

2018

the
free press

sex sex sex

free

DEAR READER,

Welcome to the third annual Sex Issue! Here at Free Press, we believe that our conversations about sex should be ongoing and uninhibited. We make this issue in hopes of destigmatizing the atmosphere around diverse sexual freedom and creating a space for sometimes humorous, yet valid education. Sex isn't just one thing to any one person, but through all its variety and expression, one concept remains at its core: consent.

In the reawakening of the #MeToo movement, it's more important than ever to change the way we talk about sex. We must acknowledge the dangerous power dynamics that lurk in the shadows of our schools, our jobs, and even our own friend groups. It may be hard to come to terms with the abuses that happen right in front of us, but as long as we stay silent, they remain alive and well. Believe your friends, your family, even complete strangers when they tell you about an assault or an abuser. The culture of sexual assault that's so pervasive in our society relies on silence and shadows, and the only way to fight that is to speak up.

We put out this issue every year to try and show the incredibly wide spectrum of our sexual experiences. No matter who you are, we hope you can find something in here that you can identify with, or something new to learn, or even just something you think is fun. Because at the end of the day, sex should be fun. We made this issue because we want you to have some bomb sex, however you do it.

Allison Young and Michael Sugarman

The Free Press is a Student Association chartered, student-written-and-managed newspaper published by the Binghamton Media Group for the Binghamton University community.

The Editorial Board of the Binghamton Media Group has sole authority for the content of this paper. All inquiries can be sent to publisher@bufreepress.com

No part thereof may be reproduced in any form, in whole or in part without the explicit written consent of the Publisher.

Copyright 2006-2018 Binghamton Media Group

We would like to thank our printer, Gannett Publishing.

All photographs by Kevin Sussy at www.kevinsussy.com

Additional layout by Vicky Su

TABLE OF CONTENTS

4...Meet the Editorial Board

5...10 Ways To Fuck Yourself On a Budget by Grace Polat

6/7... Toys R Us: A Guide to Sex Toys by Charlotte Monsour

8...Recreation: It's Never the Original by Alejandra Rodas

9...#YouToo Plamena Diulgerova

11... Poetry by Linda Zheng

12/13...Why It's Hard to "Just Say No" by Michelle Zaurov

14...Bisexual Heart With a Heterosexual Love by Anonymous

15...Feeling Sloppy to Sexy: How to Feel as Hot as You Really Are by Elizabeth Short

16/17...2018 Sex Survey

18...Sexy Jamz by Rachel Slotnick

19...A Response to "Cat Person" by Colleen Fucigna

20–21...The First Time is

Always Special...Right? by Masha Morozov

22...Whiskey Dick: Why it Happens and How to Handle It by Eric Gaccione

23...The Awkward Virgin™'s Guide to Making Anything Sexy Awkward by Madison Werner

25...Taking on the Fight: My Life After #MeToo by Paloma Thoen

26...Porn ANALyses by Brittaney Skavla

27... I Just Don't Have It In Me by Faith Medina

28...Common Miscon-sessions by Sophie Miller

29...Eating Pussy 101 by Samantha Mure & Anonymous

30...Jesus Is Watching Me Masturbate by Helena Ojarovsky

31...Sex Ed: Our Right to Knowledge by Allison Young

It's a Match!

"LEMME GRAB A CONDOM," BAXTER SAYS AS HE EMERGES FROM UNDERNEATH THE COVERS. "WHADDYA WANNA HEAR BABE?"

ALLISON
YOUNG

Yooo I'm the publisher, just trying to get my calendar in order — when's our first date again? ;)



..... **KISS IT BETTER
RIHANNA**

**FEMMEBOT
CHARLI XCX**



hey editor in chief here haha, yeah i guess i am pretty powerful why do you ask?

MICHAEL
SUGARMAN

PLAMENA
DIULGEROVA

it's the layout editor here, how are u going to channel your emotional traumas in a healthy way before you project that shit onto me? 🙄



..... **FREE 6LACK
6LACK**

**EROTICA
MADONNA**



layout & photo editor here, wanna drink 40's and watch paris is burning?

KEVIN
SUSSY

CONNER
TORPEY

Heyo. I'm the treasurer. Is that boring? Yes. Is the sex bad? Probably also yes.



..... **AFRICA
TOTO**

**FREAK ON A LEASH
KORN**



hey I'm the illustrator ♡ I'm like a modern day Van Gogh; I wanna cut off my ear and feed it to you

CASSIE
ARMON

10 ways to fuck yourself on a budget

5

If you're horny, crafty, and have no money in your checking account: prepare to have your sex life irrevocably altered.

by
grace
polat

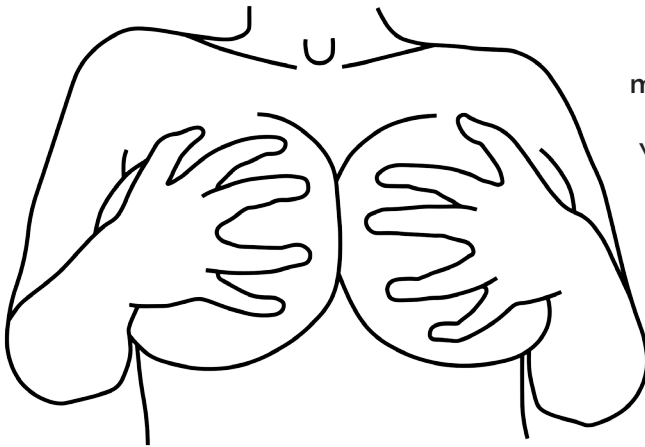


1) Bookstore won't buy back those old textbooks? No problem. Throw them in the bathtub until soft and malleable. Once they get a sexy oatmealish texture, mold the textbooks into the erotic probe of your dreams, then set it by your window to freeze overnight. In 6 to 8 hours, you'll have the coolest paper fuck statue ever created.

2) Steal a metal fork from one of the dining halls and bring it to your room. Undress and stick the fork into a wall socket. Back up into the electrified fork until your ass is twitching with kinky voltage.

3) Ask your roommate if they have a curling iron or straightener you can borrow. Plug it in and shove it inside you.

4) Go outside and build yourself a very sexy snowman with long hands. Give it an old silk hat like it says in the song "Frosty the Snowman", and BOOM! Within seconds you should have a cold, sentient, hand-job machine.



7) Still have that useless FAFSA paperwork lying around? Boof it, but watch out for papercuts.

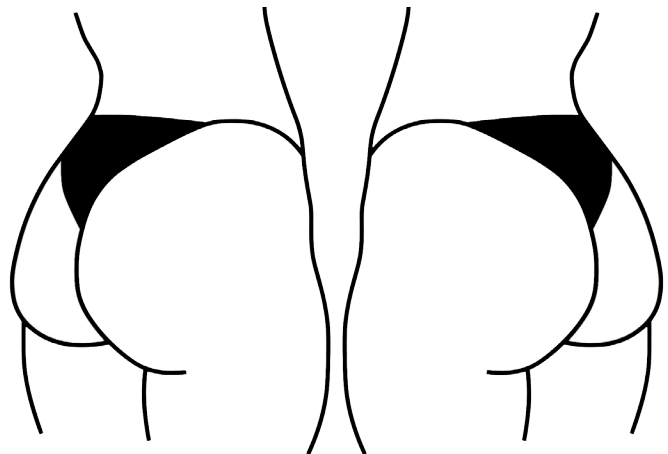
8) Grab your rock-salt crusted pair of Timbs from the closet. Pour a pack of ramen, as well as a 1/2 cup of water, into each boot. Let sit for approximately three minutes. You can now fuck the ramen-filled New York fashion staple until completion. Refrigerate for multiple uses.

9) Send your parents a text telling them you need money (make sure you don't say hi or ask how they're doing, keep it strictly business). Put your phone on vibrate and shove it in the orifice of your choice. They will angrily blow up your phone until you cum.

10) Go down to the laundry room in your building. Pick out the sexiest, most voluptuous, captivating dryer available. Give it a name. How about Lily? Listen to Lily complain about being used. Convince Lily that you're different. Cry with Lily. Love Lily, till the tumble sequence begins. Sit on Lily while the reckless tumbling gets you off. Leave Lily. Ignore her when you see her in public and tell all your bros that she's crazy.

5) Dumpster dive behind the nearest Adult Store for some free sex toys. Wash thoroughly before use, possibly with ammonia or bleach.

6) Make some space around your mini fridge (at least a foot from the wall, clear of any sharp corners). Get completely naked and run full speed at the fridge from about 10 meters away. Launch into an olympic style long jump and slam down HARD on to the cold rumbling cube, butthole first, lodging it all the way inside your body for some lusty mechanical fun.



art by plamena diulgerova

toys r us: a guide to sex toys

by charlotte monsour

Even for the most open of people, sex toys can be a pretty taboo topic. However, remaining open is a huge step in becoming a sex-positive member of the prude sexual landscape that we are all a part of. That's why I spoke to four different employees at the Museum of Sex, or "MoSex," in Manhattan on the topic of toys. At MoSex, extensive research goes into the toys that the shop stocks, and all of the employees are more than happy to assist anyone in their pursuit of finding the right one.



