

Dilly Dally's

Barry Freeman

The second weekend in February is not normally the time of year to expect to be basking naked outdoors in England but six other couples joined us to celebrate the start of the 2008 season with a winter heatwave at Dilly Dally's.

My partner Tamara and I arrived on a Friday afternoon to be greeted once again by the beaming faces of our hosts, Dave and Christine. We had invited our friends Richard, Bridget, Mark, Tina, Douglas and Jenny to join us. Apart from Douglas and Jenny, whom we'd met on a previous visit, this was the first visit for our friends who arrived at the Dorset venue hot on our heels, after long drives from Sussex and Cambridgeshire. It was our fifth visit to Dilly Dally's and, as with any good venue, there have been progressive changes for the better since our first.

The warm day was cooling down by late afternoon as we stripped off in our centrally heated chalet. The temperature dropped rapidly as the sun set but before day became night the bubbling hot Jacuzzi was an ideal place to introduce ourselves to the other three couples who were to share the weekend with us, none of whom had met one another

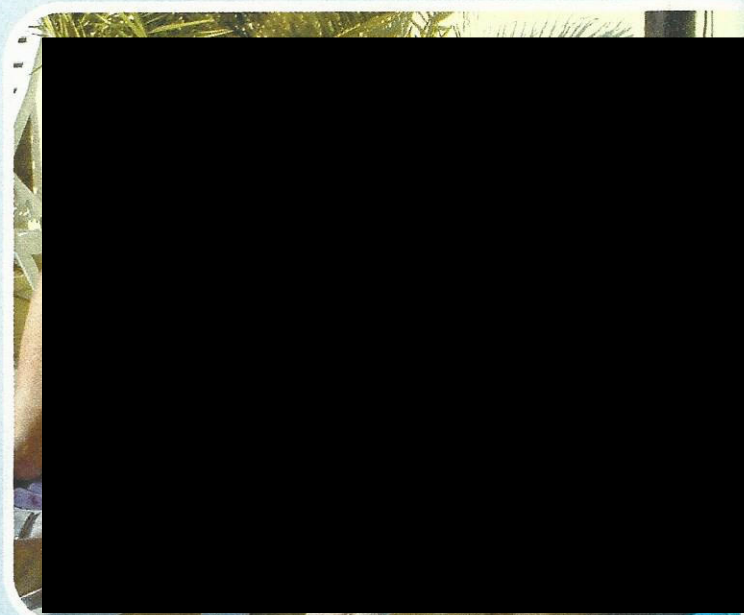
before. As always with naturists, there was an immediate common empathy and, by the time we'd all chipped in with our own bits and pieces, we were starting to get those shrivelled fingertips. It was still two hours before our first evening meal together and so we moved from the enveloping wetness of the Jacuzzi into the dry heat of the bone-warming sauna.

Dave is a master craftsman and everything you see, including the patios and the sleeping accommodation, was built and fitted out by him. He's also been very busy since our last visit in October and had just finished the wooden building that encases the now indoor swimming pool that Tamara was first to use.

Facilities

It remains light and airy thanks to the perspex roof and numerous windows and feels much more of a room than the previous winter arrangement of a giant removable marquee. Come the summer, the large windows in the new pool building will open adequately to allow fresh air in.

Like all good hosts, Dave and Christine keep an eye on the facilities without getting in the way of their guests, but they are



always there if required. However, it's at mealtimes when they really surpass themselves. Their meals would do justice to any of the numerous luxury hotels on the cliffs overlooking Bournemouth, just a few miles to the south.

Dilly Dally's provides a cooked breakfast and evening meals, brought out in large covered hotplates and left for the already assembled guests to help themselves, buffet-style. Cooked breakfasts are one of the delights of any English break, but the opportunity to be able to comfortably enjoy the facilities, the rooms and meals in the freedom of nakedness

raises the enjoyment of the weekend experience to yet another level. That the days were warm enough to sunbathe outdoors in February was a huge bonus.

Evening meals at Dilly Dally's are legendary. Having spent the day lazing and relaxing around the complex, guests drifted to the huge and comfortable main lounge, adjacent to the conservatory's refectory. Some had been out for the day, returning with tales of exploring the delights of Dorset with its ancient market towns and stunning coastline which offers so much to naturists. However we'd each spent our