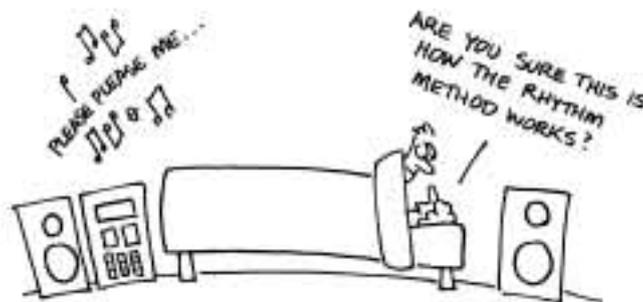


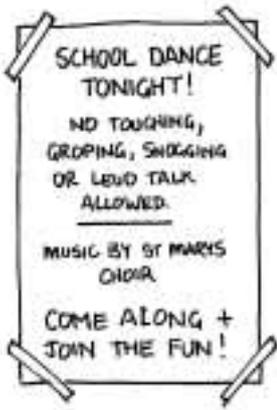
Queen Maeve: A definite contender for Ireland's most lustful woman, Maeve supposedly lived around the first century B.C. and her most famous adventure is recorded in The Táin (The Cattle Raid of Cooley). But it was her sexual adventures that were really legendary. As a sort of staff incentive scheme, Maeve would offer her 'willing thighs' to her bravest warriors and was reputed to have had as many as thirty men a day! To think this sex-machine's face used to grace our £1 note ...



Rhythm Method: The only form of family planning officially endorsed by Church and State up to almost the end of the last century. But because they were too embarrassed to fully explain the technique to anyone, based as it was on the woman's menstrual cycle, lots of girls decided to interpret the title as meaning it was safe to have sex immediately after a bit of fervent dancing to the local showband.



School Dances: For many an Irish youth, this was the first contact he/she would have with the opposite sex. Actually, contact is too strong a word, as any boob/chest interaction would earn you a poke of a stick in the ear from the supervising Brother/nun. Nuns reputedly wouldn't let girls wear shiny shoes in



case boys could see a reflection of their knickers. Only dancing and talking was allowed. The talking inevitably got around to getting the hell out of there and finding somewhere to have a grope.

Sex: In Ireland this was an eight-letter word spelled m-a-r-r-i-a-g-e. Pre-marital sex was not so much frowned upon as trodden upon. But there was a possible escape clause. If you were chastised for considering pre-marital sex, you could always inform the priest that it wasn't pre-marital if you never intended to get married.



Sex Education: In Ireland, education was traditionally provided by religious orders for whom sex did not officially exist – so no need for sex education. Parents stuck to ‘the stork brought you’ story, so sex education was confined to sniggered whispers behind the school shed. Here you had your first lesson in the biology of the opposite sex’s body, the geometry of which bit went where and the mathematical impossibility of this ever happening to you. It was also where every thirteen-year-old first learned that intercourse wasn’t the exam you sat in 3rd year.