There are a few things that you should look for in a toy. It should be:

- Rechargeable (not battery powered)

Made from a good material (this includes high-grade silicone, ABS plastic, stainless steel, tempered glass, or a combo of some of those)

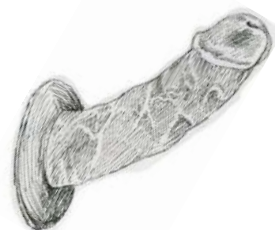
- Waterproof

- Come with warranty from a reputable retailer (and when I say reputable, I do not mean Amazon. Amazon is known to sell refurbished or broken toys, and it won't come with warranty)

Now, getting into the toys themselves. "Toys" is a broad term meant to encapsulate all sorts of things: clitoral stimulation, G-spot stimulation, rabbits (which do both), anal toys, dildos, cock rings, pulsators-- the possibilities are endless. Without further ado, here are some toys that come highly recommended by MoSex workers!



We-Vibe Sync: the sync is technically a couples toy, but can be used solo. It is a wearable vibrator that is shaped like a C with two parts and two motors (one for clitoral stimulation and one for g-spot stimulation). It is great for both beginners and advanced users, as its size makes it a good starter toy and its versatility makes it an awesome toy regardless of experience. All of the We-Vibe toys can be controlled by an app on your phone called We-Connect, which is cool for long-distance (or not)! All four of the MoSex workers I talked to raved about this toy, calling it the most multifaceted toy that they know of.



Womanizer Pro40: this is an amazing toy for clitoral stimulation! Many people think that the toy works like a "suction," but the Womanizer actually uses air pressure to create a seal, which stimulates the feeling of oral sex at a variety of intensity levels. According to the statistics given to MoSex employees by a Womanizer rep, 50% of women who use the toy orgasm in less than a minute and 95% orgasm in less than 5 minutes (let that sink in for a second).



Miss Bi (Bee) by Fun Factory: the Miss Bi is rabbit, meaning that it works for both clitoral and G-spot stimulation, using two motors with good strength. This was said to be the second top-selling toy in the store (right below the Sync). The shaft of the toy is thick which is good for people who are not into deep penetration, and it comes in fun, bright colors.



Stronic G by Fun Factory: This is a G-spot toy with a raised tip/head, and thrusting and pulsing action, which is cool because it means that a lot of the work is done for you! Plus, this sets it apart from other G-spot toys that just vibrate. Its thin shape makes it a good starter toy, and it also has great colors, like the Miss Bi.



Njoy Pfun Plug: this plug is awesome for anal; if you are a beginner, it is a great warmup, or if you are a bit more experienced, it's good for the "main event." The stainless steel material is indestructible, and its shape is good for prostates and G-spots alike.



We-Vibe Pivot: this cock ring was referred to as "the best out there," and is useful for penetrative sex with a partner. For those who don't know, cock rings generally keep blood from leaving the penis so that you can stay harder longer. The motor is very rumbly, and the toy vibrates very strongly, so the entire penis or dildo will vibrate even if the toy is just at the tip.



These are just a few of many toys out there that may be able to satisfy your needs, or help you on your route to figuring out what those needs are. To each their own-- the only way to know what you like is to experiment. When you're shopping, you should go in person to a reputable shop to talk to a professional about your needs. This way, you can actually see and feel the toys yourself, and get help from a trained employee. However, if you have to shop online for your toys and/or know exactly what you want, use online retailers like She Vibe, Smitten Kitten, Early to Bed, Babeland, and manufacturer websites. Have fun, be safe, and happy shopping! And remember, don't be embarrassed-- the best way to diminish the taboo is to defy it.

#youtoo

by plamena diulgerova

This article contains mention of sexual assault and abuse.

On any given night, there's a lot of fucking going on. Whatever you call it, people are having sex on each floor of (nearly) each building on campus. If there was a beacon of light for each sexual encounter, Binghamton would sparkle like the new season of Drag Race from space.

Amidst dissertation length finsta posts chronicling Tinder situationships and the spike in the sex graph spanning from Thirsty Thursday to the early hours of Holy Hangover Sunday, we have to keep in mind that not all of the sex happening is consensual. Sexual assault is alive and unfortunately well in Binghamton, and many choose to brush it off in efforts to just get on with their lives.

We say "unfortunately" as though we would be lucky not to experience sexual assault. The problem lies within that assumed luck itself. Many of us hold true that we cross paths with luck in order to not face what we look for behind us at 2:40 in the morning, in both hopefully and hopelessly empty streets. One person is lucky to not get assaulted because another is not so lucky. Why does the responsibility to avoid assault fall on us? Suggesting avoidability simply validates the constantly existing presence of predatory behavior, rather than confronting that presence itself. The bar to which we hold perpetrators accountable must be raised.

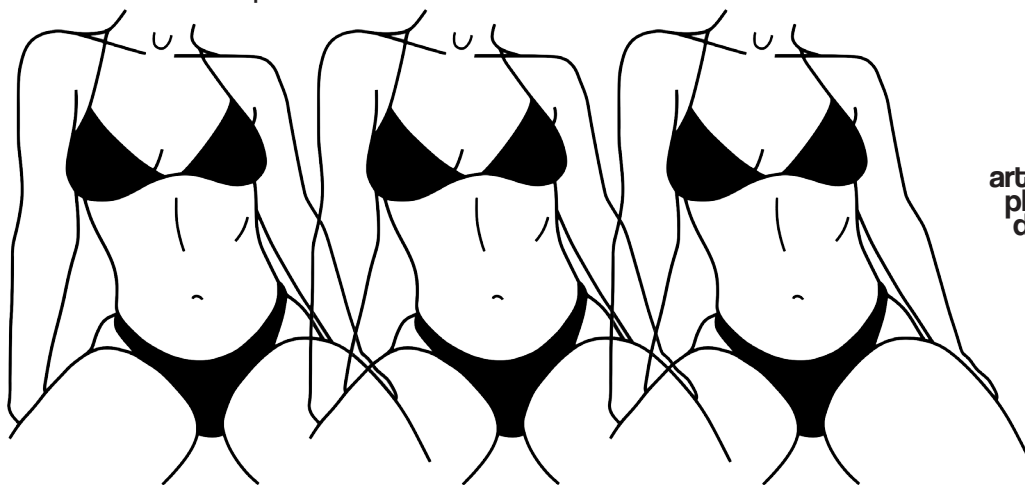
Whether it's an aggressive ass grab at the Rat, or the reversal of consent that goes ignored, or rape that never included consent in the first place, any assault has validity independent of our prevention-based mental backtracking. We have to actively check on our friends, and on others in our surroundings, while coupling our awareness with respectful distance.

This responsibility does not solely fall on the shoulders of women and femmes. Men: your voices need to be in this conversation while allowing for the marginalized voices of women, especially women of color and trans women, to tell you their experiences and to receive listening rather than your singular, insufficient denial. It's a social phenomenon: every woman seems to know a victim, but men don't seem to know abusers.

Listen, and then listen some more. Be aware of your own behaviors. Look around you, check, and edit. Why are you comfortable? Why are you uncomfortable? Look at the disparity between your answers and continue to ask why. Don't settle for an independently existential explanation; ideas about assault don't exist just because they exist. They are being perpetuated somehow, and we all share the responsibility to stop the social normalcy surrounding sexual assault.

No one is born unproblematic, but we are accountable for the words and ideals we allow to permeate our surroundings, and the actions we take against them. Speak out against people you know perpetuating rape culture, and people you don't know. If you hear a stranger being problematic without intervention, chances are those silent around them will continue to breed the same language. Make it known that they are not in the right; a nonchalant passerby has seldom made a noteworthy impact.

It's time for us to turn the tables. The idea that women are asking for something by simply existing in a certain amount of clothing nulls female agency and heightens the walls of toxic masculinity, where ivy vines of deservedness and presumed superiority continue to block out the sunlight of reality. Ask your bro to explain why his rape joke is funny. Casually step in when you see predatory behavior. Consent should not have to be classified or marketed as "sexy," in order to be appropriately realized, given, and gotten. Sexy is subjective, while consent should never be.



art by
plamena
diulgerova



they taught me love, not hate by linda zheng 11

They were never clear on how love could feel pressed inside my mouth,
forced inside my body.
They couldn't even say if it was love that pulled my hair to arch my back.
But I was sure I did not see the shape, taste, or look of it when you were left
on my doorstep.

Your shape was much too worn,
your taste was reminiscent of the murky sea,
and your look was of someone who'd crossed a bridge but drowned before reaching
the other side.

Even so, your chemical mimicry was perfect.

Oh Pompeii,

I was dormant before our fateful meeting triggered the eruption which
began in my pelvis and spewed out seas of ash, covering us both.

I forgot my own meaning to painstakingly etch in stone an idea of us.

The streak of blood I left on your temple from my bleeding fingers,

Do you recognize its warmth now?

I crashed and stormed against the shore of you for days until you received me as
your castaway.

It was my hope that you made room for the love purring softly between us

It pawed along my tender stomach and licked your belly button, earnest for a soft
touch under its neck.

Imagine my surprise when I learned the cup of your hand was not shaped so to
caress my breasts,

Your fingers were never charged with dancing down my spine.

Even so, why was your steady gaze held for a moon so distant from mine?

There was trepidation in my voice when I ached for you not to go.

I felt you breathing too close that night when you finally crawled up against me.

I was taken aback when you clinged onto me in desperation, forcing your way in.

There was the roaring of a yearning, incessant wind when you met me
again and again.

Choking my throat I asked if you were ok,

Gripping my wrists I asked if it was too tight,

Tears trickling downstream, why?

The handcuffed clock struck two when you caught your breath and I lost mine

I heard the bunny hopping torment inside your caged chest as you covered
the distance between us with the shadow of your sensitive guilt.

