why don't we do it . . .

in the road? In an elevator? Under water? In the *fridge*? People are doing it everywhere, Suzan Colón discovers (okay, she tried a few locations, too).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE IANNONE

I love my bed. It's big, the mattress is in that great gray area between soft and firm, and I'd like to spend more time there. Preferably with company.

Of course, the bed is the place that sees the most action in your home, because it's got everything going for it: It's comfortable, conducive to all the best positions, and convenient to passing out almost right where you are. Sex in bed is easy. Almost . . . too easy. I mean, you're both there anyway, so it's not like a huge surprise to have sex there. (Unless you've got a television in the bedroom, in which case you both get anaesthetized by *Conan*, and the next thing you know, you're snoring instead of snogging.)

Now, I'm not saying you should be doing it every night. But speaking as a person who is currently able to sleep diagonally without disturbing anyone but the cat, if you've got access to a warm body and a nice bed, and all you're doing is sleeping, that's just criminal.

So what can you do to put the pepper back in your underpants? Take your mother's advice: Get out of bed.

ON THE BOSS'S DESK

We were supposed to have been working. But it was a Saturday; and around 4 o'clock, my then-boyfriend, whom I also worked with (that was the first bad idea), and I got bored. Sure, there was the thrill of a new space for sex, plus the chill of possible discovery. But what really made us decide to do it on our boss's desk was the fact that we resented having to work on a weekend.

Advantages: Thrill of doing it in territory absolutely not meant for sex. Plus, if you got screwed on your last raise, here's one way to return the favor.

Drawbacks: Possibility of being caught testing how much body weight your boss's desk can support is nerve-racking. (That might account for the, shall we say, *brevity* of the experience, which left me dissatisfied and with a desk-corner-shape bruise on my butt.) Possibility of getting fired is not an aphrodisiac. Possibility of getting punctured by scissors and/or pencils.

Rating: Only one nervous *yes*. ➤

IN THE CAR

Back in the college days, everyone I knew was either living with the family or had a dorm roommate who never seemed to go anywhere. Either way, it was hard to find a place with the right zoning regulations for a live sex show. So there came a time when the car started to look less like a way to get somewhere and more like a way to get some.
Advantages: Seclusion, as long as you pick the right spot; and the allure of steamy windows. Plus there's something about it that makes the act feel illicit, even if you haven't been carded in years.
Drawbacks: The policeman's flashlight hurts when it's shining directly in your eyes. The space is cramped, and so will you be. Positions are limited. And for the love of God, if you're in a two-seater, watch that stick shift.
Rating: One loud *Yes!* (faked, unfortunately).

IN THE KITCHEN

In terms of joy, food and sex go hand in hand—sometimes literally, if you do it in the kitchen like my friend Vesuvio did. "I was having an affair with this Brazilian," he says, "and we were still at that uncontrollable-fire stage. He came over for a drink and brushed up to me in the kitchen when I was reaching for glasses. Whatever—you can figure out the rest. Sticking my head in the fridge hasn't been the same since."
Advantages: If you change your mind, it's not far from the bedroom. Après-sex snacks are mere inches away. And, says Vesuvio, "There's usually a mop handy to clean up whatever food flies out of the refrigerator."
Drawbacks: None, assuming you're dealing with nonstick surfaces.
Rating: *¡Sí, sí, sí!*

IN AN ELEVATOR

I have no experience in this small arena, but someone who does is my dear friend Natasha (can you guess that some of these names are made up? But I guarantee the stories are true. Not that I was there . . .). "It wasn't like that *Fatal Attraction* scene," she says. "The elevator couldn't fit more than six people. Two, if they're doing it. We got home around 2:30 in the morning, so it wasn't prime traffic time. It was kind of slow, too, so if someone did call for it, we'd have enough time to, uh, readjust."
Advantages: The handrail helps one stay on her toes, so to speak, and the slightly shaking floor enhances, uh, things. "And the danger of being discovered made my usually cowardly self feel slutty," says Natasha.
Drawbacks: Natasha complains of having to hang out in a fairly awkward position while waiting for her guy to regain his strength, post-*you-know*. "And the fluorescent lighting didn't cut it," she frowns.
Rating: Two breathy *oh, yeah*s.

IN NATURE

"How about in the middle of a field?" asks Zoe, a coy coworker. "Does that qualify as getting out of bed?" Uh, yeah—do continue. "I mean it was like, right where people play soccer. This wasn't spontaneous—my boyfriend and I planned it. Despite that, we didn't have a blanket, so it was bare butt to grass. There were dorms nearby, so there was the excitement of someone possibly seeing us." Or getting hit in the head with a soccer ball.
Advantages: Adrenaline rush due to speed of act, plus natural high. "I like being in nature," says Zoe. "The smell of the wet grass and the outdoors was working for me."
Drawbacks: Depending on the weather, the ground can be cold, wet, yucky. Foreplay is not an option; you can't get too fancy when college kids might opt for an impromptu soccer game. The sex equivalent of a drive-through.
Rating: Three quick *yahoo*s.

