

THE SENSUOUS WOMAN



THE WAY TO BECOME
THE SENSUOUS WOMAN
BY "J" (LYLE STUART)
a Dell paperback; 192 pgs.; \$1.25

Reviewed by Robert Campbell

It's unfortunate that this pseudonymous author has chosen to use a style directed so obviously toward the true confessions market, since she does have a few valid things to say and a couple of sensible if commonplace suggestions to offer. But don't hold your breath looking for them.

"J" writing about how to become a sensuous woman is rather like listening to a 13 year old girl tell her best friend how she copped her first kiss in the church cloak room.

The legitimate points she makes about the value of masturbation and her remarks about evolving your own situation ethics are lost in a cloying welter of giggly lasciviousness: "Does that mean I'm going to tell you some pretty wild things? Ummhmm. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do wild, delicious things to the man you love. Step by step."

And step by simple giggling step is just how she does it. So simply is it written in fact that you begin to wonder if it's not written for that 13 year old, sort of an underground textbook for the public school course in sex education. To claim - as the publisher does - that this book is "The No. 1 Bestseller" indicates either an exceptionally large market for underground sex texts or a substantial number of shockingly naive and easily titillated housewives willing to lay down \$1.25 to find out how IT is done. (Migawd Arnold, it says here I can do it on top, too.)

The fund of detailed how-to information "J" offers her reader is only limited by the readers ability to endure the commonplace. For instance, on the subject of kissing "J" offers us this pithy advice: "let your lips go almost limp. Ease the tension of your chin. Automatically your teeth will part slightly and you will be able to slip that teasing tongue of yours into his mouth." Or

how about this titbit of anatomical advice: "Smart women masturbate quite a lot ... for it strengthens and increases the flexibility of the love muscles."

And in case you're confused by all those long and dirty sounding words, "J" explains them: "The first time a man 'went down on me' (Officially called cunnilingus when he does it to you and fellation when you do it to him - actually both sexes usually skip the scientific terms and say eating)..." "Fellation"? Well the official, scientific term isn't as important as how you do it. And in case you don't know, "J" tells all and not just about your ordinary run of the mill "fellation" either. For instance, she describes The Butterfly Flick in which you "take your tongue and flick it lightly back and forth like you were strumming a banjo;" and The Silken Swirl were "you continually circle the penis clockwise or counterclockwise with your tongue as you are sliding the penis in and out of your mouth"; and, of course, The Hoover. I'm sure you can imagine how that one works.

But if all this is too mundane for your jaded tastes, "J" suggests you try her piece de resistance: The Whipped Cream Wiggle. "Take some freshly whipped cream, to which you have added a dash of vanilla and a couple of teaspoons of powdered sugar and spread the concoction evenly on the penis so that the whole area is covered with a quarter-inch layer of cream. As a finishing touch, sprinkle on a little shredded coconut and/or chocolate. Then lap it all up with your tongue." (Of course I'm serious Arnold, now hold still.) But "J" is not insensitive to the inhibiting fears of her readers and adds, "If you have a weight problem, use one of the many artificial whipped creams now on the market (available in boxes, plastic containers and aerosol cans) and forego the coconut and chocolate."

While this imaginative tour de force is clearly the highlight of the book, "J" does offer a fairly comprehensive, if trite, guide not only to the ways in which a woman can make herself more attractive and interesting to her lover but also how she can enjoy sex more. After describing ten "Sensuality Exercises" and various techniques of masturbation - one reminiscent of Cohen's Danish Vibrator - all designed to heighten and enhance a woman's sexual enjoyment, "J" writes about a number of subjects presumably of interest to the sensuous woman-to-be.

While not profound, her comments are usually valid and sometimes amusing; for instance on Aphrodisiacs, "a lot of bunk, I'm sorry to say"; Man's Erogenous Zones, "a man's body is absolutely littered with areas that are potential hotbeds of erotic response"; What to Talk About in Bed, "fuck, suck, box, cunt, cock and prick are not bad words"; Sex - What to Wear, "If you are intending to have a frequent sex life you had better not slide between the sheets at night when he's around, covered with gooey creams, hairdo protected by a beehive of

toilet paper or bound up in curlers and your body draped in a baggy, faded old nightgown with a drooping hem and tattered trim. Only a gorilla, a sex friend or a man deprived of sex for some time could get aroused in those circumstances."

But aside from its all too often heavy handed humour, I'm sure many women - particularly those with some sympathy for the Women's Lib Movement - will find the book's very premise offensive. Clearly The Sensuous Woman perpetuates the idea of that particularly debasing relationship in which women are relentlessly conditioned to be brainless, enticing bunnies whose reward for making a good home in which to raise their husband's children is a series of wonderful orgasms. The most startling thing about the WLM is not its ferocity (and ghastly rhetoric) but the fact that it took so long to surface.

From birth women are programmed to serve men, raise children, and be (if they are interested in True Maturity) geishas or so we are told by "J", who sees women's job as not only how to get HIM in the sack but how to keep him excited, a job she admits is not easy since ardor sooner or later flags. Nevertheless, by unexpectedly redoing the bedroom in sexy shades, a new hair style, exotic perfumes, ravishingly naughty underwear, an unexpected blow job with a mouth full of cream of wheat, somehow a girl who puts her mind to it can keep him coming back for more year after year. Of course, the question she doesn't answer is why bother? Why not move on?

Nevertheless, "J" does have some truly startling insights into the male character: "For instance, did you know that fifty to sixty percent of men have either partial or full nipple erection?" or that, "Nearsighted men are often marvelous lovers, while there are some male specimens walking around with the vision of an eagle and the sexual prowess of a eunuch."

Overall The Sensuous Woman is worth reading. Although it's fatuous and often boring, there's enough humour in the book - both conscious and unconscious - to make the hour it takes to read it reasonably enjoyable. And then too, if you're not already aware of what "J" says, you might learn something; and if you are aware of it, you have the pleasure of considering yourself a sensuous woman.

The Sensuous Woman has been on the New York Times Best seller List for 45 weeks. The author, "J" has been revealed as Lyle Stuart, a male, although the book is written from a female point of view. Mr. Stuart has recently published a companion volume, "the way to become The Sensuous Man", this time using the pseudonym "M".