

THE *Bluffer's*[®] GUIDE TO

SEX

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THE *Bluffer's*[®] GUIDE TO

SEX



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CONTENTS

The Power of Love	5
Mapping it Out	9
Seduction	21
Tools of the Trade	33
One in the Hand (and Mouth Too)	43
Fitting it All Together	53
How it Works	65
Preventing it from Working	75
It's a Bug's Life	85
Let's Talk About Sexology	93
Heroic Lovers	103
Sexual History	109
Glossary	120



Neither the lack of seductive prowess nor the simple desire to avoid sharing sheets or bodily fluids need prevent you from engaging in that endlessly enjoyable pastime – talking about sex.

THE POWER OF LOVE

Sex – it's a powerful thing. Right this minute, hundreds of millions of people are actively engaged in it (give or take a few million). And that's not counting the ones actively engaged in it on their own. What Mae West called 'emotion in motion', and Sophia Loren* once described as 'like washing your face – just something you do because you have to', sex is all around us. The theme of countless songs, books, poems, films and plays, it is the hook which sells – well, pretty much anything really.

Sex drives us. It makes us – and, for the over-ardent yet deliciously happy departing soul, it sometimes finishes us too. It is a vast source of global pleasure. Unusually, it even has the pleasing advantage of being relatively inexpensive, since the equipment is free.

All of that said, there are many reasons why you might not wish to actually engage in it. Lovemaking can be a

* Sophia Loren is also quoted as saying: 'Sex appeal is 50% what you've got and 50% what people think you've got.' A girl after our own heart then.

sticky and time-consuming business. Some people might agree with the 1980s singer Boy George, who would rather have a cup of tea. Some may sadly be unable to persuade anyone else to join them in the act of conjugation. However, neither the lack of seductive prowess nor the simple desire to avoid sharing sheets or bodily fluids need prevent you from engaging in that endlessly enjoyable pastime – talking about sex.

In fact, abstinence may even afford some kind of advantage: you are less likely to find your life complicated by having to avoid divulging details of sleeping with someone you're not supposed to, or worrying about a curious growth on a part of your anatomy that you cannot mention in polite company. But articulated with panache, there's no better subject than sex with which to hook your audience, and no more diverse and exciting arena in which to profess expertise.

With such a fascinating subject, however, there are going to be those who think they know more than you do. If you are going to outshine them, you'll need a generous dose of detail, wit and insight.

This short but definitive guide sets out to lead you through the main danger zones encountered in discussions about sex and to equip you with a vocabulary and evasive technique that will minimise the risk of being rumbled as a bluffer*. It will give you a few easy-to-learn tips and techniques that might even allow you to be accepted as a sexual expert of rare ability and experience. But it will do more. It will give you the key to the ultimate bluff:

how to impress legions of marvelling listeners with your knowledge and insight – without anyone discovering that until you read it you probably didn't know the difference between a Yab Yum and a Yoni. In fact, you will be a respected fount of knowledge about where to put what, commanding the rapt attention of your audience as you gently explain 'how to do it'. You will also come away with intriguing *aperçus* into sexual depravity over the years, the ammunition to describe the perfect seduction, and information to help you avoid the more unpleasant consequences of sexual recklessness.

So good luck and bon voyage. It is going to be something of a ride – better, perhaps, than the real thing.

* Gender matters. It is necessary to make quite clear that wherever in this book 'the bluffer', i.e., you, is referred to as 'he', it is for reasons of grammatical convenience. It is not for one second designed to be sexist or to suggest that men are more likely than women to be all mouth and no trousers. Not at all.



Da Vinci would undoubtedly have
made better use of the navel.
Maybe he did. It might explain
the smile on the Mona Lisa.

MAPPING IT OUT

GPS navigation devices are all very well, but they do nothing to help us find our way around the human anatomy. In order to pass yourself off as any kind of sexual expert, an understanding of what connects to what is a prerequisite.

A cursory look at the design and anatomical positioning of the male and female sexual organs shows that when God designed *Homo sapiens*, aestheticism and ease of access were not high on the job description. The human genitalia are not exactly user-friendly.

It is interesting to speculate how more secular engineers might have tackled the task. Brunel, for example, would have foreseen the mechanical stresses which the male's thrusting action places on an already overloaded spinal column.

Da Vinci would undoubtedly have made better use of the navel. Maybe he did. It might explain the smile on the Mona Lisa. Madonna certainly understands its erotic potential, once revealing: 'When I stick my finger in my belly button, I feel a nerve in the centre of my body shoot up my spine.'

THE MALE

THE PENIS

A subject which, for all its gimlet-eyed prominence, not all men get to grips with – at least not in a way that can be shared in polite company.

The penis is known by dozens of pseudonyms, none of which is half as funny as the puritanically po-faced word 'penis' itself. It is one of the Creator's better jokes that the straggling, fleshy afterthought which hangs from a man like the knotted rubber blow-hole on a half-dead Boxing Day balloon is the tool by which he shall reproduce his own kind.

