** Oysters in a dozen. (C'mon, some of you out there ain't dat swift.)



our balcony, lifting their shirts and flashing us as if their lives depend on it. Naturally, we reward them with a meteor shower of plastic beads on their pretty little heads.

Swamp thing

Amazingly, it turns out that there are activities in NOLA that don't involve naked breasts. So on day two we drag ourselves out of bed at the crack of noon and drive 20 miles outside the city to meet a fella named Captain Tommy at Airboat Swamp Tours. For \$75 a head, Tommy whips the boat around in wicked 360s that threaten to invite last night's dinner for a return visit. Feel the need to blow the shit out of some varmint? Do the environment a favor: Grab a .22 and hunt the 20-pound swamp rats called nutria that are destroying the wetlands (they're in season late winter). All in all, not a bad way to bask in the sun and nurse a hangover... until the insanely noisy engine goes disturbingly silent.

"We ran outta gas," Tommy draws. "That nevuah hapuns." He tries radioing for help, and the reality sets in: We're marooned in the middle of a gator-filled swamp without a single stripper to be found. Susan, the one girl brave enough to join us for this ill-fated trip,



We get our girls the old-fashioned way: We steal 'em.



POCKET PROTECTION

WORDS TO THE WICKED

Thanks to local wisdom, the Big Easy just got even easier.

- "Pissing in the street is the surest way to get jailed in this town. Maybe the only way." —Thomas, 41, graphic designer
- "If some homeless guy comes up to you and says, 'I'll bet you 10 bucks I know where you got your shoes,' don't take the bet. He's about to say, 'On yo' feet!'" —Josh, 30, bum
- "All strippers go to Alibi after work. From 4 A.M. until about 8 A.M., the bar is packed with workin' girls." —Dave, 31, student



Play that funky music, white...D'oh!

- "Bangkok Health Spa is the cheapest 40-minute massage—and by far the cheapest happy ending—you're ever going to find in New Orleans." —Mike, 80, personal trainer
- "I've lived here for seven years, and the only guys I'll ever flash are ones who don't ask. Just make eye contact, hold out your best beads, and get that camera ready." —Jenny, 24, waitress

peels down to her bikini top, but it's not the same. Eventually, Tommy's fiancée shows up with a full rack (and a tank of gas), sparing us from total mammary withdrawal.

The horror of nudity deprivation leads us to reevaluate our priorities. We decide that, for the rest of the trip, we'll be within a bill's throw of naked girls at all times. That's the rule, and we make all kinds of sacrifices to stick to it, skipping our scheduled séance with the voodoo priestess and forgoing riverboat blackjack. Even our favorite dive bar, Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop, has to wait. By the time we wash the swamp scum off our faces, it's nearly 10 P.M.: show time!

Our buddies at Bachelor Blowout (877-226-7278), full-service

(in every sense) bachelor party planners, have made all the arrangements: For \$500 we own the entire second floor of Ampersand, the hottest club in town. There's a full bar, a kitchen, two "bed" rooms, and a window overlooking the dance floor. The best part? The girl-on-girl show we've brought is hidden from the riffraff by a steel door manned by two huge bouncers.

Next thing we know we're in a car and Todd's got a suction cup dildo stuck to his forehead. It's 3:30 A.M.... so the cops, who offer us a one-way ride to the airport the next day, tell us.

After our 36-hour exotic dance seminar, the flight home sucks. When the stewardess asks if we need anything to drink, Todd pulls out two singles to put in her garter, but I snatch his hand away. We need to hang on to those notes for our next field trip, when we regroup and head north to sunny Vancouver! **31**

POCKET PROTECTION

CAJUN KILLERS

Alcohol poisoning. Voodoo. A sax enema. There are beaucoup wild ways to die in the Big Easy. Here are our favorites.

FLYING BEADS
Danger: You've seen it a thousand times: Hot chick flashes the crowd, inciting a deadly downpour of beads.
Advice: Wear a hat, Jimmy. Always!

DEVoured BY SWAMP HICK
Danger: Just ask Ned Beatty.
Advice: Memorize this sentence: "No, sir, I shall not squeal like a pig—good day to you!"

LUCKY DOG
Danger: Those dirty-water dogs cry out for you at 3 A.M. By 3:30 even Kobayashi is hurling.
Advice: Blow chunks and grab another, sissy boy.

VOODOO PRIESTESS
Danger: That's not a hangover you're feeling... it's a spell.
Advice: Be careful who you yell "Show your tits!" to.

EATEN BY GATORS
Danger: You're drunk. Far too drunk to be on a boat.
Advice: Local legend says gators hate the smell of human urine... so you should be fine.

SUFFOCATION BY BREASTS
Danger: Hey, everybody's gotta go sometime.
Advice: Hubba bubba!

SIX WAYS TO DIE

