



Standing On Street Corners

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FLYMF March 2006, The Two Years In The Toilet Issue, Volume 3 Issue 3

Lately a lot of people have been asking me how I meet guys in New York. The thing is, the city's so damn big that meeting quality guys is tough. Scratch that, meeting quality anyone is tough. But judging from all my happily coupled friends and their wonderful boyfriends, I realize that it can be done.

But how?

I'm here to tell you.

On the street corner.

Oh stop! I'm not talking about the corner where vamp lipstick meets slut boots; no, I'm talking a much more innocent corner where little girls without hats or mittens try unsuccessfully to hail taxis for 20 minutes in the freezing New York air.

There I was, completely stuffed after dinner with my brother, attempting to catch a cab home. With one hand placed on my hip and the other high in the air, a voice from behind me said, "Wow, it's really hard to believe you can't catch a taxi with that bright red nail polish you're sporting!"

Before I'd even managed to fully swivel my head around to see who was talking to me, I burst into giggles. Mystery Man had a point. The evening before I'd gotten a tad too risque with my nail color and instead of painting them a subdued pink as I usually do, I opted for Ravage Red. Not my best choice. I digress.

I looked Mystery Man in the eye and said, "Well maybe that's the problem, my nails are probably blinding every taxi driver from here to Central Park." And with that Mystery Man introduced himself as Keith and proceeded to make me laugh uncontrollably until I finally managed to catch a taxi. As I was getting into the cab, he asked for my number. I replied with my email address. Never in a million years did I think he'd remember it, but guess who got an email from funny-man Keith today?

If you guessed someone other than me, you're really bad at this game.

Another place to meet boys? On the subway! And how do you do it? Get the most mammoth cockroach you've ever seen to crawl up your leg. If he's a gentleman, the boy standing next to you will chivalrously kick it off and onto the tracks below.

Sure, the kick might hurt a little, but the good news is that you no longer have a roach crawling up your leg, and the gentleman standing next to you is no longer a stranger. Trust me, I did it a few weeks ago and it worked like a charm. Only problem? Said boy wasn't cute. At all. He made the cockroach look appealing.

Moving along. The gym! Horndog trainers. Need I say more?

Starbucks is by far my favorite place to meet guys lately. Maybe that's because I spend all my time there. My only problem, though, is that I know why *I'm* there all day sipping coffee and typing on my keyboard...but why is everyone else? I've heard lots of excuses recently, but my favorite has to be, "The cast of *Friends* did it all day and they were successful so I figure, why can't I do it, too?"

Hmm, how about: because they were characters on a television show and you're not?

So I guess what it comes down to is creativity. Throw conventionality to the wind. Screw the bars, awkward setups and Internet dating sites because I'm telling you, my way is the way to go. Stand on the street corner, spend ridiculously long periods of time at Starbucks, wear skimpy clothes to the gym and befriend the cockroaches.

Seriously, do it. You'll meet people.