

# KISSED

Summer 2021



## *Slow sex*

Listening to your inner self

## SURVEYING THE BODY

Why loving yourself isn't easy

## *Threesome*

Turning a fantasy into reality





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# Classy, Sassy, Sexy

Seven years ago, we launched *Séparée*, a German-language magazine focused on female sensuality and passion, with women as our original target group. For decades, the usual women's magazines have served us up the standard fare of fashion, beauty advice, and diet recipes, spiced up with the ever self-defeating tips on the Ten Ways to Make Him Happy in Bed or advice on how to tighten our vaginas after pregnancy. Back then, there was no feminine equivalent to Playboy and its skinny girls, dick jokes and Bond-like characters out to save the world. Not that that was what we wanted. Quality adult entertainment for women was as hard to come by as a good mind-blowing orgasm! It was time for a paradigm shift.

We soon learned that people of all genders and sexual orientations were responding positively to our approach. The need to talk and learn about sex in an oversexed but underf\*\*ked world was enormous. A world where men aren't aware of what women really want because they are too often ashamed to say it out loud. After all, we have all learned to devalue our own desires, obey taboos, and vilify the erotic. We learn to compromise before we learn to come.

On our journey, we have realized how little we still know about our own bodies and how insecure many people are when it comes to their own sexual fantasies and desires. It is difficult for us to say yes to our own pleasure, to love our bodies, and to prioritize our own joy. Most women grow up thinking we are flawed and need to fix everything about ourselves. But what we don't see is that the thing we're really missing is sexual confidence. Sexuality is probably the strongest force that drives us. We are all sexual beings and need to reclaim the power that comes with a healthy relationship with our own passion.

KISSED Magazine creates a world where humans of all ages and genders can embrace their sexuality with positivity and confidence. We want to encourage our readers to explore their desires, to feel comfortable and confident in their own body, and to communicate their sensual needs without censorship. And to realize and utilize the pure, creative power that grows from uninhibited pleasure.

In this issue, the real-life lovers and models of our couples photoshoot demonstrate that you don't need to be a size zero to have a happy love life. On a related note, Giselle Bernard in her article on self-care, describes difficulties she overcame in reconciling herself with her body. And the an-



cient art of Ayurveda, as practitioner Aurelia Glück explains it, might just open the doors to the sacred temple of femininity. But for as much as we should all treat ourselves like Goddesses – check out Dutch photographer Lilith's cheeky self-portraits – we still live in a world that's deeply rooted in patriarchy.

Misogyny is a word that has trumped its way back into our active vocabulary since the late 2010s. The pandemic has shed light into corners we didn't want to see and showed us that when the bottom drops out, it's women who shoulder the triple burden of housework, remote schooling, and all the while working from home. Kristen Ghodsee explains in this issue why economic independence translates into a happier sexual life. KISSED does not take a political stance, nor is it a feminist publication by intention. But the mere fact that we put forward a female perspective gives us a political edge.

We are very excited to finally go global. Our mission is to reach out to people around the world and we look forward to sharing intimate insights across cultures. We invite you not only to sit down and enjoy this magazine but also ask you to share your ideas on sensuality, eroticism, sex and all the rest with us. To avoid censorship and in an effort to be sensitive to social taboos still existing in many countries, KISSED contains less explicit imagery than our German edition, though – we're sure – it'll get your imagination rolling nevertheless and create a visual backdrop to your fantasies.

*f. / a. l. / Ute Glück*



BODY

- 20 Elea & Vicky  
Couples Photography *by Yvonne Sophie Thöne*
- 36 Sheet Music  
Male Nude *by Alexandra Siering*
- 52 Domestic Goddess  
Femme Fatale *by Lilith*
- 74 Men  
Fine Art Photography *by Kenneth Gruenboltz*



- 06 Contributors
- 86 Subscription
- 93 Brands

MIND

- 12 Surveying the Body  
Self-care *by Giselle Bernard*
- 15 Fucking for Peace  
Trouble Spot *by Beate Kruse*
- 16 Good Things Come in Threes  
Self-experiment *by Michaela Reifeland*
- 26 Sense and Sensuality  
Ayurveda *by Aurelia Glück*
- 30 How Socialism Can Improve Your Sex Life  
Interview *with Kristen Ghodsee*
- 46 On the Prowl for #3  
A Bedtime Story *by Ida J.*
- 50 Louder isn't always Better  
Lovers *by Yella Cremer*
- 66 Let's Talk about Male Sexuality  
Interview *with Christian Seidel*
- 81 Uncensored  
Behind the Scenes *with Kenneth Gruenboltz*
- 92 Sorry, Baby, no more Yang!  
Column *by Jannek Blume*

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I6



20



# SOUL

- 08 Taming a Lion**  
Inspirational Role Play
- 10 Lonely Together**  
Mantuary
- 35 Lady Libido and the Kiss Curse**  
Sequel *by Mia Schwinge*
- 70 Poetry** *by Julie Robbins*
- 71 The Coward**  
Singles Blog *by Una G.*
- 87 The Best of Two Worlds**  
Toy Test *by Simon Penn*
- 88 Dita von Teese**  
Lingerie Love *by Lea Becker*

35



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### **YVONNE SOPHIE THÖNE**

Yvonne is a former primary school teacher who holds a Ph.D. in theology. Today, as a photographer, she is particularly fond of portraying women in sensual and often nostalgic settings. Her specialty is showing off the facets of femininity, particularly seductive femmes fatales in love with their bodies. She also captures the diversity of female eroticism. The two gorgeous women she depicted for this issue are also a loving couple in real life.

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*Page 20*



### **KRISTEN GHODSEE**

As a professor of Russian and East European Studies at the University of Pennsylvania in the United States, her research focuses on gender relations in post-socialist countries. Multiple visits to the Max Planck Institute in Rostock and the Freiburg Institute for Advanced Studies have repeatedly brought her back to Germany. Kristen Ghodsee was also a fellow at the renowned Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton University. We had a fascinating interview with her about sex and socialism.

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*Page 30*



### **GISELLE BERNARD**

Born in Scotland and raised in France, Giselle Bernard is proficient in both languages. After living in England for a few years, she came to Berlin in 2019, where she currently studies history. In her spare time, she enjoys reading the works of forgotten and lesser-known queer writers, playing out-of-tune pianos, and mastering her third language – German. In this issue, she shares valuable lessons in self-care.

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*Page 12*



# SLOWSEX

## MANIFESTO

NO FICTION, NO ACTING, NO JUDGEMENTS,  
NO COMPARISONS, NO FEAR, NO GUILT NOR  
SHAME. OUR PLEASURE SHOULD BE RULED BY  
NO ONE BUT OURSELVES AND STARTS WITH  
SELF-LOVE, SELF-RESPECT, SELF-KNOWLEDGE  
AND SELF-ACCEPTANCE. PLEASURE KNOWS NO  
GENDER AND SEXUAL FREEDOM SHOULDN'T  
EITHER. SLOW SEX CLAIMS THE FREEDOM TO  
FEEL AND ENJOY OURSELVES BEYOND ANY  
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# TAMING A LION

A FULL-GROWN LION IS NOT HARMLESS, nor is it easy to handle. And I know what I'm talking about, because I have a particularly challenging specimen at home. In the early days after my lion came to me a few years ago, I approached him more than once with blind trust and only narrowly escaped. What I didn't know at the time was that the lion was actually afraid of me, or more specifically, of the cage he thought I would put him in, so he fought back. You see, my lion is a freedom-loving creature and doesn't thrive well in captivity. It makes him sad to live in a cage; it robs him of his dignified bearing, and his fur loses its shine. So, I started leaving the door open and acting as carefully as I could. But still, he kept biting and scratching whenever I got too close. He never ran away completely, but would hide in a corner and not want to play or even be cuddled any more, something he liked very much.

It has taken a lot of patience – more than ever before – for him to trust me. Now, he rarely roars or sulks. He even deigns to occasionally eat out of the palm of my hand, and I've even dared to put my head in his mouth. My lion

is still the proud wild animal he was back then, but

he's learned not to raise his claws at me anymore. He would fight for me with unbroken

strength for the rest of his

life if I asked him to. He hunts and brings me food and lies at my feet and adores me. From time to time, my dangerous lion likes to roam curiously in the wild, but he always comes back. Then happily lays his mane in my lap and purrs at me like a kitten, because no one can stroke him as well as I can. ♥

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*Tamer costume by baed stories, top with shoulder hoops, high panties and stocking belt; EUR 164;  
[www.baedstories.com](http://www.baedstories.com)*

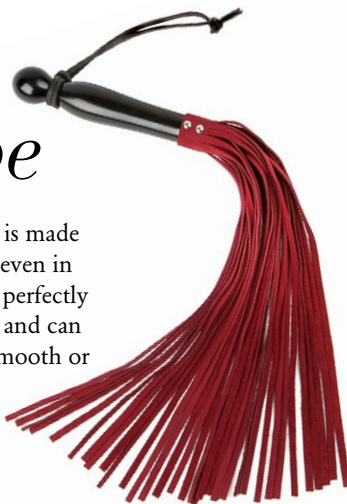




## Keeping Things in Shape

The 30-tail Senorita stroking whip from dos santos is made of soft calfskin and is suitable for warm-up games even in sensitive areas. The short, polished ebony handle is perfectly skin-friendly, with no additional stains or coatings, and can also be used as a dildo. The whip is available with smooth or suede calfskin in different colours.

*Whip, total length 50 cm, EUR 180;  
www.dossantosshop.com*



## Mouth-Watering

Keep wild predators in check with this mouth gag in the shape of a bone.

The metal buckle at the back of the head has a loop that can even be secured with a small padlock (not included). The bone gag is made of medical silicone and very easy to clean.  
100% vegan.

*Gag, EUR 59; www.schwarzer-reiter.com*



## Let the Show Begin



Have you ever noticed how often IKEA furniture appears in the background of any given porno setting? It's fun to spot when you get the chance. These steel-framed, plastic-topped stools are great for all kinds of stunts in the main ring. Secure two stools together to make a larger platform. Plus, they have been tested to withstand up to 110 kg each.

*Stool/side table Tranarö, EUR 16;  
www.ikea.com*

## Allez-oop!

Unfortunately, rings of fire aren't ideally suitable for the bedroom, but this hot ring from Rosebuds is a good alternative. With a diameter of 54 mm, a whole lion won't fit through, but his privates will certainly enjoy a firm embrace from the two bronze female figures.

*Ballring, EUR 110; www.rosebuds.net*



## Wild Beasts

This sleek B3 Onyé Kenya vibrator from Big Teaze Toys fits under any pillow and offers her a choice of three vibration modes – even under water!

Made of phthalate-free plastic and comes with its own storage case. Also available in purple or zebra print. Three AAA batteries required.

*Vibrator, 11.5 cm in length, EUR 15;  
www.bigteazetoy.com*





# LONELY TOGETHER

**WHEN I SWITCH OFF MY PHONE**, the world and all its madness, unnerving contradictions, anxiety, repetitive wishes for good health and the occasional cheers of the newly vaccinated all subside. I'm still in pandemic mode. I don't get out of bed many days since it now doubles as my office.

When I switch off my phone, all that's left is my bedroom, which looks the same as it always has. No social distancing mandate here – there's no one to get close to but myself. Me, myself and I have known each other for a long time.

When I switch off the phone, she's gone, too. It doesn't matter how far away she actually is: the world begins right at my doorstep.

I have a video date tonight. Her face appears and she smiles at me. Then her camera turns to her naked body. It fills the screen like a carefully curated painting. I tell her how beautiful she is and what I want her to show me. She willingly follows my instructions. A tantalizing panoramic of her breasts is followed by her hand wandering down her stomach and disappearing into her wet pussy. This

scene makes me hard instantly. Then I take her on a tour of my body, ending right at my cock, which my hand grips tightly as I start rubbing it. I hear her groan, and there's a buzzing sound in the background – her favorite vibrator. It always gets the job done. I tell her what I would do with her if we were physically together. First as a hypothetically, then in the future tense. Right now, she is both a filmmaker and porn star. I show her the drop of pleasure glistening on the tip of my cock. She licks her lips and I imagine her taking me in her mouth. This game goes on for a while, inevitably heading towards climax. I can tell she's about to cum and I forget for a second that she's far away. At this moment we are both infinitely close. I see her throw her head back and scream out in pleasure. Shortly after, I cum too.

Then we laugh and start talking. It feels as if she were here, lying here with me.

After a while, we say goodbye. She hangs up, and the side of the bed next to me is empty once again as I switch off the phone. ♥





## Freshen up

No matter whether you're stuck at home in your sweats or you've got a hot date, Fresh

Balls, the lotion for well-groomed private parts from Fresh Body, will keep you feeling fresh and clean. Without talc, parabens or aluminum.

*Fresh Balls, intimate cleanser, 100ml, EUR 10; [www.kondomotbeke.de](http://www.kondomotbeke.de)*



## In disguise

Make your best member go "oh" with this stylish bronze glans stimulator designed by the French label Rosebuds and enjoy the gentle stimulation. This weighty penis thimble fits snugly around the glans. Experience unparalleled sensation during an erection. Approx. 27 mm in diameter.

*Thimble, glans stimulator, EUR 99; [www.frauenfreude.com](http://www.frauenfreude.com)*

## Nifty new world

If you're looking to save the world, you might as well do it in style with a Woodcessories phone case made of real walnut, cherry, or bamboo. It's never been easier to merge the look and feel of nature with functionality. In fact, this young German company plants a tree with Trees for the Future for every product ordered.