You should've said something then,

When my inhale was your exhale and the boundaries of my skin were breached.

I only wanted to be reassured that you had not smothered our quiet, purring love.

But you remained still while the pawing slowed and its eyes flickered forever shut.

You took me, you overtook me.

The semantics are still in training but I recognize the meaning.

I fear I can never blame you,

You who I believed had nurtured and weaned Eros.

I recall they taught me love, not hate.

So I hope you understand when I nestle my cheek against the crescent of your palm
and our eyes meet again to say,

"fuck you."



art by sarah davis

12 *why it's hard to "just say no"*

by michelle zaurov

****This article contains mention
of sexual assault and abuse.****

You're drunk. You're walking home with the guy you've been eyeing and finally had the courage to talk to. Suddenly, you're no longer with your friends and you find yourself tripping over the gravel under your shoes towards an unknown destination.

You're in his apartment and his tongue is down your throat. You think to yourself, "I want this." But something feels...off. And so is your shirt, and he's pulling at your pants. Do you want this? You're still kissing him. His hands are all over and that feeling of discomfort you brushed away is coming back, growing larger.

"Wait," you gasp.

"You're so beautiful..." his voice drones.

You start to justify it, 'He did buy me a couple of drinks...'

You're naked and he's kissing your neck. Why aren't you feeling the passionate hookup that played out in your head? You're fucking and then he comes.

You wake up ridden with anxiety and think to yourself – why didn't I just say no?

In light of the #MeToo movement, Larry Nassar, Aziz Ansari, and the general public discourse of consent, I started thinking about why 'just saying no' is harder than we think.

Women are conditioned to believe that their bodies are something they owe. I've heard stories of friends who get offered free drinks, compliments, maybe even a coat when they're cold—and when they need to decide whether they return that sloppy kiss or stay silent when their waists are touched, they reluctantly acquiesce because of "good" behavior. Our bodies are not a prize for chivalry.

Some say it's "easier" to just accept instead of saying no. We don't want to deal with the awkwardness or the aftermath of explaining why we're buzzed in their bedroom past midnight and suddenly changed our minds about having sex. The moments when "we could have just said no" seem to go the fastest, with no time to think, no time to use our voice, and no time for validation. Our verbal cues are mollified by flatteries and our non-verbal cues are responded to with physical coercion.

The #MeToo movement sheds some light on this. Women have confessed to suffering forms of sexual assault at the hands of powerful men in Hollywood and their voices were and still are silenced time and time again.

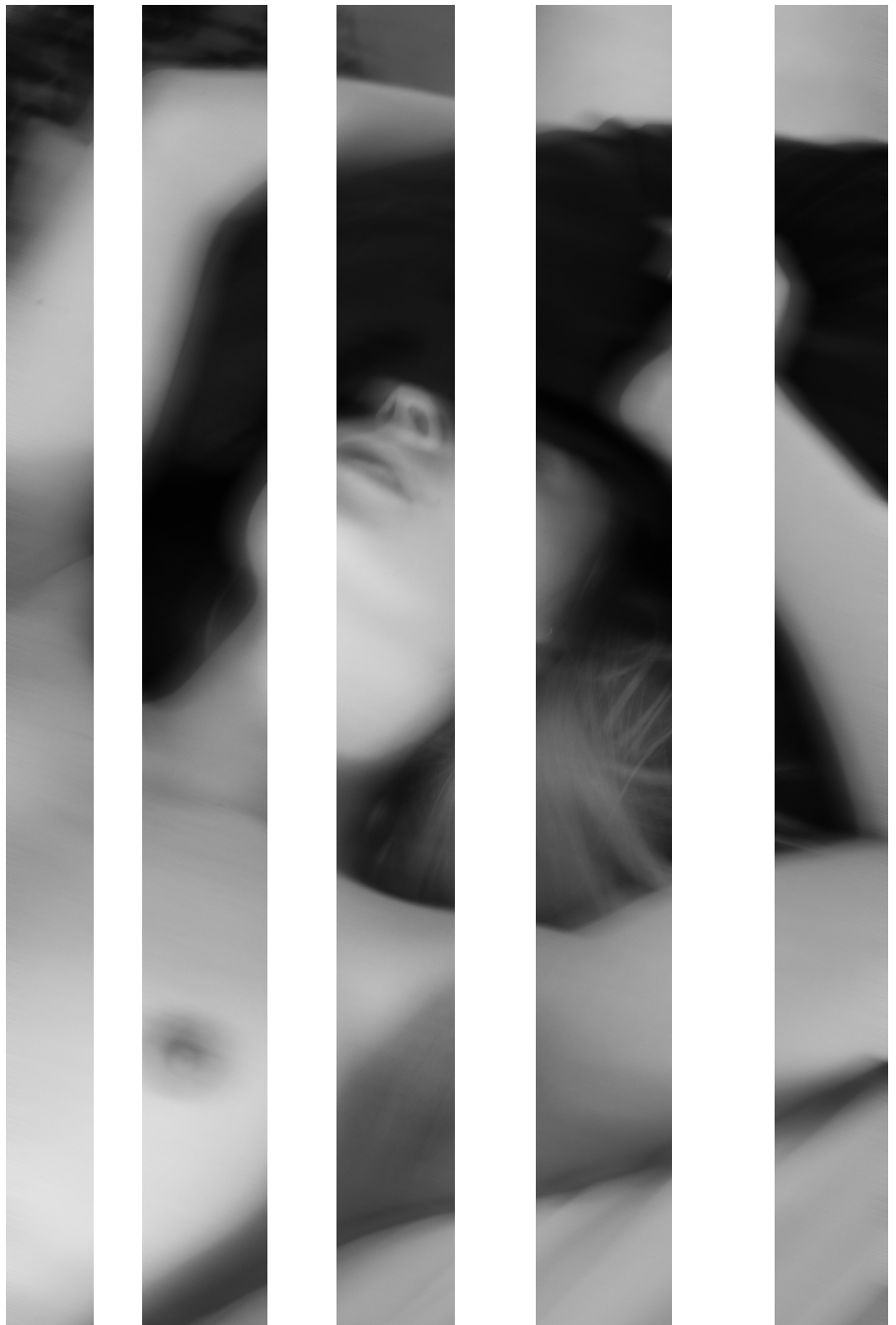
The recent case surrounding Aziz Ansari has started a dialogue about women's verbal and non-verbal cues. Why didn't she just leave? Why did she wait to tell him she felt violated? In the end, it's unfortunately simple: She was in the presence of a power figure in his own home after he bought her dinner—she was worried about his expectations and unsure of her own.

People are eager to blame this woman for not properly giving consent, rather than put responsibility on Ansari for not looking/asking for it. It is not just one partner's job to make the lines clear. Why aren't we having a discussion about Ansari's lack of awareness to her cues, or perhaps, his failure to foster a communicative environment? Speaking up can be difficult when you feel like your voice is stifled by your partner.

Many responses to the Aziz Ansari story claim that it wasn't sexual assault because it happens to everyone they know, that it's too common. Isn't that entirely the point—that this kind of behavior, and people's rush to ignore its traumatic severity, is all too common? Women don't want to be sexually assaulted. We would prefer to believe it was bad sex, rather than sex we didn't want at all. How many of us want to admit that we've been assaulted, or worse, raped?

Our coping mechanism starts even before it happens, convincing ourselves that if we don't say no, then we won't face the potential of sexual trauma.

Just "saying no" isn't so simple. We can't blame ourselves for feeling too intimidated or overwhelmed to take control of a sexual and vulnerable situation. Let's hear each other out, and encourage each other to speak up and use our voices. Most importantly, let's create an environment in which no one has to fear the consequences of the word "no" in the bedroom.



When you come to the conclusion that you might be bisexual when you're in a relationship - a heterosexual relationship, that is, there are a lot of things that come to mind. How am I supposed to explore this newfound sexuality I have while I'm already committed to someone?

The first (and seemingly only) step is to be honest with your partner. It can be a little hard for your partner to comprehend what you're telling them, understandably. If there's no one else, then how do you know you're bi?

In my case, I've known since I was a little girl. My coming to terms with it was brought about by a close friend of mine coming out as bisexual. I was in awe of her, jealous almost. She told the world who she is and made no apologies, something I wish I'd had the courage to do. She inspired me without even meaning to, and I embarked upon an internal mission to understand myself.

I began to dig a little deeper, question myself and my past. Remember Arlena from 7th grade? I had such a crush on her. Alyssa from sophomore year? She wanted me just as much as I wanted her. Josie from spring break? She asked me to sleep with her after we kissed; I only said no because I was scared I'd like it.

Well, I have enough

experience with men to know I like men; I have very little experience with women to know I like women. A thought that has always been just a thought is now a reality. It's a reality. Wow.

I'm seeing that I can be with a woman the same way I've always been with a man.

The problem is, I'm in a relationship right now. And I'm happy. I'm satisfied. Yet while I'm satisfied with my relationship, I am not satisfied with myself. I feel like I don't know and will not know who I am without exploring this side of me. And to be honest, the thought that I might never get to explore this side of me is well, terrifying. I truly believe that someday, I

will be this man's wife. Now, I don't want to lose my boyfriend, but if I never get the chance to be single again, I'll never be able to explore this side of me that has been tucked away for so long. Sure, I could be an asshole and cheat on my boyfriend to find out what a vagina tastes like, but I'm not gonna do that.

