

Why I Don't Write Sex Scenes Anymore

by Gita M. Smith

A sex scene is difficult to write well. Most, if not all, nouns and verbs are old hat.

That leaves adjectives and adverbs, and face it, who hasn't *already* run through wet, hard, purple, swollen, throbbing, aching, blushing (all gerunds), softly, vigorously, meltingly, brutally, shyly, patiently, expertly, rosy, misty, erect, tight, slippery and simultaneously -- ad nauseam.

Even the grande dame of erotic description, Anne Rice, started to repeat herself by the third book in her *way-hot* dominance-submission "Sleeping Beauty" trilogy.

No, I have nothing new to add to the boy-on-boy, girl-on-girl, boy-girl, girl-girl-boy, boy-boy-girl, boy-in-closet watches girl, boy in swimming pool discovers jets, older girl at boarding school comforts new arrival while other girls look on, post-feminist female professor 'tutors' fraternity boys in private, submissive waiter-dominant chef cavort in walk-in fridge, housewife slides down her panties for the lawn guy, flesh slapping on flesh in steamy tropical paradise, in frigid lonely outpost, in surprisingly austere monastery, in pastel airplane bathroom or any other setting whatsoever.

As to dialogue, well, I know a thing or two about that. I've had my face talked off by those types (and I'm sure you've met a few) who need to say and hear "special" words, and they go *unh-hunh, unh-hunh, o yeah, o yeah, unh hunh* while you have to say 'spanky pants' and 'Mommy's watching you be bad' until your mouth is dry and all you want is to go somewhere in a quiet room and shut up and never have to write about sex again.