*Wooden Iphone case by Woodcessories, various sizes and colors, EUR 40; [www.woodcessories.com](http://www.woodcessories.com)*



## Remote-controlled

Whether your sweetheart is waiting for you in the bedroom or at the coffee shop at the corner: with the G-spot vibrator and Lovense app, love knows no boundaries. All you need is good wifi and a little imagination. Experience intense orgasms anywhere in the world on three different power levels.

*LOVENSE Osci G-spot vibrator, EUR 129; [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)*



## Keeping your cool

La Biosthetique's refreshing scalp tonic makes it easy to keep your cool, especially when things get hot. Cell revitalizers along with a complex blend of various algae stimulate cell activity and hair growth. Enjoy with a scalp massage.

*"Hair & Scalp Tonic" scalp lotion, 150ml, EUR 16, [www.labiosthetique.de](http://www.labiosthetique.de)*





# SURVEYING THE BODY

*By Giselle Bernard*

**THE ITALIAN SUMMER** is coming to an end, and she is walking cautiously into the lake, taking in the sight of the shore opposite, slowly entrusting her limbs, still warm like stones left in the sun, to the cool water. When my friend shows me the picture she captured of that moment, it takes me a fraction of a second to realise the woman in it is me. In this crack, I think she is beautiful. Her figure, colourful bikini and the gorgeous landscape would not look out of place in a magazine. My first impressions, once I link the body to myself, shift dramatically. Her curves, once they are mine, are too curvy. Her elegant stride becomes awkward. I wonder: When did I learn to hate my flesh?

Growing up, I wanted to wear earrings to disobey my mother and be like all the other girls. At the same time, I thought they'd make the disgraceful protrusions, whose poking through my thin flat hair already elicited enough mockery in the playground as it was, even more obvious. It must have been one of my first experiences of walking the impossibly fine line between contradictory demands and expectations. Smart but not too smart. Funny but not too funny. Selfless but not desperate. Beautiful earrings to become a woman or chopping the god-dam things off entirely for tame hair. When I made lists of other things that took up too much space, my nose was high up on them. Ears, at least, were relegated to the sides, but how inconvenient to have placed something so sizeable right in the middle. Then again, I reflected, Voldemort wasn't a particularly good look either.

When my high school friend learned I had never cut my hair, she exclaimed: "Not even trimmed it?". Maybe I should have reassured her, and spared myself, but I told her the truth: "No, not even that". She eyed me with suspicion, and the hair she'd always found so pretty was suddenly forked and the tips were spoiled. She could see it, not because of what I'd just told her, of course not, it was glaringly obvious and something had to be done. It wasn't about looks, she reasoned, it was about health, about hygiene, and my carelessness was quite irresponsible. There was a science to

this, and everybody seemed to be an expert except me. Hair trimming, hair conditioners, antiperspirants and twice-daily showers, intimate hygiene products with names like Femina rather than soap, moisturising cream for skin scraped by razors, scrubs to make skin smooth, concealer, drinks to lose fat. A world of technology in the service of this feminine medicine which I had failed to be let into. And a failure it was: that alternatives could be willingly chosen never came into it. The holy rules were: polish, deodorise, reduce, erase; and much like not wearing a mask in a pandemic, flouting







them was not only a disgrace to your sorry dirty self but an affront to the more enlightened and law abiding who made sure to remind you.

*In the garden, I find again a child's delight in her own body, not through another's touch but simply from the wind brushing, the earth holding, the tree shading.*

I have beautiful eyes, or so I've been told. A green shade of blue speckled with gold. A friend once said good eyes and good hair are the consolation prize for the ugly. Ever

since, I've wondered. Perhaps this is why I'll never know if I'm beautiful or not. The mirror speaks no truth, images are mute and it is not a question you ever ask hoping for an honest answer.

As a child, my father once told me to tuck in my tummy. When I asked why, he said, as if it were self-explanatory: "Because it looks better that way". In front of my sisters and I, he would taunt my mother about her weight and eating habits. Too much chocolate, and why wouldn't she tell us what figure came out the last time she weighed herself? In high school every girl I knew needed

to lose weight, it was a universal rule which applied to even the skinniest, and so, like an ever-receding horizon, there was no clear target to aim for, just a direction: less. In a fashion museum, my friend and I gasped at our figures when we tried on the corsets. She took many pictures of the scene, a promise of what could be, and thanks to such a simple trick, at that. During my first year at university I felt a pang of pride when a guy at a party informed us that out of my three friends and I, I was the only one with a flat stomach. I felt the pleasure of compliance then, the rewards that come with being on the good side of unwritten norms. But even that wasn't enough. I was at risk of turning into a flat chopping board, when it was another household device I was aiming for: the hourglass. Too little, too much.

Throughout my early teens, I read in girls' magazines about the changes to come. My body, I was told, would transform in ways that might make me uncomfortable. I braced myself with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity, but the seismic shift never came. The first few droplets of blood were hardly earth-shattering, the pain that came later was a little more. I spent most of these years considering my body like something dangling more – or less – decoratively from my brain. My chest never developed into something full, heavy, or symmetrical and it was a while before I stopped waiting. Looking back, I don't think that there were no changes. Only, they ran deeper: a drawn-out undercurrent as much beneath the surface of my skin as above, and no almighty tsunami. I could always recognise myself.

Most of my days unfolded much like the previous, much like the next. Still, breasts or not, it soon became necessary to hide the nipples showing through tee-shirts, and then, to wear push-up bras I was promised would get me into clubs and all sorts of adventures when I was still underage. Too much, too little.

As soon as the first hair began to appear, the question was how to get rid of them. There was cream, bought in secret to escape my mother's vigilance, razors which came with the threat of the hair growing back even thicker, leaving dark specks under the skin. Then there was wax, but it seemed to me only some were gifted with the power to use it without provoking rashes that covered your legs in red dots, and I wasn't one of them. Besides, with wax, hair had to be grown out before you could eradicate it again. There was no easy solution, and it was an ever-expanding problem. At the beach, I looked away from the dark mane my mother kept under her armpits. I didn't see it as brave then: I'd heard my grandparents comment on it too many times. They couldn't understand it, they said, how unhygienic, how disrespectful, especially to my father.

*I had a lover, he kissed my body hair. Not so long ago, I wouldn't have believed I'd ever come to enjoy it myself, let alone that it would inspire anything other than revulsion in someone else. But he wandered through the stems and vales, dipped his lip in the sweat; we shared the salt of the harvest.*

The first time I saw my vulva – a word I didn't know yet – I thought there must have been a mistake. It looked like nothing I'd seen before, and where was the gaping hole I was supposed to have between my

legs? What was this mess of fleshy wrinkles and hair, and this smell which wasn't roses, this moisture that was a little sticky? Surely this was not the sacred feminine flower they were all after, scheming and fighting to pollinate? No one would ever want to touch that, I thought, and there's no way anything's getting in. Afterwards, that too, I began to conceal, even from myself.

*I didn't close the curtains on our intertwined bodies, this time. I don't quite remember how the mo-*

I am tired of hiding,  
looking for the right  
angle where I'm small  
enough, sweet enough,  
someone-else enough.

*ments aligned, what came first, what was last. I like this rhizome we formed. Le poids de tes hanches sur mon dos, my mouth on your ear, your body beneath mine, holding on, la décharge électrique qui traverse ton ventre sous ma main, your lips effleurant mon nombril, your cried-out whispers. J'aime la façon dont nos lignes s'entremêlent, barely attributable to one or the other anymore.*

I clearly remember when the thigh gap became a thing. I was old enough by then to call bullshit, supported by a few sensible Guardian articles. Still, I now had a name for the joining of my legs which caused a rubbing noise as I walked in trousers. I had always suspected others would notice, now I knew they had, and I added looking for

the empty space to my unforgiving mirror inspection. I was ashamed of my body, but I read so much, and so I had to be ashamed of that too.

I learned about cellulite and stretch marks when I was young enough to look upon them with a mixture of unconcerned arrogance and pity. In the night brimming with possibilities I shared with one of my first university friends, in an unknown town we'd travelled to for the weekend, I heard her exclaim in disgust: "C'est pas possible!" How dare the woman in front of us, making her way into a bar, wear such a tight red dress, revealing all the folds and crevices under the fabric? I remained silent, feeling uneasy, but unable to express why. My friend seemed so certain of being in the right. My neighbour too, had said a woman should dress to her weight and age. Cover up, just the right amount, not too little, not too much.

*Old bodies are worn, and young bodies are bruised, so what you gotta do? I am tired of hiding, looking for the "right" angle where I'm small enough, sweet enough, someone-else enough. Tired of chasing paper dreams and impossible fantasies that feel more sinister by the day.*

*Half in sleep I thought I despised the women around me for repeating the same mistakes over and over again. For being so blind to the most common of patterns. But part of me wanted to be like them, to throw myself with the same energy into my own destruction – at least, it would make for good entertainment. I was sorry and angry at them, sorry and angry for us, that we were not better at the art of being indifferent and happy.*

*But perhaps there are other ways. The woman in the photo is gone already. She walks in a different light. ♥*





# FUCKING FOR PEACE

By Beate Kruse

**SEX IS SOMETIMES LIKE SHAKING** a can of Sprite. You do it real hard and when you pull back the tab you get soaked from top to bottom. And what's left in the can is hardly drinkable because it's lost its fizz. Nobody in their right mind would refill the can with tap water. But the lousy lover from last night is always the one that women want to marry. Fucking oxytocin. We could save ourselves a lot of time and trouble with the wrong guys if it weren't for this stupid love hormone. There are some women who forego one-night stands exactly to avoid this hormonal pit-fall and prefer instead to choose their mate with a clear head. If I did that, I wouldn't have any sex at all. And a life without sex, no matter how bad it is, is like... is like... so unfathomable that I can't even think of a metaphor. Like the Milky Way without any stars, maybe. I don't know.

If you're not all that young anymore and have come to know yourself a little better in the meantime, you might sprint out the door after the act, waving a quick good-bye before you have time to say: "Do you have any plans for the weekend, shall we go to Amsterdam?" I did it again just yesterday. The sex wasn't bad. On the contrary, it was very appropriate sex. I was like a flowing brook glistening in the sun. The lucky guy dipped his cock into me and took a refreshing dive. But he's in a relationship. Without a word, I tiptoed out the door in my socks two seconds after our final moan. Put my boots on in the elevator. I will not fall in love ever again with someone who's not free. That would kill me. He said lovely things about my pussy, though. And he did something to me that I don't even know what to call it. I was meowing, I believe. He stayed absolutely centered, held me gently in his strong arms, and fucked me peacefully. You see, I'm currently on an oxytocin high. Which is gradually fading and giving way to a certain belligerency. Why is it that other women own such guys and I'm only allowed to take a lick once in a while?

Yeah, I know: I'm a fearless sex researcher; that's my reason for being in this world. One guy cannot provide enough data. It's that simple. All researchers have to make sacrifices. At least I'm

not risking my life testing something dangerous (like vaccines or radiation or something) that humankind doesn't yet fully understand. I just don't have a partner. I do, however, have the best profession in the world: I test cocks and men and explore love. Which, by the way, doesn't diminish when you share it. And it doesn't put you in quarantine when you spread it. The man at my side would be allowed to make love to other women, if he so desired. And I to other men. The more love we generate in this awful world, the more peaceful it will become. I wish all the women whose husbands I secretly make love to knew that. They may have other priorities, but oh well. When it comes to love and peace, we all need to cast our personal needs and insecurities aside. Otherwise, we risk the world coming to an end sooner than later. But then, that would be your fault, not mine. I thought I'd write this down since the extra-galactic visitors will want to know what happened to Earth. Because of you. Because you didn't let love grow and flourish, but kept it small enough to fit in your bedside table. Out of fear. That's understandable, but doesn't make it any better. We're not eighteen anymore. Now get over your fears and don't project them onto the guys I want to fuck. Oh.

Sorry, this may have gotten a little out of hand.

I'm truly sorry.

But I feel like Maleficent who gets angry and then casts a spell in her rage only then to misspeak and say something about a hundred years of sleep instead of a hundred years of happiness. Shit happens. When you're angry, you sometimes say something stupid and then you end up having to try to spin straw into gold, or someone gets shrunk to the size of a thumbnail. (If you don't understand this metaphor, go read your Grimm fairy tales again.) So before I cause any damage, I'd better stop doing magic. I need to get some air. It's still the best way to cool off. Plus, I might meet a guy out running who I can direct to my place and fuck. Now go out and fuck for more love and peace! Tell 'em I sent you. ♥

Threesome





# Good Things Come in Threes

For many people, a hearty threesome tops their list of erotic fantasies. Double the number of hands, mouths, cocks and pussies means double the fun, doesn't it? But some things are easier fantasized about than followed through on.

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By Michaela Reifelnd

## THE CAST

Once you start pondering about turning fantasy into reality, you'll quickly realize that the "putting it all into action" bit is a little more complex. Depending on the cast of participants, a menage á trois can turn into a very elaborate circus. An MMF triangle (male/male/female) is a horse of a completely different color than an FFM triangle (female/female/male), let alone other gender constellations that can make things even more mystifying. For one, it matters a lot how the three participants know to each other: are all three strangers or friends? Is it a couple being joined by a friend or stranger? Is one party, or are maybe all the playmates, bisexual or even pansexual? May jealousy possibly get in the way of an adventurous couple, or will one person have to curb their desire and show consideration for their partner? Would three strangers perhaps be more impartial with each other, or does having a confidante in the group provide a sense of security? Would a friendship survive a threesome unscathed?

