

TRAVEL: *Playgirl's* Guide to Going South of the Border

Basking in the Buff

LET IT ALL HANG OUT ALONG THE CARIBBEAN SEA
 writer Kristen Caldwell

All the sexual energy, piqued and ready, led to what I can truly call the oh-my-Goddess orgasm.

Club any trepidation was immediately shoved aside by feelings of awe and a deep connection with the part of me that screamed primal goddess. The gated road leading up to the resort is rich in tropical foliage and peacocks who gaze at the guests with an unimpressed air of "we're naked all the time." They take privacy VERY seriously at HB, ensuring relaxation and comfort. Upon checking in (complete with a glass of champagne), we signed an agreement form to not publicly engage in lewd acts or take unsolicited photographs of guests. We then strolled the grounds, and as I took in the Caribbean water, lazy river around the complex, and HUGE, fully stocked poolside bar, I pondered that maybe I'd saved a priest, rabbi, and possibly a Dalai Lama in a past life, too.

Hidden Beach is an all-inclusive resort located on the Mexican Caribbean Sea, and every one of the 42 suites is beachfront. We found our suite decked out in carved hardwood furniture, and a Jacuzzi filled with bubbles, hibiscus flowers, and warm water (trust me, nothing is better after traveling for 10 hours than a deep Jacuzzi-soak-turned-foreplay). The first night, we strolled along the beach and relaxed in one of the "bed chairs" under a thatched roof as a live band played poolside (I admit: There was some PDA, but nothing I'd call lewd). We had dinner at the restaurant on site, where the staff took extra care to make sure we had our vegan and vegetarian meals. If ever you want to be treated like royalty, come here: The entire staff knew us by name and food preferences by the end of the first evening.

Meeting people when you're naked is liberating. As one of the guests explained, there are no preconceived notions about status based on your attire. Everyone is on equal ground. People who attend nudist resorts are outgoing, striking up conversations they're thrilled to carry on all evening long. There's a comfort with themselves that can only come from accepting their bodies and selves fully. I did wear my robe to dinner, but only because it was a bit chilly in the breeze. My husband happily dined au naturel.

At a naturalist resort, no one cares that you have lovehandles, a bit of a belly, or droopy boobs. You forget these things as you learn to appreciate the freedom of not constricting your breasts (I finally get the whole bra-burning thing from the '80s). Men look you in the eyes (there's an understood code among naturalists that perhaps all men should attempt). You can drop your drawers and experience Caribbean breezes as never before. You find yourself sneaking back to your room for quickies (and not-so-quickies) to take full advantage of the romance that comes from being uninhibited. And when you finally arrive home, you appreciate your body; and find yourself spending more and more time in the buff, the way those higher powers made you in the first place.

SOME HUSBANDS MAY BE OPPOSED TO THEIR wives proposing a trip to a naturalist resort. The idea of walking around all day, cock swaying in the wind, may lead to some serious fears: pool-related shrinkage, or penis envy of the highest degree. To this, I say I am one lucky woman.

I sat my husband down and told him about a naturalist resort just south of Cancun, offering a new series of Tantra classes (see sidebar), and expressed my interest in going with him to check it out. His response was (and I quote): "I must have saved a busload of drowning nuns in a past life. I'm in. I'm so in. (Pause) So... can we get naked now to practice?"

Religious heroics aside, I admittedly carried several reservations about embarking on a journey south of the border while showing off my far-from-Brazilian bikini line. The idea of 24/7 nudity for an entire weekend was a little frightening. What if things jiggle? What if I stare? What if I don't apply enough sunblock?

But upon arriving at Hidden Beach Resort: Au Naturel

Visit www.hiddenbeach.net to book your naked vacation!

BEACHSIDE TANTRA: Caribbean Communication unlocks key to coitus

Mind. Blowing. Orgasm. That's pretty much what I thought of when the words "tantra class" were mentioned to me in the same sentence as "Mexican Caribbean vacation." Let me be the first to say, I love being right.

Hidden Beach Resorts has begun offering Tantra classes on the beach with Heather Dawn, creator of a wellness organization called "The Ecstatic Body." You can read all the technical stuff about her 16 years of studying around the world, and the techniques she uses to aid her students on her Web site (www.theecstaticbody.com). I am here to tell you that her goal to bring self love and body awareness into everyday life, and the bedroom, not only works, but is a hell of a lot of fun.

My husband and I have been together for 13 years—one of marriage, 12 of dating. We've been having sex for 11 of those. So we weren't sure there was anything left to learn about each other. We signed up for Heather's "body awareness" group workshop, which is all about feeling "internal power and strength." This two-hour class is exhausting and invigorating, incorporating breathing and free-form dance as methods to free you of your inhibitions while you learn to embrace your body. Dancing naked next to the ocean while channelling my inner ballerina was extremely liberating. And no, sexual acts are not performed.

There was, however, a private session with Heather later in our room. She is a tremendous coach, acting as a therapist and guide while suggesting different techniques to feel closer to your partner (breathing together, hand on each other's heart). Her major message? Communication and time together. Our homework was to spend two nights per week together, no interruptions (why couldn't homework have been this much fun in school? I would have been a better student). We worked on touching each other while she instructed the massage to tell the massager what they liked, where they wanted to be touched, harder or softer. To our credit, we contained ourselves—until approximately 30 seconds after she left. At that point all the sexual energy, piqued and ready, led to what I can truly call the oh-my-Goddess orgasm.

The message? Communication is key. And if you get a chance to dance naked next to the ocean, jump on it. Then jump your husband.



(Clockwise from top left) Hidden Beach Resort: Au Naturel is tucked away in utter privacy along the picturesque Mexican Caribbean Sea; all first-floor rooms at the resort are pool-front; ocean-side loungers dot the white-sand beach; every room features a Jacuzzi built for two; guests enjoy poolside cocktails—all covered in the resort's all-inclusive price tag. (Photos courtesy of Hidden Beach Resort)

