

SEX

SEALED WITH A SINGAPORE KISS

Women who flex their muscles in the bedroom have held their men in thrall since the advent of carnal activity. GQ outlines one sex-technique that your lover would do well to grasp

BY EMMA GOLD

My friend was giving up everything and moving to New Zealand for the love of a woman. I didn't say a good woman since she possesses neither good looks, charm nor much by way of personality. How could a man be persuaded to give up the three most important Fs in his life – friends, family and football – for another type of F on the other side of the world? "Why, oh why?" I bemoan to his closest friend, searching for a convincing explanation for his disappearance. "Ever heard of the Singapore Kiss?" he asks.

The Singapore Kiss didn't sound familiar, but the Shanghai Kiss did. Hadn't King Edward VIII abdicated the throne and given up his country, inheritance and all family ties for an American divorcee who'd reputedly learnt this technique from the brothels of Shanghai? The ability of Wallis Simpson to "make a matchstick feel like a Havana cigar" is said to be one of the reasons we lost a king in 1936. Whether from Singapore or Shanghai, this kiss is a powerful tool that women would be wise to learn. A high-flying presenter apparently already has: Popbitch recently reported that this lady's vaginal muscles were so toned that her boyfriend felt as if he were in receipt of a vigorous hand job.

The Singapore Kiss, also known as the Shanghai Kiss/Squeeze/Grip, has been described throughout history. According to *The Story Of V* by Catherine Blackledge (Orion, £8.99), the vaginal talents of the mistress of King Henry II of France accounts for the fact she was 20 years his senior. And a famous Shanghai prostitute was said to have been able to move a man's penis in and out of her by simply contracting and relaxing her muscles.

The strength of a woman's pubococcygeus or PC muscles is, however, generally overlooked in sexual discussion with the



emphasis being on the size of a man's penis. The latter has long been a subject of discussion among women and consequently, for some at least, a topic of torment for men. More than a quarter of men, according to one survey, have tried to increase the size of their penis, and nearly a quarter of women say they would finish a relationship over their partner's size. The reason size is simple: friction is crucial. If it doesn't hit the sides, you're both in trouble. But as both the plunger and the container are responsible for the level of friction, it seems unfair that the plunger alone is blamed. I've yet to discover a survey asking men whether they would dump a woman whose vagina was too cavernous or whose PC muscles too puny.

Men appreciate a tight hole and it is perhaps partly for this reason that anal sex is regarded as the Holy Grail. You feel big, you feel held, you feel – full stop. A female friend who often complained her vagina was "like a cave" was frequently cheated on by boyfriends, who may have been looking for an alternative to the sexual equivalent of throwing a sausage down the Channel Tunnel. The effects of strong

vaginal muscles are, however, rarely seen outside the sex industry and therefore regarded as little more than cunning stunts: smoking cigarettes, firing Ping-Pong balls and picking up sushi with chopsticks being examples.

The importance of possessing strong PC muscles is recognised in other cultures. In Eastern teachings, *pompoir* is the name given to the technique of embracing and locking the penis in prolonged erection by means of the vaginal musculature alone. In a 16th-century Indian sex manual, the *kabbazah*, an Arabic word meaning "clasp" is described: "She must close and constrict the vagina until it holds the penis... acting as the hand of the Indian Gopala girl

who milks the cow. Her husband will then value her above all women, nor would he exchange her for the most beautiful queen in the Three Worlds."

Now that you understand the importance to your pleasure of a woman's control over her PC muscles, how do you persuade her to act as the hand of the Gopala girl? And how does she learn the ropes?

The first is easy: a woman with strong PC muscles is far more likely to experience more frequent and intense orgasms. That, you will explain, is her motivation. So too will be her ability to turn you into putty, since it is notably harder to persuade a man to do as you wish beyond the first flush of romance. If that doesn't work, advise her that by exercising her PC muscles today, she will greatly reduce the possibility of weeing when sneezing and other unpleasant consequences of incontinence in later years.