The only way to find out what works best for you is to simply try it out. You will want to breach the subject carefully since preferences and concerns can vary greatly. I, for example, prefer a menage á trois with two guys. I don't mind a woman kissing,

fingering or licking me – and I have returned the favor with other breasts and pussies before – but it doesn't turn me on. If I want to have fun playing with some tits or a pussy, I'd much prefer them to be my own. To make a long story short, I'm definitely the MMF type. My partner, though as straight as can be, doesn't mind another guy in bed. It turns him on to see me being the center of attention – like the vixen in the fancy tutu walking the tight rope. Jealousy is a concept that's both foreign and incomprehensible to him, or so he claims. The idea of presenting me, his desirable and adored significant other, to another man is a real turn on for him.

*“His notion of sensuality  
should be similar to ours.”*

As a basic rule, we believe that the person joining us should share our idea of mutual sexual pleasure. His notion of sensuality should be similar to ours. He should be focused on the process, not the result, and he should certainly not be a purely testosterone-driven daredevil galloping alone into the sunset. My partner envisions that he and the other guy would form a tag-team to

pamper me where he himself is in charge of setting the basic tone and direction, and the other guy would follow his lead in speed and intensity.

## THE RECRUITMENT PROCESS

First off, we scan our circles of friends for potential playmates because my partner likes to show off with me. Some of them, I know, wouldn't mind having a go with me, but there's one who's not my type at all, another one is in a messy marriage and declines the offer, while the third seems so desperate that I am afraid I might not be able to get rid of him afterwards and it will possibly ruin the friendship.

Which leads us to asking strangers. We take our time finding number 3. When we go out dancing, my partner nudges me now and then, pointing to a guy in the crowd. “What about him?” But none of them strike my fancy. They're either too short or too full-bearded, too bald, or too full of themselves. My guy doesn't seem to get it, though my preferences are more than

obvious. To me, anyway. Next, we try our digital luck. We each log on to different dating apps in the hopes of finding our future Mr. Right. We each agree to put forth one potential candidate for an in-person meeting.

We start with my pick. He looks decent in real life and makes a pleasant first impression. I can see us heading in the right direction, but my partner resists. He asks me if I hadn't noticed how insecure and uncomfortable the guy was sitting on our couch with his hands pressed tightly between his thighs and the way he mumbled. Poor fellow. My partner saw in him a pity case rather than a strong sexual contender. I concede, he's out.

The next night, we cast his choice. But as soon as the guy approaches us, I'm out. He's short and chubby and at least ten years

I don't think our failure to recruit someone is such a big deal, there are other potential candidates, but my dear lover has had enough already. Two weirdos two nights in a row is just too exhausting for him. Welcome to women's everyday reality...

#### THE TRIAL RUN

The project is put on hold for a while until one day at a party we meet a friend of a friend whom we both like – great looks and personality. A few days later, when I get into touch with him to cautiously tell him about our project, he grins at me right away and tells me that he'd been thinking about it too. I find it very promising that we come to an understanding so straightforwardly. We arrange to meet him one warm summer evening at a lake. We still like each other by the end of the night, so we decide to take him home with us when the mosquitoes start to attack. But if our guest had his way,

and wants to spend the night with us. But the thought of having him next to me when I wake up in the morning nauseates me. I bite my partner's earlobe – our agreed “safe-word” – hard. He then tactfully accompanies the guy out of our bed and apartment. After our guest has finally left, we let go of the brakes and devour each other.

Next time, I'd like a little more porn, I tell my man the next day. He laughs. We shouldn't have let him slow us down so much or be so considerate and accommodating toward him. On the other hand, my partner would like to give the guy another chance. He can relate to our new playmate's reservedness and possible feeling of insecurity, says he'd probably have felt the same with a couple he'd just met. He might be more relaxed if he knew us a little better. I agree in principle, but I didn't like him enough, and we agreed that I would have the final say in the matter since it's primarily my body.

#### A NEW SETUP

Some time later, we meet another guy at a party who makes no secret of how attractive he finds me. A good-looking guy our age, intelligent, stylish, charming. And certainly not shy. The next night, the three of us go out together. Our new candidate dances quite close to me, pays me compliments, and kisses me on the cheek once, relatively chastely. I really enjoy his advances. My partner, whose wild fantasies had almost run amok before we left, grows increasingly silent as the evening progresses. Soon, it's clear to me that taking him home is out of the question; my partner does not feel comfortable at all. The next day, he confesses that he was jealous. Since he had never experienced any pangs of jealousy before, he's utterly confused. It takes him a few weeks to get back on track with our project.

We come up with new potential entry scenarios to get up to speed from the very start. What if the two of us were already having fun while the third person comes in through the open patio door at my partner's request and joins in? I find the idea

*“We shouldn't have let him slow us down so much.”*

older than in his online pics. We immediately consider leaving, but stay to not be impolite. I owe it to my partner to show some consideration; he did the same for me the night before. The guy is incredibly uptight and can't seem to finish a sentence. His inability to communicate almost drives me nuts. And I don't like listening to what he has to say either. When my partner goes to the men's room, I decide to clear the air, I can't take it anymore. “Sorry, this is not going to work.” On the way home, we almost get into an argument in the car. He is mad at me for being so picky. “Did you see his fat fingers?” I reply in disgust. “Just the thought of him touching me almost makes me puke.” Astonished, he says he didn't pay any attention to his hands. This time, I shake my head in disbelief. However, in the course of our conversation, he reluctantly admits that the guy was probably a bit of a weirdo after all.

we'd all sit on the sofa and continue chatting. My partner and I quickly agree that we should take things straight to bed before blowing it again.

I undress and make myself comfortable in the center of the bed, and the two men settle down right next to me. We start caressing and kissing. I take their cocks into each hand, but not much more happens. I mean, yes, we said we'd take it slowly, but this slow? I imagined a little more action, a little more palpable desire, but our playmate wanted to cuddle rather than make out.

Thankfully, I can always rely on old faithful to work my pussy. We start fucking, albeit reservedly. Our guest gets more interested and also wants to try his hand in between, but struggles with the condom. Honestly, though, I'm not really liking his kisses, or his touches, or even his cock. He, on the contrary, obviously seems to enjoy himself





quite appealing. My eyes could be blindfolded, I could be chained or tied. I would be at the mercy of the two men at first, could enjoy their touches without having to take the initiative myself. The idea also suits my partner and his latent jealousy. I could simply let go without having to worry about paying too much attention to our playmate and too little to my partner. He'd have his finger on the control button while getting comfortable with the situation. We both find the idea exhilarating.

When I get home early one evening, my partner asks me out of the blue if I wouldn't mind if our new potential playmate joined us later. It catches me totally by surprise. Had he not told me beforehand, I would have probably jumped ship.

### THE DENOUEMENT

I'm anxious and excited. My partner mixes some drinks. The room is veiled in subdued

candlelight. Amused, I notice that he has thoroughly cleaned the house and tidied up, just like last time.

As he takes off my clothes, we make a few agreements between kisses, but he won't tell me exactly what he's got planned. He then ties a black blindfold over my eyes and puts the leather handcuffs on me. With the hemp rope, which still smells like a stable, he ties my arms above my head to a hook in the ceiling. I tremble slightly, expecting the touch of a third and fourth hand at any moment. I wonder if he's there already, watching my partner caressing me. "Ready?" he asks after a few soundless minutes. "Then I'll text him to come in."

My partner stands behind me stroking me from behind. I first notice number 3 by his smell of tobacco. He's probably just had a cigarette on the deck. Then I smell

mints. He doesn't say a word. I wonder if that's what my partner arranged with him. His hands, cool from the evening air, intensify the sensations on my already fiery naked skin. I like his firm yet gentle touch. Apparently, he finds me quite hot. The two male bodies – the one behind me hairy, the one in front shaved smooth – press tightly against me. Four hands stroke my skin, reach into my flesh. My desire is overwhelming. A smile steals across my face. When our stranger lets go of my mouth to suck my nipples, I cock my head sideways to passionately and gratefully kiss my partner. With a hand on my vulva and another hand fingering my pussy from behind, I come the first time. "You are wonderful," my partner whispers into my ear. "You're not bad either," I return with a smile. Then my partner unhooks me from the ceiling and leads me to the bed. Yes, that's exactly what I had imagined... ♥







# Elea & Vicky



*Photography by Yvonne Sophie Thöne*





















# *Sense and Sensuality*

An ayurvedic massage therapist introduces the philosophy of this ancient Indian art of healing, tells us what really matters in life, and has a few easy-to-apply beauty tips to share.

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*By Aurelia Glück*





Photo Credit: Angela Yuriko Smith, pixabay

**IN THE MANY YEARS** that I have been offering ayurvedic massages, I have noticed one thing in particular that has changed my life. When a person lies on my table, naked as a baby, and surrenders to my caresses and their own sensations, I see their beauty. It was there before, but I hadn't noticed it. Curvy or slender, wrinkled or out-of-shape, when my hands explore a human body like an unknown continent without prejudice, it transforms the person. It is the poetry of devotion. My clients are deeply touched by these precious moments, and I am also immersed in a feeling of unconditional love, a love that is larger than myself.

What happens during an ayurvedic massage? Warm oil is rubbed into the skin, the joints are lubricated, every tendon is stretched, every muscle is relaxed, blood circulation is stimulated in all the tissues. The oil penetrates the tissue layers, removing toxins and cleansing the blood vessels. The recipient's breathing deepens, the lungs and diaphragm start working in better harmony and, last but not least, the mind settles into peacefulness.

A spiritual ayurvedic massage therapist takes their clients to a place between waking and sleeping, where sensations become more profound and are free from judgment. This encourages the person to finally let go, and allows the self-healing processes to begin. Ayurvedic therapy unites the body, mind and spirit. Life is constantly viewed from all angles. Illness is seen as a psychosomatic disorder, as in many cases health problems result from inner conflicts as well as from a lack of self-love. When we are sick, medication might help, an individual yoga program, a prayer or mantra, or all of these together.

In contrast to a tantric masseuse, who assumes the role of a partner and integrates their clients' sexuality, an ayurvedic massage therapist follows a different script, one that says: "I will guide you like a mother to universal love, a place that is absolutely safe." Interestingly, many ayurvedic treatments have an impact on a person's sexual experiences, too, causing them to become deeper and more complex. Superficial sex is then no longer of interest. Today, I want to share my soul when I unite my body with someone. Like my clients, I, too, have gotten a little closer to myself thanks to Ayurveda.

Because what is life all about? It's about love. And where does this love start? It starts within ourselves. But that's exactly where the catch is. The Western world faces a huge problem that Tibetan Buddhism barely knows, namely a lack of self-love. What I'm talking about is the ultimate form

of self-love. It has nothing to do with narcissism, which is considered a psychotic disorder of self-love. The lesson here is that we should be grateful for the greatest of all gifts in life – life itself. For as long as we breathe, we are connected to the energy that brings forth all life: prana.

Prana is the breath of life. Prana is what supplies us with oxygen at night after we lose consciousness. It is through our breath that we are connected to everything and everyone on this planet. It is the only process in the body that works both without our active involvement as well as can be consciously controlled. As we exhale, we supply nature with CO<sub>2</sub>, and when we inhale, we take in the oxygen nature produces. We are part of the all-pervading life energy of the universe.

Interestingly, the word "breath" is rooted in the Indo-European word "atman." Atman denotes the individual self (sat), the indestructible eternal essence of mind (chit), which is filled with awareness, and bliss (ananda). Thus, Satchitananda denotes bliss in the state of connectedness by means of our breath.

But what does all this have to do with sexuality and self-love? Everything. After all, we don't just share our genitals during our sexual encounters. Sexuality can be so much more. Breathing deeply blurs our selfish boundaries, allowing us to instead share the experience of being connected to the person we love, and even to the whole universe. There is one risk, however: we might run into ourselves along the way, something that many people are afraid of. So many of us have never been told how beautiful we are. What's more, many of us have experienced psychological or physical violence and abuse. The free flow of breath leads us to all-inclusive love, but it also reawakens unpleasant and even traumatic experiences along the way. And since all difficulties that arise in a relationship also want to be resolved in a relationship, I



*“When my hands discover a body like an unknown continent without prejudice, it transforms.”*

have seen and empathized with many people who have suffered. I hold my clients as they plunge into sensations of love during the massage. A healing process unfolds, generating deep feelings, tears, but also delightful realizations. Ultimately, we can only sustain ourselves through self-love. Through self-love we allow ourselves to become visible in all our possible aspects. In the state of self-love, we become who we truly are.

But how do we get to this heavenly place that makes us stronger than all the wrongs that have been done to us and lets us enjoy the blissful feeling of being alive? Ayurveda celebrates the pure gift of life. Every human being is a miracle. You were created when this one specific sperm from your father united with this one specific egg from your mother at exactly the right moment. This moment is called “cosmic marriage” in Ayurveda. It’s about creativity and joy in

creation, a concept that has been lost to us in the West where humans have degenerated into homo economicus and the value of a human life is measured by their work performance, financial success, and superficial beauty. When we realize that we are a miracle, we appreciate our beauty. And only when we believe ourselves to be beautiful can we have really good sex. According to ayurvedic teachings, a sexuality that is fulfilling can free us from dissatisfaction, tension, cramps, and many kinds of unpleasant sensations. When we engage in an intimate relationship, we open ourselves to our deepest desires; we trust and surrender ourselves to another person. These are beautiful arguments in favor of embarking on the journey.

