

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 99
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

At a Crossroads. Trouble in Paradise?

As the hot summer turns mercifully to the cooler nights and mornings of fall, we find ourselves in the midst of an uncomfortable shift. After nearly 20 years of virtual hip lock, we've begun to slowly drift apart. Not in a necessarily bad way, mind you, but the changes are real and happening despite our best efforts to head them off. For example, we've both begun taking more time to ourselves and have even discussed pursuing hobbies that won't include each other (sewing and DJ'ing, respectively). This may seem laughable to most readers, but in the context of our relationship – we've not been apart for more than 30 days IN TOTAL over the last 19 years – it's a weird feeling to not automatically assume one or the other of us will be present at all times and situations. At Burning Man, to cite an example, it was not uncommon to take to the playa separately, despite our best efforts to keep things cohesive and in sync. Even dancing at night was not always done together. Maybe the cooling period is healthy and we'll soon return to our 24/7 mushiness any day; however, there's just a tinge of worry and we're thinking we better address it sooner than later.

In positive news, we've been asked to write a monthly feature for an industry publication called Xbiz. They're one of the largest adult trade papers and we'll be doing product reviews and helping them expand their adult toys and novelties section, as well as rummaging through their porn collections to find couples-appropriate titles. They are also experienced in running trade shows, meaning they can assist us in realizing our idea for a sensuality show in late January 2008. Since being so disappointed in Erotica LA over the summer, we've decided it's time to have a show without fake Rolex watches and other swapmeet crap. We're hoping for an upscale venue (the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel is the current choice) and 30-35 high-quality vendors of adult products, services, and lingerie. Seminars in topics covering fellatio, cunnilingus, female ejaculation, tantra, and enhancing male performance are planned as well and the admission will be around 10 bucks (which will then be redeemable at any booth). Pornography will be conspicuously *absent* and the expo will be timed to coincide with the next release of the LA Weekly Sexy Little Black Book (which will be updated to include Orange County). More information will be coming in the next few weeks, so keep turning to the back of the Weekly!



Music Picks of the Week

After leaning toward the thump of Bassnectar in last week's column, we're dialing it down a notch and reaching back into our collection of favorites. First up is Ephemera's 2004 album "Score," which is a compilation of songs from three ladies from Bergen, Norway. Think Ditty Bops

with a tad more spaciousness. Amazingly, though their songs are in English, they can't speak a lick of it. However, their sultry melodies will melt even the rowdiest heavy metal, tattooed, ass-kicking Harley wannabee into a dishwashing, sensitive metrosexual. Speaking of the Ditty Bops, their 2004 self-titled debut release still inhabits our CD player and puts us in a great frame of mind. Finally, we'd be lying if we didn't admit to loving the 2000 collection of elevator hits by Dusty Trails (hard to believe one of the duo was once the bassist for the hard-charging group The Breeders).

Our David Vitter Pick of the Week

This week, our favorite call girl patronizing congressman has decided to book a party with the Anal Ring Toss Girls. We kid you not, this company arranges parties at which Republican representatives (and a few democrats) can watch hot girls perform a lesbian sex show, then participate by throwing rings and other object at and onto targets placed strategically, well, in their asses. Rumor has it ad man Paul Sanchez is setting up an in-person demonstration for us, so stay tuned for that adventure. We've certainly found ourselves in the middle of some crazy adventures, but tossing rings at someone's anus has thus far eluded us. Oye.

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