On Me, Not Inn Me

July 1, 2003 By Benjamin Ryan

For guests who hit the minibar before the mattress, two New York state senators have introduced a bill that would make all state hotels provide condoms. The senators, both Democrats, proposed the law in February—and Republicans promptly ribbed it. “There are better ways to raise awareness about AIDS than to have the state make hotels put chocolates on the pillows and condoms underneath them,” one GOPer’s huffy rep said. OK, but how do hotels weigh in? POZ hit the phones.

Chuckling, the concierge at the Catskills’ all-kosher Kutsher’s Country Club proudly proclaimed that it already sells ’em. At Manhattan’s surprisingly randy Ritz-Carlton, concierge Cecilia Caluzier said guests often phone her panting for latex post-haste. But other inns haven’t made room. “We’d sell them only if we had to,” sniffed manager John Tedesco at Baron’s Cove in the hoity-toity Hamptons. “We’re a family place.” And you’re on your own at Gotham’s infamous den of deviance, the Chelsea Hotel. “Who has sex these days?” said staffer Damon Jones. “What with all the communicable diseases—read a book.”

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