The philosophy of Ayurveda identifies three aspects of beauty: the outer, the inner,



## AYURVEDIC CLEANSING RITUAL

- *Significant amounts of toxins expelled by the body during the night accumulate on the tongue. So, before you poison your partner with a morning kiss, rinse your mouth and scrape your tongue*
- *For fresh breath, thoroughly brush and floss your teeth.*
- *We often neglect our sense of smell, but it can actually tell us a lot about other people. If they smell right, that tells you something. Take care of your sinuses with a saltwater nasal rinse. Fill a neti pot with warm saltwater and let it run from one nostril to the other.*
- *Put a drop of oil in each ear and softly circle it in your ear.*
- *Cool your eyes. If you like the scent of roses, you can wet a cotton pad with rose water and place it on your eyes for a moment.*
- *While showering, energize your skin using a brush or raw silk gloves, and afterward, apply oil to your damp skin with stroking movements in the direction of hair growth.*
- *Hot ginger water with honey stimulates digestion and cleanses the blood vessels.*

and lasting beauty. Outer beauty is generally associated with the concept of beauty and is what can be perceived visually: body shape, skin texture, and the quality of one's hair and nails. In Ayurveda, external beauty also includes: grace in posture and movement and subtle qualities such as freshness and vitality. Ayurveda also sees external beauty as the result of general physical

health, proper hygiene, and daily care. Inner beauty is closely related to the central qualities of our being and integrates emotional and mental abilities. Just as outer beauty can be modified by diets and lifestyle, our attitude towards life is also subject to regular training and discipline. We need to take care of ourselves in a loving way and with gratitude for life.

Finally, lasting beauty is one that can be felt from within and perceived by everyone on the outside—almost like magic. This secret brings beauty to perfection and translates it into authenticity, by means of which we balance inner and outer beauty. Nothing is as contagious as a laugh that comes from the heart. Therefore, enjoy life in all its facets and learn the lessons it offers you. Every experience, even if painful, deepens your soul and increases your beauty if you are willing to fully embrace life.

The essence of our beauty is something called “Ojas” in Ayurveda. Ojas is a person's radiance and spiritual power, which, although not measurable, is perceptible to everyone else. As subtle energy, it forms the essence of our seven body tissues: plasma, blood, muscle tissue, fat tissue, bone and connective tissue, nervous system, and reproductive tissue. Radiant ojas makes us irresistible. And here's the good news. We can increase our ojas. Here are a few simple tips on how we attain the most precious of all beauty elixirs.

In general, we become beautiful when we do things that make us truly happy and create harmony, fill us with joy, and take us to places where we feel connected and whole and at one with everything we believe in.

**BECOMING YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND:** Self-praise doesn't stink. Praise yourself at least ten times a day. Each day, find 50 things you are grateful for in your life.

## MAINTAIN HARMONIOUS RELATIONSHIPS:

We can learn something from everyone. Even from their mistakes and quirks. Laugh

about mishaps and realize that everyone is doing their best.

## TAKE DEEP BREATHS:

Take deep, steady breaths as often as possible. Taking a walk allows us to enjoy nature, people, and animals, and brings us into a state of deep contentment.

## MEDITATION BALANCES ENERGIES:

Whether you're walking or sitting, remember to straighten your spine. While doing this, imagine that the body above the navel is being pulled toward the sky and the half below the navel toward the earth. Notice the chest and abdomen move with each breath.

## GO TO A SAUNA. SWEATING MAKES YOU HAPPY AND CLEANSSES THE PORES:

As the body's core temperature rises by one degree, your surface skin temperature can

*“Today  
I want to share  
my soul when  
I unite my body  
with another.”*

go up by almost ten degrees, opening up the pores. This promotes better blood circulation and increases the removal of metabolic waste products. A sauna is also a great way to kick start your psyche. The brain releases happiness hormones that make us feel great.

How we experience our senses has a significant impact on the quality of our sensuality. By training your sense of touch, smell, taste, hearing and seeing daily, you will receive a cornucopia of love. ♥

# How Socialism Can Improve Your Sex Life

We talked with professor Kristen Ghodsee about her book “Why women have better sex under socialism,” the keys to more gender equality, and how the pandemic might exacerbate the existing gender gap.





*Interview by Janina Gatzky*

**KISSED:** *As a professor of Russian and East European Studies you have specialized in the study of everyday life under socialism and post-socialism, and the gendered effects of post-Cold War transformations. In your book, you posit that women were really better off under socialism.*

**Kristen Ghodsee:** It is difficult to make generalizations for the entire socialist world during all historical epochs, but if I had to make a comparative claim about socialist versus capitalist countries in the 20th century, then yes, for heterosexual women with children life was better under socialism. Of course, there are very important exceptions for some countries and time periods when things were most definitely worse for women: such as in Romania between 1966-1990 and in the Soviet Union during the Stalinist era. And I am speaking here specifically about women's rights and opportunities in more socialistic societies. Although there were many problems with the political system and planned economy, women's rights were one area where the East really did do better. I don't think this is a controversial claim anymore; even conservative Anglophone publications like the Financial Times and the Economist recognize today that socialist countries gave women more educational and professional opportunities than Western capitalist countries, especially in mathematics, science, and technology.

**How does a socialist system contribute to more equality between the sexes?**

By socializing as much reproductive work as possible, which makes it easier for women to combine their own education and professional development as individuals with the responsibilities of motherhood. For example, many of your readers may already know this, but most Americans are shocked when they learn about East Germany's policies to support work/family balance. As early as 1950, the GDR granted working mothers with more than two children special maternity grants and child allowances (Kindergeld) as well as eleven weeks of paid maternity leave (with a guarantee that a woman's job would be held in her absence). In 1952, married women got a monthly paid day off of work to deal with their household duties, and in 1958, the maternity grant was increased and extended to all families, even those with only one child. It is important to remember that most of these policies were in place in East Germany before West German women even earned the legal right to work outside the home without their husband's permission in 1957! And in the United States today, we still don't have federally mandated paid parental leave of any kind in 2020.

These benefits were massively expanded and became more generous after 1972 with the increase in the Kindergeld and the creation of

the Babyjahr. Also, because women were expected to work, the state funded a wide network of daycare centers and kindergartens. Before reunification, 95 percent of GDR children between the age of 3-6 attended kindergarten, and 80 percent of children under the age of three had a Krippenplatz (daycare). These policies were widespread across the former socialist countries (although the USSR did not get a similar level of maternity benefits until 1981). The GDR, Bulgaria, and Hungary were really at the forefront of these policies, but most other Eastern countries soon followed their example. By liberating women from their role as housewives, socialist states recognized that women's reproductive labor is a social good rather than a private activity, and strove to give social value for the work that women do in the home.

**And how does that translate into a better sex life?**

Firstly, when heterosexual women are economically dependent on men and labor on their own in the private sphere, they have little power in their relationships with their partners. If a married woman finds herself in an abusive, unhappy, or otherwise unsatisfying relationship (including in the bedroom), she has to have the opportunity to leave that relationship without suffering adverse economic consequences. This is difficult when she is a housewife, but much easier when she has her own skills and the ability to earn a living outside the home. If a husband is terrible or selfish in bed, a wife has no opportunity to leave, so the husband has little incentive to improve.

Secondly, capitalism commodifies sexuality. When women have few opportunities for earning a living outside of marriage, they end up having to find a partner who is wealthy enough to take care of her and any children. According to early socialist thinkers such as August Bebel and Alexandra Kollontai, bourgeois monogamous marriage turns women's sexuality into a commodity to be sold on markets with prices determined by supply and demand. We can see these practices still at work in countries which still have "bride prices" or "dowry" systems, i.e., women are exchanged for money. In the case of the former, the husband family buys him a wife and in the latter case the bride's family pays the husband to take their daughter off their hands. Societies with bride prices are generally societies where women work in the fields and produce economic value in addition to children. Alternatively, societies with dowries are those where women do not work outside the home and therefore produce no measurable economic value. All socialist theorists believed that women would be better off if they ceased to be property, and some of them, such as Bebel and Kollontai, specifically argued that sex would also be more natural and authentic in relationships freed of all economic considerations.



*That reminds me that East Germany is or was known for its culture of nude bathing (FKK). Is that something that can also be traced back to socialism?*

According to Josie McClellan's book, *Love in the Time of Communism*, FKK or nudism predates the GDR, and initially the ruling party SED was opposed to nudism. It was the GDR citizens themselves, from the grassroots, that continued to practice nudism in defiance of the SED's attempted bans on the practice. Eventually, the SED gave up trying to prohibit FKK and embraced the practice as something uniquely socialist and natural. But I think it is important to realize that nudism was a very democratic practice in the GDR with popular origins among ordinary people. And unlike in the West where naked bodies were commercialized and used to sell things, in the East the naked body represented a kind of joyful bodily egalitarianism which could exist outside of both politics and economics.

*Does socialism contribute to a more relaxed attitude towards sex? Or is that a German phenomenon? Interestingly, my co-publisher of the magazine is also East German. And, another fun fact, percentage-wise we have more subscribers in the East than in the West.*

In some countries, socialism definitely contributed to a more relaxed attitude toward sex, although again, there was a wide disparity across the Eastern Bloc. The Soviet Union, Romania, and Albania had very poor sex education and tended to be more conservative.

But the GDR, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia were very liberal, particularly with regard to discussions around female pleasure and the importance of the female orgasm. For example, Sigfried Schnabl's book, *"Mann und Frau Intim,"* (which gave very specific instructions on how to give women pleasure) appeared in 18 German editions between 1969 and 1990 in the GDR. It was translated into Spanish, Portuguese, Slovak, Russian, Lithuanian, Romanian, and Bulgarian. In what was then Czechoslovakia, four editions were printed between 1975 and 1985. Some people argue that the more liberal attitude toward sex had to do with the higher levels of atheism in Eastern Bloc countries, but even in Catholic Poland, the Poles had their own very popular sex manual, *"The Art of Loving,"* which sold over seven million copies after its first publication in 1978. The Yugoslavs had erotic magazines, including *Chik*, which targeted youth, and *Start*, a Yugoslav version of *Playboy*. And of course the GDR had the monthly nude photos in *Das Magazin*. I do think that in quite a few socialist countries, there was a much more natural and relaxed attitude toward sex.

*In your book you posit that because women earned their own income and were less economically dependent on men, they could make better relationship choices. On the one hand, I'd like to agree because from what I remember, divorce was something that seemed to happen to my relatives in the West. Nobody in my family in my parents' generation got divorced. They are all still (happily?) married. On the other hand,*



*many of the women (and men) in my generation (born in the 70s in East Germany) are still not married. Do you have any explanation why we seem to be commitment phobics while our parents found their dream partner in their early 20s? And what might that have to do with socialism or post-socialist transformations?*

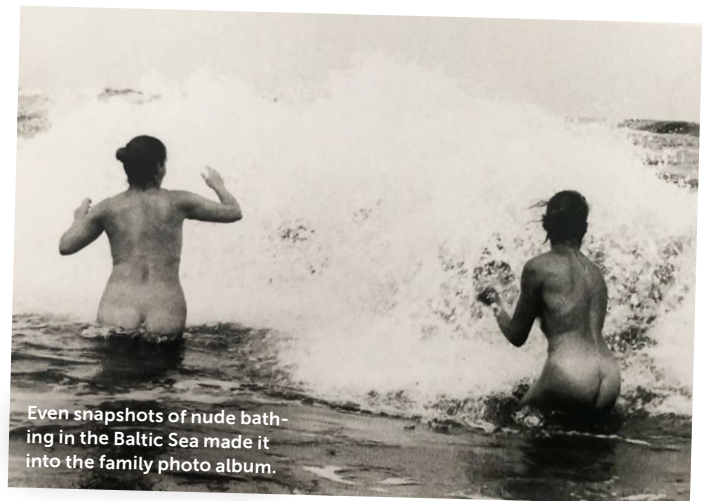
This is a difficult question because it is hard to generalize, but in Eastern Bloc countries couples had incentives to marry young so they could get their own apartments, and states made it very easy for students to combine parenthood with their university studies. I'm not an expert here, so I'm just speculating. Perhaps when you marry when you are in your early twenties your personalities have the chance to develop as you build a family and a career together. In the West, the pattern was and is to delay marriage and childbearing until you have already developed your personality and your career. For the generation born around 1970 specifically, it's important to remember that the fertility rate in the former East German states plummeted dramatically after reunification, right at the time most young people in the GDR would have been getting married and starting families. Between 1990 and 1995, the states of the former GDR had the lowest peacetime fertility rate ever recorded in history. So maybe the shock and insecurity of the Wende took a large toll on the generation of young people who would have been married between 1990 and 1995 if they had still lived in the GDR. They suddenly found themselves thrust into a new set of social expectations that meant delaying marriage in order to find self-actualization. Perhaps the rapid shift in expectations about the correct age for family formation just proved too hard to navigate, and people just decided to forgo marriage altogether.

