

Three Questions from the Spooge Zone

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Maddy and I were at a party at Cameron and Terence's machine-shop-turned-house in SOMA. It was for Terence's birthday, and the somewhat arbitrary theme was Hawaiian. Cameron and I had just co-starred in *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* at Spanganga together, and a number of other Spangangers were present, including Jim, Erin and Cory. For the most part, though, the other guests were a cross-section of San Francisco's gay male population.

The invitation said eight, but, as is so often the case, didn't pick up until later. Certainly true for my part; I didn't know there was any grass available until around eleven. That's when I was offered a pot snickerdoodle, which I (thankfully) only ate half of. By midnight, I was baked. Really baked. Way super baked. As baked as I should have been at, oh, say, nine, so that come one or two in the morning I would have come down enough to drive safely. I hadn't come down enough by then, and I drove anyway. There was a light drizzle, but I was so stoned and paranoid that it felt like a rainstorm. But that's a story for another time.

Question #1: Why is the most aesthetically unappealing one at a party always the most promiscuous?

Okay, that's a value judgment and wrong of me. It's probably not even true, though it has that certain air of ironic plausibility, doesn't it? Besides, we're talking about boys, not exactly my aesthetic strong suit.

Whether he was fulfilling some sort of sociological imperative or not, the kid was certainly making the rounds, and damn, he creeped me out something out fierce. (He was of legal age, but he was a kid all the same. We all have a friend or acquaintance in their early twenties who acts like they're pushing twelve.) He

had a face which reminded me of Ron Perlman, the actor who played the strongman in *City of Lost Children*, a face which seems to prove evolution: we *must* have descended from apes, since he was clearly lagging behind. His body also struck me as oddly shaped. (Or is that another value judgment?) Didn't matter, though, because he was dry-humping anyone who had a dick, and nobody was turning him down. (Seldom have I felt more relieved to not look like a boy anymore, lemme tell ya.)

On second thought, "dry-humping" may not be the best phrase, since it implies the presence of clothes. Like many others, he was wearing nothing more than a grass skirt, and it was only halfway over his ass anyhow. For my part, I decided that since I still somewhat sick I should dress for warmth and/or comfort. I went with what I consider to be street clothes (black vinyl pants and a fishnet shirt over a tank top) and a fake tropical flower in my hair. To honor the theme, you understand.

At one point Maddy and Erin were palavering on a couch when they became aware of the weird-looking kid getting a blow job a couple feet away, putting them in what Jim referred to as the "spooze zone." When Maddy and Erin moved to a different couch, the kid was terribly offended. He disengaged himself from the other fellow's mouth and followed after them, insisting that it was okay for him to be getting blown because he was with his husband (*yeah, right*), and, what's more, it was *that* kind of party. Well, duh. Maddy and Erin hadn't committed *fellatio interruptus*; they just didn't want to be in splatter danger. The sad part is how it was more important to him that they knew he had the right to be getting a blow job, which they weren't trying to prevent in any way, than it was for him to actually get blown. Poor kid. Fugly *and* no sense of priorities.

Question #2: Why don't girls do this?

So asked by Cory after Maddy pointed out some very wet-humping on the couch after midnight, involving many more men than just the kid. I'm nowhere near the

accomplished voyeur that Cory is, and generally don't care one way or the other about other people fucking, but it was hard not to watch. Lord knows nobody minded—as Maddy and Erin discovered earlier, sometimes people very much mind if you *don't* watch. Besides, Cory enjoys it so much, it's easy to have a good time. Her joy is infectious. (Feel free to make your own joke from that. I'm not going to bother.) Besides, fag sex *is* fun to watch. Certainly much more than straight sex, which I find a little off-putting. Being a humorless dyke and all.

"Unflippinbelievable!" Cory enthused. "This is so great! Fucking on couches never happens at dyke parties!" I couldn't say she was wrong. It's entirely possible I haven't been to the right parties, but in my experience...yeah, I just haven't been going to the right parties.

One of the fellows got off the couch and walked towards us. Maddy leaned over and reminded me *not* to shake his hand. I am so so so so glad she said that. It's not that I automatically shake the hand of everyone I meet, but I was just baked enough that I needed to be told that in case the situation arose. Getting a jormy hand would have squicked me out something fierce.

He proceeded to ask the third question:

Question #3: What's your genre?

All is not perfect, but I love my life, I really do. I love that I can be stoned out my gourd at a Very Gay Party and have a post-coital man wearing nothing but a grass skirt and a cowboy hat ask about my genre. Wow. I felt like such a rock star at that moment. I looked like I had a *genre*. I wasn't having sex, but at that moment I knew I was pretty goddamned sexy all the same. He said he was curating a show coming up at Venue 9, and, could just tell by looking that I'd be perfect. Sadly, the show eventually fell through.

At the beginning of the night, the host's bedroom was the depository for coats and bags. By the end of the night--by the time we left, anyway, which is not the same thing--it had become Another Place to Fuck. After all, there's a bed and everything, so it makes sense. The threesome in progress was only partially on our stuff, so we didn't have to disrupt them too much. The fellow on top even complimented Maddy on her Bettie Page lunchbox. Somewhere below him was the kid. We wished him well and went on our way.



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