

Sin on the Seine

By Ehud Neor

What a relief it was to learn that the Olympic opening ceremony was not mocking The Last Supper, rather it was simply meant, its creators claim, to recall and rehabilitate a debauched bacchanal orgiast feast, in consideration of the families watching. So, Christian friends, no need to get bent all out of shape over an imagined slight. A bit touchy, are we? As for me, I didn't see any of that. I thought it was a Sing Along with Mitch tribute. You know, "follow the dangling ball."

Actually, I was staring, aghast, at what they used to call in the travelling carnival "The Bearded Lady." Just how out of touch am I? Are there people looking at this person and saying "hubba hubba?" Forget Bacchanalia, this was a back-end-alia (pardon my French).



My head was throbbing, and I felt that it was about to burst when it hit me: Olympics, Olympics, Olympics, Oh Lympics, Oh Limpet. Oh Limpet! The Incredible Mr. Limpet! Don Knotts praying "I wish I were a fish. I wish I were a fish." Now that is a true trans. None of this wishy-washy girl-boy boy-girl nonsense. Real trans: cross species trans. That's a change worthy of the name.

So my eye went back to following the dangling ball and darned if I didn't start singing: "I wish I were a fish, I wish I were a fish."

I'm just sayin' trying to keep sane on the Seine.

Watch out, or you'll never come back again.

Pick a color and puff your lips,

For that's the only way you'll get a tip,

Keeping sane on the Seine

Keeping sane on the Seine.