*I agree that socialism boosted women's economic freedom, self-reliance, sense of self-determination, and ultimately their self-esteem and self-respect. But how did it affect men? From what I remember, gender roles were rather strictly assigned. I don't remember men really pitching in to help with household chores. On the contrary, my mom got a day off from work every month for cleaning and home making. Unfortunately, patriarchy and sexism persisted throughout the Eastern Bloc, although some changes were beginning to happen among younger generations of men. In Bulgaria, the case I know best, the Bulgarian women's committee tried to re-educate men to get them to help out with childcare and domestic tasks, but men proved very resistant to doing what they considered "women's work." Rather than waiting around for the men to be re-educated, the Bulgarian women's committee pushed for the greater socialization of domestic work through the expansion of childcare facilities and summer camps as well as the construction of more public cafeterias, laundries, and sanatoria where the elderly and the infirm could go to rest and recuperate. This let men off the*

*“Socialist states recognized that women's reproductive labor is a social good rather than a private activity.”*

hook, and it also had the effect of reinforcing strict gender roles, but these gender roles mattered less when women had economic freedom, self-reliance, a sense of self-determination, and ultimately more self-esteem and self-respect. However, I do think that many women still faced a double burden of formal employment and domestic work, which left many of them frustrated by men's continued unwillingness to pitch in around the house. And the state made this worse by only giving women a paid day off to attend to housework, thereby reinforcing the idea that it is women who are responsible for this work. This is still a problem everywhere, as any a working mother can attest. Of course, everything is comparative, and one study of 1,338 German couples (who were together for five years or more) showed that East German men were more likely to help with domestic work than West German men, so there was a little progress relative to the West.

*In your book you neither deny the atrocities committed under socialism nor do you rose-color the life of people in the Eastern bloc, especially women. But at the same time, you draw the reader's attention to the positive sides of socialism and you point out the difficulties faced by many people, again especially women, in the*



Even snapshots of nude bathing in the Baltic Sea made it into the family photo album.

*post-socialist area. We're currently witnessing the weaknesses and strengths of countries and their social systems in dealing with a health crisis turned into an economic, social and political crisis. So where do we go from here?*

I think we need to look back and learn from the past. The pandemic and its associated economic crises, as well as looming threats of climate change, automation, and extreme income inequality require that we have the broadest set of theoretical and practical tools available to us going forward. There were some good things about the socialist system that are worth salvaging, and we should be able to talk about these policies and programs without always resorting to stereotypes about the Stasi, the famines, the purges, or the Gulag. Markets are terrible at dealing with things like the coronavirus or global warming because these threats require solidarity and collective action independent of the profit motif or the laws of supply and demand.

*In the past year and a half we've undergone an unprecedented global crisis many repercussions of which are still unknown. It seems that it is contributing to turning the clock back for women who now often find themselves torn between the new 3 Hs – home office, home schooling, and home making. What can we learn from this crisis, especially as women and how can we make sure that the (tentative) successes of the feminist and equality movements of the past decades are not forgotten in an attempt to restore life as it was before?*

We can learn exactly how much women's unpaid labor contributes to the global economy, and how economic elites exploit this labor to increase their profits. All of the work that women have been doing at home during the pandemic is labor that corporations don't have to pay for. And if governments slash public spending and transfer previously socialized work into the home without



Free childcare enabled women to earn a living while raising a family.

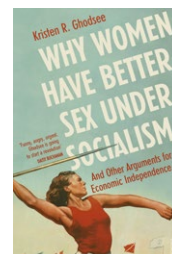


East German students had to partake in civil defense classes. Female students had uniforms of their own. (1967)

compensating women, the state saves money for the national budget, which means they do not have to raise taxes on the wealthy in the future.

By transferring care work to the private sphere where (mostly) women work for free, economic elites (mostly men) privatize the responsibility for the well-being of the citizenry. Every child who is cared for at home, every sick person who is nursed back to health at home, and every elderly person who is cared for by their adult children at home is a budget saving for the state, but it comes at an incredible cost to those who provide this care work. We have the double burden once again as women try to juggle their work and family responsibilities without help from either their partners or the state. I also think we should remember back to the years immediately after 1989, and be wary. All across the Eastern Bloc, unemployment skyrocketed as socialism collapsed, and one way to control unemployment was to force women back into the home. The same thing could happen again in the aftermath of the pandemic if women are not vigilant and willing to fight for their rights. ♥

*Kristen R. Ghodsee: Why Women Have Better Sex Under Socialism: And Other Arguments for Economic Independence*  
**Bold Type Books**  
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# Lady Libido and the Kiss Curse

By Mia Schwinge

**LONG PHASES OF BEING REJECTED,** unexciting dates, amateur kisses. During the past few months, I've sometimes had the impression that, despite all understanding, my dear Lady Libido may somehow be cursed – and I together with her. I had often thought about what our ex had said to us when we parted: “I hope that from now on you'll only have bad kissers!” Was that the curse? Every kiss-and-cuddle date we'd been on since then seemed to have only confirmed that suspicion. For months on end, like a plague. Something must be wrong, I assumed. I met so many men in their 30s who just didn't have it in them and scared off Lady Libido and me with their substandard skills. None of the witch craft by the seaside nor any of the sexually-charged opportunities I'd seized did anything to change anything about it. There was simply no match to Lady Libido's and my desires.

But then came the night when Lady Libido – again around ovulation – had arranged another stupid date, and I would have almost chickened out had Lady Libido not been so persistent and crafty. She had convinced me to swear to help her get up to speed for the month's peak season, and then: WHAM! There I was, and WHAM!

There he was. And all of a sudden, there was this feeling of an instant connection with someone, chatting the night away, and not even thinking about making out for the first two hours.

We just enjoyed the moment. Until the kiss at the end of the night and then, we weren't able to think of anything else but: “Wow! The curse is broken!”

Lady Libido did a dance of joy that reminded me of those vintage super-8 home videos, and I was afraid she'd cause a blackout in the neighborhood the way

Lady Libido was twirling around us throwing lightning bolts and celebrating our kisses as if it were Independence Day for Libidos! Maybe she also danced with his Lord Libido, who, of course, was also instrumental in redeeming us from the curse.

She was so beautiful, so charming, strong and unbridled, so free. I wished that my lover could see her. An Amazonian queen among Libidos! Brimming with ecstasy and splendor. Artists should paint her, poets write the most beautiful poems about her, and believers and horny people alike should praise her!

When I die, I shall not think of all the immoral and irresponsible things she did, the things she urged me to do despite my fears. I want to remember exactly those moments that brought me and us so much joy just as that night. She should receive a medal of honor.

I may have PMS, a full-time job, and two demanding kids, I thought on my way home, literally hovering above the pavement because Lady Libido was jumping up and down so wildly that my feet barely touched the ground, but I have my Lady Libido, and she is definitely a damn good reason for having a relationship with myself, even if she is a somewhat intimidating, but nonetheless excellent partner! I think many people could take a leaf out of Lady Libido's book. Or several, for that matter. May she always be as beautifully exuberant as she is now. Long live Lady Libido! ♥









# SHEET MUSIC

*Photography by Alexandra Siering  
Model: Philipp Turinske*





































# On the Prowl for #3

*By Ida J.*

**VIKTORIA. OUR STORY ABOUT HER BEGINS** at an early Amsterdam edition of Pornceptual, held at a trashy, but fun gay club in Amsterdam centre. Unlike the bar down the road, this one isn't full of straight tourists and is much more sex-oriented. Every night of the week is aimed to appeal to very specific demographics and desires - naked night; a sex party for the pos crowd; Butch and Bear night; Twink night; even a slave auction...

In many ways, it'd be nice to be a gay man, all those fabulous parties and the saunas. The sexual baseline is so open, equal to all these men. As someone who enjoys prowling darkrooms, and attending sex parties unaccompanied, my identity as a woman is often beset with frustration. Still, when the opportunity arises, I go for it.

These days, I mostly have Jared in tow anyway, my number one partner in crime. This is a relatively recent phenomenon; Jared and I have had a very intense, but rather erratic relationship for around a year and a half. Now it appears we're getting more serious, spending all our time together, although it's officially an open relationship, and we live apart. But, what's a label worth? It's the first time Jared and I have come to this club together. Both of us have been here separately before; Jared wandered here on an odd exploration after moving to the city; I, rather surprisingly, came with colleagues (but that's another filthy story).

For Jared, these sex parties are always an interesting experience. As a somewhat bisexual man (masculine but in pretty way), he tends to feel somewhat too straight. It's funny; fairly often he's assumed to be gay - pretty face, great body, with some femininity to his mannerisms born of his innate flamboyance. But in reality, he's probably 70% straight, with rather eclectic taste in women (and certainly not lacking any attention from them). He's really only into a very specific type of man, pretty-faced and muscular like he is, so the wider spectrum of humans in this very overtly sexual context doesn't usually incite wild enthusiasm.

This club isn't my first choice for a sexy party. For my part, I still remain curious to see the crowd - understandably, the clientele is predominantly male, I've enjoyed going out dancing with my friends but am usually paid very little attention (if not in the mood, it's amazing to disappear in a place where no one has any sexual interest in you). That said, when I am on the pull, my interests are directed more towards women than men. We both reckon this party is bound to be one for the books, we know how fun they can be; we've been to Pornceptual before, in Berlin.

Jared's red leather harness fits his muscular torso perfectly, emphasising his broad shoulders. I'm still in my leotard and thigh-highs phase (a rather long-lasting phase, in fact). I have a black square-necked number on, cut very high at the hips. When we arrive, the party's still warming up, but the

music thunders away. Already, the main room is inundated with murder techno as if it were 5am. Evidently, the DJ doesn't feel the people need to ease into the mood. We amble around for a bit, doing the tour, running into a few acquaintances, exchanging compliments and pleasantries. It's a party. We're on the balcony gazing down over the crowd. As expected, it's predominantly men, there are a few women, far more than usual, exciting me already, but two girls, in particular, catch our eye immediately. These two look like they're straight out of Bergain, both in fetish black underwear. One is a true filth angel. Her long dark hair has been teased into a high pile at the top, like a techno Amy Winehouse. A fringe exaggerates the broad high cheekbones of her pale face, she seems simultaneously sweet and



Photo Credit: mrcats/stock.adobe.com





innocent, and debauched. Dressed in a spaghetti strap bodysuit, she exudes playfulness, intense sexuality and beauty all at once. I'm smitten.

These girls head straight to the dance floor, no hesitation, strutting with grave purpose right up to the speaker. They're crotch to thigh as they dance on the platform at the back of the room, hips and shoulders swaying exaggeratedly. It's hard to tell if they're friends or lovers, or both. They stand out, even in a room full of people in various states of undress and fetish fashion.

We earmark them as people to talk to. We're already scoping out the possibilities for a little bit of fooling around.

Reasonably early on in the night, people already start sneaking off into the various

alcoves. We're a little too reserved to just proposition people straight off the bat, it's easier for me on my own, but when both of us want in on the fun it doesn't feel as straightforward. Jared suggests a Tinder acquaintance of his, a girl with a severe bob, cherubic face and fishnets. We chatted to her when we arrived, she's a honey, but the chemistry isn't there for me. A tall and very striking blonde woman in a jumpsuit seems a live possibility, but is unfortunately somewhat aloof. Those two girls won't leave my mind. No one else in the club comes close. On this, we agree.

So we establish our goal and we make our way to the dance floor, bouncing through the crowd towards the back, where those two girls are still dancing, wrapped up in the motion, in each other, in the music. We all lock eyes and they move in our direction, so the four of us are dancing 'together' in some sense of the word. I lean over, "I love your style!" "Thanks!" It's impossible to exchange more than a few words, but we made a connection and established our friendship. They beam at us. Eventually, the dark-haired one suggests we go for a cigarette, leaning in to yell in my ear.

In the club's tiny, crowded smoking room (we're definitely not in Berlin), we get better acquainted. The girls aren't partners nor lovers, but the best of friends and flatmates.



The one who caught our eye, well, this beautiful vixen is the famous Viktoria. She introduces herself, twirling a strand of that messy dark hair. A black collar contrasts with her porcelain skin, her curves fill that bodysuit. Her friend, Selena, is kinkier in her dress, wearing a leather harness and garter belt with gold hardware, really beautiful. Her long caramel hair is pulled back into a high ponytail; she has dominatrix vibes for sure, but friendly ones. It's hard to tell what they make of us; I think it's fairly obvious that Jared and I are on the prowl, although we never say it outright.

As we head to the bar on our way back to the dance floor, it's obvious that the party is heating up. People start having sex in more obvious places: on the battered old sofa at the top of the stairs (what bucket-loads of cum that sofa must've seen); against the walls; against the platform at the back of the room.

Despite the steamy environment, there's only flirtation with Viktoria at this point, no action tonight. For all her wild sex appeal, Viktoria isn't particularly inclined to sleep with randoms in the middle of a club. Never judge a book by its cover.

She seems intrigued by us though, by the possibility of three. I can't recall anyone else ever dancing with me so intensely. Realising that perhaps it's not going to be one of those nights, Jared and I head back to his and fuck each other's brains out for an hour or two, waking up with less of a hangover than expected.

In the months following our sexy encounter with the lovely Viktoria, Jared befriends her on Facebook and keeps up casual conversation, although we don't see each other again for quite some time. In our personal lives, Jared and I move in together, bowing to the inevitable. We continue our weekend adventures, but Viktoria remains a consistent point of interest. Both of us have taken a shine to her; she's a sweetheart, and such a miscreant, spending entire weekends out at the club regularly. She's part of a friend group that's known for partying really hard. We come to find out that we have many acquaintances in



common, so we know we're likely to run into her again.

The night before New Year's Eve Jared and I are out on the lash, at some artsy techno club. Viktoria said we'd find her there, we planned to go regardless. A time for getting wasted and dancing, the usual suspects are warming up for literal days of festivities. The club is one of the few here in Amsterdam that's open for nearly a week to celebrate NYE. The queues will be Berlin-style (almost unheard-of here), anyone on the regulars list is going to be highly sought-after for their +1 entry. But the night before is the real deal, long before the crowds arrive, largely people from the party scene, those so-called die-hards who end up here every weekend to sink away from time and space, to negate the real world for a night.

