

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 141
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

Sex in the RV



As mentioned a few weeks back, we decided to invest in an RV for this year's Burning Man festival. This decision was mostly due to an episode last year in which we were caught in a vicious dust storm (70mph-plus winds) and invited into the comfy confines of our friends' 32-footer. Once inside, the wine flowed, the vaporizer transformed nature's finest pot into happy inhalation, and snacks from their refrigerator kept our stomachs content. All the while the world swirled outside, tents and shade structures

tumbling past as the Black Rock Desert unleashed its objection to our presence in a mind-numbing show of force. If the destruction left in its wake didn't discourage half the newbies from ever returning, we tip our hat to both their fortitude and stupidity to match our own.

Of course, once the winds died down and we returned to what remained of our own camp, thoughts of putting Burning Man behind us for good greatly overrode the joys of dancing naked under the bright sun and watching 100 foot oil platform replicas blown to bits by semi trucks full of liquid jet fuel. Propping our tattered tent into something resembling shelter and shaking the infiltration of playa dust from our food and clothing, we were tempted to simply throw the remains of our camp into our freshly dented minivan (struck by a car port blowing through of all things), hit the road, and wash ourselves – literally - of the Burning Man experience in a posh Reno hotel room post haste.

Fortitude being the hallmark of true burners, however, we slowly scraped up our wreckage and reassembled it into a reasonable living space, riding out the remainder of the week with our equally hearty neighbors who managed to gather the last of their lost belongings about a quarter mile down wind. The RV experience, however, continued to resonate in our minds the entire way home and we concluded that if we were to return the following (this) year, we'd certainly rather avoid the porous tent existence of past burns.

Luckily for us, high gas prices have suddenly pushed a glut of recreational vehicles onto the market and it was only a few weeks before we were presented with all manner of options, from Winnebago behemoths to cute little trailers we could pull with our Tacoma or Odyssey. We checked a few out and settled on a 1985 27-foot Tioga, complete with hydraulic leveling package for three grand. With only 67k original miles, we're confident it'll make the 1000 mile round trip and have us smiling through the worst weather the

playa can muster. Once we return, we plan to sell it for whatever we can get, unless some storage option presents itself that makes enough sense to keep it for next year's trek. After a week of ownership, the neighbors have yet to complain of its presence in front of our home (on the street), though we imagine their attitudes will change if we decide to keep it.

Obviously, we had to "break it in," Freddy and Eddy-style, so we picked a few opportune times to slip into its retro confines for a bit of lovin'. Happily, we've now found a great escape when urges arise, so to speak, and the darn thing evoked a bit of naughty emotion we hadn't felt since parking on Rose Avenue for a good car fuck years back. Whether we'll be able to get our son away from the vehicle enough to repeat the performances at Burning Man, though, will remain to be seen.

In closing, we'd like to mention two sexy musical releases that make great background when trying to set your intimate mood. Jon Hopkins, who opened for Coldplay last week has two albums of amazing, moody electronic music you can find on iTunes. The first, "Opalescent," released in 2001, is an atmospheric collection of songs that will immerse you in a rich blanket of sound perfect for a candlelit dinner or sexy interlude. His most recent collection, "Contact Note," ups the tempo a bit, but still offers plenty of introspective and beautiful tunes to keep you up all night. We understand Hopkins has a new album due out any week, so we'll update you if and when it comes out.

Two events of note to tell you about. The first is tomorrow evening, featuring Robert Dunlap's documentary on sexual icon Xaviera Hollander (author of *The Happy Hooker*). Both Dunlap and Xaviera will be on hand to meet and greet, as well as sign her book and DVD and we invite all to come and share in the festivities.



Also join us next Thursday from 8-10pm for a very special edition of "In the Flesh," which will feature none other than Nina Hartley reading from her latest book, sharing stories, and chatting about her life in the sexuality industry. Carly Milne's wonderful brainchild continues with Nina and other authors sharing their works in our intimate garden patio. Free to all and we only ask for a small donation to the Rape and Incest National Network.



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