

Party in My Butt

Music to Have Sex By

Eric shuddered out of his motorcycle jacket as I unlaced his Doc Martens, then nudged him back on my bed and stripped off his jeans. He doffed his ripe T-shirt—he smelled terrific. I growled softly toward his armpit and inhaled deeply. Eric drew himself up and whispered apologetically, “I can’t.”

“What’s the matter?” I grinned gamely.

“I can’t. Not to **Patsy Cline**,” he winced. The boy had a point.

“Have you got any **Cocteau Twins**?” he asked.

I shook my head, blew a hank of hair off his perfect brow, and vaulted out of bed. At my stereo, I lowered the needle on *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls* by **The Pat Metheny Group**, a record that conjures a Midwestern thunderstorm spied from the sleeping car of a runaway train.

Nuzzling back into Eric, I remembered that I’d promised to do a column on music to screw by—a kind of public-service effort. I had even solicited readers’ suggestions.

An hour later, I knew that *Wichita* still belonged on my own short list, along with Mahler’s Fourth Symphony, *The Billie Holiday Story, Vol. II*, **The Cure**’s *Happily Ever After*, **New Order**’s *Movement*, and **Prince**’s 1999 and *Lovesexy*. These aren’t the kinds of records I heard in bathhouses; they’re not beat-heavy sides that champion “getting the job done” over sensual exploration. Those menthol jackhammers at the tubs sometimes reminded me of the night when, as a teenager, I was stranded in a coffee shop in Crescent City, Calif., where a sallow-skinned gent kept eyeing me creepily while returning to the jukebox to play “Yummy, Yummy, Yummy” by **The Archies** again and again.

One reader with a different approach wrote from Columbus, Ohio. Brent nominated two atmospheric discs: the sound track to *Blade Runner* (the futuristic sci-fi flick) and **Kitjaro**’s *Millennia*. Both LPs wisely avoid the risk one runs with perky pop music—that unnerving moment, in

the midst of rapture, when your date may start singing along with **Annie Lennox**.

Dave Purcell, writing from Atlanta, doesn’t seem daunted by that prospect. He recommended several by **The Eurythmics**: for mischievous sex, “Savage”; for sensual, “Sweet Dreams” or “Touch”; and for rough play, “1984”—my favorite! Maybe the dude is married to a deaf-mute.

For fearless and arch choices, check out **Leo Black**’s. He wrote from Cincinnati to suggest **Michael Callen**’s flamboyant cover of “Where the Boys Are”; “You Light Up My Life” by **Debby Boone** (“or the **Tammy Faye Bakker** version for comic effect”); and, finally, **Peggy Lee**’s “Is That All There Is?” if your date is unexciting in bed. Sounds like **Leo** is looking for music to editorialize on the evening, not inspire it.

Don from Eugene, Ore., wrote with a tale of vinyl seduction: “This one boy thought I was totally cold and heartless. So I got him home and put on **Marianne Faithful**’s *Strange Weather*—and he just melted. Thought I was soooo romantic.”

For some expert testimony, I made a few calls. My boy-dominatrix buddy **Chris**, who programs the music for local sex parties, confided, “**The Talking Heads**’ *CD Stop Making Sense* is magical—really gets people going. For the leather parties, though, the best stuff is classic **Jimi Hendrix**.”

Vegetarian, drug-free pop critic **Barry Walters** offered his tips for more intimate sessions. “I’d like to have a rough-trade date to **Metallica**’s *Master of Puppets*, but I’ve never gotten one,” he admitted. “For the bearded queens I end up with, I’ll usually put on **Joni Mitchell**’s *Hejira* or—if we’re really flying on *caffe lattes*—**Gary Glitter**’s *Greatest Hits*. If we just want to cuddle, I’ll put on **Patsy Cline**’s *Sentimentally Yours*. For those all-important solo sessions, though, it’s always **The Smiths**’ *Louder Than Bombs*. I’ve tried to get romantic to **Teddy Pendergrass**, but I just end up giggling.”

Lesbian cartoonist Kris Kovick is less ironic about romance: “I just put on my make-out tapes—**Kenny G** and **Anita Baker**—and set the machine on auto-reverse.”

Novelist Armistead Maupin, who has chronicled San Francisco’s gay scenes for over a decade, chuckled, “Well, *I have* done my share of screwing to **Giorgio Moroder**, but lately **Terry** and I have found this record that works real well. It’s called *Moon*, and it’s by someone named **Fumio**—a Japanese ‘New Age’ LP that is *very* obscure. Probably *nobody* else in America has sex to this

music,” he laughs. “For romantic interludes, we’re liable to put on our **Lucy Blue Tremblay** CD.”

I was distracted from my diligent research by a call I’d been praying for—the news that **Sister Double Happiness** were back together. Last year, SDH looked like the most startling band to emerge from San Francisco in a decade—a harrowing, exultant blend of punk passion and blues roots, anchored by an astounding vocalist. **Gary Floyd**, “the big fag out of Palestine, Tex.,” penned haunting lyrics (which didn’t flinch from subjects such as AIDS) and delivered them like a force of nature. But after the release of their eponymous debut disc last year, Floyd stunned band and fans alike:



Sister Double Happiness’s Gary Floyd

He quit to follow the teachings of Rama-krishna.

After his stretch of soul-searching, Floyd admits, “I’ve found that rock and blues are *real* in me, and now they’re coming out of my pores! This ain’t no *reunion*,” he crows, “we’ve got six new songs, and I’m bulldozin’!”

“I’ve done it to **Motley Crüe**’s *Shout at the Devil*,” he laughs, “and I used to use this **PiL** bootleg—sleazy rock ‘n’ roll with no vocals. For a cuddly date, **Billy Vaughn**’s *Theme from ‘A Summer Place’*. If I was with a little blue guy, I’d probably put on some Krishna chants. These days, actually, I’d prefer to do it without *any* records.”

Righteously right—it’s the music of the spheres: those rhythms of breath on breath and flesh on flesh. That, after all, is one sound track that nobody is liable to ask you to change.

—Adam Block