I've realized that being in a relationship can make it difficult to get to know yourself, especially under these circumstances. I know who I am as a girlfriend, but I'm still trying to figure out who I am as an individual.

I've learned that it's ok to ask for space, but what's not ok is shutting your partner out. Be as open as you can, and allow them to help you make sense of yourself. My newfound sexuality has nothing to do with my relationship and everything to do with me. My wishes. My underlying desires.

But if I'm going to come to terms with myself, I need him to come to terms with me, too.

by anonymous

feeling sloppy

to

sexy

by elizabeth short

how to feel
as hot as
you really are

15

Let's face it, you woke up with bed-head large enough for its zip code, contacts that probably should've been taken out, and that unwelcome cold that's been occupying your space for far too long, but not long enough for health services to give you stronger meds. Maybe you're bloated, broken out, or just bummed, but when you look in the mirror, the first word popping into your mind is not "sexy" at all. Getting out of this yucky feeling may seem impossible, but maybe with some of these tips, you'll be feeling as fine as you actually are.

1. Take a hot shower or bath. Getting rid of any dirt or grime, plus some relaxation in the steam, is never a bad idea.

Washing your hair is also always a plus.

2. Three words. Post. Shower. Routine. Whether you follow a whole 12 step skincare regimen, or just shave and slap some lotion on, feeling all clean and moisturized honestly just makes you feel better in general.

3. Put on something that makes you feel hot as fuck. Whether it's a tight, strappy, low-cut dress, or just some joggers that makes your ass pop, wear it out! Just try to have a little bit of comfort thrown in there, no one thinks blisters are sexy when they wake up the next morning.

4. Put on a sexy playlist. Jam out to some songs that make you feel like the star of a hot new music video and that you can really get down to. See pages (cue page numbers for sex playlist) for a fantastic example, or, just come up with your own! (Partition by Beyonce is a personal fav) Get your grind on by yourself, with some friends, or even with that special someone for some assured sexy feelings.



5. Glam it up. If you wear makeup, feel free to go all out with a super fine look that shows off your best self. Do your hair, paint your nails, slap on some cologne, whatever gives you that little extra oomph is always great.

6. A little fun tip for future days when you're feeling down is whenever you're feeling great, and you're on top of the world, feeling sexy as fuck, snap a picture. Snap a whole bunch of pictures. Put them all in an album to remind yourself that while it may not feel like it at one particular moment in time, you will soon, just like you did in those pictures.

7. Practice some serious self love. Take a good, long work in the mirror. I can personally guarantee that no one is staring at the acne you have that day, those hairs that just keep standing straight up, or those few pounds that feel like the end of the world. You're your own worst critic, and you judge yourself harsher than anyone else ever will. However, you're also capable of being your own cheerleader. You wouldn't make your best friend feel bad on an off day, so why are you doing it to yourself?

8. Get on out there and just have a good time! Don't overthink things, you are one sexy ass motherfucker and no one, not even an unwanted zit can take that away. You can either go out and live it up with friends looking fly as hell, stay in with some good food and flicks with your cute, cozy self, or have a casual night with friends just being you, and you're guaranteed to be as sexy as possible.

SEX survey

which professor
would you shimmy
with?

"Professor Bottan"
"Professor Rabineau"
"Professor Mileur"
"Professor Albanese"
"Professor Gindlesberger"

tell us your
funniest sex
story

"i had sex in Bartle during spring fling
because literally nobody was there and had
the other person feed me dominos while
hitting it from the back. It was pineapple
pizza (included for extra shock value)"

"i was having sex in the back
of my car in the winter
when i decided to start the
car and turn the heat on.
After i had returned to the
back seat, mid-sex, the car
connected to the Bluetooth
on my phone. Out of around
2,000 random songs to
choose from, my phone
happens to play "All Star" by
Smash Mouth on full blast.
I got memed by my car (we
laughed it off, and the sex
was still awesome)"

"he pulled my
hair and my neck
cracked so much
he thought he
killed me for a
hot sec"

"it tasted like
a penny"

"a guy i was fucking
pulled out and
came in his own eye
and fell off the
bed in pain"

we reached out
to our readers in
hopes of hearing
sexy, funny, and
nasty sex stories.
here's what they
had to say.....

tell us your
greatest sexual
fantasy

"becoming a
professor's
sugar baby while
doming them"

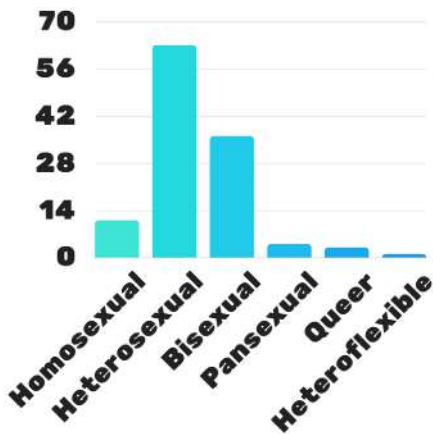
"always wanted to get
blown while having a
full English tea time;
scones, those tiny
sandwiches, those
weird pastries that
you never really
remember the name
of, the full 9 Yards.
Just being sucked off
the whole time"

"Cupcake Live
raps about my
sex life as it
occurs"

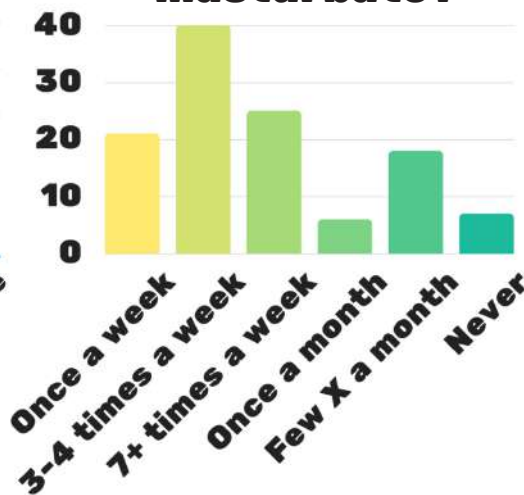
"not sure, i've
squirted already
so that's off my
bucket list"

WE ASKED, 118 ANSWERED

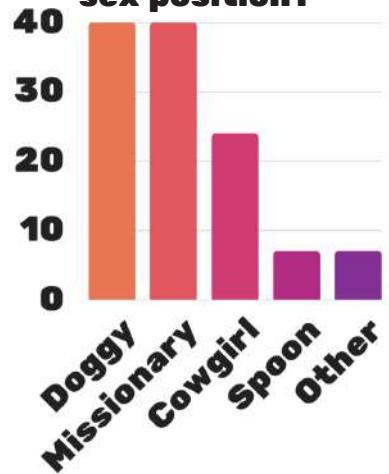
How would you describe your sexual identity?



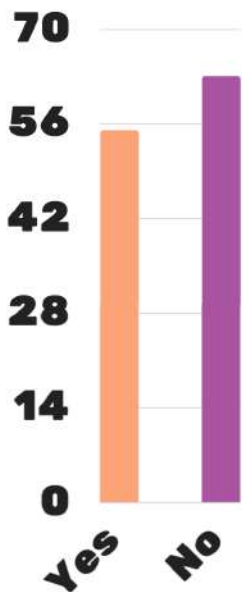
How often do you masturbate?



What's your favorite sex position?



Do you regularly watch porn?



What sex toy are you using?

Vibrator

What fetish/kink do you have?

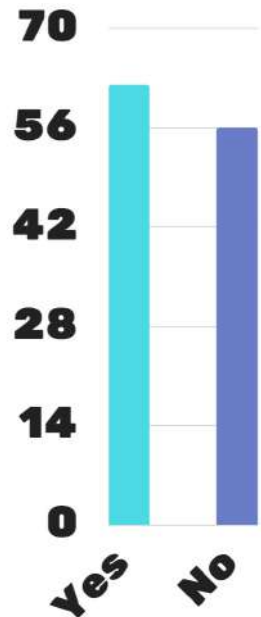
BDSM, Orgy, Feet

What fetish/kink would you never experiment with?

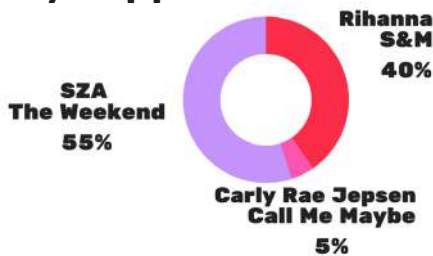
Piss Play, Adult Baby, Fisting

NO 26% Wanna have a **YES 74%** threesome?

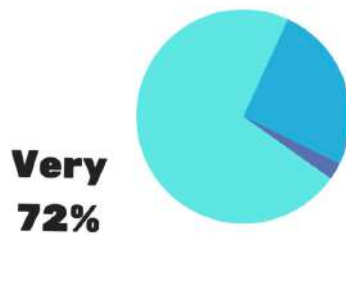
Have you ever faked an orgasm?



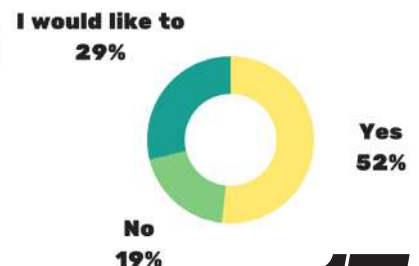
Pick a song to lay the pipe



How important is nipple play?



