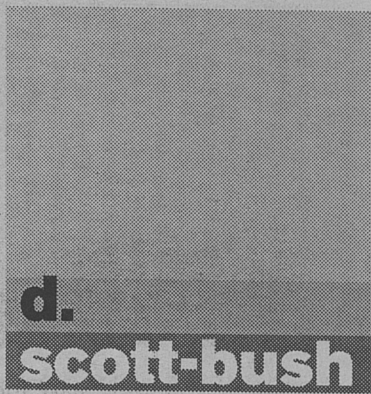


Naked Curiosity: Tell a Friend

“It’s amazing,” Paul gushed. “There’s nothing like it.” My friend was raving about a product called “pocket penis” that he’d been turned on to by a casual-sex buddy. The sensation generated by the masturbation sleeve was so glorious that Paul, who’s usually quite shy, felt compelled to effuse about the wiener wonder not just with friends but to perfect strangers, as well. I passed along Paul’s penile pleasure report to another friend. Brett responded appreciatively and also told me about a gadget that he’d been using with marvelous results. It attaches to the underside of the penis, between the head and shaft, and sends mild electrical pulses to the sensitive area. It had been cus-

Each of us would share details about a recent boyfriend or trick who had a special sexual talent that could be appreciated by someone else.

tom-made by one of Brett’s ex-boyfriends and given to him as parting gift when their relationship ended. Brett reminded me of the time I took him to a gathering at my friend Todd’s apartment. Todd was my window into the world of leather and kink and my mentor on many occasions when situations arose and I needed his guidance. Every six weeks or so, Todd would invite a group of us to his place for how-to demonstrations and a forum for



exchanging tips, ideas and, often, the names of former tricks and boyfriends who were particularly skilled at certain things. Several times a year, Todd would invite friends of his who owned or managed stores that specialized in adult toys to come to the parties. You really haven’t lived ’til you’ve been in a room full of gay men brandishing dildos and discussing the relative merits of the various sizes and shapes. We often named the dildos, based on their resemblance to former sex partners. Todd would ask the toy merchants to show how their wares were worn and used. Considering how complicated some of the genital harnesses and other accessories could be, the lessons were informative as well as entertaining. To many of us, buying sex toys in a setting like Todd’s parties was more appealing than going into a seedy shop to make a similar purchase. As much as I enjoyed the how-to, where-to and when-to lessons and demonstrations, it was the anecdotal information shared by the other men that provided the most fun. It was at one of Todd’s parties that I learned about how the application of a handful of ice to one’s testicles – right at the moment of ejaculation – can provide a remarkably high-flying release. Anther guy was an expert on what fruit sauces, whipped cream and chocolate made the best combination for eating off someone else’s body. My friend, Joey, had a list of the Manhattan department stores with the most active restrooms for

workday and weekend quickies. He’d done exhaustive research and showed us a notebook filled with locations, times and even drawings of the restroom layouts. Of course, we had that dual-edged moment of erotic fascination with his information and unnerved concern that our friend had too much time on his hands and was spending too much time on his knees. Todd always initiated the boyfriend- and trick-recycling part of the parties. Each of us would share details about a recent boyfriend or trick with whom we were no longer involved but who had a redeeming quality (usually a special sexual talent) that could be appreciated by someone else. I remember telling the guys about a guy I dated for a while who was really into licking in and around my ears. That activity has always made me involuntarily shake my head like a cocker spaniel and, so, the obsessive ear-licker was of no long-term interest to me. Another guy at that party absolutely loved having his ears worked that way and I gave him the lick’s phone number and my blessing. I got hooked up with a guy I dated for three weeks by another one of Todd’s party-goers who didn’t like his nipples worked. His castoff was very into nipples and I reaped the rewards. I didn’t bargain for him being into nipples to the exclusion of other erogenous zones but the upshot, no pun intended, was that we both enjoyed the three weeks we were dating and both moved on to other relationships amicably. With our toys and experiences, we should all be more like the old Breck shampoo commercial. Tell two friends and they’ll tell two friends and so on and so on. Share the tips and share the fun. It’s amazing. There’s nothing like it. ▼

D. Scott-Bush’s work appears in publications throughout the country. E-mail may be directed to NakedCuriosity@aol.com. ©2002

the Israelis and the Palestinians and the threat of a second war in the Persian Gulf. It didn’t help that the original logo of the Raelian Movement was a swastika inside a Star of David – a symbol that outraged the Israelis (the swastika was subsequently replaced with a spiral, so that the Raelian logo now resembles a pinwheel). My French-Canadian companion and I have had on-again, off-again contacts with the Raelians for the past 10 years. Personally, I also believe that ETs

exist – the universe is far too vast for we Earthlings to be alone. But I’m not convinced of the Raelian belief that we Earthlings were created by ETs in alien laboratories. The very notion begs the question, “If ETs created us, then who created the ETs?” ▼ *Skeeter Sanders is a frequent contributor to Out in the Mountains who lives in St. Albans.*

Cloning

cont’d from previous page
only imagine what they think about the sex-abuse scandal that’s rocked the Catholic priesthood). A major mission of the Raelians, aside from the cloning project, is construction of an “Embassy of the Elohim” in Jerusalem in preparation for the arrival of “our fathers from space” by 2010. That may prove to be a real-life “mission: impossible,” with the worsening war between

“The Best Restaurant in Town!”
-John Powers, *The Boston Globe*



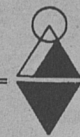
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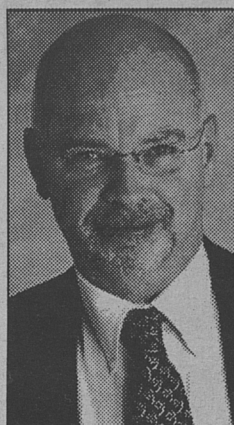
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