

Let's Talk About Sex?

I don't often read a book and find myself laughing, sympathising or generally recognising own experiences and opinions. However for every rule there has to be an exception, and when it comes to this specific rule the exception is 'Girl With a One Track Mind: Exposed' by Abby Lee. Abby, writing under her pseudonym, originally started out as a blogger, sharing her experiences, feelings and opinions on well, sex. She is refreshing, honest and an absolute joy to read and I have to say I regret that I have not come across her before picking up her second book to read on a train journey. What surprised me a lot whilst reading the book was discovering how her real name was printed, by the Sunday Times no less, after the release of her first book. It's not like she is the first author to write under a pseudonym, and she definitively will not be the last. However, she is perhaps the first female to write such an explicit real life account of her sex life, and although most people seem to love it, a woman having an honest approach to sex is seemingly more newsworthy than your normal murder and mayhem stories.

I heard somewhere that the British do not see themselves as prudes, although the normal consensus in Europe and most parts of the Western World is, well, that you are. Perhaps this misguided perception amongst the British public is caused by the notion that teenage pregnancy and sex as a result of binge drinking is acceptable. However the fact that Britain seems to accept that kids are having kids and people old enough to know better get so drunk they can't even remember if they had sex last night doesn't mean you're not still prudish, it just means you're capable of picking up a paper and as with news in general, you get desensitised. However if you try to actually talk about sex, outside the ask 'insert name of doctor/agonist aunt/generally over-/undersexed z list celebrity (Jodie Marsh springs to mind) here' columns in a women's magazine and you may as well wear a sign on your forehead declaring you're a freak. Sex should be fun, pleasurable, exciting and talked about. If it was there may be a lot more satisfied, and less miserable, British boys and girls out there. Especially girls.

Now earlier when I was slightly, just slightly, criticising binge drinking, I was not actually bashing casual sex with the same stone. I believe that casual sex can be great, of course it can also be highly unsatisfying, but then sex with your husband of ten years can be pretty rubbish if you're still too repressed to tell him how to please you. Now if my mum or anyone else in my close family is reading this, you may want to skip the next part or probably stop reading all together. Personally it will not bother me if you keep reading, but I have to be honest, it probably will bother you. I am a pleaser. I always have been a pleaser. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but they, whoever 'they' may be, could not be more wrong. If you know how to give good head, and you enjoy it, than that is one hell of a good way of leaving a good impression on a man. Being a good cook certainly helps too, hell a man has to eat, but trust me, it's going to take a lot more than a casserole to keep a man happy for any lengthy period of time. Now I have always been very open about my sexuality, with the people I knew could handle it and wouldn't blush at my directness as I will not go out of my way to make other people embarrassed. Except for if it may amuse me. When it comes to what I like all my sexual partners have been made well aware of this, whether you were male or female, although some have been better at providing it than others. Mum if you are still reading, you really, probably

should have stopped a few minutes ago. However, just because I am a pleaser, and I really am making someone else orgasm is one of the most satisfying things I can think of, that does not mean I do not I want to be fully satisfied too. I realise in writing this I may be making some people feel slightly uncomfortable, although chances are that that just means you're not getting the great sex that everyone deserves.

The most satisfying thing about reading 'Exposed' was to see that there are British women out there who knows what they want, know how to get it and this one girl certainly has no problem talking about it. If reading my short and not very detailed comments on sex makes you even the slightest bit uncomfortable you will probably turn deep red reading anything by 'The Girl', but you may very well come out the other side feeling a lot better. Especially about sex. I am not saying that she's a miracle worker or anything, but I'm sure that a lot of women has read her blog or either of her books and gained more confidence after seeing someone write about her personal experiences so openly. Lets face it, whether you're 18 or 80, yes old people have sex too, there is no point in having sex if you're not going to enjoy it. Maybe you can't enjoy it because you're simply not comfortable in your own skin, but men have wobbly bits too and they can be just as self conscious as us girls. However if you can get past that bit and just enjoy each other, talk to each other and explore each other, you may just find that you'll be a generally happier person. Make sure you sleep with someone you have chemistry with though, you'll still have the odd crap shag, but sexual chemistry goes a hell of a long way. Tell him what you like, find out what turns him on and just get satisfied. Don't just lay there stiff like a plank making up mental shopping lists in your head whilst moaning in time with his misplaced affections. If he can't find the right spot, grab his head and guide him there, or just show him. Trust me, if he's worth having sex with he'll appreciate the honesty, as it's not just you it will benefit.

In short, even if you're not quite ready to embrace your own sexuality, please do read the two books by Abby Lee which can be found in all good bookstores both in the High Street and online or head over to her blog at <http://girlwithaonetrackmind.co.uk>. I'm using her pen name in this piece as that's what she writes under, although you may have seen her real name in columns for the Guardian or Observer, Zoe Margolis. Just give it a chance, I promise it will make you smile, laugh and maybe even bring a little tear to your eye. She's a wonderful blogger and writer and I just wish there were more women like her out there.