The human penis is the largest of any living primate and, unlike in the males of certain species such as bears, rats and dogs, has evolved without the need for a strengthening bone. The key to the design is the use of an inflatable bung. Having a dual function is not easy for an organ but the bung makes this possible. Although the flaccid penis is mostly used for urinating, simultaneous ejaculation is highly unlikely – because as soon as the male is sexually stimulated the inflatable bung fills up with blood. The organ then expands, stiffens and, as if by magic, the draining mechanism is cut off – sustaining the erection – such that its original urinary function becomes seriously impaired. In fact, this amazing bioengineering means the penis has its own hydrostatic skeleton – a method of support also relied on by lower life forms, such as, er...the garden earthworm.

The average size of the erect penis is 6.3in (16cm) when measured from tip to base with a straight ruler on the side with the wiggly vein. The variation in size is far less than the column inches devoted to it might suggest, with 90% of all men falling between the extremes of 5.6 and 7in (14.5 and 17.5cm) – and the bluffer tending to fall in the upper echelons of that range, naturally.

Claims on the walls of public conveniences throughout the Western world may be safely ignored, although the longest authentically recorded erect penis measured an impressive 13.5in (34cm) long and 6.25in (16cm) in circumference. That's longer than your average wine bottle, though arguably less useful.

Commiserations should be extended to anything under 5in. As for the length of the smallest human penis in the world? Pretty small. Anything measuring less than three-quarters of an inch is known as a 'micropenis', but some are still smaller than that. In some cases the body of the penis can be totally absent, in which case there might be a genuine case for specialist construction (or reconstruction) surgery, known as 'phalloplasty'. This is also a growth area in cosmetic surgery.

Interestingly, many men have a pet name for their penis; they don't like to feel that a stranger is doing all their thinking.

THE TESTICLES

The hairy twin gonads nestling comfortably at the base of a man's shaft are named literally 'the witnesses', a Latin

joke foisted on the world by prudish medieval wits of the medical profession. More recent descriptions you may – or may not – choose to draw on include ‘the two veg to his meat’, ‘the colonels to his general’, ‘the coconuts flanking his palm tree’, ‘the potatoes to his beef bayonet’... (we could go on, but this is a serious treatise on sexual



Q: What do you have when
you have two balls in your hand?

A: His undivided attention.

bluffing). Most simply, testicles are known in almost every culture as ‘balls’, though until the invention of the game of rugby, the synonym was slightly inaccurate as the organs are egg-shaped.

While the penis takes most of the limelight, the testes do most of the serious work, churning out sperm by the billion and regulating the outflow of minuscule amounts of ‘sex drive’ hormones into the blood.

Romantic lovers might work best in the warm, but the testes work best when cooler than inside the body, which explains why they hang down from the body in an adjustable bag.

In the Middle Ages, men drew attention to their genitals by wearing a codpiece (‘cod’ is Middle English for ‘scrotum’) stuffed with sawdust or cloth to exaggerate the

size of their equipment. Contemporary ballet dancers do much the same.

Aspiring experts should also be aware of the perineum – that’s the stretch of skin between the scrotum and the anus. The sensitive region is known in Chinese as Hui Yin, ‘the gate of life and death’, perhaps because when caressed appropriately it very powerfully encourages male climax, but when pressed firmly, has the effect of delaying it (aka the ‘Chinese Squeeze’).

THE P-SPOT

No, not the dot sometimes put in urinals to encourage better aim. In fact, this is the male sensory hotspot better known as the prostate. No matter what his personal feelings on the matter, the worldly bluffer must be conversant with the fact that it is not merely the more fragrant half of the species who get to have sensational hotspots. Advanced lovers are party to the fact that men do too, though their location means not all people wish to don the gloves and explore them.

Happily, merely knowing the name of the P-spot is likely to be sufficient. If however you wish to amaze people with the extent of your knowledge – as you should – you could add such details as: it is somewhere ‘up there’ or otherwise ‘down there’ (referring to the back passage) and that tickling it with a finger tip can exponentially increase the intensity of male orgasm (unless it is approached by anyone in need of a manicure, which is likely to have a rather less enjoyable effect).

THE FEMALE

THE BREASTS

Poets, lovers, poetic lovers and, let's be frank, most men have been known to become transfixed by the female chest (and have been as long as there's been one). While it might not be advisable to comment directly about a particularly impressive example, bluffers should never be afraid to speak admiringly of breasts more abstractly and lyrically.

You might – with a distant look in your eye – choose to invoke Robert Herrick, the seventeenth-century English poet (once condemned for ‘obscenities’) who wrote a verse ‘Upon Julia’s Breasts’ begging her to:

*Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
Behold that circummortal purity;
Between whose glories, there my lips I'll lay,
Ravished in that fair Via Lactea.*

You might also repeat the Arab proverb that ‘paradise can be found on the back of horses, in books, and between the breasts of women’. Whatever you do, know that while gifted lovers will be terrifically keen on cleavage, a man will never actively peer at it while holding forth on its magic. This goes without saying.