UNDER WATER

No, the shower doesn't count. It is good clean fun (until somebody gets a faucet in the eye). But it pales in comparison to Isabel's aquatic adventure on a crowded beach. "We're talking holiday-weekend crowded," she says. "My husband and I were in the shallows up to our waists. It was one of those 'C'mere,' wink-wink kind of things. People drifted near, but they had no idea what was going on. We did make a few waves, though."
Advantages: Your inner exhibitionist will jump for joy. Bathing suits are stretchy and compliant. And if the water's clean, you don't have to shower afterward.

Drawbacks: Movies make water sports look hot, but nobody ever talks about the friction factor of doing it in water—it destroys any kind of lubrication you've got going. And oral activities are out, due to possibility of drowning. "The balancing act was hard," says Isabel. "Talk about getting sand in weird places—we fell down at one point. It was fun, but I'm glad I'm not a fish."
Rating: *Blub blub* (that's Mermaid for *yes, yes*).

IN PUBLIC

Julia is a sweet, unassuming woman, and that's what made this story even better: "I did it in broad daylight—on Wall Street—with my Financial Boyfriend. It was a Saturday, so it was fairly empty down there. It was also my birthday, and we went down to the South Street Seaport and drank beer, and ate tons of oysters. I'd never believed in that thing about certain foods being aphrodisiacs, but it's true in this case . . . actually, the Wall Street day and the women's-dressing-room day were the same, but we won't talk about that. Anyway, we ended up doing it standing up against a brick wall. Then we went home and everyone popped out of my apartment—'SURPRISE!' A birthday party. And me flushed and bombed and full of oysters."
Advantages: "Are you kidding?"
Drawbacks: Possible concussion, depending on how vigorous things get. "You can't exactly get comfortable," says Julia, "but the excitement outweighs that. It's gritty and urban, and you feel . . . primal. Wait, that's another advantage." Possibly being arrested, however, is not.
Rating: Three big Dow Jones points.

IN A WALK-IN CLOSET

Forget boredom—sometimes the bed just isn't an option. But desperate lust calls for desperate measures, as Victoria's story will indicate: "I met a guy at a party. It was one of those things: I saw it, I wanted it, and it was all about capture by any means necessary. We hooked up, but we were stuck in that 'Ouch, he has a roommate' and 'Oops, I have a houseguest' territory. I wasn't sure my houseguest was home yet, so we went to my place. When we walked in, the guest was asleep on the couch, which is about 8 feet from my bed—small-apartment syndrome. I figured the walk-in closet was as good as any spot."
Advantages: Small space encourages intimacy. Depending on the size of your closet, many positions are possible. A change of clothes, if necessary, is right at hand. "It was reminiscent of that game you play in high school, Seven Minutes in Heaven," says Victoria. "Though, to give him credit, it was longer than seven minutes. Heh heh."
Drawbacks: "Sorry," Victoria says, "I can't think of any."
Rating: Yes, yes, *yes!*

AT THE MOVIES

Siskel and Ebert it ain't, says Lucy. "When we were in college, my boyfriend, Charlie, had to see *Berlin Alexanderplatz* for his film class, and he'd missed segments nine through 27—it is 15 hours long, you know. They arranged for a screening for him, so it was just the two of us sitting there watching Fassbinder spin his tale. It's not a very sexy movie so I don't know why this happened, but it started with the hand on the knee and . . . well, I don't need to tell you the rest."
Advantages: Darkness hides a multitude of perceived bodily imperfections. "It killed time," adds Lucy. Plus she and Charlie got to make suggestive shadows on the screen—fun!
Drawbacks: Limited positions. Possible butt burn from the cheap fabric they use to cover the seats. And three's-a-crowd syndrome. "We found out later that it was just the two of us—and the projectionist."
Rating: Two and a half bags of popcorn.

So you see, you don't have to wear out your mattress before the guarantee is up, and think of the stories you can tell! Actually, the people who told me about their adventures said that that was the main benefit—not having grass and sand up the butt, or being hit in the head with a flying shoe rack, but being able to say you had the kind of wild sex that people always think they want to have. Most of my friends admitted that, having been coitally creative, they've since retreated to a safer, softer, sometimes squeakier playing field. Yep, the bed. ■