Have you ever had sex in public?



all answers based on a survey conducted by the free press

I'd like to think of this little collection of songs as what the title suggests. Whether you want to listen to them in order while you get freaky or just want to appreciate them individually for what they do for you, go for it!

Sir Psycho Sexy // Red Hot Chili Peppers

This is hands-down THE horniest song I've ever heard in my life. If the raunchy lyrics dripping with desire don't do it for you, maybe you'll get fucked by the funk. Or just wait until the orgasmic outro of this 8 minute sex marathon.

Pony // Ginuwine

This is the one song that comes to mind when I think about sex. See for yourself.

Heartbreaker // Justin Bieber

The slow tempo intertwined with JB's sultry voice makes this a perfect song to *~get it on*~

Feeling Myself (feat. Beyoncé) // Nicki Minaj

Body positive, sex positive, and completely empowering. Two of the biggest female legends in the game demand respect and some bomb sex. I'm here for it.

Coming Down // The Weeknd

Something about this woozy R&B song makes me wanna have sex on a giant bed next to a window when it's raining outside. Plus it's The Weeknd so you can't really go wrong.

Toes // Glass Animals

This song is relaxing yet has an understated sense of badassery found somewhere in the bass line. It will make you feel a certain confidence that you can carry with you into the bedroom.

Brooklyn Baby // Lana Del Rey

Lana's angelic voice backed by gentle guitar strumming in this song is simply sublime. It is extremely romantic and burning with desire and a hint of melancholia.

Daddy Issues // The Neighbourhood

Maybe not the title you would expect to see on a playlist about sex... but this song is intoxicatingly slow and descriptive.

**tRuTh // ZAYN**

Such relaxing vibes with this one. Plus being serenaded by Zayn's dreamy voice? Yes, please.

Body Party // Ciara

This song is all about the intense desire you feel for that one person and how badly you want to be alone with them.

cat person

by colleen fucigna

drawing the line
between "bad sex"
& something worse

Too many popular works of fiction feature female characters that are predictable, lacking depth and lifeless. Oftentimes authors fail to realistically portray women in a way that's relatable. That's not to say that some authors don't capture a spot on portrayal. Author Kristen Roupenian, who published the short story "Cat Person" in *The New Yorker*, managed to do just that. Her brazen characterization of twenty-year-old college student Margot is so personal many women feel that they have shared some of the character's experiences themselves.

Margot meets an older man, Robert, while working at a movie theater and agrees to give him her number. They go back and forth over text making jokes until Margot agrees to see a movie with him. Throughout the story we see Margot's shifting view of Robert seesaw from charming, kind, and funny, to sensitive, vulnerable, and pitiful. She even sees him as naïve and sexually inexperienced, and at points downright disgusting. After their second date and Robert buying her a few drinks (she's underage), Margot goes back to his house and they engage in blatantly bad, cringe worthy sex. The catch is this- while it's all consensual and Margot makes the decision to have sex with Robert, she has moments of doubt but decides "to stop what she had set in motion [would be] overwhelming; it would require an amount of tact and gentleness that she felt was impossible to summon." Margot feels the urgency to avoid hurting Robert at all costs, but recognizes the immense effort and strategy this would take. This reflects the way many women feel, moving about their daily lives so gingerly as to not cause the slightest harm to anyone. She is also afraid that he might think of her as "spoiled and capricious" if she changed her mind about wanting to have sex. In a final effort to get the whole thing over with, she "tried to bludgeon her resistance into submission by taking a sip of the whiskey, but when he fell on top of her with those huge, sloppy kisses... she began to have trouble breathing and to feel that she really might not be able

to go through with it after all." This raises the question, if Margot feels obligated to follow through with her intention to have sex with Robert, is it really her free choice? She is obviously not enjoying it.

Our society puts pressure on women to act in a way that is compliant. So where do we draw the line? As other reviewers have pointed out, Robert had stated that she was drunk right before taking her home. The situation is as messy as it is in real life. To avoid ambiguity, we need to shift our standard to uphold enthusiastic consent. Enthusiastic consent is just what it sounds like-- being as excited for your partner's enjoyment as you are in your own. It is important to understand that consent is mutual, continuous and clear verbal and non-verbal cues without pressure, coercion, and cajoling. After their encounter Margot is stunned at what she's done. How many women have felt similar inexplicable guilt after a sexual encounter? Why is it that she feels guilty and where does that guilt really stem from? Why is it that so many women can relate to this to an extent that would make you shudder? Lastly, in a time of the #MeToo movement, how do we progressively change the ways society has come to understand sexual encounters?



20

the first time is always special... right?

by masha morozov

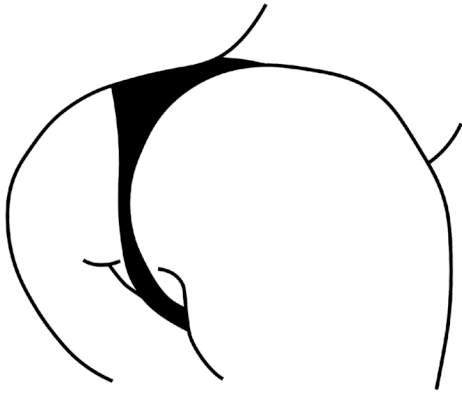
Even for the most open of people, Virginty, or the lack thereof, is something society has completely stigmatized, leading us to believe from a young age that losing it "too early" is a mistake, as is having sex with someone you don't love. And then you're in high school, where you're hit with raging hormones and you start reconsidering every "value" you've ever held. Some people are lucky enough to lose their virginity to someone they love and trust, and some people have god awful experiences. My first time wasn't special in the sense that everything was perfect and my partner and I finished at the same time, but it was special in the sense that I'll probably remember it forever. There is no normal when it comes to having sex or losing your virginity, and if you're like me and play for both teams, you can even have two chances at that first time. Hell, every time can be a first time.

"He asked me what would be my ideal first time. And we both listen to Arctic Monkeys. So the day it was supposed to happen, we talked about it since he didn't want to pressure me or anything. And when we were about to go at it, he turned his roommate's Keurig on which gave the room a blue light. He turned on Arctic Monkeys ("Stop the World", since he knew it's my favorite song), and it was honestly an amazing first time with someone I love. Not forced or pressured, and he kept making sure I was okay and he said we could stop if it ever got too much. I'm so in love with this boy." -Sarah, 19

"I'm a bisexual woman, and my first same-sex sexual experience wasn't until college. It started out as just a math study session with me and two friends. But after the guy left, it ended up just being me and her. My first time being with a fellow woman was a life-changing moment, and until that moment I had never felt so in-touch with my bisexuality." -Bridgette, 20

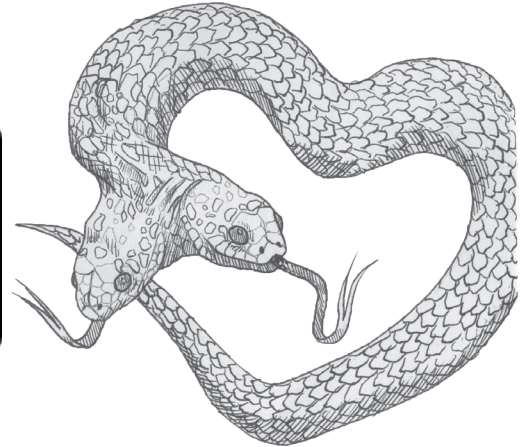
"In highschool, I was in a relationship with a boy in my history class. My parents, who are very strict and religious Chinese parents, were very against me dating in general, but especially anyone who wasn't Chinese. My ex was South American, and my dad DESPISED him, going so far as to block his number and social media from my phone. So we had to get creative. We would do stuff in the back staircase, but ultimately it came down to me losing my virginity in the secret laundry room in the basement of our school." -Emily, 19





"When I was in high school I totally avoided relationships and boys in general, but when I got to college last year I realized that I didn't like that the term virgin was seemingly holding me back. So one night I went to a Four Lokos and Shackles mixer, got zip-tied to a frat boy, and well.... lost my virginity to him upstairs while the party went on. Very drunk and a little clumsy, but I knew what I wanted was that v-card gone! Honestly a shocking story for anyone who actually knows me, but oh well." -Valerie, 19

"The first time I hooked up with a girl, I actually hooked up with two girls. The three of us were celebrating my birthday and it took an unexpected turn that the two had planned unbeknownst to me. Best. Birthday. Ever. They opened my eyes to sex, bisexuality, and group sex." - Jade, 20



"For my high school graduation present, my parents let me go on a trip to Amsterdam with my grandparents. One night, when my grandparents were asleep, I snuck out of our hotel and ventured into the Red Light District on my own. The night ended with me losing my virginity for 50 pounds; we didn't kiss, and I barely even touched her boobs. I tried making small talk by asking her where she's from (Bulgaria), but it didn't keep the encounter from being awkward. At least I got it over with." -Erwin, 19

"I always knew I was bi; maybe I'm more pansexual than bi, because I'm just attracted to people and don't care what they're hiding under their pants. My first time with a guy came after my first time with a girl, but I can definitely say being with a guy influenced some of the things I tend to prefer doing with girls now...anyway, when it came down to it, we couldn't make the big, you know, decision. So we played rock-paper-scissors for it. I won." -Carlo, 21

