A Good Sport

In the great gay utopia, sex is an Olympic event

May 1, 1996 By Dominic Hamilton-Little

Soothed and sustained by the tranquil consciousness of my own effortless superiority -- and due to my abhorrence of gym culture and the nipple ponies that currently embody the gay beauty myth -- let it be officially known that I firmly eschew all traditional athletic activities. But that doesn't mean I'm not an athlete. Pleased to inhabit a lithe, svelte frame (like to Balanchine's ideal, thanks to good genes and years underneath the disco ball) and wishing to forever silence those who must pester one with questions regarding one's supposed work-out routine, I have compiled a short list of the seven sublime reasons why sex will become an Olympic event in the great, gay utopia:

1. Like all great sports, sex requires indispensible equipment. As well-designed high-tops are to getting balls through hoops, condoms and lube are to healthy and pleasurable fornication -- and *yes!* It's in. Score! Uniforms also frequently come into play. Whether it's the unitard of the wrestler, full-biker leather or crinolines and chains for a rousing session of *Plantation Madam & Her Boys*, the correct accoutrements can make or break the play.

2. Sex is a competitive hunting event. Calling it a blood sport possibly isn't in the best of taste these days, but it certainly has all the elements of a good hunt. The prey preen, leading the stalkers in a timeless dance of verbal flirtation and fleeting, longing looks 'neath hooded eyes. Indeed, for many it is the pre-coital hunt that provides the greatest satisfaction. Consumption of the prey can be depressingly anticlimactic.

3. Sex requires the skill and endurance of a decathlon. Or at least good sex does. Let's be frank: There's nothing worse than a partner who lies there expecting to be stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey. Good sex is all about knowing your own body, getting to know your partner's, sensing what his desires might be -- and then being able to fulfill every caprice and craving. If you're not breaking a sweat, kids, you're merely going through the motions. You might as well just use your own lazy hand and leave me out of it.

4. Straight folk idolize sports heroes the way the gay world does its porno stars. From both, certain insecure males derive a notion as to what they must look like. And both types of stars are interviewed in magazines as though they hold mysterious secrets regarding the pinnacle of physical achievement.

Amazed interviewer: "And in one day you had sex with 15 men and came four times?" Porno Star:

“Yup.”

5. Like sports, sex has its risks. If proper care isn’t taken, injuries may occur. And we don’t just mean STDs from lack of protection, but sprained inner-thigh ligaments, abrasions on the knees and severe bruising to the back of the head.

6. Sex is good for you. Joan Crawford swore that she owed her flawless complexion to frequent sex. As far as I’m concerned, what was good enough for that gorgeous goose is great for this gander.

7. When you view sex as sport, you have greater work-out options. If you insist on maintaining a gym regimen, on those days when you can’t bear the thought of all that repetitive lifting and the Spandex just makes you look fat, simply find a partner and fornicate. It’s as simple as the ol’ nursery rhyme:

One, two, kick off a shoe,
Three, four, act like a whore,
Five, six, turn some tricks,
Seven, eight, come don’t wait,
Nine, ten, suck me again!

See how easy it is for us all to consider sex a sport? Leave the gymnasiums forever to the dumbbells who can neither phrase a coherent thought nor utter a polysyllabic panegyric regarding the glories of an emotionally available man who would rather open a volume of poetry than turn on the television -- after he’s screwed me in a sporting way, of course.

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