Breast size is determined by genetic endowment and something complicated happening with one's hormone levels around the time of adolescence.

There is strong evidence that an obsession with mammary tissue evolved before we'd washed off the

primeval slime. However, unlike rounded haunches and slender legs, breasts are rarely, if ever, acknowledged as being sexually appealing in either the Bible or the Koran.

There is no doubt that breast size and shape are subject to changing fashion. Pity the poor women born during the Second World War. In 1963 large breasts were compulsory, by 1967 they had to be free of bras and by 1969 (in a return to the days of ‘the flapper’) they had to have disappeared altogether.

Males obsessed with breast size are advised to visit a Freudian psychoanalyst specialising in Oedipal conflicts. Or Las Vegas.

Maximum bluffing value In the mid-twentieth century, American tycoon Victor Kiam, then executive vice-president of marketing for Playtex, described bra sizes as: ‘Ping Pong, Ding Dong, King Kong and Holy Cow!’.

THE VULVA

The vulva is the name for the external female genitals, aka ‘bearded oyster’, ‘cha-cha’, ‘poontang’ and – for the geographically minded – ‘The Grand Canyon’. Every bluffer will need to be clear that it comprises:

- the clitoris at the front (much like a bald man in a boat)
- the vaginal entrance (*see next page*)
- two outer, fleshy, folds of skin (labia majora)
- two smaller, inner lips (labia minora).

It is widely believed women wear red lipstick and pout as a subliminal reminder to men of the existence of the labia minora. As if they could ever forget.

THE VAGINA

The name for the internal part of a woman's genitalia was derived from the Latin word for the scabbard in which a Roman legionnaire stuck his sword. Primmer types with interior-design aspirations are more likely to refer to it as 'the front passage'.



Q: What's the difference
between a G-spot and a golf ball?

A: A man will spend 20 minutes
looking for a golf ball.

In fact, it is not so much a passage as a cul-de-sac, with a tiny exit at the top end into the neck (cervix) of the usually disinterested and intransigent womb (uterus). At rest, the corrugated front and back walls of the vagina are usually in contact to form an H-shape in cross-section.

These corrugations give the vagina a deceptively large surface area that allows it to expand significantly. During childbirth it expands to a diameter of at least 10cm, enough for a full-term baby to pass through. So you can shoot down any man who boasts he is 'too big' for his partner.

THE G-SPOT

Somewhere up there with the order of the chicken and the egg, the existence of the G-spot is one of those subjects which has provoked rather more debate than seems strictly necessary. For some time scientists attempted to locate it in human cadavers, an utterly thankless task given how few men can find it with the help of its living owner.

The facts you will want at hand are:

1. It was named after German gynaecologist Ernst Gräfenberg, who during research in the 1940s, found that an area the size of a 50p coin on the top wall of the vagina swells during arousal.
2. If pressed with the correct tempo, this area can reduce many women to crying, delirious, ecstatic frenzies (a similar effect to shopping at a Bond Street jeweller, but which can be done day, after day, after day, with no lasting damage to a bank account).
3. It can be summoned to life with a beckoning motion of the finger(s).

During the last decade there was a worrying fashion for G-shots, in which collagen was injected into the G-spot. In its early days, claims were made that it multiplied pleasure, and eager fans – or at any rate eager journalists – called it the catchy ‘party in a needle’. The risk of permanently numbing all sensation means that the only G-shot you are likely to encounter today involves gin.

THE OTHER SPOTS

U-spot Another term for a woman's urethra, or specifically the sensitive area surrounding the urethra mouth. That would be, er, where the wee comes out.

E-spot Term coined to describe the area of the female body which includes the G-spot and the surrounding Skene's glands, which, when stimulated with appropriate pressure, can lead to female ejaculation. (Male bluffers please take note).

A-spot This has been used to refer to a sensitive zone in the female genitalia located between the cervix and the G-spot. Given a suitably receptive audience you might describe it as 'between the Z-spot and the B-spot'. This calls for bluffing skills of the highest order, bearing in mind that neither Z- or B-spots have yet entered the sexological lexicon.

OTHER EROGENOUS ZONES...

Both men and women are blessed with parts of their superficial anatomy which are more sensitive than other bits to stroking, kissing and other tender attentions. These are referred to as erogenous zones. Not surprisingly, they lie in places where you are not likely to be touched during the course of a day's normal social interaction (well, one would hope not).

Diagrams of the more esoteric erogenous zones are available from most disreputable bookshops. Take the view that it is better to ignore them and go exploring on

your own over each new pasture that comes your way. After all, partners vary.

Earlobes, breasts, necks and anywhere within 15cm of the sexual apparati are usually good bets. Navels, backs of knees and tips of toes (once boots are removed) are long shots but can be astoundingly effective.