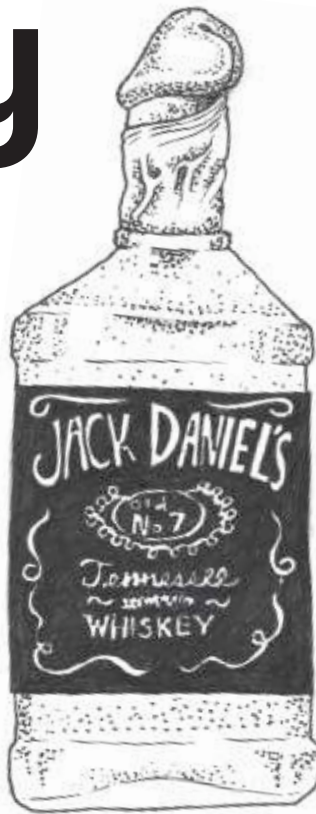
**illustrations by
cassie armon,
plamena diulgerova,
and max samson**

whiskey dick

by eric gaccione

why it happens & how to handle it

Whiskey dick, formally known as alcohol-related erectile dysfunction, is a somewhat humorous subject amongst medical professionals. While a serious matter to those who face it, doctors preach that it is totally normal, but also totally avoidable! Binge drinking has become common in the United States among young adults, and although us rowdy kids enjoy the distasteful and impolite nights of hazy nothingness that is blacking out, our body does not. When excessively inhaling your drink of choice, it is harder for blood to reach different parts of your body; most importantly, your cock. This, along with dehydration and the expansion of one's veins, can cause blood to enter your dong quickly, but leave even quicker. Totally uncool of your capillaries to tease you like that if you ask me.



why it occurs:

Blood vessel dilation doesn't seem like something that will swoop in and ruin your night out, but alas, think again.

Whiskey dick, the villain of all erotic encounters, which everyman has experienced, and that every woman has had to forcefully smile through while stating it's "totally fine," is a pure microcosm of scientific evil.

The limp, alcohol-infused situation is one filled with embarrassment, failed perseverance, and often profuse apologizing. For all the women out there, we're sorry. It's not your fault that my ship has sunk; blame my

asshat friend who bought me four jaeger bombs (shout out Robby Szpak.) To the men who have undergone this problem, during such issue, you probably wished you had never had a penis to begin with. Don't worry, or panic. Whether you call it whiskey dick, beer muff, aqua dong or a soft pretzel, it's happened to the best of us (except DiCaprio, and probably Jesus.) In order to avoid henceforth, you must be educated on the subject; what happens to your body and why is essential to your sexual success rate.

how to combat it:

There is no good way around telling a girl that your joystick is broken and you can't play Melee tonight. You could scream and yell that your wang is broken and that you need a ride to Lourdes, or that it must be the calorie intake of the 6 Hot Pockets you ate before going out, and that your heart will probably stop any minute as well. But why try all that when you could just be honest, crack a shitty joke, ask her what her last name is again, and offer to pay for her cab ride home. Don't act like it's cool, because it definitely isn't, but realize you're human, and that there's nothing else to do at this point. Next time remember to drink more water, eat a little bit before leaving the house, and most importantly, take your time; nobody needs to see you pound bug juice until you can't see or stand. And do not be hard on yourself; that's how you get inside your own head, and end up seeing a sex therapist for the next 15 years. Suck it up, hit the rack, and wake up in the morning a new man with a brand new Louisville Slugger.

the Awkward Virgin™'s guide to making anything sexy, awkward

by madison werner

If everyone's picture was filed away in the dictionary, mine would be right under the entry "awkward virgin." It's just something anyone who has had as much as a five minute conversation with me can sense. Seeing as it'd be a futile attempt to hide this, and I don't have any motivation to, I love using obscure and outdated euphemisms; they're a great way to make my friends just as uncomfortable about mildly sexual conversations as I am. The following guide features the best and worst obscure euphemisms to try today! Use them wisely.

"Dance the matrimonial polka." (1892) A great choice for those friends you're still kind of trying to impress. It's easily understood, but not sexy. It won't derail conversation either, which is great or terrible depending on who you ask. 3/5 ☆☆☆

"Bread and butter fashion." (1788) No one will get it. You'll have to explain. 0/5

"Put it in." (1690) Innocent, but it's still knowing. 4.5/5 ☆☆☆☆

"Put the Pope into Rome." (1700) Everyone's unsettled, but not too unsettled. An unfortunate lack of versatility that earns it only 2/5 ☆☆☆

"Grope for trout in a peculiar river." (1603) The way you say "peculiar" really sells this one. I personally recommend a disappointed inflection. Shame them for their complete lack of fishing ability. 4/5 ☆☆☆☆

"Exercise the ferret." (1963) Wanna make sure someone never mentions sex in your presence ever again? This'll work, but you'll never live it down. 0.5/5 ☆

"Do a bit of business." (1855) Not for those experimenting with the awkward virgin lifestyle, it will get you called out-- hard. There may even be discussions on if you're afraid to say the word sex. These discussions may lead to you being dared to shout sex (and then you saying sex repeatedly at a moderate volume and turning red while being recorded for posterity). I'm just warning you here--that's totally just a hypothetical situation, even if I am better at lying than saying the word sex. 2.5/5 ☆☆☆

"Do the deed of darkness." (1593) Ironically, a great way to lighten the mood when discussing the bad sex decisions of a friend who isn't present. Look over your shoulder dramatically, then stage whisper it while acting a bit horrified. Do it for the Vine. 5/5 ☆☆☆☆☆



art by
maya
kallman

23



taking on the fight: my life after **#MeToo** 25

There's this one scene from the 2010 drama *Blue Valentine* that struck a chord with me. Michelle Williams's character, Cindy, starts tap dancing in the middle of the street as Ryan Gosling's character, Dean, serenades her on ukulele. I subconsciously replicated the scene in the first short film I ever directed. I remember watching *Blue Valentine*, wishing that I could eventually create something as heartbreakingly lovely and vulnerable. In 2018, *Blue Valentine*, and all other films produced by The Weinstein Company, leave a bitter taste in my mouth.

During Harvey Weinstein's reign as a movie tycoon, he produced an impressive list of films: *Submarine*, *My Week with Marilyn*, *Pulp Fiction*, the list goes on. By October 30th last year, over 80 women made allegations of sexual assault against Weinstein. Following these events, both the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Weinstein's own company dismissed him. Decades of silence had been broken. The honesty of his victims, resulting in his fall from grace, brought the hashtag #MeToo to the center of the public eye.

Before any of this occurred, I knew that going into the film industry would mean pushing myself through a male dominated field. The #MeToo movement made me realize that not only did women rarely have a voice for the creative aspects of the field, but women were also being put into vulnerable positions. They had a choice: either ignore the incidents or have the courage to speak up about the sexual misconduct. If they decided to speak up, they would not only have to risk losing their jobs but possibly their lifetime dream as well.

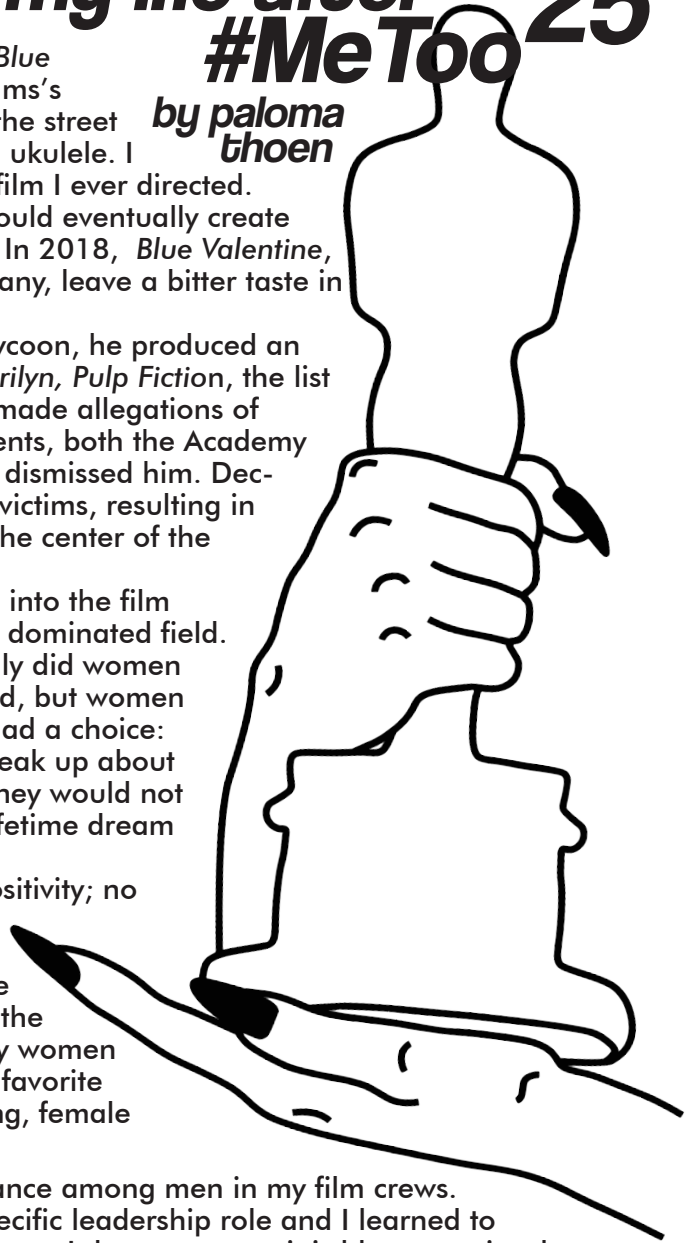
The #MeToo Movement is an outgrowth of positivity; no longer can demeaning women in the workplace be acceptable. It also made me recognize what so many women must have had to go through to pursue their dream of working in film. It made me aware of the cost to women in film; it made me wonder how many women had to go through Weinstein's initiation for all of my favorite films? Did their victimization pave the way for a young, female filmmaker like me?