Should she refuse, reconsider your options. There is, I am certain, a correlation between the size of a woman's feet and her vagina. If she has small feet, you can afford to drop ►

ILLUSTRATION KRISTIAN OLSON

Above The skill of 'making a matchstick feel like a cigar' emerged from the brothels of the Far East

► the matter, at least until she has children. If she is well-endowed in the foot department and you're under-endowed in the trouser department, you may be forced to find other interests as a couple.

How she goes about mastering the Singapore Kiss is another matter. A daily work-out of her PC muscles is the answer. These are easy to locate; they are the ones she would use to stop herself urinating mid-flow. There seems to be three main options for exercising this muscle, starting with the most pleasurable for you: she can grip your penis when it is inside her by clenching these muscles, holding them for a count of five and repeating ten times. She can alternate this by squeezing her PC muscles ten times quickly, three times. As this may be so enjoyable for you that she doesn't gain as much time to practise as she ought, the second option is for her to practise alone, either gripping her finger when in private or by smiling sweetly and clenching in public.

The third option may be the most effective since working against resistance as well as the ability to measure the "squeeze" enables you to exercise more effectively. There are various PC toning devices on the market which do this. The best is the Vielle Pelvic Floor Toning System by CST Medical (£19.95. At Boots. www.boots.com) as it provides immediate assurance that you are working the right muscles. It comes with weights for a 12-week exercise system.

The results can be astounding. A friend can now pick up an eight-pound weight with her muscles. Earlier this year, meanwhile, I felt it apposite to put all my hard work into practice and perform the Singapore Kiss. Far from prolonging my boyfriend's erection, it made him quite forget himself and tipped him over into climax within seconds. This left me wondering whether there is such a thing as being too good in bed. **GG**

ILLUSTRATIONS KRISTIAN OLSON; STEPHEN COLLINS
PHOTOGRAPH OF GILLIAN ANDERSON PEROU



FOOD

AGENT PROVOCATEUR

GQ wants to know all about the X-Files' Gillian Anderson and finds that the truth is out there at the Ledbury in London

BY SIMON KELNER



There was a surreal moment towards the end of my dinner with Gillian Anderson. We were dining on the terrace of the Ledbury in London's Notting Hill, and a cool evening was rapidly turning into a chilly night. Time for the heaters to be switched on. They all came on at once, and the effect was to give the night a spectral glow. It was pure *X-Files*; all we needed was the theme tune. Doo-doo-di-doo-doo-doo. I played it in my head, and for that brief moment, I was Mulder and she was Scully.

I got the impression that Gillian, 37, doesn't much like talking about the *X-Files*, the series that made her into a megastar. In fact, I noticed that she never once referred to it by name. These days, of course, Gillian is much more than Dana Scully, the woman with the red hair and the dark suits. She's blonde, for a start, and tonight she's in white jeans and a black Prada top with a distractingly plunging neckline. More important, since she gave up investigating the paranormal, she's been on the stage, she's starred in blockbusters, and now she's in Andrew Davies' BBC adaptation of *Bleak House*. ("Do you like Dickens?" she asked me. "I don't know," I replied, "I've never been to one." Oh, how we laughed.)

Although Gillian was born in Chicago, and spent most of her career working in America, she speaks with a mellifluous English accent; her sensibilities are that of a Notting Hill girl

about town, and she's British in all but name. Her infancy was spent in the north London suburb of Crouch End – her family moved back to the States when she was nine – and, now, having settled in west London with her husband, she's applying for a British passport. "I don't think much about whether I'm British or American," she says. "When I was growing up, I always felt like an outsider. In Britain, I felt American, and vice versa. All I know is that at this point in my life, I feel more comfortable living in Britain." As she has a huge number of fans in the States, she's very careful about what she says about modern America and its values, but it's clear that politically, socially and culturally, she's more in tune with life this side of the Atlantic.

She particularly likes London's restaurants, and has eaten at the Ledbury – close to her ►



GILLIAN ANDERSON'S SENSIBILITIES ARE THAT OF A NOTTING HILL GIRL ABOUT TOWN