



Man-Free Weekend Provides Welcome Respite

When you're single, gay and live alone, that much-anticipated 48-hour block of time known as the weekend can prove to be both a blessing and a curse. After a hard week of work, it's great to have the luxury of sleeping in late or prancing around naked with your favorite CD blaring as you do laundry in blissful solitude.

But, it can also become a depressing two-day ode to loneliness as you pass the time with fun tasks like paying bills, scrubbing floors and cruising the bars or Internet chat rooms in a futile search for Mr. Right... or "Mr. Right Now."

As yet another dateless Saturday dawned, I decided to try something novel and declare it a "man-free weekend." Technically it already was a man-free weekend since there was no tasty morsel of testosterone hovering on my horizon. Still, I was determined to enjoy the weekend without stepping into a bar or engaging in rapid online banter with yet another sex-drenched cyber-dud.

Once again, I had hit the proverbial wall in my quest for romantic fulfillment, thanks to a frustrating string of encounters that played out like a perpetual life rerun. You know the drill...the ones I lusted after wanted to be my friend (ugh!), while the ones who desired me failed to spark the faintest flicker in my erotic pilot light.

Quite by chance, my weekend evolved into a love-fest of sorts as God conspired to place me amid an array of straight woman, all of who served as the perfect tonic for my battered spirit and bruised self-esteem. A Saturday afternoon trip to the mall with a vibrant 80-year-old spitfire named Mildred

progressed into a wacky and wonderful 12-hour "date" as we shopped, ate dinner, visited my family and returned to her home to discuss life into the wee hours of the morning.

Although our encounter ended the way most of my traditional dates do...without any sexual activity or a hint of romantic promise, I left her apartment sure in the knowledge that this had been the best "date" I had been on in ages, mainly because her affection for me was pure, perceptible and unconditional. Had Mildred been a 40-year-old gay man, I would have gotten down on my knees, pledged my undying love and proposed right then and there.

My female bonding experience stretched into Sunday as my next-door neighbor and I met for breakfast. Since moving into my condo several months ago, my schoolteacher acquaintance and I had exchanged pleasantries a number of times and developed a friendly rapport with each other. So it seemed only natural to escalate our relationship and ask her out on a "date." Like my encounter with Mildred the previous evening, the conversation flowed, as did her unsolicited compliments about me as a person and a neighbor.

My pre-weekend mood, which had been less than cheery, brightened considerably thanks to all these genuinely heartfelt affirmations. So when I returned home Sunday evening and e-mailed my favorite



Photo by Raymond Vino ©1999 Blue Door Productions, Inc.

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After I read her affectionate e-mail, I reflected on the irony of my life...that I intrinsically bonded better with women, that they seemed to "get me" on a more-profound level and appreciated the overall "Essence of Scott" far more than any man ever had. True, these women were not assessing me as potential boyfriend/husband material, nor was I being rated based on the size of my penis, the prestige of my job or the girth of my financial portfolio. Still, it was a refreshing, and welcome, change-of-pace to spend my weekend in the company of the female gender.

By the time you read this, I'm sure I'll be back in the dating trenches, armed to do battle in the fight for romantic fulfillment. But if the emotional wounds start to mount, I will declare an immediate cease-fire and retreat to the safety of yet another man-free weekend.

Scott is an amazing male specimen who revels in the living of life and the simple joy of being. He can be reached at Scolton@expressgaynews.com

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