I had already felt the subliminal air of dominance among men in my film crews. Often, I am largely outnumbered and not given a specific leadership role and I learned to expect to be talked over in discussions. In my experience, I do not suspect it is blatant sexism but rather the unconscious expectations of males who are used to things being easily handed to them. And so, women of my generation, women of the #MeToo generation, must use their voice and raise it when necessary.

The complaints are in but the tide has not yet turned. Women in film are still not getting their due credit. For example, Greta Gerwig was not nominated for best director at the Golden Globes, nor the BAFTA, although her film *Lady Bird* broke the Rotten Tomatoes record for having a 100% perfect score. Mark Wahlberg earned \$1.5 million for the reshooting of *All the Money in the World*, while leading Michelle Williams earned less than \$1,000.

When Alyssa Milano wrote to her Twitter account, "If you've been sexually harassed or assaulted write 'me too' as a reply to this tweet," over 12 million individuals declared #MeToo within the first 24 hours of the post's publishing. I am so happy for the silence breakers. I am proud of the individuals who found the courage within them to fight against a system that has treated us unjust. I want the film industry to recognize women of all nationalities and identities as equals and for movies to trust them with creative leadership. Who knows, maybe one day I'll have my own *Blue Valentine*.

by paloma
thoen



art by plamena diulgerova

What do *Saving Private Ryan* and *BUKKAKE FANTASY XXX* have in common? They're both movies! Despite differing plots, they're both cinema, with actors, setting, and, of course, a climax. It's often forgotten that porn is film (it's the adult FILM industry), so we should critique and analyze it just as we do with other films. So, here's analyses of some Pornhub cinema.

3 Doctors, 1 Patient, & a Young Nurse Gangbang 🍆🍆

From the "Czech" category, this film follows a patient who needs three doctors, as well as a nurse for his undiagnosed illness. To build suspense, we're left to wonder what it is as they gangbang for 5.5 minutes. In most frames, we can only see the female nurse's face amongst the conglomeration of hairless bodies throughout the scene. I think the decision to keep the nurse's struggling face visible stresses how important nurses are in the healthcare field. The film ends mid-gangbang, the nurse's face still visible; a nurse's job is never done, I suppose.

🍆🍆🍆🍆🍆 **Phineas and Ferb Hentai**

This film documents Phineas, Ferb, and their big sister Candace engaging in a threesome: a total failure of the Westermarck effect. The dynamics of the Flynn-Fletcher family is subject to psychoanalysis. Ferb's inclination to fuck his step-sister is rooted in the absence of his biological mother. Mrs. Flynn-Fletcher is typically absent as well, leaving Candace to watch over the boys, becoming an authoritative, yet maternal figure. Sibling rivalry for the affection of an absent parent falters, and affection becomes redirected for each other. Thanks, Freud!

Big boobs sexy smoker 🍆🍆🍆🍆

The standard frame rate for movies is 24FPS, but this one's 60FPS. A higher frame rate is good for smoother shots of fast movement, like skateboarding. Here, however, we see a stationary shot of a sitting female, smoking a cigarette indoors and masturbating as she gazes blankly into the camera, a diegetic blues guitar track playing in the back. I could understand the benefits of 60FPS for porn involving fast action, but this was slow, lacking energy and life. Here, a high frame rate serves no purpose, giving way to absurdist interpretation. To film such a mundane act in an unnecessary frame rate acts as a metaphor for the lack of value and meaning behind any of our actions (and probably the futility of life).

🍆🍆🍆🍆 **THIS CLOWN SUCKS AND FUCKS 2**

This is definitely a criticism of American politics. The clown girl represents our government. The man represents the American people. Since it's filmed from his POV, therefore ours, it's symbolic for how we're literally being fucked by the clowns of government. He remains silent throughout the scene, a silence similar to the citizens' in this "democracy." The government thinks they "know what [we] need" (a phrase she keeps repeating), when in reality, they're just leaving a mess in our lives, similar to the mess her clown lipstick leaves on the man's penis.

Japanese actress has definitely nice biceps 🍆🍆🍆🍆🍆

There's not much analysis for this one from the "SFW" category, but I found it visually striking. A clip from a Japanese talk show with no subtitles, a woman stands up and exposes her arm. Everyone cheers as she flexes, and I must admit, she really did have "definitely" nice biceps!

i just don't have it in me (no pun intended)

Virginity is a social construct created to make everyone feel guilty no matter what choices they make. Regardless of what path is chosen, the societal value of virginity will nevertheless cause discourse. You can be regarded as a prude, a slut, or a variety of other derogatory terms- so there's essentially no outcome that is preferred. The traditional values of virginity are ignorant to any form of intercourse other than vaginal penetration. Not to mention, its fetishization on this so called "purity" is damaging to anyone, including survivors of sexual assault- being seen as impure in response to another's horrendous actions isn't exactly fair.

There is a natural romanticism of virginity, which leads many to speak as if it were a tangible object to give or take, allowing it to determine our worth. Sexual encounters are not a competition, they are our own personal choices that should be respected.

In some cases, when a lack of respect exists, there is the possibility of societal pressure. Being around others who have had experiences you can't relate to can be difficult. It feels like you're not contributing to a conversation that you aren't a part of in the first place. This could lead to an unhealthy rush into something you might not actually want or be ready for. You may end up doing something (or someone) that you'll regret later on. Even worse, you could be putting yourself in harms way all for the sake of "fitting in."

So far, I've made the active decision not to involve myself in scenarios where sex is a possibility, due in part to unfortunate social anxiety. This hasn't had a particularly large effect on my life; sure I don't have any funny or exciting stories to share, but I can easily fill those conversational gaps with second hand experience (if you know what I mean). Sure, whatever happens, happens- but sex is not something I'm actively seeking nor do I see it as an extremely necessary part of a relationship. This is my own preference in regards to a small aspect of life, and I don't use it to define myself.

To be completely honest, virginity from a social perspective is pretty much pointless heteronormativity at its finest. There are various other forms of intercourse that don't fit the mold that defines losing virginity. This isolates and invalidates experiences for many. It's basically just a label used to degrade people whether they identify with it or not. After thinking about it, there really aren't any positive societal aspects to the concept in its entirety.

Your sex life doesn't define you. Being a virgin doesn't make you a lesser person, nor does it make you a better one. No one should be shamed for their preference so long as they aren't harming anyone.

illustration by colleen fucigna

by faith medina

common miscon-sex-tions by sophie miller

Recently I overheard a conversation that went like this: "You can get STIs from kissing." - "What? No you can't." - "Well, that's what they taught us in sex-ed. - "They also teach you that you can get pregnant from pre-cum." So, it seems like we have some things to discuss.

losing your virginity

- There are tons of things that need to be cleared up when it comes to losing your virginity. First of all, there's no "right age" and it doesn't matter if it's with the love of your life or a stranger from Tinder as long as you're comfortable and ready.
- You're also not "losing" anything. Despite the fact that some guys will get cocky (no pun intended) after having sex for the first time, it probably won't make you feel too different.
- Everyone is different. Sex isn't supposed to hurt, and you're not supposed to bleed. Of course it happens sometimes, but there's not really such a thing as "popping your cherry," so if you're bleeding profusely or in a ton of pain, hit up the doctor.

reciprocation

- Just because he goes down on you, doesn't mean you have to return the favor. Vice versa. He doesn't owe you anything either. It's important to discuss and respect boundaries!

obligation

- You are literally not obligated to do anything. I don't care if he bought you dinner or told you he loved you, or you said yes and then changed your mind. You're under no obligation to do anything you don't want to do, so don't feel pressured to go along with it.

body count

- People tend to feel embarrassed about having had sex with only a handful of people, and others tend to feel ashamed about having sex with too many people. Your number isn't too high or too low. It just doesn't matter how many people you've slept with as long as you're being safe and you're happy!

lube! lube! lube!

- A lot of teenagers believe they shouldn't need to use lube, and if they do, there's a problem. You may want to talk to your partner about utilizing foreplay to make sure you're better lubricated naturally, but the reality is, using lube during sex is perfectly normal!

orgasms

- Many girls think it's impossible to orgasm from penetration, but that isn't the case, so that's something to consider and work on with your partner.
- Incorporating toys into sex can be a great way to reach orgasm. Cock rings, bullet vibrators, and countless options await you.
- It's totally okay to not orgasm from sex, so don't beat yourself up if it doesn't happen.

sex vs. porn

- Sex isn't like porn, it can be awkward and messy and hilarious. Don't be upset if things don't go as planned, and communicate with your partner.

defining sex

- A lot of people think of sex as penetration between a man and a woman. But that's really not the case. There are a lot of different ways to have sex and different things that constitute sex amongst people of different genders. Explore your options!

girls masturbate?

- Surprise! It turns out, they do. It's normal!

STIs = sex without a condom

- STIs can be spread lots of fun ways, and even if someone says that they're clean, it doesn't mean they are. Be careful. It's totally okay to use condoms/dental dams during oral sex.

the pull out method

- Out of all the methods of contraception, pulling out is definitely not high up on the list. Playing games with your health is never justified. Just use a condom!

consent

- It's assumed that guys are always in the mood to have sex, and only girls need to give consent, but that's not the case. It's important that it's made clear that this is something both partners want to partake in!

