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Savage Love

WORDS OF PURE WISDOM by Dan Savage



I'm 18 years old and my girlfriend and I have been engaging in sexual acts. She has no problem coming, but when it comes to sexual intercourse she can't orgasm. Is my penis not doing the job correctly? She says she feels good, but can't climax. Could there be something wrong with her? I don't know what to do.

The Lost Boy

Here's what you do, TLB: You play with your girlfriend's clit while you fuck her. Her clit, TLB, her clit. Play with her motherfucking clit. While you fuck her. HER CLIT. Play with her clit. If that's too difficult—too much like fucking and chewing gum with your fingers at the same time—encourage your girlfriend to play with her clit while you fuck her. HER CLIT. While you fuck her. Play with her clit.

And rest assured, TLB, there's nothing wrong with your cock or your girlfriend's pussy. Most women require additional clitoral stimulation during vaginal intercourse in order to get off—and if you stop stressing out and think about it, you'll realize the reason. But just in case you can't read and think at the same time, here it is: While you're fucking your girlfriend, the most sensitive part of your cock—the head—is getting direct, intense stimulation. But the most sensitive part of her sex organs—her clit—apparently isn't getting any, or isn't getting enough, direct, intense stimulation.

So, TLB, it could be that the positions you're fucking in don't provide direct stimulation to your girlfriend's clit, or your girlfriend's clit is positioned in such a way that no sexual position can provide the stimulation she needs, or she's one of those women—one of the majority—that requires focused, direct, intense stimulation in order to come (like the kind she gets during oral or masturbation). Which means, TLB, that if you both want her to come during vaginal intercourse, then you'll have to incorporate a little manual stimulation into your fucking routine. Which brings us back to...

Play with her clit while you fuck her. HER CLIT. While you fuck her. Play with her clit.

I have a bit of an issue with a fantasy: I am turned on by the idea of a woman dying during climax. This would seem to be one of those fantasies that is impossible to fulfill, consensual or otherwise, as I cannot go around killing women. The police would find it odd. I am at a loss. Any ideas?

Impossible Fetish

Like any poor motherfucker with an impossible-to-realize fantasy or fetish—people turned on by giants, boytaurs, U.S. senators in diapers—you're going to have to find an indulgent partner and "realize" your absolutely insane turn on through role-play and dirty talk. (Unless you're an actual U.S. senator, of course, and then you just have to hire an escort to diaper you.) Find an indulgent girlfriend—perhaps one of the many morbid goth girls who stream by under my office window every day?—willing to engage in safe, sane, and nonhomicidal "death play." She pretends to die; you derive as much pleasure as possible from the pretense.

But first, you're going to have to learn to talk about your fetish without sounding so fucking creepy, IF. Yes, it's an inherently creepy fantasy, but no sane woman—not even one who shares your fetish—is going to fuck a death fetishist who muses about "consensual or otherwise" scenarios or suggests that problems with the police are his first concern.

I have been masturbating every night since the fourth grade and now I am 23. I can't get to sleep without it. Is this normal behavior? Have any other women ever asked about this?

Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

No one else has ever asked about this, NILMDTS. But people tend to write to me when they have problems, and what you've described doesn't sound like a problem to me.

I was wondering what constitutes virginity and whether you would consider me a virgin. The most I have done is let two people perform oral sex on me, but I have never myself engaged in a sexual act. Does this make me a virgin? I would like to think so. I believe that "sex" involves penetration (anal or vaginal) or actively performing oral sex.

Boy In Florida

I was tapping out a response for you, BIF, when my inbox started filling up with e-mails about Bob Allen, a state representative in Florida who offered—allegedly, allegedly—an undercover cop \$20 for, uh, a little oral-sex performance. In addition to being a cheap bastard, Allen is a married man and—of course, of course—a gay-bashing, conservative Republican asswipe. Allen's arrest came so soon after Republican U.S. Senator David Vitter's admission of hiring prostitutes that, sheesh, it felt like Christmas in July.

If I may: Josh Marshall at TalkingPointsMemo was confused about whether Allen wanted the cop to blow him or if Allen wanted to blow the cop; Marshall was also confused about whether Allen was offering payment or requesting payment. One look at Allen clears up the payment question: This is not a man who gets paid for sex. As for the who-blows-whom issue, like many straight men, Marshall doesn't see blowjobs as a pleasurable activity for the blower. That's what a lifetime of getting head from straight women can do to a guy.

Josh? When a male escort is engaged for oral sex, it is almost always the escort who is "serviced," not the client, because many gay men—and many, many straight-identified men—actually enjoy giving head. Please make a note of it.

BIF? All those escorts out there graciously accepting blowjobs from their clients? They're not virgins, kiddo, and neither are you. But I can see why you're confused: Abstinence education, purity balls, and the failure of males to evolve hymens has made virginity harder to define. Do we lose our virginities all at once? In dribs and drabs? How can some girls be old pros at oral and anal and still consider themselves virgins on their wedding nights?

Savage Love readers? I'm punting this one to you: What constitutes virginity? When do we lose it? Do we have more than one to lose?

This is in response to IPRUDE, the mother who's worried about her son's online porn consumption. I'll never forget the day my mom found my porn magazines. She never confronted me; I simply lifted the mattress one afternoon to find my precious Penthouses gone. In their place: Sunset magazine and Good Housekeeping. It was a reminder that (1) I needed to do a better job of hiding my porn, and (2) that she wouldn't have found it in the first place if she didn't have to clean my damn room for me. It was the most effective nonconversation we ever had.

Here's an update for the internet age: IPRUDE should clear the cache of her internet browser, so the zillions of porn website addresses don't show up as soon as she begins typing a URL. Cache cleared, Mom should type in some made-up URLs: www.stoplookingatporn.com, www.asianslut-sarepeopletooyouknow.com, and www.fortheloveofgodjasonquitwatchingexploitativeasianporn.net, etc. It won't matter that these websites don't exist; the browser's autocomplete function will list them as soon as her son types the first letter of his favorite porn URL.

Modern Times

Good advice, MT, thanks for sharing.

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