Sex: In Search Of

Where, oh where, can sex be found in the 90s?

October 1, 1994 By David Feinberg

How often I hear the refrain, “All the good ones are taken.” You know, they’re either married or they’re dead. During one of those loathesome holiday parties last year, I found myself flirting with a rather attractive young gentleman whom I later discovered was straight. Usually my gaydar isn’t *that* off, but in this case my mistake was understandable. He was in advertising, which is so easily confused with prostitution.

When you’re lying like a bored dominatrix on a sofa watching a four-part mini-series based on a bad novel by Stephen King and your testosterone level is so low that masturbation seems like a silly imposition, it’s important to remember that you used to have sex. You know, sex is what you started to do downstairs in the ladies’ room of that gay restaurant with that short hunk from the gym with the tattoo on his left arm who had drunk too much champagne. That short hunk from the gym who was probably with his boyfriend upstairs. He certainly didn’t seem dead to me.

Time and again, I am asked, “Where do you find them?” In *New York* magazine’s annual “Where to Find It” guide hardly any space was given to the finding and procurement of prospective boyfriends. To remedy this, I have come up with the following list of venues that may ultimately, with the proper preparation, lead to performing the nasty. Unfortunately, most of them have obvious drawbacks.

1. Consider your support group. It’s liable to contain at least one appealing member. You probably know a lot about him. If only you and he didn’t have to discuss your relationship at length at the next meeting. Don’t try this at meetings of Sexual Compulsives Anonymous.

2. Why not order takeout? This method requires patience, perseverance and lots of cash. It’s even more hit and miss than your last blind date, set up by that former best friend. Be prepared to sample up to five orders of Moo Shu Pork a night before you find a suitable partner. You can always claim to be a restaurant reviewer. Don’t forget to overtip when you’re finished.

3. Remember your ex? The one before the latest ex? The one who was so good in bed, oddly enough, *because* he knew you so well? Prehaps he’s gotten a slight case of dementia. If you’re lucky, he may have forgotten you two broke up. After you’ve performed the task at hand, gently remind him. Chances are he’ll go quietly.

4. The waiting room at your doctor's office can be an excellent meeting place. That cute guy isn't about to disappear into thin air like that sexy brown-haired boy you were dancing with at the Sound Factory Bar on Body Positive Sundays. OK, you weren't exactly dancing *with* him except in the abstract sense of sharing the dance floor at the same moment and luckily, in a moment of sanity, you talked yourself out of piercing your left nipple and wearing a leather vest next time to get his attention.

You can be fairly sure that cute guy from the waiting room is of a similar sero-status, especially if you do simultaneous IV drips. Give him your number. Ask him out to lunch. Be prepared to wait several months until both of your symptoms have ebbed, much like matching biorhythms. Do not, repeat, DO NOT try this at your therapist's office.

5. AIDS benefits are always jam-packed with wealthy and boring potential husbands. Be sure to slip down to the orchestra section during intermission. Watch out for walkers and professional paper (well-connected attendees with free tickets): They never pay.

6. The studio audience of *The Jon Stewart Show*. OK, I confess. This suggestion is completely bogus. The last time I went I had to wait in line for an hour and a half, surrounded by several boisterous students from Yeshiva University and Generation X wannabees. Still, I would gladly listen to Kim Basinger discuss her thespian technique and a two-hour, 600 decibel performance by Nine Inch Nails if Jon Stewart were moderating. Alas. I have forsaken all others! I am madly in love with Jon Stewart. Each night I struggle to stay up until midnight. Each night I fail. The day I learn to program my VCR correctly is the day that I close my account on the Strength Line (New York City's HIV positive phone sex line). Until that day, there's always the guy in apartment 3B across the courtyard. I wonder whether he has a boyfriend?

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