Viktoria says she's with friends, and duly we find her front left by the speaker, wearing black underwear and that same leather collar from our first encounter. She greets us with enthusiasm, practically throwing herself at us, simultaneously pulling Jared and I into a bear hug. We embark on a trip to the smoking room.

She walks through the place like she owns it. She knows everyone and is fully ensconced in the scene. Yet somehow, she never comes across as cliquey. There's an unerring pleasantness to her demeanour. We chat for some time on a bench in the ill-ventilated room with its brighter lighting and light hip-hop (more conducive to conversation). It's been the better part of a year since we last saw each other. She's quitting her stressful hospitality job to do something at the EU more relevant



to her education and language skills (she speaks four fluently). We update her - Jared and I are in the process of buying a house.

I sneak a discreet glance while we talk to admire the lines of her body in simple black bra and knickers. When we met up with her, she was wearing a white t-shirt as well, but basically any clothing is too much clothing in the basement, where the fog is thick with sweat and the walls are practically dripping. She talks about how liberating it is to dance in underwear, and finds so much freedom in being able to do what she likes with her body at the club, enjoying it on her own terms. Just this statement sends a frisson of anticipation between my thighs. I give Jared a meaningful look; he meets my gaze, playful and knowing, the prowl. The club is a place of discovery and if we play our cards right, and I feel, from what she's saying, that she desires a sexy kind of adventure.

Sexual tension's in the air as the crowd throbs to the beat of the basement. We snake our way through the mass of slick bodies, back to the front where we initially found her. Her body a white silhouette against the flashing blackness as she slinks through the crowd. Carving out our niche, we dance frenetically, following one another's movements. Meaningful eye contact abounds, a sign of things to come, although there are no guarantees. We haven't even kissed yet.

She has a bottle of Coke spiked with something spicy, and warns us before we take a sip. It's sweltering, and everyone's dancing so hard, as though they might never dance again, as though they hadn't danced all year. The style of dancing in this environment is so particular it makes perfect sense, feet rooted to the ground, torso lurching from side to side.

Emerging from the sweat pit for a breather, we find ourselves standing outside the toilets with a group of acquaintances. Viktoria is next to me, our thighs tantalisingly close, occasionally touching, electric. At length, I slide an arm around her waist and ask if she'd like to go to the darkroom. She smiles an enigmatic smile. I don't think she's going to go for it.

We continue the conversation with the group, which is starting to disperse. Suddenly, in full view of all the friends, she takes

both Jared and I by the hand, struts confidently through the ladies' toilets (where the anonymous entry to the darkroom is located), opens the door and we sway through the black-lit cubicles. They're still sparsely populated, two shapes shift in one nook as we pass. Sound is reduced to a dull thud in the seclusion of the black-walled cavern. Blue black light throwing subtle shadows as we creep through.

She hoists herself onto the bench in our chosen cubicle and with no delay, tucks hands in either side of her underwear, sliding it down her thighs. I help her. Jared runs a hand down her alabaster stomach, kissing her, while I kiss down the length of her body, eventually kneeling between her legs on the floor. I look up, admire the view as they kiss, her bra pulled up, breasts exposed bulging out from under the elastic as he squeezes one, pinching a nipple between fingers. Her collar and the bra stretched askew trace sharp lines across her soft skin, merging with the black as if the wall itself bound her. She tilts backwards as though the material of the darkroom were pulling her towards it.

I curl my arms around her hips as I go down on her, flicking the tip of my tongue on either side of her clit, then into her vagina, eventually sliding my fingers in. The darkroom thrums in the violet light and we're fizzing with urgency, drawn towards each other. I look up to see she's removed Jared's cock from his leggings, her hand grasps firmly, twisting up and down on his shaft as they kiss frantically. He's hard as a rock in her clutches, glans bulbous between her fingers, poking out between them like marble. He angles his hips forward with her touch, his abs hardened with each movement. I watch, my fingers in her wet cunt, moving slowly as she caresses him.

I can feel the looseness of intoxication, my head light as I come up for air with a shimmy and kiss her. She puts a hand in my underwear. The kiss is lingering, her touch slow and hard, deeply sensual. We both perch on the bench; his fingers buried in her now, her

naked lower half writhing. I can just make out his hand between her legs, melting a finger into the warm flesh of her pussy. I push forward onto her fingers as she moves them in circular motions, feeling a mounting intensity, I'm tantalisingly close.

Two girls with haircuts watch us from the corner where they're discreetly fiddling with a key. Lucky them to witness such a scene. I idly wonder if they'd like to join in. But I'm fast distracted and don't give them another thought. By the time I look up again they're long gone. The three of us a mounting mass of writhing bodies straining on each other's hands, lips on lips on necks, a bared breast squished into an arm.

Still holding Jared's penis, Viktoria commands, "now, fuck her" and he obeys, standing to pull my underwear to the side and shoving his cock into me so hard and fast I gasp. She masturbates, one leg bent up, foot resting on the bench, rubbing her clit, breathing hard as I lean over her. I bury my fingers in her and I kiss her as she moves her hand, she puts the other on my neck for a moment as I thrust backwards onto Jared. He fucks fast, spearing his cock into me as he holds my hips. She reaches up between my legs again as I stand, angled over her, and finally I come on her fingers and his cock. My legs shake with the intensity of it, I feel the distinctively familiar pattern of thrusts as he comes, his moans melding with the music in the background, he kisses her over my shoulder. We kiss for a second, then hurriedly grapple back into our clothes, slightly bashful as we return to the party.

An intense first fuck and it was great, but I want more, I want to show her this kind of experience at its best, in a bedroom rather than a darkroom. She seemed to enjoy herself, so I hope we can do it again. ♥

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# LOUDER ISN'T ALWAYS BETTER

When I talk to friends or clients, I often hear them say that good sex is rare or complicated. The opposite is true: good sex is easy. It's the way we think about it that makes it difficult.

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*By Yella Cremer*

**AS A TANTRA MASSEUSE AND TRAINER**, sex coach and author, I've learned various techniques to dissolve many blockages within myself and others, and talk about sex for days and nights. The quintessence of all this: good sex comes about on its own—if we don't stand in its way. It's dormant within us. All we have to do to experience fulfilling sexuality is to listen and feel it within ourselves. It's completely natural, because sexuality is innate in us.

*If it's so simple, why don't we all have great sex*, you ask? The fact that we so often consider sex to be “bad” has nothing to do with the perception that we ourselves are deficient in some way, be it too fat, too old, or some other inadequacy. It has more to do with the fact that we get our ideas of what “good” sex is or should be from outside sources and not by trusting ourselves. This is not an individual view of sex, but a collective one. We live in a society that is hostile to our bodies and has come to normalize this view. Sex is



often associated with shame or even prohibition, but at the same time, we are conditioned to believe that sex as depicted in the omnipresent media is something desirable.

To awaken the ecstasy that lies dormant within us, we must change our perspective. Instead of looking outward, we must turn our gaze inward, as it is only our innermost being that tells us what feels good at any given moment and what doesn't.

“Slow Sex” is an excellent way of exploring this knowledge and getting to know ourselves better. Slow sex is a counter-movement to placative “Hollywood sex” and even porn as propagated in the mainstream media. The use of the word “slow” aims to reduce our tempo until we can calmly hear and listen to our inner selves. Slow sex takes the stress off of sex. It offers a completely different way to





lovemaking than “normal” sex, instead of the usual alignment of ideal conditions like the right mood, an erection, and whatever else is “supposed to” lead to sex.

Slow sex starts with two lovers laying naked next to each other, expecting nothing, radically doing only what feels good at the moment. Radical because it means staying in the moment and doing nothing in particular. It’s also radical because it requires us to unlearn a few things, such as the expectation of having an orgasm or the habit of tensing certain muscles to increase arousal.

What slow sex offers is an unbelievable sense of ease and a deep closeness in the sexual relation-



**Yella Cremer** founded the Love-Base School of Love in 2012 in Berlin. With her motto “Good sex

can be learned,” she supports people in learning to enjoy their sexual nature and having fulfilling sex. She has written a short instruction guide to tantra massage and various other manuals.

ship. That which we used to strive for during “normal” sex suddenly happens all by itself. Our deep longings are nourished bit by bit, and our batteries that have been drained for a long time recharge. “Slow” does not mean that it cannot become wild and intense, but this intensity takes on a different quality: it is relaxed and awake, because it does not demand or expect anything, it does not come about through the strongest possible stimuli, but through attentive listening to and feeling ourselves and each other. And unlike conventional sex, the focus is not on orgasm, but on enjoying every moment. Just as with music: the loudest songs aren’t always the most beautiful ones. ♥







# *Domestic Goddess*

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*Photography by Lilith  
Text by Janina Gatzky*

## **THE HOUSEWIFE BEING THE BATTLESHIP OF FEMINISM?**

Really? I think we all imagine a feminist different than that. In any case, not in an apron and certainly not sexy or self-deprecating. The first time I saw Henriette van Gasteren's photography, I saw myself in her images. After you become a mother, you additionally fall into the role of housewife faster than you'd like. There's nothing wrong with that as long as you enjoy doing it and your family appreciates the unpaid work you do for them. Most of the time, they don't and you end up pacing the side-lines, cursing yourself.

The thanklessness that Henriette van Gasteren loathed as a housewife turned her into a photographer and feminist. After the birth of her third child, the artist, who is also known by the pseudonym,

Lilith, decided to stay home, but only a few years later, she felt empty. "I began to disappear, to lose myself. I felt like I was dying inside myself," is how she describes the end of an impasse known in German as "kids, kitchen, church". She initially sought salvation in the written word, but soon realized that she could more pointedly tell her stories in pictures than in her writing. And so, the series "Domestic Goddess" became a self-portrait of a special kind. A rebellion against female invisibility and a reconquering of self-respect. The images are full of irony and sharp wit, with a streak of nasty. "That's what makes them feminist to me," van Gasteren says. She used to think equality was enough. If asked today if she still sees a need for feminism, she'd reply, "Certainly, there's still a lot worth fighting for." ♥



















































# *Let's Talk About...*

*Interview by Janina Gatzky*

...how men really experience sex. Curious to find out? We asked an expert. Christian Seidel wrote a book about his own experience to describe in detail how men experience their sexuality. We talked with him about emotions, masturbation addiction, and male orgasms.







**KISSED:** *Christian, your book is subtitled “Eine Grenzüberschreitung” which could be translated as crossing a border or even transcending taboos. Which border did you cross, which taboos did you break by writing the book?*

**Christian Seidel:** Talking so frankly about your own sex life, especially as a guy, is still considered a taboo. It's frowned upon and anxiety-laden. But to be able to do that over 300 pages is something liberating. Like shedding an old, tight skin that society forces us to wear.

*Why is it so hard for men – but also for women – to talk about their sexual experiences?*

We live in a culture amputated of sensuality. In contrast to profit, success, or other rationally measurable parameters, sensual experiences have no collective value in our society. Sensuality, however, is not an accomplishment but something that's deeply engrained in us as human beings. To deny it is dehumanizing. But by reclaiming it through language, we shake up our traditional value system built on profit and success.

It's hypocritical to cherish “intimacy” – meaning everything to do with sex and emotions – as if it were the holy grail while at the same time being buried by an avalanche of porn films pouring out of the Internet. We like to brag about how free and advanced our cultures are, but we're afraid of talking honestly about sex. That's the real perversion.

*Sensuality is frequently associated with women while sex is often seen as a male domain. Where do you see fundamental differences between female and male sexuality?*

I don't think there is any difference in terms of pure sensation, but I do see differences in how men and women perceive and permit feelings and emotions. Women experience their feelings and emotions in a more holistic way compared to men. Female sex is complete. Because men tend to marginalize their female qualities, men's sexuality is out of balance and even reduced although many men hardly notice that because they don't know what it means to feel complete.

*You claim that the sexual pressure men experience originates from a lack of opportunities to live out their emotions, i.e., not only anxiety, uncertainty, and grief but, of course, also happiness, love, joy, etc.*

*What can men do to reach an emotional equilibrium?*

It is not enough that men try to consciously tune in to the vast array of their inner feelings. When I say things like that, many men indignantly maintain that they experience emotions just fine. I'm sure that's true, but what they don't do is act upon their feelings. It's not enough to just be aware of them. That's why I advise men

Photo Credit: comfreak\_pivabay





*“We live in a culture amputated of sensuality.”*

to start with a little experiment: follow up your feelings with actions, test out your gut feeling, try something you haven't done before and while doing so pay attention to what you feel and then act upon those feelings. This is how you carve out a new, sensual, satisfying life for yourself.

*Is our sexuality confined by the shackles of our social norms?*

It's worse than that. We believe we are so incredibly free and liberal and advanced that we assume no norms apply any longer. What's worse than these norms is how ignorantly and arrogantly we treat our own sensuality and rob ourselves of the most beautiful thing of our lives.

*Let's talk about something different: What impact has religion on men's sexuality?*

It all starts with the problem that almost every religion claims that god is a man. At the same time, what's truly divine is the ability of women to bear life, yet motherhood is regarded as inferior. Pornography is the graphic outpour of the religious bigotry of not only Christianity or Islam but also of other religions. Men fuck women in a stereotypical manner and all the while all we see is the woman's face, hardly ever the man's. Religious beliefs are still shaping our terribly antiquated idea of sexuality where men seem to hold the sensual reigns while denying and ridiculing the senses.

