

## [Underwear & Underworld](#)

### [Total People in Discussion: 6](#)

Since the name of this blog is "Perspectives...Public & Private", I thought it was time I shared one of the private kind.

A fellow freelance writer called last week with an intriguing invitation: She had interviewed Ian Kerner, the author of "Be Honest...You're Not That Into Him Either"...a pop culture best seller whose sales were fueled by a generation that are so busy mastering technology that they have no idea how to build relationships. Dr. Kerner has just written his next book, "He Comes Next...the Thinking Woman's Guide to Pleasuring a Man", and my friend was invited to the book launch party in New York City. What was I thinking, when she asked if I would like to go with her, and I enthusiastically said yes?"

Red flags were waving; the venue was the famous, and for you "Sex and the City" buffs, the familiar, club/bar, "BED", but I was seeing none of them. A sophisticated evening out in New York, was just what the doctor ordered for the mid winter blahs. Surely they didn't really have just beds. There had to be tables and chairs somewhere...there weren't.

A vision of Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany's was dancing in my head. I must find just the right little black cocktail dress. And what clever little witticisms could I speak to amuse all the agents and publishers who would surely be there. Due to plunging temperatures, I ended up in a black pant suit, which was a lucky break because it prevented me from looking even more out of place than I did. Not only was I nearly the oldest person in the place, I was by far the most clothed.

Co-hosting the party was an organization called "[CAKE](#)", whose mission, according to their website, is to "provide a safe and fun environment where women can express their sexuality". Now I'm all for freedom of expression, I just didn't realize it required walking around half naked to practice it.

Having to catch the last Bieber Bus for the Charcoal Drive-in saved, er I mean prevented us from staying for the entertainment featuring... "pajamas, pillow fights, and boudoir performances". I haven't been so glad to return to the Lehigh Valley since my last trip to a third world country, where, by the way, they were wearing more clothes and behaving with more decorum.

Audrey Hepburn must be spinning in her grave.

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