UTIs

- Hey, people with vaginas! Always pee after sex! It's super important to do in order to avoid getting a UTI. Try to pee before sex, too.

vaginal discharge

- It's totally normal, natural and healthy. But, if there are any changes or causes for concern, consult a doctor!

the pill

- Birth control is important to discuss. People don't realize how many options they really have here. First of all, it's okay if you don't want to be on birth control. You're not alone in that! But, if you do want birth control, the pill isn't your only choice. Definitely talk to your doctor and find out about your options, there are birth control shots, patches, IUDs with or without hormones, and hormonal rods implanted into your arm!! The world is your birth control oyster.
- Just because you're taking birth control doesn't mean you shouldn't use a condom. Birth control does not prevent the spread of STIs!

eating pussy 101

Say it with me kids, *Cunillingus!*

Whatever you like to call it- eating out, going down, giving head, carpet munching, or (damn, you probably thought it wouldn't get worse) ...muff riding... it's safe to say that we can all admit that the act of eating out a vagina is, quite frankly, an art form. As with any form of art, men don't understand it. We won't judge -- it doesn't come as naturally to some as it does to others, so here are some tips from two not-very-straight girls on how to keep your person with a Vagina satisfied.

It is important to remember that everyone likes something different, so listen to your partner. If they seem to be enjoying something, you don't necessarily need to speed it up or increase pressure. If you do, they'll likely ask.

Let's talk tongue: it should be the primary part of your mouth involved. Moisture level can be confusing. A good rule of thumb is that you want some slip. As with everything, a little texture is important. A bit of lips, suction or even gentle grazing, biting (do not fucking bite the clit so help me) or tugging with your teeth can keep things interesting and switch up sensations. However, letting your partner get worked up with one sensation that gradually builds up pleasure is a pretty good way to go. For example, tease them with broad tongue strokes over the clit at a medium-slow pace to start and get them ready and craving it.

A lot of the pleasure experienced with cunilingus is dependant on the PWV being able to get into the right headspace. Make them feel desirable, and let them know that this is something you want to be doing. They need to relax, fantasize and let themselves give in to sensations.

Switching up your pace a bit or flicking your wet tongue very quickly can build up pleasure. Even for people who cannot orgasm, of which I am

by sam mure
& anon

29

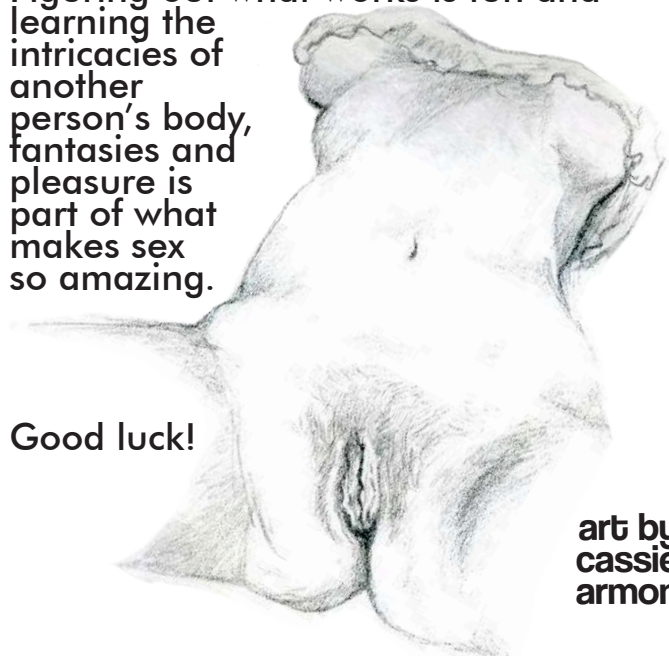
one, this building and teasing is fun.

I have heard a lot of complaints about eating pussy from men. My ratio of oral sex given to oral sex received is about 100:10. That is rude. Enthusiastic consent is important, and I would never want someone to engage in any sex act they weren't comfortable with. However, this cultural gap in oral reciprocity is largely based on sexism, misinformation, and selfishness.

Vaginas are not gross and eating pussy is really not that difficult. I have done it for 45 minutes and my jaw is still attached to my face. It's fine. You don't need to unhinge your jaw or even move your mouth that much. Find a motion your partner likes and roll with it, tease a bit when you are tired, or use fingers if they like that. You can vary sensations without even using your mouth. Moving away for a moment while the clitoris exposed allows cool air to touch it, which can be stimulating. Some people like having their inner thighs bitten or scratched or having their pussy gently smacked. Ask your partner. Feel it out.

As with anything in life, you can only get better through practice. Show some love to your consenting partners and let them tell you what feels good. Figuring out what works is fun and learning the intricacies of another person's body, fantasies and pleasure is part of what makes sex so amazing.

Good luck!



art by
cassie
armon

30 *jesus is watching me masturbate*

by helena ojarovsky

Dear God, I'm sorry. We both know I have premarital sex and masturbate...

I was raised in a strongly Protestant household. I attended church weekly, went through all the levels of Sunday school, and memorized Bible verses with a fervor (if I were to apply the same passion to my school work, I'd graduate with a 4.0, no doubt). Here's the kicker, I was homeschooled by my god-fearing parents till 9th grade so my education was religious based. The birds and the bees talk consisted of my mother handing me a book that described sex in the most medical terms imaginable. Probably to dry all possible cum. Sex was emphatically stressed as something designed for a man and a woman to have on their wedding night, in whatever position was best for baby making. Any other form of sexual expression (porn, masturbation, etc.) was frowned upon. Even kissing was considered sacred and not to just be "given away." Thanks to this upbringing, sex become an incredibly shameful phenomenon. A combination of sexual ignorance and instructed disapproval left my teenage years full of awkward experiences, unsure actions, and utter embarrassment.

My first sexual experience was extremely unsure. My first boyfriend put his hand up my shirt when I was still unsure if I wanted to do anything with him. Part of me still thought I should wait till marriage like I was taught. I could have stopped him if I wanted to but I felt voiceless. I felt utterly ashamed that I even considered waiting till marriage.

Later, I slept with the next boyfriend, or as the heathen kids call it, "hooking up." I saw this action I saw it as rebellion, a fuck-you to the years of youth group that encourage abstinence till the holy bonds of marriage. But still I felt dirty standing in church service knowing if my parents knew it would break their hearts. I wanted to treat sex like it was no biggie, but I could see my mother's disapproving voice droning on about "giving



art by
maya
kallman
& helena
ojarovsky

away your flower."

It was only recently that I confronted the duality of my sexual existence. I consider myself a ~ sexually liberated liberal woman~ which meant pushing aside my deeply religious upbringing and pretending like the years of shame had magically disappeared. But they hadn't; they had merely been pushed aside. In a recent NSFW sexual experience I had, my body shut down. Years of underlying shame about sex, coupled with an exterior of total coolness, met and climaxed ;). It was finally too much; the duality of my existence regarding sex collapsed.

Realization is the most valuable tool. I want to embrace my past, no matter how much I have rejected its teachings or its prevailing shame that I battle. I'm not blaming Jesus, but his teachings created a realm of shame regarding something I believe to be natural and healthy. I



sex ed:

our right to knowledge

by allison young

Between my friends' whispers at sleepovers and the outdated VHS tapes I watched in health class, it's difficult to articulate the beginning of my sex education. Was it when my friend told me you could get pregnant from a boy's pee? Or maybe it was my textbook's inaccurate diagram showing the clitoris as a purposeless, pea-sized dot. I remember learning that my hymen would painfully tear during sex; I learned that HIV positive people could never be intimate; and most importantly, if there's no penis involved, there's no sex. It took me years to realize that these ideas were not only false, but also dangerous. They perpetuate outdated pretenses of virginity and heteronormativity, invalidating sexual experiences that stray from penetration. They offer fear, not solutions. Short-sighted and censored sex education leaves young people afraid of their own bodies. We fear disease, pain, even our own appearances. So many of my friends thought that their vaginas, while perfectly healthy, were misshapen, ugly, and repulsive. Because we never learned about

anatomical variety, we believed what movies and porn told us we should look like. And so did our partners.

After rejecting the shame that my conservative, abstinence-only high school instilled in its students, my friends and I realized we were all having similar, sometimes confusing experiences--and we needed to talk about it. With the same curiosity we had at those sleepovers, we began asking each other more questions, except this time we weren't whispering. We took to erotic novels, to the nearest Planned Parenthood, and of course, to the internet. The more we owned our sex education, the more dissatisfied I became with the classroom. And while utilizing outside resources was a good place to start, we still had to comb through all the false information online, too.

Every young person has the right to accurate, up-to-date sex education. Sex education should be a conversation, not a dictation. Young people deserve a diverse approach to learning, one that does not exclude identities or shame differences. By now, we should know that an abstinence only curriculum is not our only option. Teachers should ask their students what they want to know, facilitate healthy discussions about consent, and fulfil their responsibility to accurate information. For now, keep asking questions, keeping talking with your partners, and when someone has something to say about their experience, listen. Also, you should Google, "how big is the clitoris?" You might be surprised-- I know I was.

-
- **Here are some great online** •
- **resources for sex education:** •
- killerandasweetthang.com •
- yoursexylibrarian.com •
- wildflowersex.com •
- omgyes.com •
-