*In your book you write: “I often experience love as an obstacle to fully live out my sexuality while sex becomes a burden for love.” What do you mean?*

Love and sex are often seen as two sides of the same coin. But they are not. Religious doctrines created by men (!) make us believe they're closely intertwined. But love and sex exist completely independent of each other. Many couples who love each other say they don't need and don't want to have sex while others have sex without being in love. But all these people experience joy and fulfillment in their lives. Love combined with sex certainly creates a feeling of absolute bliss. But if we force it, it'll die, as our divorce rates illustrate. I'm against stereotyping relationships into the two basic concepts of “friendship” and “intimate relationship.” There are infinite variations.

*You also take a very critical stand against the porn industry. How does pornography change men's sex lives and how does that play out between men and women?*

Pornography has gained the status of a secret lover in many relationships, which to me is a real threat. It has become a substitute partner for many men. A man who masturbates while watching porn films feels less sexually aroused during intercourse. Taken to the extreme, men no longer need a woman to have sex because they can make a vagina with their fist. In this sense, I see the masturbation fist as a metaphor. The rampant masturbation addiction of men (surveys indicate this alarming trend) is a response to the fact that men now have to share their traditional domains with women. The last bastion that they want to defend is having control over their own senses and their vulnerability. They hold on to it with their fist, symbolically. When instead, they should finally let go.

*You just mentioned the term “masturbation addiction.” What do you mean by that?*

When you drink, take drugs, or watch porn videos you leave your reality to escape into a pseudo reality where you can reward yourself with a little bliss. That's very dangerous, and it jeopardizes the way we live together. Today, Internet addiction ranks among one of the most widespread forms of addiction right up there with alcohol.



Internet addicts include a large percentage of porn film addicts. Most of them are men. More men are addicted to masturbation today than to alcohol.

*This development is part and parcel of a culture of devaluation, desensualization, and emotional glaciation, as well as the unrestrained indulgence of our lowest instincts, which you criticize vehemently.*

*What could, or what should, an alternative cultural concept look like and how can we get there?*

We've lived through a period of unrestrained technical and economic development that is overall harmful to people despite some of the benefits. Social networks affect how we live together. Technical automation and digitalization are making humans superfluous. I am in strong favor of regulations in this respect. We must guarantee that everything we've created will benefit us in the long run for generations to come. Such an understanding should be based on values, and we need to define our guiding ethical principles more clearly. Some things should simply be prohibited. I believe we should treat the consumption of porn films in the same manner as smoking tobacco.

*Young people spend a lot of time in social networks and love technology. What do boys need to know about sex? What should good sex education include?*

In principle, the best and most natural way for young people to discover and explore their own sexuality is through their own experience. Many words might be too much while too few might not be enough. However, teenagers don't need images or videos because they will etch themselves into their imagination and cloud their experience. We must protect young people from this junk. Because of the ubiquitous use of smartphones, it's nearly possible to enforce though. That's why we need legislation to put pornography on a leash. At the same time, parents and schools should focus more on good sex education.

*Let's talk about birth control. You don't beat around the bush that you personally dislike condoms because it's nicer to feel skin on skin. We agree, but doesn't that mean you make your partner responsible for contraception? We find that a bit antiquated.*

On the one hand, I'm saying I don't like condoms because they keep me from feeling. But I use them, of course. Men are the ones who should be primarily responsible for contraception, not women. It would be a grave mistake to see it any other way. I believe that you don't necessarily need to have sex every time you feel horny. Having sex and having intercourse are not necessarily the same. You can prevent a pregnancy by not sleeping with your partner. There are a myriad of other options. But sleeping with a woman without wearing a condom may also be a way a man wants to demonstrate and exercise male power.

*At the end of your book you describe your own personal experiences with male infertility in great detail. It left me with the impression that men still define themselves in large part through their ability to procreate naturally, or more specifically, through the quality of their sperm. What role does sex play for a man's identity?*

Having to face the fact that my ability to reproduce was not what it had been in the past was a shock. Sex is a core element of male identity, especially the proper functioning of sex. In this sense, it has a lot to do with men's self-image, which revolves around control, power, and perfection.

*One final question that most women are curious about: what's good sex? What feels best and where?*

You'd need to give me a few more pages in your wonderful magazine to answer that. You can't put into few words what men enjoy during sex. It can't be reduced to an instruction manual or your typical "top 10" list. Let me say this: A man is more than a penis. The rest of his body also enjoys sensual feelings.

*Normally, we don't give sex advice but tell us how to give a world class blowjob.*

Do it right or don't do it at all. Sucking and licking instead of blowing. That's the trick. Don't masturbate too much while you're at it; touch the rest of his body too. Go deep repeatedly and don't overdo it on one spot. And really important: Don't make him think the blowjob might be over soon. Eye contact is also very nice.

*Speaking of which: How do men experience orgasm?*

I can only talk about myself. For me, it feels like a piece of donut stuck in your throat that slowly descends your esophagus. At the same time your balls expand and something in your pelvis starts to burn like a fireball. Inevitably the power takes over until I surrender completely.

*Thank you for your openness.*

*“Men should be the ones who are primarily responsible for contraception, not women.”*





In the undergrowth of feelings  
I came across this one  
That I could not place nor name  
Yet it did remain aflame  
It was all about love dealings  
And involved a lot of fun

Then I came across this man  
Who was full of strange appealingings  
And suddenly to light it came  
(For which he only was to blame)  
Though he came in rather handy  
'Caus I found that I was randy

---

*Julie Robbins*





# THE COWARD

A love life can be dazzling or bizarre, amusing or exasperating. Una G. shares her latest adventures...

**THE OUTCOME OF MY LATEST BLIND DATE** was unexpected and caught me off guard. I was terribly tired, but I didn't cancel at the last minute because I didn't want to be a jerk. After all, he was from out of town and had traveled quite a way to meet me. I hadn't put on make-up and was in my comfy clothes, so I thought I'd keep it to just one beer and then go home. But, as it goes, it all turned out very differently. We really hit it off and plunged head first into some deep conversation. Invigorated by our head-to-head, we switched from beer to whiskey and talked late into the night. He wasn't at all my type in the looks department, but I was taken by his shy smile, and as we parted I gave him a fleeting kiss. And then he gave me one. And after that we stood on the sidewalk for a good hour, practicing our French kissing. Eventually, we went to my place, though I was ready to crash. He was warm and affectionate and we slept or, didn't sleep, snuggled up close together.

He regularly came to Berlin on business and, over the next few weeks, always scheduled his trips so that we could spend a night together. After some time, he confessed to me that he was living with another woman. In the same breath, however, he added that he'd wanted to separate from her for a long time, the main

issue being that she was asexual and he wanted sex. An understandable dilemma.

A few days later, he texted me, proudly telling me how relieved he was that he had finally told his girlfriend about me. I was stunned by his sudden courage. He had expected that she'd kick him out of their place immediately, but to his amazement, she had no intentions of breaking up with him. Instead, she begged, pleaded, and cried at him to stay. She forgave him and promised to better cater to his desires. Suddenly, he wasn't all that sure if he really wanted to leave their newly built nest.

He and I had exciting conversations about alternative forms of relationships, and it was clear that returning to his asexual relationship would again dull his recently awakened libido. I suggested that I'd like to meet his girlfriend, as I had the impression from his stories that we could like each other. Since she didn't want sex and I didn't want a hubby, perhaps we'd complement each other well. Maybe the three of us could work something out. But the very idea of us two women talking to each other terrified him. In his last text he wrote that it would be mean of him not to give her another chance, now that she was trying so hard. And if things still didn't work out, well, he might consider the option of an open relationship. Okay, yeah, but not with me. ♥









# M E N

*Fine Art by Kenneth Gruenholtz*































# “UNCENSORED”

We talked to American photographer Kenneth Gruenholtz about his work, women’s love of gay porn, and what makes male bodies erotic.

*Interview: Janina Gatzky*

**KISSED:** For “Uncensored” you explored the world of adult performers. What attracted you to the gay adult film business?

**Kenneth Gruenholtz:** In August, 2017, I got a message on Instagram from Michael Lucas, the legendary adult performer (and CEO of Lucas Entertainment) asking me to photograph him on Fire Island. The shoot went well and the images were published in several venues. But when Michael asked if I would be interested in doing promotional photography for Lucas Entertainment, I demurred. I was not interested in creating those kinds of images. I suggested an alternative: a fine-art, black and white monograph about the behind-the-scenes moments on Lucas shoots. I was interested in creating images that I hadn’t seen before—what the models did before and after their scenes, during breaks on set and at promotional photo shoots conducted by Lucas staff photographers.

I’ve always been interested in photographing moments that people don’t ordinarily see. At the time Lucas contacted me, I was working on a project called “Morning Rituals”—photographing young men doing their morning routines at home: stretching, exercising, bathroom ablutions and getting dressed. This series became very popular and is still ongoing. I think the reason for its popularity is because people hadn’t seen images like that. Most photographers don’t go to a model’s home to capture those moments. But people want to see what beautiful people look like and do before they put on their public face. So, my interest here was really an extension of my morning rituals series—capturing mostly unseen moments of beautiful models—rather than a desire to work in the adult film industry per se.

**How was that different from mainstream pornography?**

I haven’t done any work in mainstream pornography so I’m not sure about the differences. But one thing that surprised me was how intimate and sexual the young men were when the cameras weren’t rolling. I had thought all of the sexual activity would cease once the cameras stopped. I was certainly mistaken about that.

**According to Pornhub, four out of ten straight women who watch porn enjoy watching gay porn videos. Any idea why?**

The first time I was aware that women were interested in gay porn was when I saw the movie “The Kids Are Alright”. It includes a scene where two lesbians are having sex while watching gay porn. I had never heard of that before. So I did some research and what I found was this: women (gay and straight) liked the idea of not having to look at other women. And, women liked seeing the visual representation of arousal—seeing a man get an erection.

The person who handles my promotion on social media is a straight woman in France who is married and has a young child. She loves gay porn. When I asked her why, she said: “It’s all that testosterone. More erections and more muscle. The men in gay porn seem to be enjoying sex more than the women in straight porn. When I see a gang bang on straight porn, it looks painful and humiliating. But with gay porn, it’s just very exciting.” Since discovering gay porn a few years ago, she no longer watches straight porn.

In straight porn, the camera focus is usually on the woman. As a gay man, I want to see

the camera focus on the man. So straight women who likewise want to see the camera focus on men will certainly find that with gay porn. I noticed the appearance of a new genre of porn a couple of years ago where sex was straight but the camera was focused on the man. The company producing it called the series: “Hot Men Fuck”. And, yes, it was very sexy. I think it’s fairly well established that straight men like to see two women having sex. So maybe it shouldn’t be a surprise that the converse would also be true.

**When does pornography become (nude) art and vice versa?**

My definition of pornography is this: where the sole purpose of the image is to sexually stimulate and cause arousal through the depiction of erections and penetration. When the artist is exploring ideas other than, or in addition to, sexual arousal, then the image might be considered art.

With the Lucas project, I was primarily interested in creating images that showed what the dynamic was like for models when the video cameras weren’t running. I wasn’t focused on capturing erections or penetration. My goal was to provide some insight about what happens behind-the-scenes, not to create arousal.

I call what I did for “Uncensored” fine-art photo journalism. It’s photo journalism because I am not directing the scene or telling the models what to do. I am simply capturing images of what is happening. The fine-art element comes into play when I bring the image into photoshop to make adjustments in lighting, contrast, saturation and clarity.



*One of my favorite images in the book is the one with the guy in the business suit that's a reference to Mapplethorpe. It's raw and very powerful. Unfortunately, we can't show it because it violated publication guidelines applicable to the magazine. Can you describe the moment you shot it?*

There were three models who were involved in a "Men in Suits" video. Typically, the models do their promotional photo shoots before the video is shot. For that video, the Lucas staff photographer decided that he wanted to see the models fully clothed with only their penises exposed. That particular image happened on a break during the photo shoot.

*When I first saw that image and some others in the book, I was surprised that – despite the title "Uncensored" – you were allowed to publish these images. Has there really been no censorship or is the book age-restricted or sold in plastic wrap? Our magazine has come up against censorship time and again, especially when it comes to publishing male nudes. The 45° rule has made it impossible for us to publish some incredible photographs.*

I was a little surprised as well. I didn't think the book publisher was going to include all of those images. I am so grateful that they did. The only limitation on content had to do with Amazon. They won't allow frontal nudity or sex on the book cover. The back cover, however, shows Michael looking at models who are sexually engaged.

Again, the images were not created to cause sexual arousal. Rather, they were created to inform, educate, and tell a story about what happens behind-the-scenes at an adult entertainment company.

This notion of context is also used by social media companies. For example, while you generally can't show a photograph of a woman's breast on Instagram, if the image relates to a woman's mastectomy or is otherwise being shown for informational purposes, the image is normally allowed.

*On the other hand, there seems to be more leeway when it comes to female nudes. They used to be ubiquitous in images, advertising, art. Male nudes have disappeared over the past decades and centuries. Where does that preference for the female body come from? Or is it an unconscious bias?*

It comes from living in a patriarchal society where straight white men get to make the rules and they want to see nude women, not nude males.

When I was reading a biography on Robert Mapplethorpe, there was a passage about a respected New York gallery who, in the late 1970's, exhibited several photographic images of a nude male. A critic at The New York Times said the images were "unseemly" and that the female form was much better suited for nude images.

Where does that kind of perspective come from? I think it comes from religion, culture and politics. The American culture is rooted in a prudish orientation dating back to the early settlers who were, in fact, called Puritans. I don't think American culture has ever really escaped from those conservative roots when it comes to male nudes.

*The other day I had an interesting conversation with a straight guy who mentioned that straight men may feel threatened by male nudes or at least they would trigger their competitive nature. Is that also a reason why we see so few male nudes in public? Is it all about insecure masculinity?*

I think that is certainly one possibility. But I think that if there was greater commercial interest in male nudes, there would be more male nudes. Female nudes are not a niche market in erotic content, they are more than 90% of the market.

I can understand why straight men may not be interested in looking at images of nude men. But I remain mystified as to why more straight women are not interested in seeing male nudes. I get analytics from Instagram as to who is looking at my images. Less than 10% are women.

*As an excuse we often hear that male bodies are just not as erotic as female bodies. I strongly disagree and your sensual images speak for themselves. What makes a male body erotic?*

I still remember when I was about 13 or 14 years old, I was hanging out with a female





friend and she said that in most animal species, it is the male that is most striking with more color and appeal. She then asserted that the major exception is the human species where the female is more appealing. I wasn't "out" at the time but I remember thinking—I don't agree with that at all.



As to what makes a male body erotic, that is largely subjective, but for me there are several elements: Face. Generally speaking, for me it starts with the face. If the face is strong and masculine, then, in terms of eroticism, you're more than halfway there. When I post images on my uncensored site (OnlyFans.com/Gruenholtz), I sometimes identify whether the model has BDE (Big Dick Energy)—a model's projection of sexual confidence. I find BDE highly erotic.

Muscle. I think a well-muscled physique is also erotic since it is likewise a projection of masculinity and strength. However, I don't find all muscle erotic. If the muscularity is overdone (too big) or soft (absence of vascularity), I don't find that appealing. My three favorite muscle groups are glutes, biceps and abs.

Body Hair. I generally prefer natural body hair. From time to time, I do shoot shaved physiques but I don't find them especially erotic. I think that is because I associate body hair with masculinity.

Penis. A large endowment is always appealing. As for cut vs. uncut, I think uncut is generally sexier because there's more to appreciate and play with.

Tattoos. I used to find tattoos unappealing but I have come around on this. In fact, if a model has no tattoos, I sometimes think something is missing. Moderation is key, however—tattoos that overwhelm the model's appearance are not sexy in my view.

*What projects are you currently working on?*

*What's a subject you'd like to explore more?*

The traditional adult industry is being squeezed and transformed by models who are creating their own content on platforms like OnlyFans. This seismic shift in how erotica is being created and consumed is a notable cultural change. In fact, the NY Times recently did a full-page story about how models are now creating their own erotic content without middlemen. So I thought it would be interesting to cover this new form of erotica creation by photographing two male models on Only Fans over the course

of a year. Each model recently created their respective OF pages in September 2020. One is straight and the other is gay.

With respect to a subject I'd like to explore more, that would be capturing moments of intimacy and romance with real-life gay male couples.

After getting my Masters in digital photography from the School of Visual Arts in NYC, I had an opportunity to visit Berlin in connection with a group exhibit. While in Berlin, I discovered a memorial to gay men who had been discriminated against during WWII. The memorial is a small black shack across the street from the Holocaust Memorial. The shack has only one small window and when you look inside there is a one-minute black and white loop of a handsome gay couple, fully dressed, kissing and embracing romantically.

I was moved by this memorial because the message was simple and clear: why would anyone want to harm something so beautiful? So that is a subject I'd like to explore more—the beauty and intimacy of gay romance. Creating images that communicate the same message as the Berlin memorial is the goal. Gay romance is nothing to be afraid of. Love is love. ♥



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# THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS

Sex toys for men are superfluous? Tenga's Spinner changed our test person's mind very quickly.

*By Simon Penn*

**FULL CONFESSION,** I have never used a toy for my own sexual pleasure, never. Of course I have used them with partners, more correctly, on partners, but for myself I considered it a waste of money and energy. I think that's a common attitude among men, why pay for something when you can milk it for free? Pun intended. So I was a little apprehensive when approached to do a review the Tenga Spinner. When the product arrived and I unboxed it I was pleasantly surprised. The packaging was nice, clean lines, utilitarian. The Spinner resides in its cylinder very snugly. It serves as the perfect storage container when the unit is not in use that can be discreetly tucked into a drawer or cabinet. When I removed the Spinner from its cylindrical home I was surprised at how cool and soft it felt, almost fragile. The smooth exterior was approximately 6 inches long with an opening on one end for insertion. Inside is an intricate pattern of silicone bumps that made me curious. Within the mold itself is a coil that I assume led to the Spinner name. I should note that it comes in 6 different variations. I used variation Hexa for this discussion.

I couldn't locate a guide with the Spinner, so I did what we all do these days, I checked the internet. Following the example of the video, I opened the small packet of lubrication included in the shipment (be careful, it's a little messy), and



inserted my penis into the hole which looked too small but the silicone is very stretchy. At first I wasn't sure what to make of the sensation. It was snug and similar to a vagina as it wrapped around me, and once completely inside suction is generated any time you move. The suction causes the silicone beads and the coil to work together that creates an almost dizzying effect of being sucked and jerked simultaneously along the entire shaft. This is a dangerous combination and you have to pace yourself or it will be over too quickly. Spinner is an appropriate name for the device and the combination of moves it performs is unlike anything I have experienced, making this a short test. Cleaning up seems to be a little challenging. The Spinner can't be turned inside out so I would suggest a warm water rinse and repeat, maybe several more times if you want to be certain. Then I used a paper towel to dry the inside.

This is a fun toy that can be used alone or with a partner, just be careful... It may be addictive. ♥

*Spinner by Tenga:  
eustore.tenga-global.com*

*Design: ♥♥♥♥♥  
Performance: ♥♥♥♥♥  
Orgasm guarantee: ♥♥♥♥  
Cleaning : ♥♥♥♥  
Innovation: ♥♥♥♥♥*



# FOR LINGERIE LOVERS DITA VON TEESE

By Lea Becker

Dita von Teese is a style icon, burlesque artist, and one of the most erotic women of our time. Meet the queen of retro and her coquettish lingerie collection.

Beautiful women have a problem: apart from their gorgeous looks, they often have to endure people telling them they don't have much else to offer. Dita von Teese, probably the world's most glamorous lingerie-donning vintage icon, is all too familiar with this stereotype. She is supposed to have once said: "Cannes is the ideal place for fashion, glamour, diamonds, and stunning dresses." In response to this statement, the French magazine *Libération* complained that she had probably never even heard of the film festival there with its barrage of Hollywood stars who have made Cannes into what it is. As is so often the case, the elegant beauty was accused of having no interest in culture.

## WHERE YOU COME FROM AND WHERE YOUR PATH MAY LEAD YOU

But if you take a closer look at Dita von Teese, the opposite image of her emerges: it is precisely because of the movies of the 1940s and 1950s that she fell in love with watching as a youth that she developed a soft spot for the fashion and lifestyle of the era. In fact, her pseudonym, Dita, pays homage to the great silent film actress, Dita Parlo. Before achieving her current bombshell status, a young natural blonde Heather Renée Sweet wanted to earn her way in the world in a field that had nothing to do with her family background. Her father was a machine operator and her mother a manicurist in Michigan where she was born and raised. And it was her mother who encouraged her daughter's early passion for extravagant attire and bought her clothes to



dress up like her favorite screen heroines from those beloved Hollywood movies.

## PASSION FOR LINGERIE

But when it came to the lingerie to go underneath all those fancy dresses, even her fashion-conscious mother seemed to miss the mark. The first bra her mother bought for her was little more than a strip of white cotton together with a pair of flesh-colored tights. What a let-down for a girl who'd dreamed of elegant lingerie with pretty lace, like the women Dita discovered in her father's *Playboy* magazines.

It is no coincidence that she worked as a saleswoman in a lingerie store during her teenage years and regularly modeled for prestigious lingerie brands, including the

legendary fashion designer Jean-Paul Gaultier, and went on to become his muse.

She launched her own "Dita von Teese" line of neo-burlesque lingerie seven years ago, which mixes elements of eras gone-by with contemporary frivolity.

## A HINT OF HOLLYWOOD ON YOUR SKIN

Beside her classic pieces in black, red, and nude with lots of lace and transparent tulle, the burlesque dancer brings out two new collections every year. Vintage fans and lingerie lovers alike can look forward to more sassy matching sets like the "Julie's Roses" in playful cherry red. The ultra-sexy look appeals to every taste. Those who appreciate the style of the sixties will love her leop-









nothing like the skimpy synthetic costumes usually worn by other professional strippers, who were typically suntanned and sporting gold lamé mini bikinis to show-off their enormous fake breasts on the dancepole. Von Teese, on the other hand, donned old-fashioned corsets, suspenders, and tulle over her pale skin. Could this be successful? Oh, yes! Today, Dita von Teese and her unique lingerie style are more en vogue than ever. She tours the world with her show, graces the ads of cosmetics manufacturers and fashion designers, has published several books on the art of burlesque, creates perfumes, and is a welcome guest on the red carpet.

#### WE ARE ALL A BIT LIKE DITA

When Dita von Teese isn't indulging in her love for the fashion of yesteryear, she enjoys traveling the road of future fashion. For designers Michael Schmidt and Francis Bitoni, she wore one of the first dresses made entirely with a 3D printer at a 2014 fashion show in the prestigious Ace Hotel in New York. The dress consisted of 17 individual pieces held together by more than 3,000 connectors and was studded with 12,000 Swarovski crystals.

"You have to know where you come from to know where you're headed" might be a saying that especially fits erotic artist Dita von Teese more than others. The lingerie she creates makes us all feel a bit like a diva, self-confident and glamorous. Viva la diva! Viva la Dita!

[www.dita-dessous.de](http://www.dita-dessous.de)

ard-patterned "Millicent" series. Panty and bra are off-set with black lace, and the back of the panties is made of see-through stretch tulle. Very sensual! "Fiamma" embodies the typical style of the 1950s with polka-dot tulle, the set includes bra, panty, a bodysuit and a softly flowing chemise – Marilyn Monroe would have loved it. The delicate set called "Cora" in vintage peach is a colorful reminiscence of summer. The trio (balconette bra, garter straps and panty) looks almost girlishly innocent compared to the other models – which has its own charm...

#### STRIPPING WITH CLASS

Dita von Teese knows what women, and men, want: she learned about beauty, sex appeal, and lingerie while working as a

beautician and stripper. Because the path to becoming the muse of a great fashion designer is not a sure-fire success. Her marriage to rock star Marilyn Manson contributed to her international breakthrough, and helped her to attract more interest in her dance shows. Dita von Teese has always choreographed her erotic burlesque shows in an artistically-sophisticated way, with great attention to detail and high standards. Simply showing naked flesh – that was too easy and too cheap for her.

#### UNLIKE THE OTHERS

Dita wanted to be more than just an ordinary striptease dancer, which is why she chose to call herself a "burlesque artist". Right from the start of her career in the nineties, for example, her clothes were







# Sorry, Baby, no more yang!

By Yannek Blume

**SOMETIME AROUND THE YEAR 230 AD**, an emperor of the Chinese Han Dynasty noticed that the cosmic harmony of the empire had been disturbed. The records his officials compiled revealed that too few marriages were taking place and that a myriad of men and women were wasting their time practicing reckless abstinence. In an unusually drastic act, never to be seen again in history, the emperor ordered those recorded by name to report to him within a certain period of time to copulate with a member of the opposite sex. Any disobedience was to be punished with 100 lashes. According to the imperial final report, even the most unwilling arrived to officially wrap their bamboo shoot into a lotus blossom or vice versa.

A decree, which in view of the pathetic number of singles today, would probably still be a blessing. Yet such order would be unthinkable since we celebrate modern sex not only as a sanctuary of private self-determination, but, first and foremost, we have it backwards when profane orgasm is all we strive for. The ancient Chinese, however, were not primarily concerned with climaxing. On the contrary, the cosmic principle of yin and yang prescribed that you fuck along happily without trying to blow a fuse. Sex without the grand finale was considered particularly beneficial, especially if the man slept with several women (consecutively or simultaneously) without tiring. The longer, the better, the Tao of love promised, because with every push, the rooster in the henhouse would ab-

sorb fine yin from the woman without expending his yang. A clever way of charging male batteries.

This philosophy has recently gained new aficionados. Man whisperer, David Deida, strongly advises his clients not to come before they leave. Or stay. According to him, a guy's chances of finding a partner increase if he can have passionate sex without creating a big mess. Bodily control in selfless service to women is a noble male trait, but, unfortunately, not every woman appreciates it nowadays. On the contrary. Blame it on the fact that women don't generally like to be used as free yin donors, but what makes matters worse is that it's far too much fun to watch the male fire cracker explode in the bedroom. A female orgasm can be an act of grace, one or two deep breathy moans while their body arches back elegantly. A male climax is a completely different ballgame. When moments earlier he was hard as a rock and pumping powerfully, he suddenly makes sounds as if he'd been caught in a snap trap, turns rigid, and collapses onto his partner like one of those push-button toy giraffes that are held erect by rubber strings and then fall limp among their twisted limbs. It's fun to watch, and women enjoy making a guy who'd played the cock-sure penetrator for a while, lose complete control with just a few firm rubs in the right spots.

Unfortunately, at the same time they teach men to believe that slackening off is the ultimate goal of all their mutual hard work instead of training them to be Tao-ist energy giants and rainmakers who could change the cosmic climate for the better. ♥



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